



HERE in this man-land of untiring virility where the huskie dogs taut on the moosehide traces and the toboggan creaks over the whistling snow; here at least should be a place where patent medicine fakirs do not corrupt. Here at Fort Fitzgerald on the Slave River is the kind of community where men are either strong or dead. Here is the metropolis to thousands of square miles of hunting grounds, the home of the furbucks and the Mecca of the hunters. On the right observe the church with its rose window in the gable and the half-rose over the door, showing that many people come here for other things than trade. In the centre foreground note the log house where the Indians sleep

when they trail in from the fur-lands. Behind it the chief trader's house. To the left the big store that takes in furs and doles out merchandise in lieu of cash. Men and dogs—all huskies; health, poetry, biting wind and full-blooded energy—Sh! The medicine-man belongs here also. Even the poor Indian has fallen a victim to the suggestion expert. A part of every good Indian's trail ration in some parts of the north is an indispensable bottle of Pain-Killer. And no civilized housewife with her peck of ailments has any tricks to show the noble, vigorous red man in making a fetish of a bottle. Thus does civilization improve the race.

a whopping big increase in the percentage of category A men.

It is out in the country places where the effects of the nostrum peddler and cure-all crook are most evident. Almost every farm home has its chronic invalid and about 75 per cent. of the agricultural population of Canada is dosing itself to death with some noxious nostrum or worrying itself sick with some silly system of "healing" which has crept into the place through the advertising columns of the "paper," or by way of a gaudy covered almanac which, in between the moon's phases and a half page of conundrums sets out a list of symptoms which would give appendicitis to the picture of Sir John A. Macdonald in the front parlor—if the lithographed shade of old Sir John could read.

The public health is too valuable an asset to be squandered as we are allowing it to be squandered. Government commissions and private investigations, to say nothing of the exposures made by ethical medical associations, have clearly indicated that the most mischievous factor affecting our physical well-being is the average man's ignorance of his interior economy and faith in these false prophets who are without honor in any country. The daily press is well aware of the havoc these harpies wreak. No intelligent editor can read the stuff they send out without realizing the debilitating effect it must produce; and the government reports and pamphlets sent out by the ethical medical associations warn him of the danger his own paper is spreading by publishing the advertisements of patent medicines, quack remedies and so-called "ethical proprietaries." But the daily press receives a large revenue from this soiled source and so it pockets the bribe and helps spread the corruption.

As in all the criminal classes there are degrees of wickedness in the camp of the cure-all crooks and remedy fakirs. There are the dirty thugs who batten on the consumptive and cancer victim. There is not one advertised "cure"

for consumption or cancer that does not take toll of blood. In this field, as Samuel Adams expressed it, "rentless greed sets the trap and death is partner in the enterprise."

Then there are the purveyors of so-called epilepsy cures who dose their dupes with potent bromids in quantities which no physician would dare to prescribe. Every advertised cure for consumption, cancer and epileptic fits has been investigated by the American Medical Association; all are condemned as cruel fakes and absolutely without any curative value.

But it is the less obvious fraud—the symptom suggester—who is doing the greater evil as far as the mass of the public is concerned. Instances are as plentiful as the advertising columns of the daily press. Take the gas-pipe fake as an example. Almost anybody who can read must remember seeing some version of the buncombe originated by Hercules Sanche who modestly described himself as the "Discoverer of the laws of spontaneous cure of disease." He started out with a contraption called the "Electropoise"—a piece of nickled gas-pipe attached to a wire which had a belt at the other end of it. You put the gas-pipe in a pail of water, buckled the belt about the abdomen—and waited for your money's worth of well-being. Then followed the "Oxydonor," the "Oxygenor" and a lot of other oxes for such donkeys who could be separated from \$10.00 to \$35.00 by a lot of clap-trap about oxypathy. The literature (sic) which goes along with the gas-pipe and attachments suggests the symptoms—and the faith of the foolish sometimes effects a cure of ills trumped up by the imagination.

Honest to goodness, if we are going to let imagination into this game, why don't we exercise it on symptoms and suggestions of health, quit reading the morgue columns in the newspapers and stick to the few good patent medicines.

