

higher ideals. You may attribute it to ignorance or want of education. These are but scapegoats. If it is due to want of education, then let me say that the people of our large centres are lamentably ignorant; and just here I beg to state, in my opinion the ends of justice would be as well secured by taking the oath with the hand uplifted as that impure method of kissing the Bible—a Bible that has done untold service. What more impure? To return again to the disease-producing germs, a well-known characteristic of the microbe is that it is cowardly. It will attack many subjects unless their systems become weakened, as is the case of many young people, from want of proper nourishment, from living in closely crowded, ill-ventilated, tenement houses, or from working longer hours than is consistent with a healthy system. It is acknowledged that these are factors that go to swell the victims of the white plague. If people were to fall in love with fresh air, sunlight, wholesome food and cleanliness in their youthful days, and regulate their hours of work as many do after contracting the disease, the demand for sanatoriums would be much less. A great interest is being taken in the erection of sanatoriums for pulmonary phthisis, and, while I hope that it may continue, I feel that the work in this direction should grow less and less from year to year as the death rate becomes reduced. The great arteries which keep up the supply of consumptives pulsate stronger and stronger in many places. If ever we can boast ourselves a great people, and vie with other nations, if ever we can sustain the reputation of our country for prowess, for culture and refinement, it will be by so altering, so modifying the strenuous life that we live that we shall not permit any feeding grounds, any culture grounds, for the microbe, that we shall be able to remove all sources of the dread malady. It does seem that while great efforts are being made for the cure of the afflicted, our thoughts, our energies, are not sufficiently concentrated and aimed at the faults of our national life in many respects.

You are all familiar with the harrowing details of the lives of the children in the coal regions of our neighbors to the South during the great strike of the miners three winters ago. I need not repeat here that these mines were veritable hot-beds for the spread of the white plague. The coal mines are not the only culture grounds for the cure disease. I may refer you also to the culture beds of the cotton mills of the North and the South, where child labor has been and is much in evidence. But why, you may say, am I talking about my neighbors? Are we as a province free from the culture beds? As you are aware, I belong to a town which is noted for its woolen industries. It possesses the largest woolen mills in our fair Dominion. I would like to say that our civilization, our Christianity, was of that type that we could boast that we are abreast of other people, other nations, that we are living in a land where there are no culture-beds—no culture grounds—for the white plague, in a land where child labor is