

THE NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM
VOL. 54 OCTOBER, 1973 No. 9

Dalhousie Medical Library,
Dalhousie University,
Halifax, N. S.

DALHOUSIE
NOV 2 1973
W. K. KELLOGG
HEALTH SCIENCES LIBRARY

Health Rays



HEALTH RAYS

STAFF

MANAGING EDITOR DONALD M. BROWN
ASSOCIATE EDITOR EILEEN M. HILTZ
BUSINESS MANAGER JOHN AKIN

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

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

SUBSCRIPTION RATES 25 cents per copy \$2.00 per year

Please address all communications to: The Editor, Health Rays,
Nova Scotia Sanatorium, Kentville, Nova Scotia

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page
CLEANER AIR WEEK — U.S.A.	1
J. T. BETIK NAMED ADMINISTRATOR	2
A BABY IN THE HOUSE, Marion Walls	3, 4
THOUGHTS AT LARGE, Sydney J. Harris	5
TOOTH FILLINGS (IN FUTURE YEARS)	5
NOTES AND NEWS; AND TWO THANK YOU'S	6
EDITORIAL COMMENT	7
I WILL BE A GOOD SAMARITAN	7
PHOTO OF GRADUATING CLASS	8
PREMIER ADDRESSING GRADUATING CNA'S	9
A NURSE'S PRAYER	9
CHAPLAIN'S CORNER, Msgr. J. H. Durney	10
GOD IS LOVE, Marguerite Barnett	10
SELECTED THOUGHTS	11
OLD TIMERS	12
INS AND OUTS	13, 14
GOLDEN JUBILEE FUND	14
MISCELLANEOUS	15
JUST JESTING	16
THANKSGIVING HYMN, Hon. Joseph Howe	17
AUTUMN WONDER, Anne Kaye	17

Sanatorium Visiting Hours

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

DAILY: 10:15 — 11:45 A.M. Monday — Saturday: 3:30-4:30; 7:30-8:30 P.M.
DAILY: 3:15 — 4:45 P.M. Sunday and Holidays: 3:00-4:30; 7:00-8:30 P.M.
DAILY: 7:30 — 8:30 P.M.

Absolutely NO VISITORS permitted during

QUIET REST PERIOD 1:00 P.M. - 3:00 P.M.

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

CLEANER AIR WEEK

October 14-20

The Nation's air pollution control program is carried out under the Clean Air Act of 1970 (P.L. 91-604). That law broadened and accelerated the air pollution control program launched by Congress in 1963 and amended in 1965, 1966 and 1967.

The 1970 act created for the FIRST TIME a truly nation-wide program to control air pollution with major provisions for setting and enforcing standards.

Standards define what we may or may not put into the air and water based on the best available scientific knowledge. They place limits on the pollutants that can be tolerated without endangering the health and welfare of human beings and of the ecological systems in which we live.

The national standards are in two parts, primary and secondary. A "primary standard" is designed to protect public health. It sets a limit on the amount of a pollutant in the ambient air (the outdoor air around us) that is safe for humans. A "secondary standard" is designed to protect public welfare. Usually more stringent than a primary standard, a secondary standard sets a limit on the amount of a pollution that is safe for clothes, buildings, metals, vegetation, crops, animals, etc.

For example, at certain concentration, sulfur oxides can increase the incidence of respiratory disease, can cause an increase in death rates and can damage property and crops. To prevent adverse health effects, the national "primary" air quality standard for sulfur dioxide is, in part, 80 micrograms per cubic meter, or 0.03 parts of sulfur oxides to one million parts of air, as an annual arithmetic mean. BUT to prevent adverse effects on public welfare, the national "secondary" air quality standard for sulfur dioxide is 60 micrograms per cubic meter, or 0.02 parts per million, as an arithmetic mean.

"We can never have enough of nature" words written many years ago by Henry Daxid Thoreau, are as important today as they were then.

Hippocrates, the most famous of Greek physicians, who lived over 2500 years ago, wrote a book entitled, "Of Airs, Waters, and Places," and taught that the quality of the environment was the most important factor in the causation of disease, and also in recovery from disease. As late as 1874 this book was reprinted for use in

medical schools. In the last century physicians began to believe that microbes, vitamins deficiencies and metabolic and genetic disorders had replaced bad environments as agents responsible for poor health.

Now a century after the end of the Hippocratic era, a revival of interest in the effects of the environment on health is being witnessed.

Rene Dubos, Ph.D., ardent environmentalist, biologist, and Pulitzer Prize winner, in an introduction to a series of articles 'We Can Overcome The Damage Done By Pollution' in the September, 1973, 'Today's Health' made the statement, "the phrase 'good environment' must be defined for each geographical, climatic, and social context. The criteria cannot be the same for the Adirondacks and for Arizona, for rural community and for an urban agglomeration. In my judgement, the ideal environment eventually will be defined as that set of conditions which best express the most characteristic and most valuable assets of a given region — what I like to call the genius or spirit of the place."

William Pollard, physicist and theologian at Oak Ridge Associated University wrote, "Earth is choice, precious, and sacred beyond all comparison or measure."

Several years ago in the "Congressional White Paper on A National Policy for the Environment" it was suggested in one of the committee's policies, that:

"Public awareness of environmental quality relationship to human welfare must be increased. Education at all levels should include an appreciation of mankind's harmony with the environment. A literacy as to environmental matters must be built up in the public mind. The ultimate responsibility for improved maintenance and control of the environment rests with the individual citizen."

From: "Focus", Published by
The Illinois Lung Association

—:O:—

"Mrs. Jones," congratulated the minister, "I've never seen a child behave so well at a christening!"

"Well," explained the mother, "it's because my husband and I have been practicing on him with a watering can for a whole week."

J. T. BETIK NAMED ADMINISTRATOR

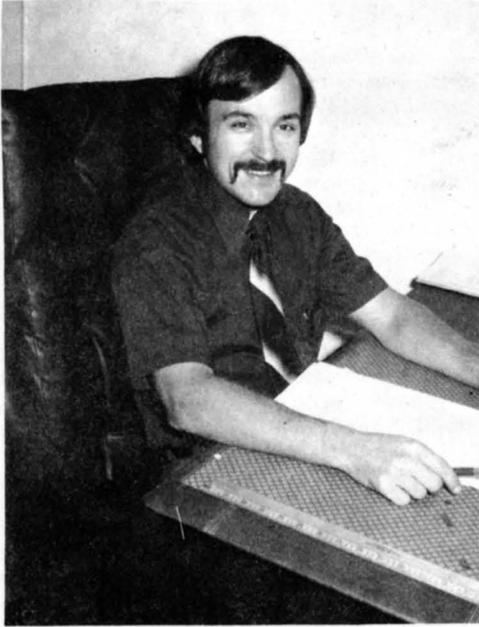


Photo by Waldo F. Burgess

Jerry Thomas Betik has been appointed Administrator of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, effective July 15, 1973. He replaces Peter S. Mosher, our first Administrator, who held this position from July 1, 1970, to February 28, 1973.

Mr. Betik is from Ontario, and his father and family members are living in Toronto. He received his Senior Matriculation at Stamford Collegiate Institute, Niagara Falls, Ont., in June 1962. Mr. Betik then attended Dalhousie University, graduating in 1967 with a Bachelor of Science Degree in Pharmacy. He then worked as a Hospital Pharmacist at the Hamilton General Hospital from May, 1967, to September, 1968, and at the Ottawa Civic Hospital from September, 1968, to September, 1969. Upon leaving the Ottawa Civic Hospital he enrolled in the School of Hospital Administration, University of Ottawa, for the 1969-70 Session. Then, from July 1970 to June 1971, he was Administrative Resident at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton.

