

During the winter time, the athletic committee secure a permit from the Parks Commissioner at the City Hall, for the use of a rink for hockey. Teams are formed and a very enjoyable time is spent.

One of our boys has enlisted in the 134th Highlanders, and is overseas in the bugle band. Our prayers are with him as he goes forth to do his bit for king and country.

The attendance of our class keeps up well, except during the summer months when most of the boys are away on vacation. We have a system of buttons which induces the boys to be regular in their attendance. Regular attendance for the first three months is recognized with a gun metal button. At the end of another Quarter, the first button is handed in and a bronze one is given. At the end of a third Quarter, the bronze button is taken back and a silver one is given. When a year of attendance has been completed, a gold button is given and the silver one returned.

When another year of attendance for each consecutive Sunday has been attained, a wreath is added to the gold button, which now becomes the property of the wearer. A couple of the boys have acquired the silver button.



A Trip on a "Jigger"

By Rev. F. O. Gilbert, M.D.

[Dr. Gilbert is the Superintendent of the Women's Missionary Society Hospital at Ethelbert, Man. The following article is of special interest as it illustrates the Question on Missions for June.—Editors.]

One day last summer a little child was brought into our dispensary suffering from diphtheria. Her home was in an unsanitary part of the country some twenty miles away. For the most part, the people there are very poor, their homes generally very small, and often none too clean. This is perhaps owing to the fact that their farms are not very productive, and the difficulty of making a decent living soon makes them careless. The mother of the child told me that the same disease was in the homes of several of their near neighbors; and, knowing that these neighbors had numerous children, I decided to start at once to investigate and, if possible, to prevent the spread of the disease.

Just before my train came, a dying man was rushed into the hospital. Friends maintained that he had tried to kill himself. I could not very well leave him, and regretfully saw my train pull away from the station.

One of the rivers which crossed the road and which we usually forded, was flooded and impassable. My only alternative was to get a "jigger" and go on the railway. It was evening before I got started. One of our boys, Milt, helped me to "pump the jigger" as far as the siding, and arriving there I engaged a man to drive me to the settlement. Did you ever try driving over a low country during a wet season, a country where the roads are merely marked out and the mosquitoes are at their "very best?" Presently the axle got caught on a stump, so the driver got down, and balancing himself on the roots to keep out of the water and mud, lifted the wheel over. While doing this he lost his balance. I was thankful I had not volunteered to lift the wheel over. It was now quite dark, but the driver knew the country quite well, and drove me to each home. Each farmyard was marked out by a large smudge to protect the cattle from the mosquitoes.

Nearly all the people had gone to bed, but we roused them up, and I examined the children. In one small shack I found two sick children, the mother in bed with one, and the father with the other. On a table between the beds was the remains of the supper, and judging from the amount of food, their breakfast was waiting for them as soon as they could get out of bed. Door and windows were tightly closed. My head touched the ceiling. "How large is your house?" I asked the father. "About ten by fourteen," he answered. "Why don't you open one of the windows, and let in some fresh air to cool off the room?" "The mosquitoes would come in." I opened the door, but he shut it again while I was busy with the children. Knowing that a lecture on sanitation would be lost on a sleepy man, I did what I could for the children, and left, well knowing that every little crack would be carefully sealed up in order that the mosquitoes might not disturb the sleep of the inhabitants.

Ethelbert, Man.