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NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM
VOL. 46 APRIL, 1965 NO. 4

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Health Rays



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Sanatorium Visiting Hours

DAILY: 10.15 - 11.45 A. M.

DAILY: 3.15 - 4.45 P. M.

DAILY: 7.30 - 8.30 P. M.

Absolutely no visitors permitted during

QUIET REST PERIOD 1.15 - 3.00 P. M.

*Patients are asked to notify friends and relatives
to this effect*

Kentville Church Affiliation

Anglican—Rector	<i>Archdeacon L. W. Mosher</i>
Sanatorium Chaplain	<i>Rev. J. A. Munroe</i>
Baptist—Minister	<i>Dr. G. N. Hamilton</i>
Assistant	<i>Rev. D. M. Veinotte</i>
Student Chaplain	<i>Lic. David Wilton</i>
Lay Visitor	<i>Mrs. Hance Mosher</i>
Christian Reformed—Minister	<i>Rev. J. G. Groen</i>
Pentecostal—Minister	<i>Rev. C. N. Slauenwhite</i>
Roman Catholic—Parish Priest	<i>Rt. Rev. J. H. Durney</i>
Asst. Roman Catholic Priest	<i>Rev. Thomas LeBlanc</i>
Salvation Army	<i>Capt. R. Henderson</i>
United Church—Minister	<i>Rev. K. G. Sullivan</i>
Sanatorium Chaplain	<i>Rev. J. D. MacLeod</i>

The above clergy are constant visitors at the Sanatorium. Patients wishing a special visit from their clergyman should request it through the nurse-in-charge.

HEALTH RAYS

A MAGAZINE OF HEALTH AND GOOD CHEER

Authorized as Second Class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

And For Payment of Postage in Cash

VOL. 46

APRIL

No. 4

The Sanatorium Cracker Barrel

J. E. Hiltz, M.D.

Medical Superintendent



The winter just past has been a very rough one in many ways and it is good to see the last of it. Some of our staff live quite a distance from the Sanatorium and not always on the main roads. After some of the heaviest snow storms, department heads received telephone calls saying, "I'm snowed in, but digging my way out. I'll be there". Some did

not make it until ten o'clock, and some not until noon, but it reflects great credit upon them that they realized how important their jobs were and that patients and other staff members were depending upon them. Indeed, if a big storm is forecast, some staff members do not even go home, but remain at the Sanatorium overnight rather than "let the side down". Such loyalty to the Sanatorium and evidence of a sense of responsibility should not go unacknowledged, so I extend to them all a sincere "thank you" at this time.

Drs. Kloss and Crosson spent the week of March 22 in Boston attending a postgraduate course of study in regard to pulmonary function and inhalation therapy. It is anticipated that they will return to us filled with new ideas for an expanding program by our Physiotherapy Department which is already providing a very excellent service for our patients. This is part of our established policy of trying to keep "up with the times".

We are very proud of the work done recently by our Power House Staff under the direction of our Chief Engineer, Charlie Sheffield. Obsolete equipment has been eliminated, new cement floors installed where needed, the pipes all color coded, a new safe stairway built from the main workroom down to the boiler rooms, and a new spare parts department setup. The plant certainly is shipshape, and its operation is just as commendable. Our hats are off to a highly efficient department.

Did you ever wonder what happens to blankets when they shrink up so that they no longer tuck in on a hospital bed? Certainly they are an aggravation when one is trying to sleep under them. Over the years an institution the size of the Sanatorium, accumulates a fair number of them. Being government property, they cannot be sold, even though they might still be useful for homes having either smaller beds or even wider beds which will hold them on. Well, we just gave 230 of them to the Red Cross and another 230 to the Salvation Army with the consent of our Halifax office. These charitable organizations will put them to good use, and we are pleased that some needy persons will be getting the good of items which had passed their useful stage here.

Recently a patient mentioned to me that another patient (Mr. B.) was re-admitted and was boasting and laughing about how long he had stayed out since leaving here against medical advice one month after a wedge resection six years ago. Mr. B. now has extending tuberculosis within both his lungs, has a serious tuberculous complication of another part of his body, his sputum is strongly positive for tubercle bacilli, and so he may have passed his tuberculosis on to a number of other persons. Big joke!! Pardon me, I find it difficult to laugh.

We were very pleased to have a visit on Saturday afternoon, March 20, from seventeen members of the Acadia University Pre-medical Club and the Biology Club accompanied by Dr. Basaraba, Associate Professor of Microbiology. Five members of our medical staff spent the afternoon talking to them about our work here, and showing them some of our facilities. One of the group was Mr. Arthur Patterson, honours student, who has been doing special research work in our laboratory during the past fall and winter. We are always delighted when people from outside the Sanatorium show interest in our patients and in our work. We trust that this visit may become an annual affair.

Visit Of Lieutenant-Governor



Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, the Honorable H. P. MacKeen, greeting Mrs. Mildred MacLean of New Glasgow during his visit to First Floor East. Also shown are Mrs. MacKeen, who accompanied His Honor on the tour, and Dr. M. Rostocka, physician in charge of First Floor East.

On March 27 the Sanatorium was honored by a visit from our Lieutenant-Governor, the Honourable H. P. MacKeen, accompanied by Mrs. MacKeen. It was a brief visit, made when the Lieutenant-Governor came to the Valley to attend the closing night functions of the Dominion Drama Festival, Nova Scotia Region, which were held at Acadia University in Wolfville.

Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. MacKeen, accompanied by Dr. Hiltz and Miss J. Dobson, R.N., toured the three floors of the East Infirmary, where they were introduced to the patients by Dr. Holden, Dr. Quinlan and Dr. Rostocka. Unfortunately time did not permit a visit to the other buildings, except for a very brief stop on second floor

West, to which the Lieutenant-Governor was accompanied by Mrs. Zirkel, R.N.

Following the tour His Honor and Mrs. MacKeen were served tea in the Nurses' Residence, at which time they met members of the staff. Miss V. Allen was in charge of the tea arrangements. Mrs. L. Morton, R.N., poured and the serving was done by the Misses Alvina Marsh, Elsie LeBlanc, Anne MacLellan and Darlene Furey, all of the nursing staff.

His Honor expressed his regret that he was not able to visit all patients at the Sanatorium at this time, and the hope that before too long he would be able to come again and make a fuller visit.

Cooperation Is The Key

A happy cure depends upon a good patient-employee relationship.

By R. C. Benkendorf, M.D.

Cooperation of the tuberculosis patient with his physician, nurses, and others who are directing his cure is probably one of the greatest factors in his recovery from the disease. The weeks and sometimes months of treatment, followed by an equally lengthy convalescence, makes this cooperation probably more important in the fight to overcome tuberculosis than in that of any other disease.

Too often physicians still see patients failing to progress satisfactorily, resulting in a longer period of time in the Sanatorium, all because of an improper attitude and unwillingness to trust the judgment of others. If a patient refuses to follow the advice of his medical director, offered as a result of long study and experience, he will probably bring harm only to himself. He may fool his friends and relatives as to his true physical condition, and sometimes even himself, but he cannot fool the disease. Tuberculosis is treacherous, and a patient can be easily deceived. He cannot be guided by the way he looks or feels. Therefore it is essential that he place his welfare in the hands of a good physician and rely entirely upon the latter's judgment.

Modern methods of treatment with drugs, surgery, rest, exercise, and freedom from worry have proved so successful in overcoming tuberculosis that blind faith is no longer asked of those suffering from the disease. Medical science now knows enough about the tubercle bacillus that patients need have no doubt of recovery if their disease is discovered fairly early and if they are willing to do their part in the cure.

After a patient has received a diagnosis of tuberculosis, probably the first thing his physician will advise is sanatorium care. The patient must remember that the preservation of the health of his family, and those of the community depends upon his stopping the spread of his disease.