Immediately prior to coming to the Sanatorium Mr. Betik was Director of Environmental Services at Doctors Hospital, Toronto, for two years.

Mr. Betik, his wife, and two young sons,

occupy the former Dr. Hiltz residence. The elder of the sons is now attending nursery school. Mrs. Betik is from Halifax and has taught school. The little ones have had to be rounded up quite frequently to keep them from invading their Daddy's office, and we are sure that Mrs. Betik has felt that she has been fully employed since moving into the new surroundings.

Interested in sports, Mr. Betik has played hockey and since arriving in Kentville, has played softball on the Sanatorium team. He admits that he is now developing an interest in golfing, and is a member of the Ken-Wo Golf Club. He and his wife are members of the Roman Catholic Church and have been active in church organizations.

We welcome Mr. and Mrs. Betik and family to the Sanatorium and we wish Mr. Betik every success in his new position as Administrator.

—————:O:—————

"Why are you so sad?" a friend asked a man whose aunt had just died. "You never appeared to care much for the poor old lady."

"I didn't," admitted the sad man, "but I was the means of keeping her in a mental hospital during the last five years of her life. She has left me all her money, and now I've got to prove that she was of sound mind!"

* * * *

"Dear me!" said the lady to the superintendent of the mental hospital, "what a vicious look that woman gave you as we passed her. Is she dangerous?" "Yes, at times," replied the superintendent evasively. "But why do you allow her such freedom?" "Can't help it." "But isn't she an inmate and under your control?"

"No, she's neither under my control nor an inmate. She's my wife."

* * * *

"I have always maintained," declared Charles, "that no two people on earth think alike." "You'll change your mind," said his fiancée, "when you look over our wedding presents."

A BABY IN THE HOUSE

By MARION WALLS

Estelle was patient about it; she didn't try to push them into a hasty decision. "Now you've seen how nice the Home is, you two talk it over," she said. "After all, you don't really have to do anything about it before Fall."

The lemon lilies and the pink hydrangea were blooming now, and September was three months away. But time passed so swiftly. Maude shivered, watching Estelle's red car disappear down the hill.

Ollie was back in the kitchen, his normally placid face stormy as a thundercloud. "Don't tell me I can't drink coffee this late; I'm going to have it anyway."

After fifty years, she knew him like a book. "I'll have some, too," she said recklessly. "And how would you like some hot biscuits and fried ham for supper?"

His face softened. "Sounds good to me. But let's not talk about Estelle and that other nonsense till after supper."

"You go on and tend to the chickens," she urged, getting out the flour.

Even if she and Ollie didn't talk about the nonsense, she couldn't help thinking about it. Maybe Estelle was right in saying they shouldn't try to face another winter by themselves up here on the mountain. Old folks could get sick awfully quick.

Ollie was still in the hen yard when Maude heard the tapping at the door. Shuffling up the hall in her bedroom shoes, she wondered who would be calling at this time of day.

It was a stranger at the door, a solemn-looking woman with gray-streaked hair straggling out from under a faded black hat. In her arms she was holding a child, a youngster about a year old, Maude reckoned, looking at him closely. That age was a precious one to her; the twins had been a year old when they died of diphtheria.

"Ma'am," said the woman before Maude could speak. "I never begged before in my life — but I'm doing it for the boy. Can you spare him some milk and bread?"

Maude pushed open the door. "My husband and I were about to have supper — you come right in!"

As the woman hesitantly came through the doorway Maude held out her arms. "Will he come to a stranger?"

"He don't cry easy." And the woman put the child in Maude's arms.

"What's his name?"

"Davey. I'm Carrie Templeton, his grandmother."

Carrie looked calmer after she'd washed up in the bathroom Maude had pointed out to her. Ollie came in while his wife was hastily rolling out more biscuits. Both of them listened to Carrie's story which was a short one, both knew there was a lot she didn't want to tell. Davey was her daughter's child, his father had been killed in a logging accident three months before Davey was born. His mother had remarried a couple of months ago and her new husband didn't want Davey.

"He races cars, moves around a lot," explained Carrie. "He said a child would be in the way." She fondled the baby suddenly. "He's my boy now, only I got to figure some way to earn him a living. I've been hitching rides but I got to stop awhile and earn a little money."

There was milk and biscuits and scrambled eggs for Davey, and after he'd eaten he leaned against his grandmother, eyes heavy with sleep.

Ollie glanced at Maude. "That bedroom up front would be just fine for his lady and the boy. Can't send anyone out into the night."

Carrie didn't put up much of an argument about that, but her gratitude was touching. "You got to at least let me wash up the dishes," she urged.

Afterward Maude slipped back to the kitchen. She was pleased with what she saw.

She talked to Ollie about it as they lay on the big feather mattress in the back room and breathed deep of the honey-suckle sweetness the evening breeze was pushing through the windows. "A clean woman — rinsed out the dish towel when she got through."

(Continued on Page 4)

**THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY
HILTZ BROS. LTD.**

PETER CLEYLE LIMITED

J. W. STEPHENS LIMITED

THE BERWICK BAKERY LIMITED

A BABY IN THE HOUSE—

(Continued from Page 3)

Ollie's voice was a hoarse whisper. "Reckon she'd like to hire out to do some housecleaning around here? We could spare the money and I bet she could use it."

Estelle would think they were crazy. "Oh, yes" agreed Maude recklessly, "I think she'll be glad of the chance." In the darkness her hand found Ollie's. "You like that little fellow, don't you, Ollie?"

She felt his head nodding yes on the pillow beside her. His hand gripped hers but he didn't say anything. She knew . . . she knew what he was thinking. The twins had looked a lot like Davey . . .

The cicadas were making the night re-sound with the sound of their wild singing. Maude was almost lulled to sleep before she thought of it. She sat up straight in bed.

"Ollie! Ollie, do you suppose she'd stay—really stay?"

He wasn't asleep after all. It was maddening the way he said it, half teasing, half chiding: "I wondered when you'd get around to thinking of it. Not as if we couldn't afford to pay her something, and a strong woman like her could raise enough vegetables for the table. Wouldn't cost her and the boy hardly anything to live."

Whether it was the coffee or excitement, neither of them was ready for sleep now. "Estelle wouldn't have to worry about us being by ourselves if we had Carrie," Maude suggested. "And she's bound to be dependable or her daughter wouldn't have left Davey with her."

Ollie agreed with everything, right down to the arguments Estelle would put up. A baby in the house? At their age? And what did they know of Carrie?

All Maude had to do was to conjure up a picture of the Home and she didn't care about Carrie's list of credentials. They'd be in their own home.

At the breakfast table Carrie looked at them as if they had lost their minds. "Me and Davey—stay here with you? Live with you?"

She seemed to think it such a wild idea Ollie felt his face reddening. "It's not all that bad," he said defensively. "I think we can work it out about the money. As to the work, it isn't easy, gardening, mopping—"

"I never in my life had things easy!"

Carrie exploded. Leaning back in the chair she burst into tears.

Davey, on Maude's knee, regarded his grandmother in dismay, then his lower lip began to quiver.

Alarmed, Maude thrust the child at Carrie. "Here—he's going to cry, too!"

Carrie hugged the baby to her. After a moment they both stopped crying and Davey even favored the others with a big-toothed, drool-flavored smile.

