



The New Hospital for St. Anthony

By DR. WILFRED T. GRENFEILL
("Among the Deep-Sea Fishers," the Official Organ of the International Grenfell Association.)

This morning, as I sat on the veranda of the new Orthopedic Hospital, high up on Mt. Royal, in Montreal, where I was stranded for a few hours en route to Labrador, I was thinking of the troubles of some orthopedic sick children of whom Dr. Curtis had written to me from St. Anthony.

The chief surgeon of this hospital, Doctor McKenzie Forbes, who worked on our Coast in 1892, the first year I was there. This splendid new building has been erected by the generosity of the Shriners, the highest lodge, or rank of the Free masons. All over America this large body of men have decided that they will do something for crippled children; and as I sat there and looked at it, waiting for the Doctor to come along, I couldn't help wishing that some one interested in the Shriners might get a vision of the need there is for an orthopedic section in at least one of our little chain of hospitals in the North—a vision of many cripples who have grown to manhood and womanhood, enduring a life of unnecessary suffering and poverty just for the need of such a city of refuge as this beautiful hospital is here in Montreal; and yet less than a mil-

away is another beautiful hospital for crippled children over which also Doctor Forbes presides.

It is of the utmost importance in Labrador that legs should be straight and of equal length, and that mothers should know how to protect children when the early signs of a crooked spine or a tubercular joint or an infantile paralysis first show themselves. There passed through my mind a moving regiment of cripples, with the few advantages that we have been able to give them, who have toilsomely reached the doors of our little hospitals. I remembered with gratitude the visits of specialists in the treatment of crippled children, such as Doctor Russell MacAusland, Doctor John Adams, Doctor Andrew MacAusland and the long service of Doctor John M. Little—but still as I looked up at the beautiful building, fireproof, perfect in detail, with its great sun galleries and its rows of children in their snow-white coats, lying in their beds getting well, I couldn't help but feel that if only we could get some one to put this matter right, surely people would help children in the great Northeast of this continent just as much as in other parts—for our children are all of the old stock, good sound Anglo-Saxons, with all our best capacities and all our traditions of a sea-faring race, with a few natives here and there that are left of the old owners of the soil.

I could see in my mind the volunteers from several universities, toiling already so generously with the foundation work of the concrete hospital for St. Anthony which, like those of a previous generation, they hope to finish by the return of winter. (For the first time, we have borrowed money to enable us to put a building through. Towards the \$50,000 necessary, we have given the promise of \$20,000). In my mind also I could see the thousands of children in Sunday schools and other schools, and in many parts of England, America and Canada, who had given bricks at a cost of 25c. each for the beautiful Home for orphaned children, not half a mile distant from this new hospital. Then suddenly a motor car dashed up to the gate and the cheery voice of Doctor Forbes greeted me. It happened to be a "receiving day" for this hospital.

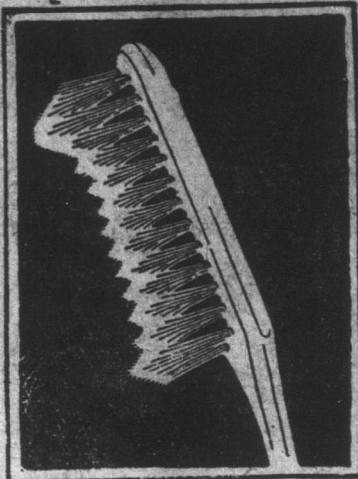
We went in and robed ourselves in our white dresses, and the first case, a pathetic little child, was brought in. Examination showed that it had a bent spine, the result of a tuberculous disease, with the usual accompaniment of open sores. The jacket in which the child was incased attracted our attention. We looked at it carefully and found it was most beautifully made, padded with lamb's wool and, for lack of anything else, painted with white glue so as to make it quite stiff. There wasn't even a sign of a rub anywhere from this big enveloping jacket.

The student in charge of the case began to read the history, "G. J. comes from Labrador." I couldn't help pricking up my ears, and Doctor Forbes smiled at me. "From St. Augustine River"—"Is that on your Coast?" he said. "Why certainly, I know it well. I know his father," and then looking up, I observed the mother, who was standing in the background. The clerk further read, "Father died of tuberculosis last year." I hadn't heard this sad news, for the father had long been in charge of the Hudson's Bay Trading Post in that part of Labrador. "The child was treated by one of the doctors of the Grenfell Mission," the clerk read on, "Doctor Harley who, when he left, advised bringing the child to Montreal for special care." Evidently the child was mending. For some time the sores had ceased to run. The Doctor congratulated the mother on the good fortune to have been able to reach some one conversant with the case. I then told the mother that my name was Doctor Grenfell and that I was leaving by the night train for Labrador. I couldn't help feeling thrilled in seeing the signs of pleasure in her face.

While in Pekin, China, we were guests at the Rockefeller Hospital and the Pekin Union Medical College where it was our great delight to find that Doctor George VanGorder, another of our own Labrador colleagues, was Professor of Orthopedic Surgery for the treatment of crippled children—a beloved, and so thoroughly efficient surgeon.

