THE NEW PUBLIC HEALTH

The Advertiser Bureau of Public Health Information.
QUESTIONS. ANSWERS. COMMENTS.
Conducted by Institute of Public Health, London, Ont.

Questions should be addressed "The New Public Health," care The Advertiser, London, Ont." Private questions accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, will receive private answers. Medical treatment for individual cases cannot be prescribed.

W. B.

I have been vaccinated three times and it never took. Kindly tell me if I am immune from smallpox. W. B.

ANS.—Vaccination sometimes fails to take because the vaccine "germ" is dead at the time of the operation. This is especially true of moist vaccine, such, for instance, as that which is put up in tubes instead of on dry points. The principal reason for the vaccine germs drying out is keeping the vaccine at temperatures which are too warm. Vaccine should be kept as nearly as possible at temperatures no warmer than 40 degrees F. Sometimes druggists or others who keep vaccine in quantity store it at "ordinary room temperatures," which in summer may be 80 degrees F. or 90 degrees F., and in winter may be still higher, especially if the storing place is near a radiator or stove. Again, sometimes physicians carry vaccine in a vest pocket for several days before using it, forgetting that the temperature there is apt to be not far from 90 degrees F., or even more. (Body temperature is 98.6 degrees F.) For all these reasons, vaccine may fail to take, simply because it has been **kept too warm.**

But it is true that the best vaccine will fail to take sometimes in children who have, for reasons we cannot now even guess, a real permanent immunity to vaccination. These cases are not common, however. Such persons are often, **but not always,** immune to smallpox also.

In general, cases like your own, which have failed to take, should be vaccinated every year or two, until at least six or eight attempts under the best conditions, have failed, before assuming that the failure was due to immunity to vaccination. If you are thus proved to be immune to vaccination, you will **probably** be immune to smallpox also. H. W. HILL.

ICE.

Is the ice taken from the river safe to use for table as well as cooling purposes? What about artificial ice? ICE.

THE PURITY OF NATURAL ICE.

ANS.—The best authorities in the field of public health have decided, and are agreed upon this fact, that natural ice is not a factor in the spread of infectious disease. This decision has not been reached by the investigation of any one man, but by many independent investigators, and as a result of many sanitary inspections and innumerable analyses.

When water is allowed to freeze, under natural conditions, a scum of ice first forms upon its surface. Surface water is never pure water alone; that is to say, it always contains in solution a certain amount of mineral salts, and we can find numerous bacteria swimming around in it. The salts are held in perfect solution by the water, and therefore, if a drop of the water were placed under the microscope we would not be able to observe any salt crystals, but we would be able to see the bacteria in it.

Absolutely pure water is composed of two elements, hydrogen and oxygen. Ice is only another form of water; that is, it contains the same elements in the same proportion, but possesses entirely different physical properties.

FREEZING PURIFIES WATER.

When water freezes under natural conditions it tends to eliminate those substances which are not present in pure water, and it does this by a process of physical exclusion. The scum of ice which first forms on the surface of the water is composed almost entirely of hydrogen and oxygen, because the greater portion of the salts which had been held in solution by the water before it froze are forced downward during the forming of the molecule of ice and are added to the unfrozen water beneath. It is much easier to understand how the bacteria, which are minute living bodies, are in like manner forced downward as water freezes, excepting the few unfortunate ones which are caught and frozen in, possibly between the crystals of ice. As a result of this natural elimination of bacteria and soluble salts, not over one per cent. of the bacteria originally present in the water are ever found in natural ice formed from it, and if the water underneath the ice be quiescent it will become in like proportion more concentrated in soluble salts and contain greater numbers of bacteria than previously.

The question of dust blowing across ice fields and the possibility of disease from this source is one which is often suggested, but the "up to the minute" sanitarian would immediately say "Impossible."

The ice-dealer himself usually eliminates this factor (if it can be considered a factor) by the use of a planer, which usually is set to remove one or two inches from the surface of each cake. If there is any snow or ice on the surface he always removes all but an inch or so, because snow ice does not store well.