That this in addition to the restoration of his own health, is best accomplished by sanatorium care, is evident when one considers that in tuberculosis sanatoria throughout the country trained people are working constantly toward the improvement of the care of tuberculosis patients and methods of eradicating the disease. When the patient enters the san-

atorium he has taken his first step toward doing his share in the attack of his own problem.

The task of getting well is made a little easier as soon as the patient has determined in his own mind to do everything in his power to cooperate with the sanatorium personnel. A vast program toward his recovery then begins operating—a program wherein the physician plays the part of the teacher and the patient the part of the student. A complete study of each patient is made by the medical staff, and other departments of the sanatorium are concerned with the maintenance of the institution aimed at providing a comfortable and congenial atmosphere in which the sick may get well.

One of the first instructions that the patient will receive from his physician after he enters the sanatorium is that he must rest, and although the exact amount will be prescribed, it means rest and more rest, including mental rest.

This is but one of the many things that will be required of the patient as he waits for time to complete the healing process in the lungs. During this interval he must maintain a cheerful outlook and often be satisfied with what seems to be slow progress. Restrictions imposed may seem hard and unnecessary but, the patient must remember that all his instructions and permissions were decided by the physician only after careful consideration of his record.

As time progresses on the cure, the patient ceases to cough, his temperature goes down and he is again aware of a feeling of general well being. This is a danger stage for every tuberculous person, and it is important that the patient does not allow this feeling to generate a sense of false security, but instead a sense of appreciation, with a renewal of determination to cooperate and finish the good work.

When the medical staff is assured that healing in the lung is complete that patient will be discharged from the sanatorium and will enter the period of greatest concern for his health. As he begins his readjustments to life outside the sanatorium, frequent check-ups will be necessary so that the progress for which he made sacrifices will not be jeopardized by the

(Continued on page 26)

Monsignor Durney Honored

Monsignor Durney is, of course the Sanatorium's very good and long-time friend Father Durney, who has been raised to the dignity of domestic prelate by His Holiness Pope Paul VI.

The investiture of Monsignor Durney took place in St. Joseph's Church, Kentville, on February 23, 1965. Rt. Rev. J. Nil Theriault, D.P.P.P., of Annapolis, presided at the ceremony as representative of His Excellency, Most Rev. Albert Lemenager, D.D., Bishop of Yarmouth.

Monsignor Durney came to Kentville twenty-four years ago, as assistant in St. Joseph's Parish. On December 15, 1943, he was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church. No one who has had the privilege of knowing "Father Durney" need be told that in these years he has made a host of friends in Kentville and vicinity, and, most surely, at the Sanatorium.

Monsignor Durney is a native Nova Scotian, and except for a period in Bermuda, his work has been entirely within this province. He was born in Halifax, and there he attended school and university. His theological studies were completed at Holy Heart Seminary, Halifax, and on June 16, 1929, he was ordained to the Holy Priesthood.

Following his ordination Monsignor Durney served as assistant in St. Joseph's Parish, Halifax, at St. Theresa's, Hamilton, Bermuda, St. Mary's Basilica, Halifax, St. Theresa's, Halifax, and a short time in Immaculate Conception Parish, Woodside, Halifax county. In 1941 he came to Kentville, and has served in St. Joseph's Parish ever since.

Shortly after the formation of the Diocese of Yarmouth in 1953 Monsignor Durney was appointed Dean of the Kentville Deanery. He is also Director of Yarmouth Diocesan Council of the Catholic Women's League of Canada.

Besides his devoted service to the Parish of St. Joseph's and the Kentville Deanery, "Father Durney" is well and widely known in the Valley for his activities outside the Church. Chief among these is, of course, the Kentville Fire Department, to which he has given his time, energy and enthusiasm without stint. For years Rotary engaged his deep concern, and in 1961 he served as president of the Kentville Rotary Club. Music, especially group singing, has always been a delight for Monsignor Durney. Many at the Sanatorium will remember well the Minstrel Shows he put on with the Sanatorium Glee Club of some years back. Sport, too, with the emphasis on baseball, has been a keen interest of this diversified man.



At the investiture of Monsignor Durney as Domestic Prelate a number of the clergy of the Yarmouth Diocese attended the ceremony; also federal and provincial representatives of the government. The mayor and members of the town council of Kentville, and members of local organizations were also in attendance. A presentation on behalf of the Kentville parishioners was made by Victor Cleyle, Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus, and by Mrs. M. J. MacDonald, president of the Kentville Council of the Catholic Women's League.

Other events in honor of Monsignor Durney on this occasion were a reception held at the Knights of Columbus Hall for the clergy and invited guests following the investiture, and an informal reception held on February 28 when further presentations were made. On the latter occasion the master of ceremonies was Victor Cleyle, and as a point of interest to our readers we might mention that Mr. Cleyle had been a San. patient a number of years ago.

On behalf of the readers of **Health Rays** and his many friends at the Sanatorium, we wish to add our congratulations to the multitude of others extended to Monsignor Durney at this time, and may we express our pleasure in knowing that his elevation does not remove him from Kentville and the Sanatorium.

Honors For A Distinguished Old Timer

The accompanying article, brought to our attention by G. G. Harris who retired from the Sanatorium as senior x-ray technician a few years ago, tells of honor being done Dr. Kenneth S. Wyatt. Back in 1925 G. G. knew Ken Wyatt intimately, when they were both patients here. In July 1926 Ken Wyatt became editor of the Sanatorium magazine, **The X-Ray**, the name under which it had been published since its beginning in 1919. As a point of interest, it was during Ken Wyatt's term of office that the decision was made to re-name the magazine; a contest was run, and the name "Health Rays" was chosen. Ken Wyatt continued as editor until April 1927, when he left the Sanatorium to become a salesman for the Annapolis Valley Motors in Kentville. His subsequent history is told briefly in the article which follows:

Reprinted from
The Mount Allison Record
Winter 1965

A distinguished group of electric cable engineers met some time ago to honor a man in their midst who had often been considered a heretic. Dr. Kenneth S. Wyatt, B.A. '21, B.Sc. '22, D.Sc. '61, outstanding leader for more than forty years in the electric cable industry, both in the western hemisphere and abroad, has finally received the recognition that many of his colleagues considered long overdue.

Many of his "heresies", in the minds of conservative elements of the cable industry, are now common practice and enjoy broad acceptance in the engineering fraternity. But when Dr. Wyatt offered some of his creative methods he was declaimed as a controversial visionary and often as not tossed aside with scarcely a hearing.

Dr. William Del Mar, one of Dr. Wyatt's contemporaries at Phelps Dodge Copper Products Corporation, in offering a toast said, "As a beneficiary of your one-time heresies, I propose that we follow the ancient formula and toast Dr. Wyatt alive—

and that we do it with heart-warming liquid fire, wishing him contentment and peace, always."

The unusual occasion ended by a presentation of the Phelps Dodge Distinguished Achievement Award to the honored guest.

Prior to joining Phelps Dodge in 1941, Dr. Wyatt was technical director of Enfield Cable Work in London. During the depression years he was in charge of high voltage cable research for Detroit Edison. More recently, he had a leading part in forming U. S. Underseas Cable Corporation which has the task of laying and maintaining underseas polyethylene insulated telephone cable in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

He introduced to this hemisphere the highly efficient Styroflex high frequency coaxial cable, and also first recommended aluminum sheathing for power cables. He was a pioneer in the development of corrugated metal sheath for power cable, and he developed the high-pressure gas type compression cable system.

How do you prepare yourself to become one of the world's leading scientists in the field of electric cable insulation? If you follow Dr. Wyatt's pattern you would be born in Lyndhurst, England, attend Lord Williams Grammar School, enroll at Mount Allison University, New Brunswick, take degrees in electrical engineering and chemistry, study physical chemistry at Harvard graduate school, and learn about supersaturation of gases at the University of Toronto.

