

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.

PERSONAL HYGIENE SERIES

CLIMATE AND COMPENSATION.

[No. 2.]
Perhaps one of the most obvious and yet least appreciated examples of the "compensation" with which the body meets changes in external conditions, is shown during the changes which occur in the body to meet the changes in weather from summer to winter and back again. Certain lower animals grow a warmer coat in autumn, shedding it in spring; but our own bodies make changes in far more ways than this. True we ourselves use warmer clothing, but that warmer clothing cannot meet all the requirements. The body machine itself must alter its rate and style of running in many little details, but usually it does this so gradually, during the fall and spring, that we do not notice it. Again, consider the further and much more rapid compensations which occur during the winter itself, permitting a person, well housed and warm indoors, to go out into a temperature 40 degrees below zero and take no harm or actually derive benefit from it. Think of the commonplace that people who sleep with windows opened, suffer a little for a time when they are shut. "What one is used to" is merely what one is compensated for; and the most important principle to remember is this: Slow, patient persistence will generally secure the necessary changes in the body to compensate for almost any external change, within the limits of compensation in that particular direction, of the particular body under consideration.

In other words, when anyone says: "I can't stand so and so, it would kill me," the usual reason why they can't do it is that they never have done it. If you cannot run upstairs the reason, provided you are not diseased in some way, usually is that you have not run upstairs before. The reason some children "cannot eat meat" is simply that they never have eaten meat. This is but one example of a general rule, applying to all the ordinary activities of ordinary people, while in health.

DISEASE AND COMPENSATION.
Disease of many kinds, other than the infectious diseases, the chemical poisonings, and physical injuries, or initial physical defects, are due, in a sense, to lack of compensation. This lack of compensation may be due to strains so great that the ordinary healthy body cannot meet them, despite the high reserve force nature provides for just such occasions; or the lack of compensation may be due to injury or disease or even absence of the organ which ought to do the compensating called for.

Thus the ordinary healthy child can run around the block without hurting its heart, because if its heart is sound it contracts faster and harder for a time to compensate for the increased

output of heat and energy. But the child with a heart poisoned, say by diphtheria, cannot run round the block or does so at imminent risk of death, because the heart cannot compensate; or, trying to, may wreck itself for good. But even the unpurged heart may not be able to compensate, if it is not used to compensating, so that the child who is never allowed to run at all, may in time reach a state of inability to run.

But compensation can be overdone. "Athlete's heart" is an example of too much effort at sudden and violent compensation, especially in men not in good training and put to do work suitable only for a man in the pink of condition. The same man, after he is "trained," does with impunity things that would have been fatal to him before he "trained." Even in the pink of condition, efforts excessive for that condition may easily be made and produce similar effects.

THE "I WILL" DOCTRINE.

Whole philosophies or sects or teachings have been based on mistaken exaggerations of these commonplace facts. For instance, it is taught that those who "will themselves" to do things, can succeed at anything, while those who "lack will power" must always fail. The fallacy in this is the usual one of mistaking one useful and very essential but by no

means all-conquering factor for the total needed. Of course, the individual who will not try anything new obviously cannot succeed in it; but by no means all compensations required in the body are within the body's powers, they may be elicited by care and patience and persistence. But the compensations required may be beyond the limits of any body. A delicately brought-up woman, who, in an effortless life, has never lifted more than ten pounds of weight at one time with either hand, suddenly facing an emergency requiring the lifting of a hundred pounds, may think she can't, and therefore may not try; but if she tries all her reserve force, with all the compensations she can draw on at the moment, may only suffice for lifting ninety pounds; if so, she will necessarily fail to lift one hundred. Beyond the limits of any body, would pick up the hundred pounds, not as a crisis in her life, but as a most matter-of-fact proceeding; while a third woman, just as unused to lifting as the first, but having a greater reserve and more flexible compensations, might manage two hundred pounds. At the same time no ordinary person, never mind what his reserve or compensations, could handle one thousand pounds, while the limit for the great majority lies far below that figure.

H. W. HILL.

SONGS OF CY WARMAN; POEMS SHOW WARMTH OF A NATURE THAT LOVES MEN AS BURNS DID

Londoners Should Be Proud of Recently-Published Volume of Verses That Contain Genuine Heart Throbs by the Author of "Sweet Marie."