In my pocket is a letter which I had received from Miss Demarest asking me, even in the few days left before this issue of the magazine goes to press, if I might send her a line concerning the new hospital for St. Anthony. I am writing this in the train on the way to Labrador. On the pen of a ready writer, that I might paint such a word picture as would bring home to our many friends the need for bricks, and more especially for the ability to put a thoroughly equipped section for crippled children into the new building—just for the price of bricks.

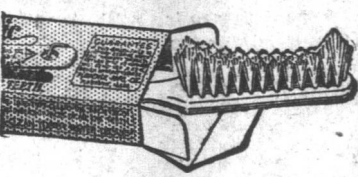
How many twenty-five cents we could save in a year if we only thought it was worth while doing so. How many times twenty-five cents also away for this or that other trifle that we could do so well without. What shall we say, "an upper" instead of a lower berth; a fifty-cent



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- 2 Are the bristles serrated (saw-toothed), and set in a curve to fit against all your teeth, and to reach the crevices between?
- 3 Does it have a large end tuft, and a properly curved handle so that the end tuft can reach and clean back teeth?
- 4 Will it keep germs, tartar, food debris, and other unclean substances off your teeth?
- 5 Is it fully guaranteed?

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breakfast instead of a seventy-five cent one, overloaded with protides and making us sleepy at our work? My wife was me that I must not say one yard saved in the making up of a frock. But, after all, I am not posing as an economist in the many things that we really could perfectly well, and often with very great benefit, just do without for once. How many bricks this would be to encourage not only our volunteer diggers, but our endless friends who, like Kim, are friends of all-the-world, who love a little child in Labrador as well as Christ loved them all in Galilee.

Wont you help with a brick, for say one, or enough bricks for a buttress, or enough to tile the floor of the laboratory, or to lay the perfect surface of the operating room, or to build the open fireplace for the convalescents' hall, or to put in the back door or even the front one, that will welcome the tide of our suffering fellow creatures, who, in the years to come, will be seeking through it the only help that stands within their reach—and may rise one day to call you blessed?

As I spoke to the nurse who was

turning over the little Labrador child on the examination table, she smiled and said, "I also come from your Coast, my name is Osborne." "Then you come from Notre Dame Bay?" I asked. "I certainly do," she said, "and there's where I hope to go back"—and I saw in her eyes also that which I love to see, when I told her that I was going to start for Notre Dame Bay that very evening.

Doctor Charles Parsons, our loved colleague, is doing his splendid work in the new, little, perfect hospital unit that we and he and the fishermen have achieved after years of effort, and is now doing such splendid work for the people of that section of our Coast.

Write to Miss Demarest, Grenfell Association of America, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, and she will let us know the names of those who will help to carry this effort to a successful issue. I know it can be done.

THE NEW ST. ANTHONY HOSPITAL

While there is rejoicing over the amount received to date for the new hospital building at St. Anthony, only about one-fourth the total sum needed has as yet been raised. The Board of Directors and the Editor alike are anxious that this financial burden may not fall upon the shoulders of Dr. Grenfell just as he returns from the first extended rest from active duty in more than thirty years, but may be taken over by our zealous mission friends.

That a new hospital building is greatly needed, even more so than we dreamed when making the first appeal, is evidenced by the following letter written by Dr. Curtis to Dr. Grenfell and by Grenfell's note to the Editor regarding the same: "As you know, we will start the new hospital this summer. This present building is about gone and I am really getting anxious about it. One side is bulging out away from the eaves, it is not safe but will, I hope, last until we can move into a new one. I am for a two storied building with basement and long closed-in sun porches on the front."

Dr. Grenfell writes to the Editor concerning the old hospital at St. Anthony: "Even before Dr. Curtis took charge the floors of the rooms on the third story were giving way. Many times I have been in those rooms, and wondered who would be the first to sound the tocsin of alarm. They creaked and groaned so, when the wind blew, that we shifted everything of any weight right up against the uprights, but eventually had to move them altogether from the room in the southeast corner, as the floor along the outside wall had gone down three inches below the horizontal. Dr. Curtis' casual inset in his letter makes me here in Japan wonder what would happen if our everlasting rocks were to shiver a little in the Labrador winter, as these have boiled and cracked from over-moist heat."

College boys, who are summer volunteers, are working like Trojans to get the foundations in place for the new building, and it is hoped to have the steel skeleton erected before they return in the fall. Edward McNeil, a Newfoundland man, who was one of the first students sent by the Grenfell Mission to Pratt Institute for his training in engineering, is to be in charge of construction, assisted by Wilfred Mesher, who studied at Pratt with him. Mr. McNeil spent about two months in New York this spring, observing methods and processes connected with steel construction work.

With faith that the funds would be forthcoming, the Executive Officer of the Association has already forwarded a schooner loaded with steel girders, dericks and other necessary machinery, so that there might be no delay in pushing the work forward, since the present building is found to be in so dangerous a condition.—Editor.

Wasp Attacks

Mid-Exeter is suffering from a plague of wasps. Great swarms are invading houses and are also attacking drivers of vehicles and pedestrians.