You would also be elected a Fellow of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers, join the Engineers Club of New York, write a few dozen technical and scientific papers on your vocation that will win honors, become a member of the Sleepy Hollow Country Club of Scarborough, New York, and let your alma mater grant you the degree of Doctor of Science, Honoris Causa.

GIVE ME THESE THINGS by Blanche Reid MacLeod

Give me a cozy room, a book
A rocking chair, where I can sit and look
Upon a hill, where golden shadows fall;
Give me these things and you will give me
all.

But give me more,
Give me the open door
Thru which my friends may come to share
with me,

The cup of tea,
The table where we eat,
Give me these simple things, which, after
all, make life complete.

Point Edward Hospital's Grand Old Man Marks 100th Birthday

John Rankin, long-time resident of Glace Bay, whose career in the coal mines began in 1876, on January 26 of this year observed his 100th birthday at Point Edward Hospital, where he had been a patient for two years.

"Mr. Rankin is one of our favorite patients", said Jim MacDougall, rehabilitation officer, as Mr. Rankin made arrangements to welcome relatives and visitors. Among the visitors was Hon. Layton Fergusson, Minister of Labour and MLA for Cape Breton East who, like Mr. Rankin, is a native of Port Morien.

Mr. Rankin was 11 years old when he went to work as a trapper in the Gowrie Mine at Port Morien. This pit was operated by a firm named Archibald and he spent 19 years in this mine before moving to Glace Bay when 30 years of age.

Mr. Rankin was paid 40 cents a day for a six-day week when he went to work in the Gowrie Mine. When he moved to Glace Bay 19 years later his earnings had jumped to just under \$2.00 a day.

He worked 48 years in Caledonia Colliery, all of them underground. Through the years he said he was employed at every job in the pit. When he was superannuated in 1943 Mr. Rankin was working as shot-firer in Caledonia. When he retired he had put in a total of 67 years in the mines.

As a youngster at the Gowrie Mine Mr. Rankin recalled he used an open flame lamp while working underground. By the time he had come to Caledonia the men were issued the so-called Glanny Lamp.

The Gowrie Mine was sometimes known as the back pit and the area is still referred to as the back pit road, although the present Robert Orr Memorial School was known as the Gowrie School when it was first erected.

Coal from the Gowrie Mine was shipped from a wharf at Port Morien. Some time after Mr. Rankin went to work the North Atlantic Mine was opened nearer the shore and about the same time the Blockhouse was operating on the road to Long Beach.

"Work was getting slack and I decided to move to Glace Bay", Mr. Rankin said in commenting on his coming to the biggest town.

A dapper, neat appearing man, Mr. Rankin was one who moved about quickly and when he went to Point Edward two years ago he was agile and active.

Mr. Rankin, after coming to Glace Bay, married Lavinia Caravan of Bay Roberts, Nfld., and she predeceased him about five

years ago. He recalled Monday she was 86 when she died.

Some time after his wife died Mr. Rankin moved to The Cove and was there for almost two years when treatment at Point Edward became necessary. "I enjoyed my stay at The Cove", he said yesterday, "but the nurses are good to me here and my friends call on me often."

Mr. Rankin still smokes cigars, a habit that has been with him many years. His 100th birthday will not go unnoticed. At his bedside Monday was a nice arrangement of flowers. Many cards were placed about the room and there were messages from Her Majesty, from the Prime Minister, and from Premier Stanfield.

Until a few days ago Mr. Rankin was about the hospital regularly, but he contracted a cold and he has been in bed and will likely observe his birthday today in bed.

Mr. Rankin had five children, but two died when young. A son Chester Rankin lives in Vancouver, and there are two daughters, (Mildred) Mrs. James Ferguson, Athlone Street, and (Vivian) Mrs. Michael Gouthro, Main Street, Glace Bay.

Mr. Rankin was a member of the PWA until the coming of the UMW and he maintained his membership in the latter union until the end of his active career.

His only accident in the mine resulted in a broken leg. He recalled he was shifting a switch when a piece of metal fell and broke his leg.

THE MASTER SURGEON

A surgeon whom everybody loved was asked, "How does it feel to have the power of life and death in your hands as you operate?"

"I never do feel that way," he replied, and continued: "When I was a young, cocksure surgeon, I was proud of my ability and my record. Then one day I had to make a hairbreadth decision. I wasn't correct!"

"For some time I wouldn't operate. As I sat, depressed, thinking of my failure, it suddenly came to me, in all humility, that God had given me these hands, had given me these brains—not to be wasted. I prayed to Him then to let me have another chance. I still do. I pray each time a take a scalpel in my hand, 'Guide my hands, O Lord, and give me Thy knowledge'.

"You see, He is the surgeon; I am only His servant."

IT'S A TEENAGERS' WORLD

by Irene Boucher

Mountain Sanatorium, Hamilton, Ont.

It's a teenagers' world; a world of music
with a beat,

A world where teens dance and don't even
use their feet.

It's a teenagers' world; a world of the wild
Mersey Sound,

A world of **Beatles, Rolling Stones** and
groups not yet found.

It's a teenager's world; a world with no
money problems,

A world where Daddy usually has to solve
them.

It's a teenagers' world; a world where
reigns rock and roll,

A world where next comes clothes, styles
untold.

It's a teenagers' world; a world where
school rates last,

A world where records, T.V., magazines and
fads sell fast.

It's a teenagers' world; a world of foolish
dreams and hopes,

A world where some teens might go off and
elope.

It's a teenagers' world, a world parents just
don't understand,

A world that sometimes will really get out
of hand.

It's a teenagers' world; a world where
beach parties are great,

A world only the 'twixt twelve and twenty
will rate.

It's a teenagers' world, a world of tiny
broken hearts,

A world where boys and girls play their
biggest parts.

It's a teenagers' world; a world where
movies are too much,

A world of Frankenstein, Dracula and were-
wolves and such.

Ah! Yes, it is a teenagers' world;

Where the "flag of adolescence" has un-
furled.

But you must remember, this world was
once your own;

So don't let these teenagers stand alone!

The second most deadly instrument of
destruction is the atomic bomb — the first
is the human tongue. The bomb merely
kills the body — the tongue kills reputa-
tions and, many times, ruins characters.
Each bomb works alone—each loaded tongue
has a thousand accomplices. The havoc of
the bomb is visible at once—the full evil of
the tongue lives through the ages.

—Henry Mygatt.

Reading is to the mind, what exercise is
to the body.

—The Tatler

TELEVISION

I sit before my TV set,
I haven't gone quite crazy yet;
But if the sponsors have their way,
I will be mental any day.

The hucksters have their wares to sell:
That piecrust, that tastes like hell;
Revlon lipsticks—safe-buy cars,
And vitamin enriched candy bars.

Cigarettes with better filters,
To put your throat right out of kilter;
If you're choked with nicotine,
A longer filter makes you clean.

Liquid cleaners come in cans—
They just cannot hurt your hands.
If this be true I'd like to know,
Where does all the hand cream go?

The programs they put on the air
Make many a parent tear his hair,
With murder done in devious ways
To show the kids—crime doesn't pay.

A Western tale like Wyatt Earp
Would make a hungry cowboy burp—
No cattle rustler swings his loop
As long as Wyatt sells the soup.

There's shows for me and also you,
And most are filmed by Desilu,
That happy pair whose life is spent
Picking up their ten per cent.

Ed Sullivan on Sunday night
Is selling Fords with all his might.
You hock your pay for next year's toil,
Not to mention gas and oil.

The C.B.C. spreads education
Very thinly o'er the nation;
But if they wish to educate,
They shouldn't educate so late.

On Friday night the main event,
Two saps end weary and spent.
I stopped watching the boxing show
The night Durelle was laid so low.

All in all, it could be worse,
So why should I sit here and curse?
For punishment I am no glutton,
I'll cross the floor and turn the button.

—Contributed

If there is righteousness in the heart,
there will be beauty in the character.