"I never dreamed—oh, I'd love to stay. I don't care about the money, just to have a place for Davey and me, not to have to think of moving on every day."

Ollie killed a fryer and Carrie prepared a special dinner. Fried okra, butter beans and corn, cherry-red tomatoes, all from the garden. "I don't cook fancy," she said, eyes shining bright, "but just everyday stuff I can cook good."

Estelle had to hear about it, of course, and she said the things they had expected. "A baby in the house! At your age? A child getting into everything, making noise—and that woman! What do you know of her?"

Ollie answered for the both of them. "We know she needs us and we need her, Estelle, and it's a grand thing for all of us. As for the noise—well, sometimes nothing in this world makes a louder noise than silence."

There wasn't anything else Estelle could say and after she'd gone Maude smiled at Carrie. "If you think these lemon lilies are pretty, wait until you see the spider lilies in the fall!"

Oh, it was good, thought Maude, to be able to look forward to the autumn time, and it would be cozy this winter with Carrie and the baby there.

—Sunshine Magazine

—:o:—

As the crew of one of Columbus' ships came ashore, one of the native Indians remarked to another: "Well, there goes the neighbourhood!"

**THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY
ATLANTIC WHOLESALERS LTD.**

L. ST. CLAIR BAIRD LTD.

MAYFLOWER MOTEL

THOUGHTS AT LARGE

BY SYDNEY J. HARRIS

The "good marriages" our parents proudly recall in their time were "good" not so much because the partners loved so greatly as because they expected so little.

It always frightens me a little to visit one of those modern high-rise apartments where the windows extend all the way down to the floor; and reinforces the cautionary wisdom of that old proverb — "People who live in glass houses shouldn't get stoned."

A conservative is a man who programs a computer to provide the answer he knew that he wanted before he bought the machine.

If you're successful enough in always keeping a child out of trouble, all you've done is created an adult who won't know how to get out of trouble when he's in it.

If our Founding Fathers had had the remotest idea of what was going to happen to our tax structure, they would have gladly paid the tax on tea and considered it a bargain.

Listening to Leon Fleischer's superb recording of Mozart's 25th piano concerto last night, I recalled the best definition of "great music" I've ever heard, given by Artur Schnabel: "Great music is music that is written better than it can be played."

The jaded amorist who shrugs that "All cats are gray at night" may know more about felines than he does about females.

A man who is proud of the years he has attained doesn't have much else to be proud of.

Even sadder than Emerson's observation that "Every hero becomes a bore at last" is the thought that every epigram becomes a truism at last.

In the perpetual economic battle between inflation and deflation, whatever happened to plain old "flation"?

The real tragedy of leadership is that one impetuous or ill-considered act can plunge a nation (or a world) into disaster; but there is no one act that can create instant beneficence.

It is neither busyness nor idleness that kills off a man before his time — in most cases, it is simply his inability to be idle during periods of busyness, and his inability to keep busy during periods of idleness.

Tooth Fillings In Future Years To Be Permanent

BUFFALO, N. Y. (AP) — Dentists will be able to provide permanent tooth fillings through the use of the laser beam within the next two years, a team of dental researchers predicted Tuesday.

Without proper sealing, food particles can find their way back into the margin," Dr. Sheldon Winkler said of present methods of filling teeth. "That causes recurrent tooth decay and an eventual dislodging of the filling."

Winkler, an Associate Professor at State University of New York here, is head of the research team.

"With the laser's highly intense light energy, it will be possible to provide a total sealing of the junctions, making the filling a permanent one," he said.

Winkler said he and his staff are developing a ceramic material that can be fused to the tooth enamel. The materials commonly used for fillings today cannot be adapted to use with the high-intensity light, he said.

Winkler said the laser beam would have to be carried through a hand-held, tube-like instrument which would be no larger than other dental tools.

Tools of this type are already available, Winkler said.

The Chronicle-Herald
Thursday, August 9, 1973

—:—

Do Something More

It is not enough merely to exist. It's not enough to say, "I'm earning enough to live and to support my family. I do my work well. I'm a good father. I'm a good husband. I'm a good churchgoer." That's all very well. But you must do something more. Seek always to do some good, somewhere. Every man has to seek in his own way to make his own self more noble and to realize his own true worth. You must give some time to your fellowman.

—Albert Schweitzer

THIS HALF PAGE SPONSORED BY

Hiltz Dry Goods Ltd.

NOTES AND NEWS

Mrs. Jean Ells, head of the Housekeeping Department, officially retired at the end of July, following a period of sick leave. Earlier, friends tendered a party in her honor at Blomidon Park. This was followed by a tea and presentation near the end of July in the Patient's Library. We hope that her health will permit her to enjoy to the fullest her retirement.

Mrs. Frances Sarsfield has succeeded Mrs. Ells as head of the Housekeeping Department.

* * * *

Mrs. Helen (Littlewood) MacKinnon retired from the Laboratory at the end of September. She has had a long association with the Sanatorium, having been a patient from 1936-38 and 1941, and a staff member from December 1, 1943, to the date of her retirement. Her husband, Allan MacKinnon, retired as a CNA some months earlier. Our best wishes go with them for many years of health and happiness.

* * * *

Others who have left the Sanatorium recently are Donna Thompson, who moved to Labrador City; Clara Hatfield, Nursing Instructor, and Carol Fisher, X-ray technician.

* * * *

Retiring at the end of October is Loran Geitzler, of the p.m. nursing staff. Mr. Geitzler had earlier retired on long service from the Canadian Army and has now completed his second career. We wish him success in every future career, and many years in which to enjoy camping and other recreations.

* * * *

The patients staged a very successful display of handcrafts during the last weekend in September. The scene was the lobby of the East Infirmary, and it was said that most of the articles displayed were created by about eight patients. Although the proposed display had been in the discussion stage for more than a month the decision to hold the display on that weekend was made on Friday afternoon. The patients and Mrs. Barb Dykens, deserve a good deal of credit for the success of this venture. A good number of sales were realized as a result of this effort, thus meeting one of the objectives. The main purpose was, I believe, to acquaint the visiting public with the type and quality of crafts worked on at the Sanatorium.

Already it has been mentioned that there will be another such display and that it will be publicized so that more people in the community will visit at that time.

—:0:—

Thank You So Much

I wish to express very sincere thanks and appreciation to all members of the kitchen and dining room staff, to the dietitian, members of the nursing staff, and any others who contributed to the very enjoyable supper and social get-together on the Wednesday when the barbeque was held in the Patients' Dining Room because of the weather.

Special thanks to Miss Marylee Wilson and her accompanist Dot Taylor for the music.

Extra special thanks to Dr. Holden for her efforts and kindness in making all of these arrangements possible.

Sincerely,
Vance Atkinson

—:0:—

In Appreciation

I am, and always will be, grateful to everyone at the Sanatorium.

The following poem is one of my favorites. If I were home I would have it typed, but maybe you can use it in some future issue.

Sincerely,
Harold V. Anthony

I like the man who faces what he must
With step triumphant and a heart of cheer
Who faces daily battles without fear
Sees his hopes fall. But keeps unfaltering
trust

That God is God. That somehow True and
Just

His plans work out for mortals, not a tear
Is shed when fortune which the world
holds dear

Falls from his grasp.

Better with love "a crust" than living in
dishonor.

Envies not, nor ever murmurs at his hum-
bler lot

But with a word of cheer, gives zest
To every toiler.