Near Brentwood, a lorry driver was attacked by a large number and badly stung on the ear. He stopped his vehicle, dismounted, secured some rags, which he saturated with petrol, and set the nest on fire.

Two London motorists were attacked by wasps while driving along the same road at Witham. In each

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Halifax, Nova Scotia.—"I am a maternity nurse and have recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to many women who were childless, also to women who need a good tonic. I am English and my husband is American, and he told me of Lydia E. Pinkham while in England. I would appreciate a copy of two of your little books on women's ailments. I have one which I keep to hand. I will willingly answer letters from any woman asking about the Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. S. M. COLEMAN, 24 Unisack Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Dublin, Ont.—"I was weak and irregular, with pains and headaches, and could not sleep nights. I learned about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by reading the letters in the newspapers and tried it because I wanted to get better. I have got good results from it and I feel a lot stronger and am not troubled with such bad headaches as I used to be and am more regular. I am gaining in weight all the time and I tell my friends what kind of medicine I am taking. You may use my letter as a help to others."—Mrs. JAMES RACHO, Box 12, Dublin, Ontario.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

RESENTMENT.

One day when I was very small I fell against the garden wall; And smacking with the hurt and pain I kicked the wall with might and main. Struck at it with my little fist And bruised my hand and sprained my wrist.

I screamed with rage, as children will, Who fancy things have done them ill; With more of anger than of pluck Against that solid wall I struck. Resenting what had gone before I madly hurt myself the more.

This was the error of a child! How oft at such a scene we've smiled! And yet how often still does anger Seek comfort in defiant rage. Thinking in bitterness to find Sweet consolation for the mind!

When grief has hurt us, as it must, We cry aloud: "God is unjust!" We strike at faith, that solid wall Which shelters and sustains us all. Not knowing when our hearts are sore Resentment only hurts us more.

In bitterness no comfort lies, No tear of sorrow hatred dries; Who turns upon his God in grief Finds endless woes in disbelief. Who cries that faith in God is vain Condemns himself to greater pain.

Quite a few coats and frocks feature the short circular cape at the back.

Ingeniously Simple Water Turbine

DEVELOPS CHEAP POWER.

Economic utilization of the energy represented by the flow of water in rivers and other water channels always has been a problem. Where the angle of descent, the drop, is great,

or where natural falls interrupt the flow, the solution of the problem of dams and artificial falls or by the construction of sluices regulating the volume and direction of the falling water, is comparatively simple. But in nearly all cases the engineering work involves the expenditure of money, often entirely out of proportion to the results obtained.

Recently Eduard Suess, an engineer of Vienna, invented a water turbine of a new type, simple of construction, inexpensive, and developing a high degree of power for plant use.

The Suess turbine consists of a slightly conical housing, a built-in four-bladed propeller. The turbine is submerged in the stream and is securely anchored in position, with the smaller opening of the housing pointing against the current. The water, entering through the smaller opening and passing out through the larger, relieves the propeller of stemming counter pressure and greatly increases its power. The Suess turbine, being submerged entirely and resting on the bottom of the river, does not interfere with navigation.

Renaud's Face Powder (fresh and white), at STAFFORD'S, 15c. box.—sep.21t

An ornament in an all-over diamond design is used on a hat of dark green felt trimmed with a velvet ribbon. The hat ornament may be permitted at the hip and neck of the frock.

PIMPLES OVER FACE AND NECK

Itched and Burned Badly. Healed by Cuticura.

"My face started to itch and burn and then broke out with pimples that were hard, large and red. After a few days they festered and scaled over and were very sore. They itched and burned so badly that I used to scratch which caused them to spread all over my face and neck. My face was badly disfigured."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. After using it I purchased more and in about two weeks I was healed." (Signed) Miss Bertha Wilson, R. R. 2, Foresters Falls, Ont., Oct. 3, 1924.

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SNOODLES IS HAVING THE TIME OF HIS YOUNG LIFE ON THIS VERY ISLAND. HE HAS MADE GREAT FRIENDS WITH SAILOR SAM'S TRAINED MONK. AS YOU WILL SEE IF YOU FOLLOW THE ARROW.



Looks Like He Is Being Led Astray.

By CY H'UNGERFORD



Children



Castoria
MOTHERS—Castoria is a pleasant, less Substitute for Paregoric, Teething and Soothing Specially prepared To avoid imitations. Proven directions.

Notre Dame Memorial

CHARLES E. P... does not seem possible that I was tearing at the ready for the schooner which was... the bridge since... had a good working family in a collision... in fog off the... arrival was attended... I had left... order to get to... very one was on... o'clock, on a... day morning, the... a two-master... down the bay... into a motor... mile off Long... into the harbor... The next days... a very big... were a thousand... be discharged, and... in the stream... as too large to dock... hospital. Small... coats and lighters... vessel, and a large... expedited the... loading was... because the hoisting... broke down... and the broken... replaced here... distance we obtained... stationary engine... used for grinding... up of her bed, moving... charged and lightened... wharf, and... for this to be done... up to a block... loading.

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