If there is beauty in the character, there
will be love in the home.

If there is love in the home, there will be
order in the nation.

If there is order in the nation, there will
be peace in the world.

—Old Chinese Proverb.

HEALTH RAYS

VOL. 46

APRIL

No. 4

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Published monthly by the patients of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, Kings County, N. S., in the interests of better health, and as a voluntary contribution to the anti-tuberculosis campaign.

Subscription rates ----- \$1.00 per year
15 cents per copy

EDITORIAL COMMENT

The last time it happened we wrote: "This month sees a change in names on the mast-head above, and listed as editor is a name which has appeared there off and on, in one form or another, for the past twenty-six years. If old soldiers never die it would seem old editors never completely disappear either". Read "thirty-one" for "twenty-six" and you have the situation again.

Then we went on to say: "The regrettable circumstance about a new name appearing is that it signifies an old name retiring", and this statement also pertains once more. On February 28 Mrs. May Smith retired as Sanatorium librarian and editor of **Health Rays** to take a position in her home town of Wolfville.

During the three years she was with us, Mrs. Smith developed a sincere interest in the life and work of the Sanatorium community, and she assured us that she left with genuine regret. However, she felt the time had come to return to secretarial work, and also she decided she had had enough of commuting between Wolfville and Kentville. With the driving difficulties and hazards that our uncertain winters bestow on us, who can blame her?

Mrs. Smith had brought to her twofold task as librarian and editor a warmth and good humor that made it a pleasure to meet her. She took to editing very easily and naturally, and **Health Rays** maintained its high standard of quality under her direction. We hope she enjoys her new work in the law office, and that she finds a little more time for leisure now that she is not faced with the commuting rush.

The article on "Point Edward Hospital's Grand Old Man" was sent to us by Mr. James MacDougall, rehabilitation officer for Point Edward. It is a biographical sketch of Mr. John Rankin which had appeared in a Cape Breton paper on the occasion of his 100th birthday. We regret to announce that Mr.

Rankin did not long survive after his great achievement of reaching the century mark. On February 14 he passed away at Point Edward Hospital. We feel, however, that the account of his life, particularly of his early days in the mines, was too interesting to withhold from our readers.

* * *

We are happy to have in this issue three original contributions in the poetry and rhyme department.

The verses entitled "Television", which were sent in by Miss Florence Harvey, nursing assistant on third floor East, and written by a friend of hers, will strike a responsive chord in all those of us who endure the insults and irritations of the TV commercials.

The homey lines of "Give Me These Things" delightfully express the wish we often feel in this busy and complicated world for the warm and simple things of life. The author, Blanche Reid MacLeod, is the wife of Rev. J. D. MacLeod, United Church chaplain, and is rapidly becoming known as a true Sanatorium friend in her own right.

Frustrate an Englishman and he keeps a stiff upper lip and dies of an ulcer; frustrate a Frenchman and he drinks himself to death; frustrate an Irishman and he dies of acute hypertension; frustrate a Dane and he shoots himself; frustrate an American and he shoots you, then establishes a foundation for the aid of your relatives.

—Selected.

Teeth is very nice to have;
They fills you with content.
And if you doesn't know it now,
You will when they have went.

"It's a Teenagers' World" came to **Health Rays** from Hamilton, Ontario, and was submitted for a friend by Old Timer and former editor, Robina Metcalfe. Robina, as was mentioned in a recent Old Timers column, has been forced by ill-health to undergo further treatment. She is now a patient at Mountain Sanatorium, Hamilton, Ontario, as is Irene Boucher, author of "It's a Teenagers' World". Robina says Irene is 18 years old and is very talented and lovely. It is no surprise to those of us who know and remember Robina to find her showing interest in young people and writing. She has a unique talent for both. We are pleased that she thought of **Health Rays** as a medium for her young friend's clever lines.

NEWS FROM POINT EDWARD

A card party was held on February 3, and prizes were donated by Beinn Breagh Chapter, I.O.D.E. The winners were: Women's 1st, Mrs. Mary Chiasson; men's 1st, Mr. Dan Campbell; women's 2nd, Mrs. Betty Tompkins; men's 2nd, Mr. James Beaton.

On March 1 the Married Couples Club of St. Andrews Church provided entertainment for the patients by bringing "The Radio Ranch Boys" to play and sing. Approximately 14 members of the Club were present, and served a very delicious assortment of homemade sandwiches and sweets to all the patients. Later the singing group, consisting of Trainor Donovan, Joe Waye, Mickey MacIntyre, Byron MacPhee and Mike MacDonald, were also given a fine lunch. The patients enjoyed the evening very much.

QUEEN MARILYN VISITS BOSTON

Miss Marilyn Barnes, Queen Annapolis XXXII, graced the Annapolis Valley Trade Day in Boston on March 30. The Sanatorium enjoys reflected glory from this honor because Marilyn is a member of the Sanatorium secretarial staff. We feel very sure that she won many hearts that day with her beauty and friendliness.

ST. PATRICK'S CARD PARTY AT SAN

The March card party had a gay St. Patrick's air, with green, of course, the featured color. Harps, pipes and shamrocks decorated the walls and tables of the Conference room, where the party was held on March 18. The patients' committee, consisting of Marita Wellwood, Frances Manuel, Gerald Livingstone, Earle Fraser and Franklyn d'Entremont deserve praise for the excellent job of decorating and organizing the party.

The party was sponsored by Olympic Chapter, I.O.D.E., and the regent, Mrs. A. F. Miller, and several members were on hand to assist. Mrs. Mary MacKinnon of the San. Rehab. Department introduced the ladies and thanked them on behalf of the players. Refreshments provided by the I.O.D.E. were served by Miss Virginia Allen and members of the dietary staff.

Prizes, which were donated by members of the I.O.D.E. and presented by the regent, Mrs. A. F. Miller, were won by the following players: Bridge: ladies' high, Gertrude Clarke; low, Mrs. Shott; men's high, Herbert LeBlanc. Forty-fives: ladies' high, Mary Wadden; ladies' low, Mildred Fancy; men's high, Dick Patterson; men's low, Joseph Deveau. Crokinole: high, Daisy Mullen; low, Pat Lewis. Chinese Checkers: high, Marita Wellwood. Scat: high, Rita MacIntyre. Three extra prizes were awarded, as follows: lucky draw, Ralph Lohnes; birthday nearest to St. Patrick's Day, George Mullen; player who has been at the San. the longest, Curtis Gaul. The last named prize was a cake made and beautifully decorated in St. Patrick's motif by Mrs. R. P. Calkin, a long-time member of the I.O.D.E.

O sons and daughters, let us sing!
The King of heaven, the glorious King,
O'er death to-day rose triumphing.
Hallelujah!

On this most holy day of days,
To God your hearts and voices raise
In laud and jubilee and praise.
Hallelujah!

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Question Box

DR. J. J. QUINLAN



Q. Why do they mix nontuberculous patients with tuberculous patients — for instance, on the surgical floor and in the Children's Annex?

A. Unquestionably, it is not desirable to have nontuberculous individuals in the same ward with patients who have an infectious form of the disease.

On the surgical floor, the nontuberculous patient, who strictly speaking, is the individual with a negative tuberculin test and who must be on the floor to receive the specialized care necessary after lung resection, is isolated in a single room and as soon as possible after the operation is transferred back to the investigation unit or discharged. Moreover, the tuberculous patients on the surgical floor who are there for the purpose of having pulmonary resection for tuberculosis, in the great majority of cases, because of prolonged drug treatment have had their sputum rendered negative. Consequently, they cannot transmit their disease to others. As an added precaution, the nontuberculous patient who must spend some time on the surgical floor, is given prophylactic treatment with isoniazid and PAS.

With regard to the children, all patients admitted to the pediatric unit, either are already known to have tuberculosis or have had preliminary examinations indicating that tuberculosis is the most probable cause of their illness.