He alone is great who by a life heroic
Conquers fate.

Author — Sarah Knowles Bolton

Editorial Comment

From messages received from time to time we know that it is of some interest to our readers to hear what is going on at the Sanatorium. Probably the biggest change is that the Dormitory is now vacant. The few remaining staff who were living in had moved out into the community, leaving only the Student Nursing Assistants. They, too, moved out in September and the house mothers have been placed elsewhere. And so, another building, once the scene of so much activity, is surplus to our present needs.

It is with a good deal of regret that we have seen the termination of the Student Nursing Assistant's training at the Sanatorium. It is our belief that the graduates of the Sanatorium have been second to none. The presence of the students has been of benefit to the patients and to the Sanatorium. Needless to say, the influence of the Sanatorium School of Nursing will be felt for a long time, for our many graduates are scattered throughout a wide area.

Miller Hall is being put to other uses since the closing of the School of Nursing. The Laboratory has moved to Floor 2, leaving the West Infirmary totally unused at the present time. Floor 1 of Miller Hall is to be put to other uses. Some time ago I vowed to myself that I would not report on changes until they had actually taken place. Therefore I will leave Floor 1 vacant for the time being!

* * * *

I intended mentioning a change that affects the Sanatorium less now than it would have formerly: the road below the Sanatorium, known to different generations of patients as Meadow Road, Brooklyn Street, Yoho Road, etc., was paved in the early summer. How this would have been welcomed by those same successive generations of patients in the Annex, and Pavilions 1 and 2 who had to live with the amounts of dust that billowed up from the road. And how much more pleasant it would have made the short-cut to and from town by what was affectionately known as Hemorrhage Hill. That short-cut, by the way, was sealed off more than a year ago, greatly to the inconvenience of those staff members who walked to work, or who hiked downtown at noon hour for shopping. And, coincidentally, it inconvenienced a few patients as well!

Another change of considerable interest is the present project of converting our heating plant from coal to oil. This has been proceeding at a commendable pace and on October 4 a token amount of oil was delivered to give one of the boilers a trial run. I understand that our two fuel tanks will each hold 10,000 gallons. It sounds like a tremendous amount of fuel and we will be interested in hearing what the rate of fuel consumption may be during the height of the heating season.

—:O:—

I Will Be A Good Samaritan

I will be sensitive to the needs of my fellowman and actively look for ways to befriend him.

I will become aware of mans suffering, get involved in his struggle, and comfort him in his sorrow.

I will withhold judgment of my brother, and attempt to understand his thinking, his attitudes, and his behavior.

I will forgive those who have injured me; I will forgive even those who hurt those I love.

I will not close my eyes or pass by on the other side wherever there is need of my service, my friendship, or my presence.

I will lift someone's spirits by giving the most needed gift of all — a word of hope and encouragement.

I will remember to be grateful to those who have been Good Samaritans to me, and who keep me from falling into the ditches of discouragement, depression, and defeat.

I will be a good Samaritan for the inner joy of serving, because helping others is what the Golden Rule is about.

I will recognize that my neighbor is anyone — and that my brother is everyone.

I will feel so much joy, experience so much growth, and receive such a blessing as a Good Samaritan today, that I will be a Good Samaritan again tomorrow.

—:O:—

Behind every successful husband is a surprised Mother-in-law.

GRADUATING CLASS OF NURSING ASSISTANTS



—Bailey Photo

Premier Addresses Graduating C.N.A'S

Premier Regan told the graduating class of nursing assistants at the Nova Scotia Sanatorium Wednesday night that as the standards of their profession improved "the wage scale and other working conditions must continue to march hand in hand with that improvement."

"Nova Scotians who are the taxpayers of the province will recognize that these improvements and recognition to you are well justified."

Premier Regan told the 37 graduates they were "exceptional people" who will make a great contribution to the province.

Mr. Regan spoke of the rapid changes taking place in delivery of a health care system and the regionalization aspect that was aimed to eliminate costly duplication of service and to create "better utilization of the tax dollar."

"There is a need for more people in the nursing profession today," said the premier, and nursing assistants were recognized as a "vital cog in the health delivery system."

Speaking of the dedication of the staff of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium, he said the graduates were fortunate to have trained under the staff.

Jean Dobson, Director of Nursing at the sanatorium, said this was the final class to train at the sanatorium as the program was becoming part of the province's vocational training system.

She paid tribute to Adelaide Munro and the late Dr. Earl Hiltz for their dedicated role in initiating the school of nursing assistants at the sanatorium in 1949. Since that time there have been 551 graduates.

Miss Dobson said this year's class was unique in that all the students who started the course were graduating. They had attained a "magnificent record," she said.

Dr. Helen Holden, Medical Director of the sanatorium, presented the diplomas. At the closing held in Kings County Academy auditorium, the valedictory was given by Brenda Thompson.

Donald Fasken of Wilmot was awarded the prize for highest average and for most efficiency in bedside nursing. Other prize winners were: Elizabeth Whitney, Kentville; Janet Howard, New Glasgow; Jack MacKeen, Aspen; Linda Lattie, Lattie's Brook.

Following is the list of graduates:

Sr. Marie Therese Arsenault, Cheticamp; Odile Marie Babin, Mavilette; Bernadette Marie Boutilier, Sydney Mines; Patricia Anne Brady, Bras d'Or; Dorothy Ann Brehaut, Kentville; Mrs. Carol Ruth Burbidge, Lawrencetown; Nancy Marie Burrell, Bear River; Susan Ann Chase, Sydney; Sr. Pauline Chiasson, Middleton; Deborah Lynn Delaney, Kingston; Mrs. Catherine Dianne Desharnais, Dartmouth; George Donald William Fasken, Wilmot; Mrs. Lorraine Frances Fennell, North Sydney; Mrs. Karen Isabel Forsyth, Sydney; Gloria Harris, North Sydney; Janet Rose Howard, New Glasgow; Geraldine Clara Isles, Clementsvale; Linda Joy Lattie, Lattie's Brook; Mrs. Joyce Minerva Mills, Wolfville; Deborah Joy MacDonald, New Minas; Isabel Katherine MacDonald, River Denys; Linda Maxine MacDonald, Halifax; John Harold MacKeen, Aspen; Dorothy Charlend MacLean, West River; Mary Eileen MacLean, Louisburg; Sacha Marie MacLean, Sydney Mines; Patricia Olive MacNeil, Soldiers Cove; Anne Robichaud, Meteghan River; Jane Nancy Sangster, Greenwood; Sandra Ann Shaw, Auburn; Anne Charmaine Stapleton, Bras d'Or; Jean Marie Stronach, Kingston; Brenda Joyce Thompson, Granville Centre; Jane Antonette Van Dommelen, Bras d'Or; Elizabeth Ann Whitney, Kentville; Carol Ann Woodworth, Kentville; Marilyn Joyce Zwicker, Bridgetown.

—:0:—

A Nurse's Prayer

When I falter, give me courage.
 When I tire, renew my strength.
 When I weaken because I'm human,
 Inspire me on to greater length.
 If doctors and patients become demanding,
 And days are too short for all my duty,
 Help me remember I chose to serve,
 To do so with grace, and spiritual beauty.
 In humility Lord, I labor long hours—
 And though I sometimes may fret;
 My mission is mercy — abide with me,
 That I may never forget.