The only factor which remains then is that of the few bacteria which did not escape into the water beneath, but were frozen into the ice. The only important water-borne diseases known in this country are typhoid fever and dysentery, and the bacteria which cause these do not multiply in water. Extensive experiments in the case of typhoid have shown, curiously enough, that typhoid bacteria, if frozen into ice, will survive for a slightly longer time than in water, but they rarely live over three weeks in ice.

The natural ice crop is harvested as early as possible in the winter, often in December, sometimes as late as February, while the domestic use of ice in any amount does not begin until May or later. This allows at least two months' storage, and one-half of this time would be ample to remove the danger of typhoid. Colon-bacilli, the type of bacteria which are usually regarded as an index of pollution of water, are more hardy than the bacteria which cause typhoid fever, and will survive in ice for much longer periods.

POSSIBLE DANGERS.

The practice of "flooding ice" should be strongly condemned. In doing this the ice-dealer punches numerous small holes through the first thin coating of ice and allows the water from beneath to flood the field, in this manner obtaining more quickly ice thick enough to harvest. Here there can be no physical self-purification during the process of freezing; all the bacteria, suspended matter, etc., of the water will be frozen into the ice, because there is no way for anything to escape. The dying out of pathogenic bacteria in flooded ice occurs, of course, as quickly as in any other form. Some sewage bacteria will survive in ice of this character for many months, and aesethetic reasons alone are sufficient to condemn it.

THE ACTUAL DANGER.

The real danger which connects with ice is the handling which it receives between the dealer and the consumer. In storage it is usually packed either in straw or sawdust. Often before being placed on the delivery wagon it is washed. If washed with polluted water, an element of danger entirely new and apart from the ice, is introduced. Secondly, the delivery man or some handler of the ice might be a typhoid carrier, and have the disease germs on his hands, and leave them upon the surface of the ice. The only authentic case on record of transmission of typhoid fever through ice in all North America depended upon a walking typhoid carrier placing the ice in a cooler with infected hands. One point which it is well to bear in mind is that if the entire ice crop of a city were reduced to water, it would not represent over two days' water supply for that city.

To be on the absolutely safe side, it is well to always wash ice in a stream of pure water before placing it in the refrigerator. By this means anything which should happen to be on the outside is washed off.

Secondly, unless you are sure that you have a natural ice, or a pure artificial ice, do not place it directly into drinking water or iced beverages, and never under any conditions, pick up ice with the hands and place it into any beverage.

Beverages can be readily cooled in an equally satisfactory manner by surrounding the vessel which contains them with cracked ice.

ARTIFICIAL ICE.

Artificial ice is made by reducing the temperature of a pan of water to such a degree that it freezes. Here purification during the process of freezing is impossible; everything in the pan enters into the cake of ice. The only reduction in number of bacteria will be due to the killing off of the less hardy ones which are unable to withstand the sudden change of temperature. This ice is never stored any appreciable length of time, therefore the remaining bacteria are not killed by long-continued storage. Therefore, unless it be manufactured from pure water and under strict supervision, it is much more liable to cause trouble than natural ice. Even so, there is no record of any epidemic from germs frozen into artificial ice. A. J. SLACK.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Postgraduate Courses For Physicians, Dentists, M. O. H.'s, Bacteriological, Chemical, Public Health, May and June, 1913.

DIAGNOSTIC AND ANALYTICAL SERVICE

As Furnished Heretofore by the Provincial Board of Health, Begins April 14, 1913.

INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC HEALTH, London, Ontario.

HISTORIAN OF THE TITANIC TELLS OF ITS HEROES

(Continued From Page Seventeen.)

ellers, and laughingly remarked, 'If things continue there will be soon nothing more to look forward to in the way of invention.' How consoled in their grief must this son and daughter have felt when they realized that theirs had been the last message sent by Mr. and Mrs. Straus to their loved ones.

"As is usual among the men on board, we all gathered in the smoking-room after dinner. However, I retired early to read a book. I cannot regard it as a mere coincidence that this particular book was an exciting tale of the sea, and one which was recalled vividly, with its description of shipwreck, during my hardships of the next 48 hours. Drowsiness overcame me while reading and I retired early, so that I had nearly three hours of invigorating sleep before the accident occurred, whereas had the accident occurred on any of the previous days of our voyage I would have been both mentally and physically tired. That I was thus strengthened for the terrible ordeal, far better than had I been forewarned of it, I regard as the first provision for my safety.