Q. Sometimes a patient is on a tuberculosis floor and later moved to the nontuberculosis floor. Why is this? Is a patient who is on the nontuberculosis floor permitted to visit the other patients?

A. It is not rare for an individual to be admitted to the sanatorium for investigation and treatment of disease discovered in the X-ray examination of the chest but in whom a definite diagnosis of tuberculosis has not been made. An important part of this investigation is a tuberculin test. This is usually administered in the weakest strength shortly after admission. If the patient fails to react to the first injection, the so-called intermediate strength is next tried and, if this proved negative, the strongest dose is given. If this third, or second strength tuberculin test is negative, the

patient is presumed not to have tuberculosis. In this case, he is transferred to the investigation section. Conversely, it sometimes happens that a patient is admitted to the investigation section and is later found to have active tuberculosis. It is sometimes extremely difficult to establish the true nature of disease in the lungs without detailed study.

With regard to visiting our patients who are in the sanatorium for investigation, there is no real objection to this anymore than there is of visits by the general public to tuberculous patients. However, except in the case of the person who has relatives or close friends undergoing treatment for tuberculosis, the necessity for such visiting should not arise.

Q. Why are some known ex-patients sometimes "compelled" to have tuberculin tests?

A. The statement implied in this question is not correct. No individual in our society can be compelled to undergo any test which occasions an operation or breaking the skin surface no matter how desirable this may be.

Q. Is drug resistance increasing?

A. It is presumed that this question refers to primary drug resistance. This infers that the tubercle bacilli in a person with newly developed tuberculosis are resistant to streptomycin, PAS and isoniazid even though the individual has never received any of these drugs. This phenomenon is usually due to the fact that the newly diagnosed patient contracted his tuberculosis from an individual with positive sputum who had had prolonged antituberculosis drug treatment which was ineffective in bringing his disease under control. At the present time there is a nation-wide study being conducted in Hamilton, Ontario, to determine how much primary drug resistance exists in Canada. It is estimated that about 5% of newly discovered cases of tuberculosis have tubercle bacilli resistant to the major drugs. It is certainly possible for a person to become resistant to all antituberculosis drugs in use at present. However, such a situation is most unusual.

Q. I have heard it explained that if a person is healthy when he picks up tuberculosis germs his body will "wall them up" and he will not develop tuberculosis as long as he remains strong and well.

(Continued on Page 17)

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CHRISTENDOM'S GREATEST STORY

by Rev. J. D. MacLeod, D.D.

Strange the hold that the Easter festival has upon people. On Easter Sunday churches, large and small, will be crowded as on no other Sunday. Easter stands unique among all special days in the calendar of the Christian Church. It commemorates our Lord's resurrection. A man, in His own person, has come back from the dead to die no more.

This is Christendom's greatest story. It is an old, old story; old it may be, but by no means can it be called a dull story, with its message of hope for a wearying world. Easter celebrates the mightiest of all the mighty acts of God, for it is something God has done and not man. Man had nothing to do with Easter. It was not so with Calvary, for Calvary was man's idea; man planned it, his hands drove the nails and raised the Cross which bore our Lord upon it. All that being done, there was nothing else that he could do.

The next move must come from God's side of life. For that part of the story we turn to Matthew's Gospel, chapter 27, verse 45, and chapter 28, verse 1: "Now from the sixth hour there was darkness upon the land until the ninth hour"; then in the 28th chapter we read: "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week, came Mary Magdalene and the other Mary to see the sepulchre". Then and there the great discovery was made. "He is not here for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. And go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead." Off they went, their fears now caught up in a great joy, to break the news not only to the disciples but to the world, to the very ends of the earth.

"Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land until the ninth hour . . ." "In the end of the Sabbath as it began to dawn toward the first day of the week . . ." Darkness and then the dawn . . . There was the gloom of the preceding Friday. The little company of disciples huddled behind closed doors, afraid to venture out. Their high hopes now crushed to the ground, great plans had all gone astray for He who had been acclaimed as King was now in a grave instead of on a throne. "There was a darkness over all the land." Not a ray of light to be seen anywhere. Then out of the darkness comes the Easter message. "In the end of the Sabbath as it began to dawn . . ."

What a strange world, where all that can happen in so short a time. And yet life is like that. One day the sky is dull and overcast; another day there is not a cloud to be

seen anywhere. Life is a mixture of mirth and tears, health and infirmity, joy and sorrow, light and darkness. But whatever darkness may befall us, of this we may be sure, it will not match the darkness of that sombre day back at the turn of the centuries, when stark, naked evil seemed to be the strongest thing in the world. It was right upon the scaffold and wrong upon the throne, with God almighty seemingly doing nothing about it. Those who believed were about to throw away their beliefs; followers ceased to follow; leaders were at the end of their resources. It was indeed a dark day, with darkness not only over the land but over the minds and souls of men.

But the darkness passed. "In the end of the Sabbath as it began to dawn . . ." In God's dealings with man darkness is not the last word. It is not of darkness but of the dawn the Easter story speaks, not of defeat but victory. It was this note that must have inspired Alfred Tennyson to write:

Strong Son of God, immortal love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die:
And Thou hast made him; Thou art just.

QUESTION BOX (cont'd.)

Do these germs ever die or leave one's body?

A. The evolution of tuberculosis in a person who has been infected with tubercle bacilli depends on factors much more complex than just being "healthy". As suggested in the question, a discoverable tuberculous lesion frequently never develops and the only evidence of infection is a positive tuberculin reaction. Undoubtedly, in some cases the tubercle bacilli die as evidenced by a reversion of the reaction from positive to negative. However, in many more cases, the germs remain alive and virulent, capable of causing active disease if given the right opportunity such as ill health from another cause. It is not at all uncommon to be able to culture tubercle bacilli from calcified lung lesions known to have been present for many years.

[Questions pertaining to their health and treatment are welcomed from our readers for the Question Box. Ed.]

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Old Timers

March is finally over. We haven't heard the statistics on it yet, but we'll wager it sets a record for the most sun of any March in years,—and we **know** it had the most wind! The days looked so gorgeous—until you got outside. When we went off to see Anne Marie this morning to get our news, a particularly violent gust snatched at our hat and grabbed the Medical Section door out of our hand. Anne Marie's calm, bright smile was a wonderful tranquilizer, so we smoothed our ruffled feathers, got out the pencil and pad, and here's the news.

This month we go back to 1923 for our first Old Timer. Mr. Barrett of the Rehab. Department, told of an interesting meeting he had with W. F. Robinson of White Rock, British Columbia. "Robbie" Robinson was a patient here in 1923, and well remembers Dr. Miller. He also spoke of Jordan and Donald (now Senator) Smith, who are brothers of Dr. G. M. (Mike) Smith, Divisional Medical Health Officer for this area. After he left the Sanatorium he returned to his home in New Brunswick, but was forced to undergo a second period of hos-

The picture of our recent nursing assistant graduates in the February issue of **Health Rays** makes him wish he were back. Allister hasn't changed a bit!

Vivian Flewelling came in for her check-up and says that her husband retired as manager of the bank in Aylesford last November. They have bought themselves a house and will continue to live in Aylesford, where they had been for so many years. Vivian, who was here in 1947, hears from some old friends of that time, especially Mrs. Margaret Hicks of Amherst and Mrs. Elsie Quigley of Halifax, who is wintering in Florida.

News of Glen Jefferson came through his father, who is now a patient at the San. Glen, who was here in 1955, is a technician with CJCH television in Halifax.

Mrs. Wilda Marcotte, one of our nursing assistants at the San, told of seeing Willena (Billie) Weatherbee in Tatamagouche where she lives. Billie, who was here in 1944 and is now Mrs. Toppie, sent remembrances to Anne Marie, Beulah Trask and Austin Amirault.