The book of the "Songs of Cy Warman," just published, makes one feel glad that London can claim him as one of its citizens. One naturally links the name of Cy Warman with the song, "Sweet Marie," because that was sung by everyone, but it is by no means his best, nor does it give you a just estimate of his ability as a poet.

Cy Warman is best when serious. A verse from "Indiana" says:

"I'll come back to Indiana when this wicked war is o'er;
I'll come back to Indiana, and I'll leave you love, no more;
We shall walk and talk together, here beneath our native sky,
I'll come back to Indiana by-and-by."

He meets a soldier's fate on the battlefield and the song winds up "softly":

"Take me back to Indiana—he was

groping for our hands—
Take me back to Indiana—there's a girl in old Vincennes—
O, it grieves me sore that sorrow soon shall dim her azure eye;
Take me back to Indiana, by-and-by."

It is a good way to judge of poetry and songs by ascertaining whether they contain lines that could be used as quotations, and there are many here. For instance, from "Here Below":

"Just sift a little sunshine in the shadows here below,"

and again

"Don't cluster up your kisses,
For my cold and clammy brow;
This life is long and lonely—
Come, and let me feel them now."

"The Long, Hard Hill" is another

of those in serious mood.

"But the love that had come to them
Was the true love that endures,"

and like "John Anderson, My Jo,"

"The frost is on the heather,
And the snow is on the hill
And they're coasting down the short
side
Of the long, hard hill."

And he strikes a true note when he says:

"Ah! Love is sweet and hope is strong,
And life's a sunny sea,
A woman's soul is in her song,
And you'll remember me."

But the best of all his writings is "Will the Lights Be White?" There is no more manly man in the whole of the long, hard hill."

Although the leaves are green;
I know the sunlight lingers
On mountain, hill and plain.
Round Denver, dear old Denver—
I'm going back again."

Denver, sunny Denver,
I know the skies are clear,
I know the winds blow softly,

Although the leaves are green;
I know the sunlight lingers
On mountain, hill and plain.
Round Denver, dear old Denver—
I'm going back again."

Denver is destined to be one of America's best residential cities, and in the days to come may put Paris in the shade. With thousands of miles of prairies to the east of it, and thousands of miles of mountains to the west of it, with scenery unsurpassed in the world, and a climate where the sun is always shining, there is sure to be one of the earth's greatest cities.

This review is already too long. Let me close, and I cannot do so more appropriately than in the language of Cy Warman:

"But there's a consolation in the thought which we're dead. I have written something good. Our efforts will be read; And friends will plant forget-me-nots, And come and sit and sigh, And irrigate our grave with tears, When we go off and die."

The seriousness of the volume, of Cy Warman's songs is refreshing and elevating. The thread that runs through them all is justifying a good and not harm. There is not a word that he need ever regret having written and least of all his lines on the "Hereafter."

"But whatsoever the future be,
If there's a life for you and me,
To last through all eternity;
I'll be well to keep this point in view:
Do unto man, thy whole life through,
As thou wouldst have him do to you."

Altogether Cy Warman's songs leave a sweet taste in the mouth, and a feeling that the author is a man of the type of Robert Burns, the great Scottish poet. There seems to be a Scotch truth that poetry when he says:

"In my hands I hold the heather,
And my feet are in the ferns,
Of the land of Annie Laurie,
And the home of Bobbie Burns."

"Now I put the hills behind me,
And o'er the ocean gray,
I gaze out towards the occident,
With tear-wet eyes today;
To earth's mainland—America—
My tired spirit turns,
From the land of Annie Laurie,
And the home of Bobbie Burns."

One cannot help feeling that no one can tell how much good a volume of songs such as that just published by Cy Warman will do. Who in the lifetime of Robert Burns estimated even in a faint degree the good his life would be to the world? There were ministers who denounced him, but we know better today. The whole world knows that for the good song-writers and poets the light will always be white. The name of Cy Warman will be found among those who "loved his fellow-men," and clearly before him the white lights are visible.

For who can speak for those who dwell Behind the curving sky?
No man has ever lived to tell Just what it means to die.
Swift towards life's terminal I tread,
The run seems short tonight,
God only knows what's at the end—
I hope the lights are white.

If Cy Warman had written nothing else this would entitle him to a good place among the poets of this continent.