"I was aroused by a sudden shock and noise, which seemed to be forward on the starboard side, and I at once concluded it must be caused by collision with another ship, a submerged rock or other obstruction. The thought of an iceberg did not enter my mind. I jumped from bed, turned on the electric light, glanced at my watch, which had been set to agree with the ship's time, and which now registered 12 o'clock.

"Opening the door and looking into the corridor I could neither see nor hear anything unusual. There was no commotion whatsoever, although immediately following the collision came the hissing sound of escaping steam. I listened intently, but could hear no noise from the machinery; but there was no mistaking the fact that something was wrong, because the ship had stopped and was blowing off steam.

"Intuition ,as it is called, had never been one of my mental attributes, but call it what you may, some unforeseen force prompted me to get into my clothes. However, I saw no urgent necessity for making a hurried toilet and took the usual time in dressing. I give these details in order that some conception may be had of the time which elapsed between my awakening and when I left my stateroom.

"The distance from my cabin through the corridor to the stairway was short, and I ascended by the elevator to the third deck above, commonly called the boat deck. Here I found a young lad seemingly bent upon the same quest as myself. He joined me, and from the first cabin quarter forward on the port side we strained our eyes to discover what had struck us. There were no lifeboats on this deck to obstruct our view, and we swept the horizon near and far for a sight of the object which might have caused the disturbance, but in vain.

"It was a beautiful night, cloudless, the stars shining brightly. The atmosphere was quite cold, but no ice or iceberg was in sight. If another ship had struck us there was no trace of it, and it did not occur to me that it was an iceberg with which we had collided. Not satisfied with this partial investigation, I made a complete tour of the deck, searching every point of the compass with my eye. Going toward the stern I vaulted over the iron fence that divided the first and second cabin passengers. I looked about me, toward the officers' quarters, in expectation of being challenged for non-observance of rules. In view of the collision I had expected to see some of the ship's officers on the boat deck, but there was no sign of one anywhere, and there was no one from whom I could obtain any information.

"I had passed Mr. Ismay with a number of the crew hurrying to the stairway. He wore a day suit and was hatless. He seemed too much preoccupied to notice any one. Therefore I did not speak to him, but regarded his face very closely, perchance to learn from his manner how serious the accident might be. It occurred to me that he was putting on a brave face so as to cause no alarm among the passengers.

"At the foot of the stairway were a number of men passengers, and now for the first time I discovered that others were aroused as well as myself, among them my friend Clinch Smith, from whom I first learned that an iceberg had struck us. Old sailors tell us that not for fifty years had so great a mass of icebergs been at this time of the year so far south. He opened his hand and showed me some ice, flat like my watch, and coolly suggested that I might take some home as a souvenir.

"While we stood there the story of the collision came to us—how someone in the smoking-room rushed out, when she struck, and told them that he had had a glimpse of an iceberg towering 50 feet above Deck A, which, if true, would indicate a height of over 100 feet. Here too I learned that the mail room was flooded, and that the plucky postal clerks, in two feet of water, were at their posts. They were engaged in transferring to the upper deck, from the ships' postoffice, the 200 bags of registered mail of 400,000 letters. The names of these men, who all sank with the ship, deserve to be recorded. They were James S. Marsh, William L. Gwynn, Oscar S. Woody, Iago Smith and E. D. Williamson.

"It was now the band began to play, and continued while the boats were being lowered. We considered this a wise provision, tending to allay excitement. I did not recognize any of the tunes, but they were all cheerful ones. If, as has been reported, 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' was one of the selections, I assuredly did not hear it, and I know I would have noticed it and regarded it as a tactless warning of an immediate death to us all and one likely to create a panic, which it was our special plan to avoid.

"Our hopes were buoyed with the information imparted by the ship's officers that there had been an interchange of wireless messages with passing ships, one of which was certainly coming to our rescue. Colonel Astor heard me telling this to some ladies who were beside me, and I pointed out to them a light which seemed about five miles away. He asked me to show him the light and I did so. In doing so we both had to lean over the rail of the ship and look close in toward the bow to avoid a lifeboat which was even then being made ready for launching.