From Dorval, Que., where she lives with her engineer husband and little girl, Jane Brown Cummings sent in to renew her subscription to **Health Rays**, and sent greetings to all her friends here. She will be remembered as a popular member of the Rehab. staff a few years ago.

Earl Millen, who recently returned to his home in Westville, wrote to Dr. and Mrs. J. D. MacLeod to say he is feeling a whole lot better, has gained a few pounds and has had his car out a few times. Earl was first here away back in the 'thirties, and this time found very many changes at the San. He found a number of people he had known "away back then" (including ye Ed.) and enjoyed renewing old friendships. Good luck, Earl, and keep well.

Mrs. Morton, of First Floor East, had an interesting visit from a former patient recently. Frank Portrusching, who came to Canada at the time of the Hungarian uprising, and was a patient here in 1957, brought his wife and little daughter Sandra to Kentville, and they had supper with Mrs. Morton. Frank is still head chef at the Sea Shell Restaurant in Halifax, and is responsible for the continental dishes for which the restaurant is so well known. He and his family live on Tower Road in Halifax.

Looking through *The Casket*, which comes to us from Antigonish, we were pleased to see the picture of an Old Timer at a ski meet. Dr. J. E. MacDonell, who was here in 1954, was shown with his young son Remi,

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pitalization, this time at The Glades Sanatorium, N. B., where he met Dr. G. J. Wherrett, recently retired as Executive Secretary of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association, and also Dr. Russell Collins, who at one time was on the medical staff of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium. In recent years he has been helping Mr. Geekie, Executive Secretary of the British Columbia Tb. Association, conduct "Operation Doorstep" in that province. He was in Nova Scotia in March as representative of Modern Film Distributors Ltd., of Vancouver, and was promoting the showing of "Mom and Dad", a film dealing with the problem of venereal disease.

Allister MacFarlane, who was postmaster here in 1950, now performs the same duties at his home town of Seal Harbour, Guys. County. When he renewed his sub. to **Health Rays** he wrote his usual cheery note to tell about himself and send greetings to all his old friends at the San. As well as being postmaster, he assists in his cousin's store, so he keeps very busy. He says he enjoys reading about his old pals, especially all the pretty girls he used to know here.

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who was taking part in the Antigonish Ski Association's first junior ski meet. Dr. MacDonell looked hale and happy. From Antigonish also we saw Brian O'Connell, who was here in 1947. During his stay here he was on the staff of **Health Rays** and did some fine writing for it. He is now Public Relations officer for St. Francis Xavier University, and was recently in Wolfville with the players from that college, who competed so successfully in the Drama Festival held there. Perhaps some of our readers heard him when he was interviewed over CKEN at that time.

It is always pleasant to have a wave from Old Timer Doug Rossong when one is going in or out of the Halifax railway station. Doug, who was here in 1941, drives for the Station Taxi.

During the meeting in Halifax of the Institute on New Developments in Tuberculosis Nursing, also mentioned in the column "Nursing News", several San Old Timers turned up. Among the speakers was Dr. Eric Found, Director of Tuberculosis Control for Prince Edward Island. Dr. Found was an extremely popular doctor on the Nova Scotia Sanatorium staff in the late 1930's. Some of the Old Timers among the nurses attending included: Frances Gates, who had been patient and nurse here around 1941, and is now on the staff of Eastern Kings Memorial Hospital, Wolfville; Kay Green, a 1938 patient here, now in charge of surgical nursing at Camp Hill Hospital, Halifax; Alfreda (Gar) Ricketts, San 1947, who is the wife of Ralph Ricketts, the very efficient and hard working executive secretary of the Nova Scotia Tuberculosis Association.

We will conclude with a letter that brings a smile and a tear. Many readers will remember Mrs. Rose Sangster and her brave little family of four children, who journeyed all the way from the Sanatorium to Hay River, North West Territories, last November. Mrs. Hamilton has had a touching letter from Pearl, aged 9, telling how they are doing in the far north. April and Tracy, she says, are "sure getting big", and baby sister Rosanne (born since the family arrived in Hay River) is now five months old. She says they go to school every day. Pearl says she misses her San friends very much, and that they would all like to go back to Nova Scotia. Mrs. Sangster added a note to say she has had her x-ray and that all is well. That is good news, indeed, and we send greetings and all good wishes to Rose, Pearl, Bethel, April, Tracy and Rosanne in their far away home.

NURSING NEWS March 29, 1965

The Nursing staff has been depleted this month due to the Flu bug. Many days we had ten and more staff off ill. We are

pleased to report no one had to be away for any length of time due to colds or flu. We are proud too of the effort of staff members to be "on duty" during heavy snow storms.

Miss Madeline Spence, R.N., is making satisfactory recovery following recent surgery at the B.F.M. Hospital.

The following nurses have resigned: Miss Jeanette Lombard, C.N.A., Mrs. Carol Weatherbee, C.N.A.; Mrs. Patricia Newcombe, R.N.; Miss Anne MacLellan, C.N.A.; Miss Tseng and Miss S. Huang. Presentations were made to each from the Flower and Gift Fund.

A new class of student nursing assistants started in February 1965 — following:

Miss Elsie Claudetta Barnaby, Sydney, N.S.; Miss Christine Roberta Bradley, Sydney Mines, N.S.; Miss Sheila Diane Cameron, Trenton, N.S.; Miss Janice Loraine Campbell, Canning, N.S.; Miss Beverly Ann Christie, Sydney River, N.S.; Miss Carolyn Ann Chute, Caledonia, Queens Co., N.S.; Miss Dorothy Mae Cropley, Hampton, Anna. Co., N.S.; Miss Cheryl Ellen Davidson, Gasperau, Kings Co., N.S.; Mrs. Lena Agnes Kinsman, Berwick, N.S.; Miss Mary Patricia Kehoe, Table Head, C.B. Co., N.S.; Miss Patricia Ann Langille, Truro, N.S.; Mr. Anselme Joseph LeBlanc, Church Point, Digby Co., N.S.; Miss Eileen Frances Light, Springhill, N.S.; Miss Claudia Adele Milligan, Three Mile Plains, Hants Co., N.S.; Miss Theresa Loretta Mills, Sydney Mines, N.S.; Miss Bernadette Miller, North East Margaree, N.S.; Miss Catherine Lucille MacLeod, Glace Bay, N.S.; Miss Eileen Osborne, North Sydney, N.S.; Mrs. Anne Payne, Windsor, N.S.; Mrs. Jeanette Marjorie Peters, Freeport, Digby Co., N.S.; Miss Carolyn Ann Robar, Bridgewater, N.S.; Miss Joan Marie Robertson, Sydney River, N.S.; Miss Carolyn Faye Spinney, Centreville, N.S.; Miss Ronaldia Alexandra Stevenson, Marion Bridge, N. S.; Miss Shirley Maud Sulis, Digby, N.S.; Miss Elizabeth Mary Trask, Sanford, N.S.; Miss Beverly Muriel Weeks, North Sydney, N.S.; Miss Linda Marie Winters, Springhill, N.S.; Miss Judith Carolyn White, Bridgetown, N.S.

Mrs. Catherine Boyle, R.N., Miss Jean Dobson, R.N., Miss Vilda Skerry, R.N., Mrs. Hope M. Mack, R.N., and Miss Gayle Wilson, R.N., attended Institute in Tuberculosis Nursing in Halifax February 24 and 25, 1965.

Mrs. Maxine Stewart has returned from a trip to Florida and is back on relief duty. We are also pleased to have Mrs. June Kaiser, Mrs. Alice Levesque and Mrs. Louise Wood relieving on staff.

Mrs. Irene Wallace is welcomed to staff. A baby shower was held in the Nurses Residence for Mrs. Carol Weatherbee.

We spared the rod—and got a beat generation anyway.