"Under the Willows" is one of the sweetest songs in the book. "We Never Know" is touching, and "God Is Love" is far superior to the majority of the hymns in our hymn-books. "The

The blue light marks the crippled car,
The green light signals slow,
The red light is a danger light,
The white light, "Let her go."
Again the open fields we roam,
And, when the night is fair,
I look up in the starry dome
And wonder what's up there.

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They Write From the Heart Because Grateful to "Fruit-a-tives"

Honest, Straight-Forward People Tell of the prompt and wonderful cures by Greatest Fruit Medicine in the World.

Grateful Acknowledgments Come From Sufferers, Thousands of Miles Apart, Showing the Value of "Fruit-a-tives."

When well-known people, respected in the districts where they have lived for years, write about the great good that "Fruit-a-tives" has done them, you can't help having confidence in their word.

The probability is you will find some person living right in your home town or country who has been cured by "Fruit-a-tives." Don't hesitate to talk of "Fruit-a-tives" to such persons. You find people in all walks of life, men and women, some very prominent people, who are grateful because in their suffering "Fruit-a-tives" was a welcome remedy, and they are glad to tell you all about it.

When you have undergone the tortures of Indigestion, Headaches, Sick Stomach, Pain in the Back, Chronic Constipation, Rheumatism or similar ailments, and have at last found a wonderful cure in "Fruit-a-tives," you naturally feel as though you must talk about this great remedy—write about it. You would like others to know the truth of how you obtained relief. This is just the positions the grateful users of "Fruit-a-tives" are in. They have been cured when their diseases were sometimes given up as hopeless. Their thanks are the "Fruit-a-tives" testimonials you see in the newspapers. They are freely and voluntarily offered. They are genuine and never in one single instance given for any monetary consideration. 25 cents for trial size, regular boxes 50 cents, 6 for \$2.50, or sent direct on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

alist movement in Ireland. The Nationalist party were the authors of that family reading (laughter), was no product of his own unaided brain, but a limited company affair (laughter), passed by a board of directors after full consideration. (Laughter.) Those same gentlemen would, I am sure, help him in the concoction of his King's speech, and I am as certain as that I am standing here that it would contain a paragraph something to this effect: "And with regard to Ireland, his majesty's ministers propose to lay on the table of the House at a convenient moment speech (laughter), for he has told us

ELDERLY FOLKS! CALOMEL, SALTS AND CATHARTICS AREN'T FOR YOU

Harmless, Gentle "Syrup of Figs" Is Best to Cleanse Your Stomach, Liver and 30 Feet of Bowels of Sour Bile, Decaying Food, Gases and Clogged-Up Waste.

You old people, Syrup of Figs is particularly for you. You who don't exercise as much as you need to; who like the easy chair. You, whose steps are slow and whose muscles are less elastic. You must realize that your liver and ten yards of bowels have also become less active.

Don't regard Syrup of Figs as physic. It stimulates the liver and bowels, just as exercise would do if you took enough of it. It is not harsh like salts or cathartics. The help which Syrup of Figs gives to a torpid liver and weak, sluggish bowels, is harmless, natural and gentle.

When eyes grow dim, you help them. Do the same with your liver and bowels when age makes them less active. There is no more important, Costive, clogged-up bowels mean that decaying, fermenting food is clogged there and the pores or ducts in these thirty feet of bowels suck this

decaying waste and poisons into the blood. You will never get feeling right until this is corrected—but do it gently. Don't have a bowel wash-day; don't use a bowel irritant. For your sake, please use only gentle, effective Syrup of Figs. Then you are not drugging yourself, for Syrup of Figs is composed of only laxative figs, senna and aromatics which can not injure.

A teaspoonful tonight will gently, but thoroughly, move on and out of your system by morning all the sour bile, poisonous fermenting food and clogged-up waste matter without griping, nausea or weakness.

But get the genuine. Ask your druggist for the full name "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna." Refuse with contempt, any other Fig Syrup unless it bears the name—prepared by the California Fig Syrup Company. Read the label.

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Neurasthenia

THIS is the fancy name which scientists give to the disease commonly known as nervous prostration or nervous exhaustion. It is an ailment peculiar to this age and this continent.

The placid, contented life of our ancestors has been left behind, and everywhere there is rush and strain, whether on business or pleasure bent. Sometimes it is the cares and worries of business, but oftener the strain of attending the round of society and amusement, which brings on collapse of the nervous system. It may be the lady in high society who is the victim of it, or it may be the girl in the factory.