"But instead of growing brighter the light grew dim and less distinct, and passed away altogether. This light, as I afterward learned with tearful regret, was the steamer California of the Leyland line, and had she come to us then all on board might have been saved.

"This was the ship from which two of the six ice messages were sent. The first one, received and acknowledged by the Titanic, was at 7:30 p.m. The next was about 11 p.m., when the captain of the California saw a ship approaching from the eastward which he took to be the Titanic, and under his orders this message was sent: 'We are stopped and surrounded by ice.' To this the Titanic wireless operator brusquely replied: 'Shut up! I am busy. I am working Cape Race.'

"From my own conclusions and those of others, it appeared that about 45 minutes had elapsed since the collision when Capt. Smith's orders were transmitted to the crew to order the lifeboats loaded with women and children first. The self-abnegation of Mr. and Mrs. Straus here shone forth heroically when she promptly and emphatically exclaimed: 'No, I will not be separated from my husband; as we have lived, so will we die together.' and when he too refused the proffered assistance into a lifeboat, which I earnestly solicited him to enter, urging his age and helplessness, which should make him an exception.

"'No," he answered, 'I do not wish any exception made in my favor, and no privileges not granted to others.'

"As nearly as I can recall these were their last words to me. They expressed themselves as fully prepared to die, and calmly sat down in steamer chairs on the glass-inclosed Deck A, prepared to meet their fate.

"The second officer, Lightoller, was in command on the port side forward, where I was. One of his feet was planted in the lifeboat and the other on the rail of Deck A, while we through the wooden frames of the lowered glass windows on this deck, passed the women, children and babies in rapid succession without any confusion whatsoever. Among this number was Mrs. Astor, whom I lifted over the four feet high rail of the ship and through the frame. Her husband held her left arm as he carefully passed her to Lightoller, who seated her in a boat.

"A dialogue now ensued between Col. Astor and the officer, every word of which I listened to with close interest, as Astor was close to me in the adjoining frame. Leaning over he asked permission of the officer to enter the boat to protect his wife, which, in view of her delicate condition, was a reasonable request; but the officer, intent upon his duty and paying no attention to who the speaker might be, replied: 'No, sir; no men are allowed in these boats until the women are loaded first.' Col. Astor entered no protest, but bore the refusal bravely and resignedly, simply asking the officer the number of the boat (No. 5) so that he could help to find his wife if he were afterward rescued.

"Nothing more was said between them. Col. Astor moved away from this point, and I never saw him again. I do not for a moment credit the report that he attempted to enter, or did enter, a boat, and it was evident that if any such thought had entered his head at all it was only to insure greater safety for his wife.

"It was only through me that Col. Astor's identity was established. The simple statement that all of the first-cabin women were sent off in lifeboats and saved, except five who met heroic deaths through choice or by some mischance, is in itself the most sublime tribute that could be paid to the self-sacrifice and gallantry of the first-cabin men, including all the grand heroes who sank with the ship and those of us who survived their fate.

"All authentic testimony of both first and second cabin passengers is also an evidence that the captain's orders for women and children to be loaded first met with the unanimous approval of us all, and in every instance was carried out both in letter and in spirit. In Second Officer Lightoller's testimony before the senate committee when asked whether the captain's order was a rule of the sea, he answered: 'It is the rule of human nature.'

"A boat was being made ready to put off, but there was some little hitch. A great wave came toward us, and in trying to dodge this boat which was swing towards me, I caught the railing on the deck. When the wave hit me and after some of its force was spent, I loosened my hold and was swept overboard on this wave, and was pulled fully 25 feet under water by the suction. Luckily I was not injured when I came to the surface. This, I think, was the reason Clinch Smith went down, as this boat of which I speak struck him.

"I immediately, after coming to the surface, saw a wooden surface, which proved to be a boat upside down. To this I tried to cling, but was thrown off by the force of the water. A man whose name I did not discover was clinging to some wreckage near by, and we made for a raft which we saw and clung to side by side until we finally succeeded in obtaining a place of safety on the top of this raft. When the dawn came we discovered thirty others who were standing knee deep in the icy water on this raft, all afraid to look either to the right or left for fear of upsetting the raft.

