



"WHO," says the Theatre Magazine, "has not wept with the unfortunate Lady of the Camellias as she lies in bed on the eve of her dissolution? In every country under the sun theatre lovers have been held spellbound by this tragic end of a classic love affair."

Cammille is the classic among invalids; the gentle, frail lady who after a life of great excitement sang herself to everlasting sleep in a sweet opera most memorably in the beautiful impersonation of Nordica. The picture here is Ethel Barrymore's presentation. In its chastely simple outlines with the exquisite coverlet and the soft rays of the suspended lamp, it is a model for all those who prefer the contemplation of a lovely death-bed scene to the robust vigor of being alive in every pore.

RADICAL changes of the Ontario Medical Act are foreshadowed, following the report of Judge Hodgins, a special Commissioner appointed to investigate the status of the profession and medical treatment generally. The report when it comes will be final, and will not certainly be open to question. There is one sure fact, borne out by the evidence everywhere. The general public do not, as a unit, rely on medical skill for the treatment of their ills. The profession in part is responsible for this general distrust. The public look upon the doctor as a tradesman who has something to sell, which might be bought more cheaply elsewhere. Then the

MAKE DOCTORS

spectacle of doctors fighting one another for public support does not increase public confidence. The failure to cure is more often considered than the success of the average practitioner. The present competitive fee system has gone a long way to undermine confidence in the profession. In spite of modern education, the popular mind is still empirical, and may be led away from professional treatment by advertisement of other curative marvels.

When the doctor sees people everywhere patronizing proprietary medicines, or consulting such healing agencies as the Chiropractic or Christian Sciences, he may as well put the blame where it belongs—on himself and his anomalous position before the public. It is a safe wager that for every dollar paid to the general practitioner in fees, an equal amount, if not much more, is spent for proprietary remedies or treatment from unauthorized practice. There is a remedy for this, but it will not be achieved by fighting illegal practice or patent medicines.

In theory the average physician can care for the health of 800 to 1,200 people, proportionately to the size of the community he serves. For this he deserves an annual income of at least \$3,000. The cost of maintenance for a physician and family is high and leaves only a small annual profit at that sum. At the beginning of the war the number of practising physicians of Ontario, on the basis of the above figures, was above the requirements. In consequence, the income of many fell far below their normal earning power or what they really should have. It is nothing unusual to find in a town of 2,500 people from four to six doctors, established as local "opposition." We are fortunate to find any two of them on speaking terms, or willing to assist one another in emergencies. Competition produces dissension, and limits greatly the value of the practitioner to the community. Each man has his own devoted following, and many of these are agitating for new patrons for their favorite doctor.

There are other places where medical assistance is difficult to get. This is true in the Western Provinces, where it requires sometimes 900 to 1,200 square miles to secure a population of 1,000 people. Yet one doctor can serve this country fairly well, but only at great cost to the outlying points. The fees of a Western doctor for long trips are almost prohibitive. For that reason many people are content to die rather than have medical help. There is a remedy, but they have not yet secured it, nor have they seen the fallacy of the present system.

WHILE not directly so, the regulation foreshadowed by the remarks concerning the Hodgins' report is an attack on osteopathy. Unless the osteopaths now practising on permit are able to organize a faculty and an Examining Council, they will be treated as unlicensed practitioners, and made subject to all the penalties of the Act for illegal practice. This amounts to exclusion for a time at least, and is grossly unfair. Osteopathy has passed beyond the stage where its value can be questioned. By methods of the osteopath certain ailments not amenable to medical or surgical treatment of orthodox kind, may be treated successfully. Allopathy and Homeopathy as orthodox systems of practice, originally antagonistic to a great extent, have now much in common. It is safe to say that a given case treated skilfully by either system, if at all curable, would run much the same course to a favorable termination. The term Allopath and Homeopath are soon quite certain to be obsolete and forgotten, for all that is valuable in both systems will be merged into one—wholly scientific and modern, and sufficiently exact to satisfy all popular requirements. Osteopathy will very soon be a specialized branch of medicine, adapted to the special needs of healing it conforms to. Until then it should be dealt with leniently, as a meritorious system of treatment, restricted to a certain type of ailments, and so accepted by the medical profession at large. Chiropractic science (?) is a farrago of nonsense. Like every other kind of quackery it has adopted some means of treatment from other systems. While

(Concluded on page 7.)



FRESH SHINING AFTER RAIN:

By HELEN D. WILLIAMS



THERE is, in the cycle of the seasons, an intermediate stage which is not winter, nor yet spring, as the poets have sung it. Everywhere the earth is shaking off winter's mantle of snow. Meadows have a sodden, pressed look. Not yet do fall-ploughed fields suggest seed time and crops. Marshlands are mouse-riddled. The firs are still sombre black. The skies are leaden. A yellow light over all. In the air a prescient sense of "something coming on the world."

And then, above the foothills, nimbus clouds gather, and darken, and overspread the valley. Trees begin to rock and twist. Hail, small and round, like homeopathic pills, rebounds from windows and roofs. The air is white with it. The ground that has been a Zebraesque brown and white is white again with it. And now it is raining. Straight down. Hard. And it keeps on raining. All night you hear the windy voices of the rain croon, and threaten, and weep. All day the woods are veiled with rain. It distils a magic tonic. It scours hill-sides, muddies roads, swells rivers, floods intervale lands.

In oilskins and alone, you sally forth to glory in the waste of waters where usually no water is. It is all on such a herculean scale, a symbol, as it were, that by struggle alone man shall achieve. It is impossible to get very near, but beyond the inky pools and growing streams one sees extraneous objects—an uprooted tree, perhaps, or a bobbing barrel, or relic of furniture—floating past on the swirling current.

Following the river along, you cross the meadow where a stone war club and other evidences of Indian encampment—now reposing in the Brome County

Historical Building—have been ploughed up. Indians must often and often have paddled up the creek and across the lake on ruthless pillage bent. Almost you can hear the dip of their paddles, and see their lithe forms disappearing round the curve where dogwood blazes.

"Its very homelessness" (writes Richard Le Gallienne of marshes), "is the home for something in man that is loneliest under a roof and finds its kindred only where the blue heron finds his."

All round are pictures one need visit no gallery to see. Here quasi-submerged trees loom grayly through the mist, looking like shades of themselves. There, so vivid green is the lichen on fallen logs that industrious fairies must just have painted them anew. All at once you are conscious that the murmur of rain has ceased in the woods, that the slow-falling drops no longer start innumerable circles on derelict pools. The landscape lightens. For the first time you notice a suspicion of greening leaves, the earnest of hepaticas and mayflowers to come. Surely the buds of the maples are pinky-green? And what is that? That raucous, insistent, triumphal sound overhead? And now one can see them, geese flying in V shaped order.

Through the filter of the trees a streak of daffodil widens along the horizon. It flames, reddening the waters of the creek, and all the little land-locked pools. Momentarily the gold and red becomes more translucent, the brown of the earth more sharply defined, the hills more mystically remote. Somewhere, up in the treetops, a robin bursts into song. How fresh everything looks, and smells, and is—fresh shining after rain.