THE REAL IRISH

THE best traveling mate I ever had was an Irishman. He was from Dublin, a rare lump of devil-may-care and chivalry; a remittance man who had plugged at nine kinds of occupation on the prairie. He could build a tepee as neatly as a Cree and he lived in one the first time I set eyes on him. He could twang a banjo like an end-man and sing a wicked song. Born in wealth he loved the edge of hard times. Educated at Trinity he enjoyed trailing with half-breeds. He had been a Klondiker and was now sadder, wiser and "broke." And he had a great dog; a roaring, long-limbed devil of a wolf hound whose patronymics were in Ireland.

With that Irishman and that dog I traveled down the Saskatchewan in 1901. Neither of us knew a mile of the big river below Fort Saskatchewan, and I didn't care because he didn't; neither did the dog. We had a boat built to the Irishman's order. That boat became an ark of the covenant betwixt him and me—and the dog. Weeks down the river, at early dawn in the rain and the mosquitoes on a steep Saskatchewan bank, I lost half of one toe to a wood-axe getting fuel for the breakfast fire. Septicaemia for

AN ANCIENT PAGAN—IRISH DIRGE

(Written for the Canadian Courier.)

In Honor of St. Patrick's Day

By REV. JAMES B. DOLLARD, LITT. D.

I am weeping for Conhor the King, without peer in Ierne,
Straight-limbed and tall as the birches that wave by Loch Inver—
The King whom we followed to carnage, like young gods, rejoicing;
His yellow hair streaming before us, a meteor fitful—

I mourn for Conhor the King!

I am mourning for Lasair the Queen, most majestic of women,
Brow-bound with purple, broad-zoned with the silver of Saimer;
Sweet-voiced, and lavish of gifts to the war-spent battalions;
Bearing us drink and bright welcome from foray and battle—

I mourn now for Lasair the Queen.

I mourn for Cuchulain the Proud, the Resistless in onset;
Raven his locks, and his eyes, with the glare of a falcon,
Searched out his foemen. Alas! by the Ogam-runde pillar,
He died in youth's glory, their corpses in windrows around him—

I mourn for Cuchulain the Proud!

I mourn now for Deirdre the Fair, crowned the saddest in story,
With tresses that shone like gold torques on a snow-covered hillock—
Naesi and Ainnle and Arden, first flowers of knighthood,
Died for her gladly, while all the Red Branch wailed in sorrow—

I mourn now for Deirdre the Fair!

I mourn all my comrades in arms, from Toomhoon and Desmond;
Joyous the day when we swept on the fierce-raiding Fomor
Driven like sheep to the shore and their dragon-beaked galleys!
Deep flowed the mead on that night while the Bards sang our prowess—

I mourn now my comrades in arms!

I mourn for the days that are dead—ere my youth had vanished;
The mountain-tops danced with me then, and the high-screaming tempest
To me was a brother in strength. The wild roar of the torrent
Then lulled me to sleep—now I long for the sleep with no waking—

I mourn for the days that are dead!

GOD BLESS THEM

seven weeks kept me on my back at a police barracks and a mission forty miles below; kept him at my side, the never-weary but often sleepy Irishman with his dog. When the cook guzzled our whisky in the kitchen he tramped three miles in a sousing rain to beg half a pint from a Sister at the mission. When the doctor dressed the foot it was my Irishman who sat betwixt us that I might not see what made the pain, and it was he who in his absorption upset the water in the bed. It was my Irishman who after doing night shift carrying hot packs to my foot every hour went to bunk in a tent at dawn and found seven pigs in his blankets. It was he who sang me songs when it was raining and read me books when it was dark: he who lay on the floor in the next room because I had the only spare bed and got up at my whim whenever I flung at him a boot. Finally it was that same Irishman who gave up all dreams of emulating Champlain by going over the Grand Rapids with me into Lake Winnipeg and waited week by week until we could board a going-down scow. And here again I measured out this child of the wilderness and the college by the everlasting patience that belongs only to temperament—A B.