"The hours that intervened between that time, and when the Carpathia picked us up were never to be forgotten ones of agony and anxiety.

"My being drawn down to a greater depth by suction was prevented, I think, by the life preserver which I wore. When my head came above water, I remember swimming as hard as I could away from the boat, until I found this piece of wreckage. When I looked about me, after having reached this goal, there was no Titanic in sight.

"The length of time that I was under the water may be estimated in this manner. When I was washed from the deck, and drawn down perhaps 25 feet, I came to the surface and swam for what seemed a long time, but was in reality only a minute or two. When I looked back, the only indication that this wonderful 'Queen of the Sea' had ever existed, and that the sea had now swallowed her up, with all her precious human lives and earthly goods, was a slight gulp behind me as the water closed over her."

Stories of Lord Wolseley

[From T. P.'s Weekly.]

Wolseley in his younger days lived over the shop of a Dublin bookseller, and from this arose the legend that he had been apprenticed to a bookseller. The young ensign became Sir Garnet and afterwards Lord Wolseley by sheer merit. He became an ensign in the Cheshire Regiment in 1857, serving with distinction in numerous campaigns, from the Crimean War, wherein he lost an eye through a pebble cast up by a shell fire. In 1868 he became a captain in the Staffordshire Regiment by purchase, but did not long remain in that position. His death last week recalls several stories.

Queen Victoria.

Once he was talking to Queen Victoria, and the talked drifted to the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Wolseley remarked that some people doubted whether Shakespeare had written his own plays. "Oh, don't talk to me about that," she replied; "that was Lord Palmerston's nonsense."

The Battle Against War.

Lord Wolseley's name has to be added to the list of great fighting men who have denounced war, says the "Manchester Guardian." In an article in the "North American Review," twenty-three years ago, he wrote:—"Without any doubt, the statesman or the soldier who would not devote all his energies to save his country from what all must regard as the appalling calamity of civil war, or indeed from any war, would be an unprincipled villain."

Under Fire.

As became a soldier, Lord Wolseley knew how to stand still when occasion required, and was apt to be impatient with anyone less proficient than himself in the art of impassivity. Once, when Lord Wolseley and an interviewer were being photographed together, the interviewer took up an unfortunate position in front of a lighted asbestos stove. A smell of burning cloth began to pervade the room, and, somewhat excitedly, the interviewer shouted to the operator to put the camera's cap on. "Dear me," said Lord Wolseley severely, "can't you stand still for half a minute?" "No," said the interviewer, pointing to the stove; "I get uneasy under fire;"

Loss of Possessions.

Nothing is more trying than the loss of a purse or household goods, often with a personal history. Probably Wolseley felt such things far more than the dangers of war. In these and kindred ways he suffered much:—On his first journey to the East his boat, the "Transit," was wrecked in the Malay Straits, and the whole of his kit went to the bottom. A second kit, secured in Calcutta, was lost at Cawnpore, and his Legion of Honor and Crimean medals disappeared, to be recovered later from the corpse of a mutineer. A Cashmere shawl, given him by a brother officer, was stolen, and so were two silver bowls, a present from his company. At the same time his household goods in London, warehoused in the Pantechnicon, were burned in the fire that reduced the building to ashes. When, in 1860 he went out to China, he was wrecked off Singapore, and when he was ordered out to Canada, in 1861, it took his ship a month to cross the Atlantic.

In Burma.

Natural aptitude, no less than hereditary associations (his father being a major) determined young Wolseley's career. His first feat of arms was the storming of a Burmese fort. While leading his men he suddenly disappeared in a deep hole, in the midst of which a stake was fixed to impale the unwary, the trap being concealed with brushwood. His men were repulsed, and when he scrambled out he found himself alone, and had to run for his life. Reforming his men, he returned to the charge, and this time reached the parapet, where a shot tore his thigh open, and nearly put an end to his career.

Kicking an Officer.