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INS and OUTS

Admissions to Nova Scotia Sanatorium February 16 to March 15

Mrs. Rita M. Coolen, Fox Point, Lunenburg Co.; Cranswick Golar, West Brooklyn Mountain, Kings Co.; Basil Donald Boutillier, Mushaboom, Hfx. Co.; Henry Edward Pinch, South Waterville, Kings Co.; Harold James Croft, 187 McKittrick Rd., Kentville; Owen Hawley Yorke, Berwick, Kings Co.; Clarence Edward Beals, P.O. Box 11, North Preston, Hfx. Co.; Armand James Nauss, 98 Chester Ave., Kentville; Mrs. Sarah Ann Clara Graves, 41 Tupper Rd., Kentville; Rev. William Harold Thomas, Auburn, Kings Co.; Amy Ethel Maloney, Millbrook Reservation, Truro; Walter Eldridge Sproule, Aylesford, Kings Co.; Albert Melvin Reede, South Side, Cape Sable Island, Shel. Co.; Mrs. Mary Emelia Maillet, Saulnierville Station, Digby Co.; Mrs. Myrtle Graham Herman, Chester Basin, Lunenburg Co.; Richard Granville Patterson, P.O. Box 12, Bedford, Hfx. Co.; Harvey Robert Works, Evansville, Stellarton, Pictou Co.; Freeman Alexander Grisonwald, 124 Commercial St., Dartmouth; Lindsay Johnson Hiltz, First Peninsula, Lunenburg Co.; Mrs. Audrey Mae Eisan, 52 Louisburg Drive, Dartmouth; Clayton Abner Pierce, P.O. Box 61, Kingston, Kings Co.; Evariste Edmond d'Entremont, Lower West Pubnico, Yarm. Co.; Foster Milton Barkhouse, Kentville.

Discharges, Nova Scotia Sanatorium February 16 to March 15

Roy Bruce Wilson, R.R. #1, River John, Pictou Co.; Mrs. Alice Elaine Sanford, Canning, Kings Co.; Ronald Bertram Acker, R.R. #1, Kingston, Kings Co.; Arthur Francis Baker, 84 Victoria Rd., Sydney; George Ronald Fox, 7 Moody St., Yarmouth; Mrs. Ruby Ethel Wood, R.R. #2, Upper Stewiacke, Col. Co.; Alexander George Allen, Head of Jeddore, Hfx. Co.; Francis James Heath Hiltz, 125 Victoria St., Truro; Mrs. Marion Agnes Piers, Box 147, Middleton; Daniel Allen Tufts, Lower Saulnierville, Digby Co.; Raphael Gilmore States, Avonport, Kings Co.; Mrs. Neoma Rebecca Lacey, R.R. #1, Aylesford, Kings Co.; Wayne Richard Boyd, 193 Main St., Kentville; Mrs. Kathleen Winnifred Kelly, 16 Chadwick St., Dartmouth; Martha Louise Dodge, Melvern Square, Anna Co.; Earl Thompson Millen, Church St., Westville, Pictou Co.; George St. Clair Smith, 3 East St., Yarmouth South, Yarm. Co.; Clinton Gerald Robinson, Young's Cove, R.R. #1, Hampton, Anna Co.; Paul Gilliat Beals, 15 Main St., Middleton, Anna Co.; Edwin Leroy Robertson, 20 Donald St., New Glasgow; Rev. William Harold Thomas, P.O. Box 22, Auburn, Kings Co.; Roy Percy Cohoon, Hantsport; Mrs. Margaret Jean Rose, 321 Albert St., New Glasgow; Mrs. Hazel Rebecca Mosher, South Berwick, R.R. #1, Kings Co.

SENIOR X-RAY TECHNICIAN RESIGNS

March 31 saw the departure from the Sanatorium of Mr. John Hines, senior x-ray technician, who has accepted a similar position at Highland View Hospital, Amherst. Mr. Hines came to the Sanatorium February 15, 1961, following the retirement of Mr. G. G. Harris as senior x-ray technician. Mr. Hines' resignation was accepted with regret, and the wishes of his friends and co-workers at the San. are that he will find his new work congenial and satisfying. Mrs. Hines has been a member of the Sanatorium nursing staff since they moved to the Kentville area.

WHATEVER BECAME OF BREAKFAST?

If you have teenagers in your house, it's probably no news to you that breakfast nowadays has become the most ignored meal of the day. Your son would rather take that extra twenty minutes in a frantic attempt to erase the fatigue of last night's cram session. Your daughter would rather use it to comb out the curls produced by last night's session with the rollers.

As for you, when you aren't engaged in a desperate search for sneakers, lunch money, signed permission slips, all involved in getting young people off to school on time, you may wonder vaguely, "Whatever became of breakfast?"

Perhaps you collapse wearily with a cup of coffee after the early morning hubbub is over. Perhaps you feel guilty because you couldn't get the children to "sit down to breakfast" before they left. Maybe you managed to get a glass of milk and a sugar bun into one of them. If so, give yourself a blue star for the day.

The fact is, a large majority of young people in the crucial years—of body growth, greater strains and pressures, less sleep and more study—either eat a scanty breakfast, or ignore it altogether these days. Yet at no time in their lives are they in greater need of a substantial, balanced breakfast with a good protein base. It can mean the difference between a good day, better grades, a happier outlook on life, and the ability to "last out" the day . . . or the opposite.

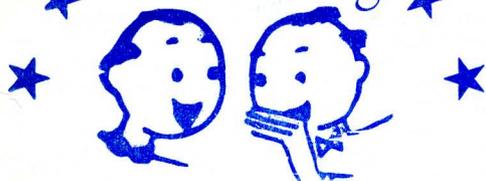
Your Christmas Seal association suggests that a little preparation the night before may help — like setting the breakfast table and laying out those things that don't require refrigeration, such as dry cereals, jams or marmalades, waffle syrup, etc.

The time factor? Set the alarm a little earlier — and their radio to their favorite music!

—Information Service,
Arkansas Tuberculosis Association.

Ten years ago the moon was largely an inspiration to lovers and poets. Ten years from now it may be just another airport.

Just Jesting



When a reporter on a small southwestern newspaper filed a story with his editor, telling about a disastrous ranch fire in the area, he reported an incredible loss of 2025 cows. The editor, unable to accept the figure, called the rancher.

"You the rancher who had the fire that wiped out 2025 cows?" inquired the editor.

"Yeth," answered the rancher.

Turning back to the story, the editor changed the copy to read: "Two sows and twenty-five cows."

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I don't wonder what you are;
I surmised your spot in space
When you left your missile base.
Any wondering I do
Centres on the price of you
And I shudder when I think
What you're costing us per twink.

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LIMITED

Husband: "Where is all that grocery money that I gave you?"

Wife: "Stand sideways and look in the mirror."

A famous wrestler was visiting an old friend in a country village and the two spent their first evening in the local tap room. When they finally left the host led the wrestler on a short cut through a pasture, forgetting there was a mean bull in it.

The pair was halfway across the pasture when the bull made his presence known by attacking. The wrestler grabbed the bull by the horns and rolled around the field with him until the animal managed to free itself and run off.

"Too bad I had those last three or four drinks," said the wrestler to his friend, "or I would have got that guy off his bicycle."

Reading from the suggestion box, the boss said to his secretary: "I wish these employees would be more specific. What kind of kite? What lake?"

"If you don't stop practicing on that clarinet," said the exasperated mother to her groovy offspring, "you'll drive me clear out of my mind."

"You're too late," replied the boy. "I stopped 20 minutes ago."

SIGN IN PARKING LOT

When Noah sailed the ocean blue
He had his troubles same as you
For 50 years he sailed the ark
Before he found a place to park.

Then there's the story of the woman who called up the fire department and said, "Hello, is this the fire department?" A fireman answered, "Yeah, this is the fire department."

The woman said, "Look, I've just had a new rock garden built, and I've planted some new roses, and..."

The fireman said, "Where's the fire?"