Chaplain's Corner

Msgr. J. H. Durney
from "The Veteran"

THE HAPPINESS OF HEAVEN

What do we know for certain concerning the happiness of heaven? We know, from the teaching of St. Paul, that the "eye has not seen, not the ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God has prepared for them that love Him." The happiness of heaven, then, will be far superior to any happiness we have known upon earth — so superior, in fact, that we have no earthly experience by which to gauge it. To a young child a toy rattle may be the most cherished possession in the world. When he has grown to manhood, his sense of values matures, and he realizes that the toy is — and always has been — worthless! When a soul in Paradise looks back to the things on earth which once were the source of its earthly happiness, it now judges them, as compared to the Beatific Vision, as being infinitely inferior and, in many cases, absolutely worthless. "The eye has not seen, not the ear heard . . ." All we know for certain is that the happiness that awaits us surpasses anything we have ever known.

A second quality of the happiness of heaven is that of permanence. What we shall possess then, we shall never lose! This cannot be said of any possession we now hold on earth. Everything we possess now we shall inevitably lose. Whether it be beauty, strength, talent, or health — all these we must surrender sooner or later. Over every bit of happiness we know on earth there hangs the ever-present threat of death.

The impermanence of all that we possess in life, our tenuous hold on life itself — these hard conditions of human existence can tell us much, in a negative way, of the supreme and eternal happiness of those who possess the Beatific Vision. For those who have attained this vision, the search for permanent happiness is over. They have fulfilled the purpose for which they were created.

It is good for us to think often on the shortness of life and the happiness of heaven. It keeps our sense of values from becoming distorted by the difficulties inherent in living with our own human limitations.

If we keep the eternal happiness of heaven always before our eyes, we are less inclined to seek vainly in creatures that total happiness that can only be found in the vision of God face to face.

—:o:—

GOD IS LOVE

BY MARGUERITE BARNETT

- I believe in God because:
I sought, and found . . . I asked why and was answered . . .
I knocked, and the door to new life was opened.
I found God:
In my mother's love, warmer than golden sunshine.
In the smile on my special friend's face.
In a meadow . . . In a deep silent river carving its way through the memories of my heart.
I found God whispering through the barren rushes of the flatlands . . .
I found God in the teeming multitudes of the living creatures in the warm slime of a ditch.
I glimpsed God's face in the heights of heaven, and in the depths of Hell.
I saw God's face outlined in the scintillating sparks of stars dusted against a black-velvet void.
I reached to touch His face and touched the face of Love.
I believe in God because:
I have seen Creation . . . Where there is a creation, there is a Creator . . . for I did not grow by freak chance from the mud of a half-forgotten sea.
I know that God walked this firm earth, so that man could walk with Him above.
I know because I have felt and touched, and I have seen the faces of men who live in hell: Cold, dead hearts, twisted bodies and minds . . . Restored . . . alive to Life and living in Love.
I felt His joy and love . . . I looked into His face and saw the truth and the truth set me free.

If you saw, you would believe.
You who are perfect have no need of
God.

But I, alone and sick of soul, reached
out and found His hand to guide me
. . . reached out and found His love
beside me . . .
God made me whole.

—Sunshine Magazine

—:o:—

NATURE'S CREED

I believe in the brook as it wanders
From hillside into glade;
I believe in the breeze as it whispers
When evening's shadows fade.

I believe in the roar of the river,
As it dashes from high cascade.
I believe in the cry of the tempest
Mid the thunder's cannonade.

I believe in the light of shining stars
I believe in the sun and the moon;
I believe in the flash of lightning
I believe in the night-birds' croon.
I believe in the faith of the flowers
I believe in the rock and the sod
For in all there appeareth clear
The handwork of God.

—Selected

—:o:—

I AM A CALENDAR . . . THE SYMBOL OF TIME

Take time to think, it is the source of
power;
Take time to play, it is the secret of per-
petual youth;
Take time to read, it is the fountain of
wisdom;
Take time to love, it is a God-given privi-
lege;
Take time to be friendly, it is the road to
happiness;
Take time to laugh, it is the music of the
soul;
Take time to give, it is too short a day to
be selfish;
Take time to work, it is the price of suc-
cess.

"Beside The Still Waters"

With the vacation season upon us, this
may be an appropriate time to consider
what a vacation is — or is supposed to be.
Leonardo da Vinci said that he appreciat-
ed an occasional vacation because it gave
him perspective on his work. Webster de-
fines vacation as ". . . a time of respite;
an intermission or rest."

But our favorite definition of a vacation
is Henry van Dyke's. He wrote: "There is
such a thing as taking ourselves and the
world too seriously, or at any rate, too
anxiously. Half of the secular unrest and
the dismal, profane sadness of modern so-
ciety comes from the vain idea that every
man is bound to be a critic of life, and to
let no day pass without finding some fault
with the general order of things, or pro-
jecting some plan for its general improve-
ment. And the other half comes from the
greedy notion that a man's life does con-
sist, after all, in the abundance of things
that he possesseth, and that it is some-
how or other more respectable and pious
to be always at work trying to make a
larger living, than it is to lie on your
back in the green pastures, beside the
still waters, and thank God that you are
alive."

—Forethought

—:o:—

Thinking Out Loud

The tip you leave for a meal today
would have bought it a few years ago.

It's a great pity there isn't a pesticide
available for controlling the litter bug.

How much better off we all would be
if quality were inflated instead of prices.

If you can't think of any other way to
flatter a man, tell him he is the kind that
can't be flattered.

Money is so hard to keep we wonder
why anybody is fool enough to work for
it.

Discipline doesn't break a child's spirit
half as often as the lack of it breaks a
parent's heart.

One civil right we can all practice is
courtesy to the other fellow.

A great need for this world is less schem-
ing to get by without working, and more
working to get by without scheming.

THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY
DON CHASE LTD.
MANSON'S DRUGS LTD.

Old Timers

A number of our notes have been around for some time, having come in a bit too late for our combined August-September issue. Here are some that Anne-Marie has probably forgotten that she gave me:

While touring the province, Sidney and Jean Roberts visited her former porch mates — Helen Joseph of North Sydney and Edna Rogers of Heatherton. Helen keeps well and still works at Woolco, and Edna is kept busy looking after her family of five. They were all patients here around 1955. Jean is presently on the staff of the Kings County Hospital.

Albert Longuephy, a former patient and staff member, was visiting friends in the Valley and called at the Sanatorium to see his friends. Everyone was happy to see him looking so well.

Willard Leslie who was here in 1945 visited Carl Wagner while on vacation. Willard, formerly of Eagle Head, Queens County, now lives in Athol, Mass. He was accompanied by his two daughters.

Congratulations go out to Nelson Melanson of Concession, Digby County, on his recent marriage. Nelson, who was a patient here during the Clare epidemic, now teaches at the Clare District High School.

Lillian Romkey of West Dublin, Lunenburg County, was in for her check-up recently. She is active in community and church affairs, and enjoys good health.

While in Halifax, Florence Belben saw Stavroula Tectonides who works at the Bank of Commerce on Oxford Street. Stavroula was here in 1969 and Florence reports that she looks great.

We may have some more from Anne-Marie before this goes to press.

Mrs. Mary (Fortin) Atter visited the San recently. She trained as a CNA in 1962 and wishes to be remembered to a number of people, especially Dr. Holden, Miss Spence and Mrs. Zirkel. She remarked on the many changes, particularly the missing Pavilions. She says that this really hits you as you are coming along Exhibition Street. She now lives in Ontario.