Concerning this same engagement, Wolseley himself told a story:—"At daybreak, when the fog cleared, I was told off, with four men, to a certain point to skirmish. I had never been drilled! My four men—or rather boys—had never been drilled, nor even fired off a musket. I tell you this to illustrate the great nonsense of some people's ideas, who state that the army today is inferior to that of thirty years ago. Though I had not been drilled, I was well up in strategy and tactics, of which I had been a student from my earliest days. We started, and suddenly came upon the enemy. The enemy heard us and opened a heavy fire, killing my four men. More men now came up, and we were ordered to go on the charge. There was a native regiment of infantry extended in skirmishing order, and I well remember kicking a fat old native officer because he wouldn't go on."

A Recipe For Soldiers.

He has often advised the cadets of Sandhurst and other inquirers, "There is only one way for a young man to get on in the army. He must try to get killed in every way he possibly can! He must be absolutely indifferent to life if he does not succeed in getting killed he is bound to get on—that is, always assuming he has intelligence and the instincts of a soldier."

Drink and Tobacco.

Throughout his career Lord Wolseley waged endless war against strong drink, although he did not set up a tee-total standard. On his Canadian campaign his men and officers had to do their hard work on tea, for no spirits were taken, except in the medicine chest. He himself was an enormous smoker, but he used from time to time to abstain from smoking to prove to himself that he was no slave of tobacco.

Before Sebastopol

He was wounded once without ceasing to work, But in the last week of the siege he was all but killed. While he was sketching the enemy's works, "in a brave moonshine," a round shot struck the stone-filled gabion behind which he was supposed to find shelter, and riddled his face with a shower of flints. He was taken up with hardly any human semblance, and the doctor had pronounced his doom, when he managed to gasp out, "I am worth a good many dead men yet." When he recovered, the sight of his right eye was permanently gone. As some compensation he received the cross of the French Legion of Honor and a brevet majority.

Controversy and Afterwards.

Some of us remember the wordy war between Dr. Russell, war correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," who accused the British troops of looting and drunkenness, and Wolseley, who defended them:—The quarrel was still in the public mind in 1882, when the Prince of Wales, entering the doors of Burlington House for the Academy Banquet, saw Wolseley and Russell chatting together. "What, you two!" he remarked. "You are friends, I see." Wolseley took a step after the Prince. "I beg your pardon, sir; I didn't quite understand what you said." "Oh, nothing," said the Prince, "only I was glad to see that you were friends." Turning back to Russell, Wolseley said; "I wonder what he means?" "I'm sure I don't know," said Russell. The subject was never mentioned again.

Stoic.

In the course of the long, trying action at Mahonia in 1882 he beckoned to one of his staff to ride with him towards the cavalry. Suddenly he pulled up and said: "I can't stand the pain in my leg any more. My confounded bootmaker has made my boot so tight that it is pressing against a button, as in the dark this morning I put my breeches on crooked. Can you get it right for me?" The staff officer slit the leather, which made the Commander-in-Chief comfortable, and then asked why he had borne the pain and discomfort all day. Lord Wolseley hesitated, and replied that he was afraid the men might see him having something done to his leg, and that the rumor might get about that he had been wounded, which would discourage the troops. So he preferred to "stick" it.

York Minster.

Lord Wolseley was a great admirer of the American general, Stonewall Jackson, and when they met he asked Jackson which of the recollections he had carried away with him from England upon which his memory loved most to dwell. Jackson thought for a couple of minutes, and then, turning upon Wolseley his remarkable eyes, lit up for a moment with a look of real enthusiasm, he answered, "The seven lancet windows in York Minster."

In a letter by Charles Dickens to W. H. Wills, published not long ago, this comment on the novelist's first visit to America may perhaps explain in part why Dickens wrote some severe things of the United States: "When I went to America in '42, I was so much younger, but (I think) very much weaker, too. I had had a painful surgical operation performed shortly before going out. . . . My life in the States was a life of continual speech-making (quite as laborious as reading), and I was less patient and more irritable then than I am now." In the same letter, Dickens, who came to America on his second visit against the advice of many friends, says: "If you were to work out the question of reading profits here (in England), you would find that it would take years to get £10,000. To get that sum in a heap so soon is an immense consideration to me." It is a satisfaction to recall that his readings in America during the few months of his second visit netted him nearly double this sum — almost $100,000.