You lose interest in life, feel tired and languid, find your daily duties a burden, cannot get proper rest and sleep, have headaches and indigestion, are nervous and irritable over little things, some of the vital organs fail in their functions, and you become down-hearted and discouraged.

Any treatment to afford you more than mere temporary relief must increase the nerve force in the human system. The food you eat has failed to do this, so Nature must receive help from outside, just such help as is supplied

by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because this food cure is composed of the ingredients which go to form new, rich blood and new nerve force.

This idea of nourishing the nerves back to health and vigor is comparatively new. It has proved to be the only means of rebuilding and revitalizing wasted nerve cells.

While Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is put up in pill form, you should look upon it as a food rather than as a medicine, because of its building-up influence on the system. Natural and gentle in action and yet wonderfully potent in its reconstructive influence, this treatment is admirably suited to the needs of women who are pale, weak and run-down.

It fills the body with rich, red blood, restores the appetite and improves the digestion, thus enabling the body to get the benefit of the food you eat. It rekindles the vitality of the nervous system, and through the nerve fibres carries vigor and energy to every organ in the body. You soon feel better and look better. Hope and confidence are restored. The organs assume their natural functions and you find yourself well on the way to health and happiness.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Fifty cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, M. P., the chief secretary for Ireland, addressed a public meeting in the Park Hotel, Warrington, recently. Mr. G. E. Parker, the president of the Warrington Liberal Association, was in the chair.

Mr. Birrell mentioned that he was in Warrington in 1868, when Mr. Gladstone, in association with Mr. Grenfell, was contesting Southwest Lancashire. The business upon which Mr. Gladstone was then engaged was the disestablishment and partial disendowment of the church in Ireland—not the Church of Ireland, but the church in Ireland. (Hear, hear.) He was assailed with abuse which is almost out of date despite all the efforts of Mr. Bonar Law. (Laughter.) He was called a renegade, a turncoat, a blasphemer, and a robber of God. The excited population in Northeast Ulster declared that were any such infamous proposal carried into law they would throw the crown into the Boyne; they would set up for themselves; they would not survive the degradation and the disgrace of seeing the Episcopal Church in Ireland disestablished. It was done all the same (hear, hear), and now you would not find even amongst the bishops, the deans, and the dignitaries or the incumbents and the curates of that church a single voice that would be raised in favor of a restoration of that church to its former position. Its adherents are still a relatively small part of the population, but they enjoy throughout the length and breadth of that land a respect and feeling of friendship which would enable them to render their whilst they usurped and assumed an authority and a connection to which they had no right. These things are a parable. What was true of the home rule bill (Cheers.) We are going on with it. About that you may rest assured. (Hear, hear.) Although it has suffered a rebuff in another place, we had fortunately made arrangements, which will enable it in a few months to be sent up again and again; only what happens to it the third time will not matter. (Laughter.)

Some Things That Cannot Be Done, Some time ago in this very hall Sir

Edward Carson presented with much vehemence his case against home rule. I must say that (Mr. Birrell said) by a simple statement of my own absolute belief that whatever you hope and mean to do in Ireland, be you a Unionist or whatever you please, you can no longer govern Ireland except by conceding to her this great gift of self-government, which all the representatives from every part of Ireland, except a small corner in the northeast, have for thirty years persistently denied. (Cheers.) On two separate occasions, divided by a period of twenty years, the House of Commons has passed a measure establishing a subordinate parliament and conferring upon Ireland a local executive responsible to that Parliament. Those steps can never be retraced (hear, hear); and how does anybody who comes after us propose to govern Ireland? What is the good of asking Ireland to send 101 members year after year for more than a hundred years to an Imperial Parliament to represent and voice the wishes of Ireland if, after they have made their demand again and again, we say to them, "We don't mean to pay any attention to what you say?" (Cheers.) There are some things which really cannot be done. And if at a general election England, Scotland, and Wales were to elect the Irish people to their representatives in the British House of Commons, would the Irish people haul down their flag? ("No.") Would they send their leaders into exile? Would they, instead of home rule, send to the Parliament supporters of the Unionist party, the landlord party, and the English interest? They would do nothing of the kind, and therefore you would be faced immediately after your general election with exactly the same problem of how you are going to govern Ireland.

An Insistent Problem.