Archie MacLellan of Sydney was visiting early in October. He was a patient at Point Edward Hospital in 1950, having been picked up on a survey at Moirs. He came to the Sanatorium in 1951 and had surgery. He retired in 1969.

From our mail box we have the following notes, news and renewals: Miss Clara Quinlan, Mahone Bay; Sandy Flynn, 12 Tobermory Road, Dartmouth; Mrs. Marion Slauenwhite, RR 1, Newport; Mrs. W. J. Ross, 14 Hillcrest St., Antigonish; Reta MacKenzie, 54 Margaret St., Sydney; Miss Olive Lynch, RR 3, Newport, who writes, "I wish to be remembered to my San friends. I still hear from Helen Richards (Mrs. Maurice Penny of Kingston). We met at the San in 1940 and have been writing to each other 33 years. I am feeling just great and enjoying outdoor life."

And we have heard from Robert Rankin, 80 View Street, New Glasgow; Mrs. Mildred Romain, 422 Main St., Yarmouth; Mrs. Emelia Maillet, RR 1, Saulnierville Station; Stanley Brown, Upper Musquodoboit; Mrs. George Lombard, RR 1, Weymouth; a change of address from Mr. Emile Landriault to 5885 Spring Garden Rd., Apt. 308, Spring Garden Terrace, Halifax, and a change of address for Edgar W. Scott to 1460 Edward St., Halifax.

And several new subscriptions and renewals: Harold Vaughn Anthony, at the time of discharge; Gertrude Rafuse, Mrs. Stella Brown, Mrs. Violet Silver, Mrs. Harold Moulaison, 542 Main St., Yarmouth, Raymond Thibeau, RR 1, Barton.

We have a note from Mrs. Muise telling us that her husband Theodore S. Muise, East Quinan, passed away on July 23 following a heart attack. Our deepest sympathy to Mrs. Muise on the loss of her husband.

Leaving the mailbag, we are pleased to report that Curtis Gaul filled in at the Sanatorium Canteen during the vacation of Mrs. Connie Windrow. It was certainly good to see Curtis with us again. He and his wife, Mabel, had quite recently returned from a vacation trip to Iceland. They were quite impressed by the scenery, and Curtis has promised to show their slides some evening to a gathering of patients and staff.

Peggy MacEachern has twice visited Marg Morse recently, and they enjoyed a drive to Annapolis Royal. The good news is that Marg is looking forward to getting a self-contained unit in the Senior Citizens' Housing Development which will soon be completed in Kingston.

We recently had a visit from Norman Nelson Knox who still makes his home in New Germany.

Ins And Outs



NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

ADMISSIONS:

SEPTEMBER 1 TO SEPTEMBER 30 1973

VICTOR HUGH SMITH, Lockeport, Shelburne Co.; JAMES MICHAEL MURPHY, Bayfield, Antigonish Co.; MOHAMED MONI KHOWESSAH, 54 Nichols Ave., Kentville; THOMAS CLYDE SABINE, Melvern Square, Annapolis Co.; WILFRED EARL BARKHOUSE, Medford, Kings Co.; MRS. BLISS MARIE MacKINNON, 3 Seaview Ave., Wolfville; MRS. HAZEL MAUDE PARKER, Bridgetown, Annapolis Co.; WILLIAM DUNCAN HUMPHREY, 525 Main St., Yarmouth; JOSEPH FRANKLYN LLOYD, Lockeport, Shelburne Co.; MRS. GRACE IDA MacDONALD, 8 Hillcrest Drive, New Minas; DELMAR ROY NICKERSON, Little River Harbour, Yarmouth; LLOYD MALCOLM BALCOM, 32 Oakhill Drive, Rockingham, Halifax; LEAMAN ROBERT MacLEAN, Beech Hill, Queens Co.; CLARENCE EDWARD CALDWELL, Wilmot Station, Annapolis Co.; CECIL JOSEPH TRACEY, Newport, Hants Co.; MRS. DOROTHY EVA CATHERINE SKIDMORE, Stellarton, RR 1, Pictou Co.; MRS. KATHLEEN ANNIE LeBLANC, Cambridge Station, Kings Co.; MRS. JOAN MARIE SCHOFIELD, North Alton, Kings Co.; MRS. LILLIAN MARGUERITE WRIGHT, Middleton, Annapolis Co.; RAYMOND EVERETT BOND Church St. Bridgetown; MRS. MAE MARY ALLISON WADE Aalders Ave., New Minas; CLARENCE MORSE McGOWAN, Weymouth, RR 3, Digby Co.; MARION OLIVE SCHOFIELD, RR 2, Kentville; EDWARD "JACK" LEWIS HANNAM, RR 5, Bridgetown; DELILLE JOSEPH THIBODEAU, Weymouth, Digby Co.; HAROLD SINCLAIR KENNEDY, Boutilier's Point, Halifax Co.; MRS. MARIETTA GRACE IRVING, Canning, Kings Co.; MRS. GRETA MARIE HERMAN, Italy Cross, Lunenburg Co.; FRANCIS WILFRED ARSENAULT, North Grant, Antigonish Co.; MRS.

FRANCES MILDRED SNOW, 11 Bay St., Wolfville; THOMAS RICHARD KITSON, RR 3, New Glasgow, Pictou Co.; MRS. JULIE ANNIE MOSHER, P.O. Box 441, Middleton; EDWIN KENDALL, 2691 Agricola St., Halifax; LEWIS EDWARD HENDERSON, 7 Skyway Drive, Wolfville; SIMON FRANCIS NEVIN, Micmac P.O., Hants Co.; LEVIN ALEXANDER DOIRON, RR 7, Pomquet, Antigonish Co.; PETER HENRY PETTIPAS, Lindwood, Antigonish Co.; WAYNE DOUGLAS MUNROE, Kinsac, Halifax Co.; MRS. MARY ANN PERRY, Ingomar, Shelburne Co.; JOSEPH DOWNEY, North Preston, Halifax Co.; HARRY WOLMONT PREST, Upper Musquodoboit, Halifax Co.; CHARLES LOCKHART FILLMORE, 17 Archibald St., Truro; JOSEPH WILLIAM DIXON, 254 Victoria Road, Dartmouth; RAYMOND HUNTLEY SHEPPARD, Lincolnville, Guysborough Co.; MRS. MATILDA MARIE D'EON, 315 Cornwallis St., Kentville; GEORGE ERWIN CAMERON, RR 5, Nichols Ave., Kentville; DON GLADSTONE CROSBY, RR 2, Canning, Kings Co.; CHESTER ERNEST JOUDREY, Aylesford, RR 1, Kings Co.; KELETI TOLOKA, Nui Island, Central Pacific; MRS. EMILY ANITA SAUNDERS, 175 Victoria St. East, Amherst; MRS. MYRTLE ALICE HALLIDAY, 203 Chester Ave., Kentville; LESTER CLYDE TURNER, Kingston; CHARLES HENRY HOPPE, Aylesford, Box 81, Kings Co.; REGINALD AUBREY CAMPBELL, Bear River, Annapolis Co.; MRS. MARY AMELIA CROSSMAN, 10 Davison St., Amherst.