The "Dramatic Mirror" criticizes Mr. John Corbin's statement that out of 3,000 plays submitted to and read by him, only one or two were available. The "Mirror" thinks that more good plays are rejected than are produced. But on another page the same paper announces an offer by Mr. Winthrop Ames, director of the Little Theatre, of $10,000 for the best play by an American author. If there are plenty of good new plays, why offer $10,000 for one?

The Bowery branch of the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City last year served meals to 288,218 men. Seventy-one per cent of the diners chose a five-cent menu—perhaps because this comprised a full meal for a hungry man, it would seem—soup, baked beans, bread, coffee, and five crullers. Notwithstanding the general advance in prices, this meal is said to be furnished at cost, not below it.

Thackeray's noted "postage stamp" picture of the English royal family was lately purchased at auction by a Philadelphia collector for $800. This curious picture was made by cutting the heads from postage stamps and mounting them on pen-sketch bodies drawn by the author with his characteristic humor.

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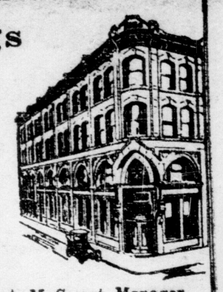

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VARICOSE VEINS CURED

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

Confined to His Home for Weeks.

"Heavy work, severe straining and evil habits in youth brought on Varicose Veins. When I worked hard the aching would become severe and I was often laid up for a week at a time. My family physician told me an operation was my only hope—but I dreaded it. I tried several specialists, but soon found out all they wanted was my money. I commenced to look upon all doctors as little better than rogues. One day my boss asked me why I was off work so much and I told him my condition. He advised me to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kennedy, as he had taken treatment from them himself and knew they were square and skillful. I wrote them and got THE NEW METHOD TREATMENT. My progress was somewhat slow and during the first month's treatment I was somewhat discouraged. However, I continued treatment for three months longer and was rewarded with a complete cure. I could only earn $12 a week in a machine shop before treatment, now I am earning $21 and never loose a day. I wish all sufferers knew of your valuable treatment.
HENRY C. LOCUST.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

BLOOD POISONS are the most prevalent and most serious diseases. They sap the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will cause serious complications. Beware of Mercury. It may suppress the symptoms—our NEW METHOD cures all blood diseases.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE AGED MEN.—Imprudent acts or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and vitally you are not the man you used to be or should be. Will you heed the danger signals?

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you intending to marry? Has your blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Books Free—"Boyhood, Manhood, Fatherhood." (Illustrated) on Diseases of Men.

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NOTICE All letters from Canada must be addressed to our Canadian Correspondence Department in Windsor, Ont. If you desire to see us personally call at our Medical Institute in Detroit as we see and treat no patients in our Windsor offices which are for Correspondence and Laboratory for Canadian business only. Address all letters as follows:
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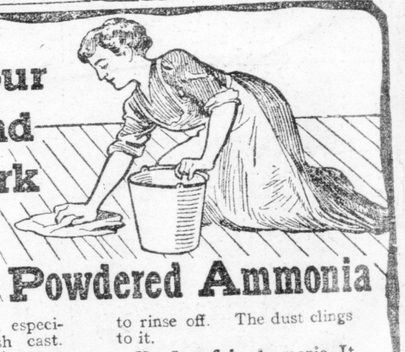
Clean Your Floors and Woodwork With Snowflake Powdered Ammonia



Soap gives a floor, especially pine, a yellowish cast. And the grease in the soap sticks to the wood and catches the dust. Your floor doesn't stay clean long.

Now, floors washed with Snowflake Powdered Ammonia are free from grease. They stay clean longer. And Snowflake Ammonia makes them beautifully white.

Never use soap on painted woodwork, because it is hard to rinse off. The dust clings to it.

Use Snowflake Ammonia. It takes the dirt off without injury to the paint. No rinsing necessary. Just polish with a clean cloth.

Try Snowflake Ammonia where finger marks are left when opening and closing a door. That will show you the wonderful cleaning and beautifying powers of Snowflake Powdered Ammonia

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Use Snowflake Powdered Ammonia for *all household cleaning purposes* and *save ninety per cent. soap.* Full directions on each package. Sold in *the giant 5c. package.*

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
Your druggist will refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 50c.