She said, "I've spent lots of money having my lawn mowed and my hedges clipped..."

He said, "Where's the fire?"

She said, "Some of my new plants are very expensive..."

He said, "Look lady, you don't want the fire department, you want a flower shop."

She said, "No I don't. The house next door is on fire, and I don't want you clumsy firemen stamping all over my garden when you come over."

An elderly couple were watching the Perry Mason TV program. When the show ended the old man turned to his wife and said, "You know dear, I don't understand how a jury of six men and six women can be locked up together all night long and come out the next morning and very calmly say 'Not guilty.'"

YOUR MORNING SMILE

Two old vaudevillians, a magician and a song-and-dance man, met on the street.

Hooper: "Say, whatever happened to that pretty assistant of yours, the one you used to saw in half?"

Magician: "She's doing very well. She's living in Montreal and Vancouver."

An obviously intoxicated man staggered down Main Street dragging a chain behind him. A policeman stopped the drunk and said, "Look, mister—I can understand your having a little too much to drink, but why are you dragging that chain?"

The man steadied himself, got the policeman into focus and replied, "Did you ever try to push one?"

A four-year-old boy, whose sunburn had reached the peeling-off stage, was heard muttering as he washed his face, "Only four years old, and wearing out already!"

"For months I thought I was a fox terrier. Then I went to a psychiatrist and he cured me."

"How are you now?"

"Fine. Just feel my nose."

There is nothing new about automation. All automation does is to get a job done while you just sit around. When we were young we just called it Mother.

Two secretaries were discussing their troubles during their coffee break. "All I asked him," said one, "was 'do you want the carbon copy double-spaced, too?'"

A man decided to turn over a new leaf so he went home whistling, kissed his wife and children, then proceeded to shave and clean up for dinner. When the meal was over, he sang as he cleared the table and then to the amazement of his wife, insisted on doing the dishes all by himself.

When he had cleaned up the kitchen he went into the living room and found his wife in tears.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" he asked.

"Everything's gone wrong today," she wailed. "The clothesline broke and the washing fell in the dirt; the boys got in a fight at school and came home with black eyes. Jane fell down and tore her dress and to top it all, here you come home so drunk you don't know what you're doing!"

A Texas millionaire reported to police that his Cadillac had gone out of control and smashed half a dozen cars before it could be stopped. Fortunately, he added, the accident happened in his own garage.

There's an old spinster back in my home town who has finally found herself a husband. She saw this fellow on a "Wanted" poster and offered \$100 more for him than the government did.

The trouble with bucket seats is that not everybody has the same size bucket.

Two mice were launched in a Cape Canaveral missile.

"I'm scared," said the first mouse as they whizzed along. "This space travel is dangerous."

"Yeah," said the second, "but it beats cancer research."

SOMETHING SPECIAL

What the country needs is a special dictionary of feminine foibles to enable a man to understand the other sex better. Here is a start:

Budget: Something a woman thinks a man should live on, but she shouldn't.

Closet: A big hole in the wall where women who never have a thing to wear keep their clothes.

Money: Long green pieces of paper which, if a man has a lot of them, women think he's better looking than he is.

Fun: Something a man should never have unless his wife is along.

Bachelor: Spineless creature who would rather be happy than normal.

Tears: Small drops of liquid emitting from female eyes that sometimes turns into fur coats.

Refrigerator: A large box-like contraption used to store odd bits of egg foo young, chicken a la king and parsnips until they're ready to be thrown out.

If you happen to have a jar of something around that you've given up trying to get open, tell a four-year-old not to touch it.

Twas a bitter cold night and as the nurse trudged her weary rounds she came upon the lanky patient, teeth chattering and over-size feet sticking out from under the blankets. "Are you crazy?" she screamed. "You want to catch your death? Put you feet under the blankets!"

"Course I'm not crazy. You think I want them cold things in here with me!"

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YUKON TB AND HEALTH ASSOCIATION ORGANIZED

Last summer there was a tuberculin-testing, chest X-ray survey in the Yukon. Of the 12,000 persons living in the survey area 11,400 turned out for the survey. This is a remarkably good attendance for an area which is something short of urban. It seemed to a good many people that with such interest in the tuberculosis problem of the region the time was ripe for formation of a Yukon Tuberculosis Association.

Among those interested were the workers who for some years have been conducting Christmas Seal campaigns in Mayo, Whitehorse and Dawson City. The Canadian Tuberculosis Association was naturally interested in getting the scattered efforts united. British Columbia, having supplied the equipment and technical staff for the Yukon survey, had become interested. The Alberta Tuberculosis Association, which for geographical reasons will be a close neighbour and will give considerable help until the new association is well established, was also interested. The regional and zone superintendents of the Medical Directorate of National Health and Welfare were also interested since tuberculosis among the Indians of the area is their responsibility.

During the summer plans were made for a meeting to be held in Whitehorse to discuss the feasibility of forming an association. It takes considerable planning for a meeting in the North. So many people have to come so far by air.

The meeting was held September 25th. Present for the formation of the Yukon Tuberculosis and Health Association were representatives of the organizations named above and also representatives of Watson Lake and Elsa.

Mr. J. Gentleman of Whitehorse, who for some years has directed the Christmas Seal campaign in his area, was elected president. Dr. D. Kinloch, zone superintendent for National Health and Welfare is medical adviser.

Dr. C. W. L. Jeanes, executive secretary of the Canadian Tuberculosis Association, presented the new association with a cheque

for \$1,000 and outlined the very important work which volunteers could do to augment the work of doctors and public health nurses. Dr. D. Kinloch, zone superintendent, and Dr. M. Matas, regional superintendent, also stated how glad they would be to have the help of a voluntary group.

Regarding the findings of the survey it was reported that 23.1 per cent of the overall population had a positive reaction to the tuberculin test. Six per cent of children of school-leaving age were positive.

As a tuberculin positive rate of one per cent at school-leaving age is the World Health Organization standard for measuring control of tuberculosis it is clear that the new association has quite a job ahead of it.

CTA Bulletin

COOPERATION IS THE KEY

(Continued from page 7)

expending of energy beyond his physical strength. Counsel regarding his type of employment and the amount of time to be devoted to work is of vital importance. Likewise the patient should report any occurrences that might arise and have a definite bearing on maintaining his regained health.

Fortunately, most tuberculosis patients are cooperative and will do everything they can to assist in their recovery. Every patient should feel that he has a definite job. Having a job, it should be handled just as would be any form of employment for wages, with a comparable amount of concern. Keeping a position necessitates the proper performance of one's duties, and likewise, the satisfactory accomplishment of overcoming tuberculosis demands similar effort in the nature of cooperation. Therefore, in as much as regaining his health is the task confronting the tuberculous patient, it would be well if all those so suffering were to take regular inventory and ask themselves, "Am I recuperating as much as I can?"

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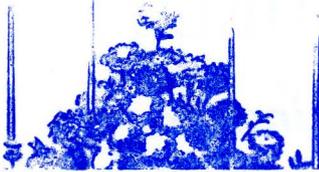
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A HINT OF SPRING

'Twas but a hint of Spring—for still
The atmosphere was sharp and chill,
Save where the genial sunshine smote
The shoulders of my overcoat,
And o'er the snow beneath my feet,
Laid spectral fences down the street.

My shadow, even, seemed to be
Elate with some new buoyancy,
And bowed and bobbed in my advance
With trippingest extravagance,
And when the birds chirpt out somewhere,
It seemed to wheel with me and stare.

Above I heard a rasping stir—
And on a roof the carpenter
Was perched, and prodding rusty leaves
Fro out the choked and dripping eaves
And some one, hammering about,
Was taking all the windows out.

Old scraps of shingles fell before
The noisy mansion's open door;
And wrangling children raked the yard,
And labored much, and laughed as hard,
And fired the burning trash I smelt
And sniffed again—so good I felt!

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