SEPTEMBER 1 TO SEPTEMBER 30 1973

DISCHARGES:

WILSON OSBORNE CAREY, Shady Rest Home, Aylesford, Kings Co.; MERTON LEON McLELLAN, East Walton, Hants Co. (Expired); VICTOR HUGH SMITH, Lockeport, Shelburne Co. (Expired); MRS. LILLIAN BERNICE SPINNEY, P.O. Box 28, Kingstons, Kings Co.; MRS. KATHLEEN MURIEL WALKER, 1057 Prospect St., New Minas, Kings Co.; HUGH HARDWICK MASON, Springfield, Annapolis Co.; MRS. FRONA GLADYS GATES, Port Williams; MRS. GRACE IDA MacDONALD, 8 Hillcrest Drive, New Minas; RODERICK CALDER CAMERON ANDERSON, 110 Marsters Ave., Berwick; ALBERT JOSEPH HEBERT, 168 Main St., Wolfville; Mrs. Mary Catherine MacDONALD, 6341 Seaforth St., Halifax; WENT-

(Continued on Page 14)

INS AND OUTS—

(Continued from Page 13)

WORTH JOSEPH HARVEY, 518 Main St., Kentville; LESTER CLYDE TURNER, Kingston; WILLIAM DUNCAN HUMPHREY, 525 Main St., Yarmouth, (Expired); STEPHEN EVERETT MULLEN, 62 Prospect St., Yarmouth; JACOB NEIL SPIDLE, Apt. 11, 1012 Aalders Ave., New Minas; MRS. DOROTHY EVA CATHERINE SKIDMORE, RR1, Stellarton, Pictou Co.; LESTER PACKARD GRATTO, Middle Sackville, Halifax Co.; MRS. MARIE ELIZABETH DEGRAAF, Hillaton, Kings Co.; JAMES HARVEY SWALLOW, 6354 Edinburg St., Halifax Co.; JAMES MICHAEL MURPHY, Bayfield, Antigonish Co.; ESTHER ELIZABETH TURNER, Port Williams, Kings Co.; REGINALD AUBREY CAMPBELL, Bear River, Annapolis Co.; DANIEL "JOHN DANIEL" MacNEIL, First St., Trenton, Pictou Co.; WILLIAM THOMAS BLAIR, 1052 Commercial St., New Minas; MRS. ANNA MARCELLA MacKENZIE, 29 St. Andrews St., Pictou; GAYE DENISE SAWLER, Western Shore, Lunenburg Co.; CLARENCE MORSE McGOWAN, Weymouth North, Digby Co.; MRS. DOREEN ANN FOOTE, Centreville, Kings Co.; CHRISTINA MARGARET JANE SUTHERLAND, RR 4, Tatamagouche, Colchester Co.; RAYMOND CHESTER THIBEAU, North Range, Digby Co.; WILFRED EARL BARKHOUSE, Medford, Kings Co.; THOMAS CLYDE SABINE, Melvern Square, Annapolis Co.; CECIL JOSEPH TRACEY, Newport, Hants Co.; MRS. JOSEPHINE MARIE MOULAISON, 542 Main St., Yarmouth; MOHAMED MONI KHOWESSAH, 54 Nichols Ave., Kentville; WARREN ALBERT FURLONG, West Quoddy, Halifax Co.; EUGENE EARL SHEFFIELD, 315 Cornwallis St., Kentville; MRS. MATILDA MARIE d'EON, 315 Cornwallis St., Kentville; MRS. MAE MARY ALLISON WADE, Aalders Ave., New Minas, Kings Co.; MRS. JOAN MARIE SCHOFIELD, North Alton, Kings Co.; MRS. LEMUEL JOHN HIMMELMAN, Dublin Shore, Lunenburg Co.

THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY

MUTTART'S LTD.

ROCKWELL LTD.

CORNWALLIS DAIRY LTD

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ADMISSIONS:

SEPTEMBER 1 TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1973

MARC CHARBONNEAU, 1645 DesMarchois St., Apt. 1, Ville Emard, Quebec; JAMES SANFORD DUPE, 359 Thirteenth St., New Waterford; DANIEL JOHN MacDONALD, Little Judique Pond, RR 2, Inverness Co.; JAMES JOHN MacLELLAN, P.O. Box 44, Corner St., Inverness.

DISCHARGES:

SEPTEMBER 1 TO SEPTEMBER 30, 1973

RODERICK B. MARSHALL, Eskasoni, Cape Breton Co.; MRS. ANN MARIE CAMPBELL, 50 Union Highway, New Waterford; RENE WILLIAM PAUL, B. No. 67, 33 Gallagher St., Sydney; JAMES SANFORD DUPE, 259 Thirteenth St., New Waterford.

—————:O:—————

Health Rays Golden Jubilee Fund

Contributions to this Fund may be addressed to:

Health Rays Jubilee Fund
Nova Scotia Sanatorium
Kentville, N. S.

An official receipt will be sent to all contributors, and all contributions are tax deductible. Your contributions will help **Health Rays** to remain healthy.

The standing of this Fund as of September 30, 1973.

Previously acknowledged	\$4,607.74
Recent contributors:	
Century Patrons:	
Nil	
Patrons:	
Archibald Darrach	
John T. Pye	
Interest	
Miscellaneous	
Total	182.89
Grand Total	<u>\$4,790.63</u>

The vicar had received a couple of tickets for the opera from one of his parishioners. Finding that he was unable to go, he rang up some friends and said: "An unfortunate dinner engagement keeps me from attending the opera tonight; could you use the tickets?" "We should be glad to do so," was the reply, "but we are your unfortunate hosts"

* * * *

The evening lesson was from the Book of Job and the minister had just read, "Yea, the light of the wicked shall be put out," when immediately the church was in total darkness.

"Brethren," said the minister with scarcely a moment's pause, "in view of the sudden and startling fulfillment of this prophecy, we will spend a few minutes in silent prayer for the electric lighting company."

* * *

A lady visiting a mental hospital displayed a great interest in one old man particularly. "And how long have you been here, my man?" she inquired. "Twelve years" was the answer. "Do they treat you well?"

"Yes." After addressing a few more questions to him the visitor passed on. She noticed a smile broadening on the face of her attendant, and on asking the cause heard with consternation that the old man was none other than the medical superintendent. She hurried back to make apologies. How successful she was may be gathered from these words: "I am sorry, doctor. I will never be governed by appearances again."

New can-opener type wife to hubby: "I can't figure you out, Monday you liked beans, Tuesday you liked beans, Wednesday you liked beans, and now, suddenly on Thursday, you DON'T like beans!"

* * * *

Boris: "I hear they fired the caretaker at the Moscow national cemetery the other day."

Yuri: "Ya, he was caught telling a tourist about all the Communist plots."

**THIS FULL PAGE SPONSORED BY
WILLETT FRUIT COMPANY LTD.
BALCOM - CHITTICK LTD.
BROOKFIELD CREAMERY
J. M. DUGUID, JEWELLERS**

WHICH CAME FIRST?

A lady was reading to her little granddaughter about how a chicken is hatched. She said, "Isn't it wonderful how baby chicks get out of their shells?"

"What I don't understand," the child answered, "is show they get in!"

* * * *

PUZZLING

A little boy asked his older sister, "Why is it that black cows give white milk which makes yellow butter?"

"Oh that's easy," she replied. "It's the same reason blackberries are red when they're green."

* * * *

TO THE MOTHER OF A YOUNG SON

Hold your breath but not his hand
When he climbs to the top of the tree.
You can't go, too — the journey's his.
There's a lot of world to see.

He found a haven in your arms,
But now he's on his own.
The track is there and he must run,
And he must run alone.

The cord was cut when you gave him
birth—

They placed him near your heart.
Yours to guide, yours to love
And yours to watch depart.

—Shirley Taylor Lambert

* * * *

A marriage counsellor was asking a woman some questions regarding her daily disposition. "Do you wake up grumpy in the morning?"

