

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

## SPINAL PATIENTS PUBLISH PAPER

### Bedridden Men Print Their Own News and Get Out Bright Sheet

A new publication making its appearance weekly in Toronto has a much greater significance than the mere size of its simple, folded sheet would imply. "Hamilton-Wills Weekly" is its name, and it is published, one finds, "by courtesy of the Canadian Red Cross." Its office is "on the roof" of the Dominion Orthopedic Hospital on Christie street, where about 25 men, spinal cases, lie flat on their backs and see life only through the swivel mirrors suspended above them. In these, "like the Lady of Shalot," as one of the Red Cross workers says, "they view the passer-by, and, also like her, I dare say, they often feel 'half sick of shadows.'"

But there's no sign of sickness in the cheerful chat of The Hamilton-Wills Weekly, save when it reports a message intercepted from Mars to the effect that a "serum to cure T.B. spines has been discovered," a shipment of which is expected immediately "by the humming-bird express."

It is all done by "reflection," even the printing, and no strikes of type-setters are feared, for the editors, lying on their backs and holding paper and pens above their heads, set out each word and line—and excellent illustrations, too.

The big, thrilling, front-page story of the first issue is the "Sensational Discovery," through the aid of the hospital's own amateur sleuth, of how the chocolate bars disappeared. There is also a correspondence column, an editorial page with "a dig at everyone"; a weather forecast, and every essential to an up-to-date newspaper, excepting, perhaps, one thing some folk might regard as indispensable—advertising.