"No," she replied, "he gets up before I do."

* * * *

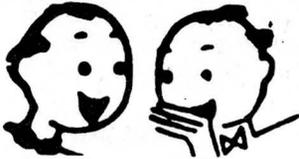
A young chaplain, new with the prison system, was sent to console an inmate soon to be electrocuted.

As the prisoner was being led to the chair, the flustered chaplain, not wanting to say, "Good-bye" which sounded terribly final; or "see you later," which really wasn't what he wanted; finally said to the condemned man, "More power to you!"

* * * *

Miss Jones, a spinster with no matrimonial prospects, was discussing her friend. Mrs. Adams, who had recently cremated her fifth husband. "Imagine," fumed Miss Jones, "I can't even find a man and she has them to burn."

Just Jesting



A woman went into a neighborhood grocery store one day to get some meat. A strange man followed her into the store and stood about while she was at the meat counter. Suddenly she screamed, and the man turned and ran out of the store, right into the arms of a policeman who happened to be passing. The man was found to be armed.

"Mrs. Owens, if you hadn't screamed I would have been robbed," declared the proprietor, gratefully. "But how did you know he was a robber?"

Protested Mrs. Owens, dazedly, "I didn't know. I screamed when you told me what that roast was going to cost me."

A very fat man asked the doctor to prescribe something for his complaint — sleeping with his mouth open.

"Sir," said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short, so that when you shut your eyes your mouth opens."

"If, in going down this incline, I gain four feet per second, what will be my condition after 25 seconds?"

"You'll be a centipede," was the student's answer.

I can't understand why people detest alarm clocks," remarked the man. "I love to listen to them in the morning. For me the alarm clock is the symbol of life; it is a signal that the great city awakens, that a new day begins, that streets and houses are again filled with the hustle and bustle of vibrant, striving humanity."

"Pardon me," interrupted a patient listener, "but what is your occupation?"

"I'm a night watchman," replied the fellow.

Grandpa says every married man should try to forget his mistakes. There's no use in two people remembering the same thing.

City boy (pointing to a haystack): "Say, what kind of a house is that, anyway?"

Farmer: "That's not a house; that's a haystack."

City boy: "You can't fool me! Hay does not grow in a lump!"

Two successful, self-made businessmen, who hadn't seen each other since their poverty-stricken childhood, met at a party. One of the men smugly began to remind the other about his humble origin.

"Remember when you only had one pair of shoes to your name, Harry?" he asked.

"I sure do," the second man replied slowly. "You asked me what they were used for."

"Do you want to take this insect repellent with you?" asked the clerk.

"No," replied the customer, "I'll send the insects over here and you give it to them."

"Why won't you marry me? There isn't anyone else is there?"

"There must be!"

The owner of a new high-powered car drove proudly into the service station and asked that his tank be filled.

In a little while the attendant said, "Better shut off the motor, sir, you're gaining on me."

"Doctor, do you think the trouble is in my appendix?" anxiously asked the hefty fellow.

"No, the trouble is in your table of contents," answered his doctor.

Mark Twain once visited the celebrated Mme. Tussaud's Museum in London, and was admiring the replica of Queen Victoria when he felt a sudden pain in the back. He wheeled round angrily and found himself face to face with an open-mouthed matron, her umbrella aimed at him.

"Oh, good heavens! It's alive!" she shrieked as she ran off wildly.

THIS HALF PAGE SPONSORED BY
THE REGISTER, BERWICK
WRIGHT'S CLOTHING LTD.

Thanksgiving Hymn

Almighty Father! at Thy Throne
A grateful people kneel.
Father of Mercies, Thou alone
Canst compass what we feel.

We thank Thee for the pleasant land
In which our lots are cast;
The guidance of Thy eydant hand
Through all its perils past.

We thank Thee for the forms that guard
The liberties we prize,
For every cherish'd old Church-yard,
Where rest the good and wise.

We thank Thee for the Altars free,
The Courts without a stain—
The Glowing page of History,
The Bard's heroic strain;

The Martyr's death—the Prophet's fire
The Christian soldier's sword;
But chiefly let our hearts aspire
To thank Thee for Thy Word;

And for the hallow'd life and death
Of Him to guide us given;
The hopes that hang upon His breath,
The promised rest in Heaven.

For lesser mercies teach us too

The grateful song of praise:
Let all we think, and say, and do,
Be moulded to Thy praise.

We thank Thee for the daily bread,
That human life sustains;
For flocks and herds profusely spread
O'er all our hills and plains.

We thank Thee for the wealth we bring
Up from the pregnant mine,
For ages stored—each precious thing
Is ours, and yet is Thine.

We thank Thee for the mighty deep,
To which our sons go down;
For tranquil bays that calmly sleep
Beyond the tempest's frown.

We thank Thee for the stars above,
The flow'ry soil we tread,
For friendship's grasp—the smile of love,
The song bird over head.

In prayer and praise our souls ascend
To Thy Almighty Throne;
Father of Mercies—guide and friend,
Our humble tribute own.

By Hon. Joseph Howe
December 8, 1868

AUTUMN WONDER

There is wonder all around us,
On the morn's unwrinkled face,
As the golden days of autumn
Fill the world with elfin grace.
While the moments turn to mock us,
Gentle footsteps leave no sound,
Walking on the bronzy carpets
That she places on the ground.
Blinding dazzle of the noonday,
Vivid veil within my heart,
As life's shadows of the autumn,
Tear the very soul apart.
Grimson quivers, rainbows flaming,
Leaves like snowflakes falling down,
Amber gold and glowing crimson,

Each tree wears a kingly crown.
There is a hush of golden silence
On the hill's soft, ruby light,
When the silent, clouded evening
Drifts about us into night.
Hear the world's heart softly sighing,
Filled with grief by passing time,
Finds no words to put to music,
While the gay lines never rhyme.
Winds of time blow into autumn,
Magic moments of the fall,
When the earth plays on the heart-strings
With the wonder of it all.

Anne Kaye
Digby, N. S.

Nova Scotia Sanatorium

H. M. HOLDEN, M.D., C.R.C.P. (C), F.C.C.P. Medical Director
 J. T. BETIK Administrator
 J. J. QUINLAN, M.D., C.R.C.S. (C), F.C.C.P. Surgeon
 F. J. MISENER, M.D., F.C.C.P. Radiologist
 MARIA ROSTOCKA, M.D. Physician
 G. A. KLOSS, M.D., F.C.C.P. Physician
 E. W. CROSSON, M.D. Physician
 D. M. MacRAE, M.D., C.R.C.S. (C), F.C.C.P. Consultant Bronchoscopist
 B. F. MILLER, M.D., F.R.C.S. (Ed.) F.R.C.S. (C) Consult. Ortho. Surg.
 DOUGLAS W. ARCHIBALD, M.D., C.R.C.P. (C) Consultant Psychiatrist
 D. H. KIRKPATRICK, M.D. Consultant in Anaesthesia
 C. E. JEBSON, M.D., C.R.C.S. (C) Consultant Urologist
 MISS E. JEAN DOBSON, R.N., B.Sc.N. Director of Nursing
 MISS EILEEN QUINLAN, B.Sc. P.Dt. Senior Dietitian
 DONALD M. BROWN, B.A., B.Ed., M.S.W. Director of Rehabilitation

Point Edward Hospital

D. S. ROBB, M.D. Medical Superintendent
 T. K. KRZYSKI, M.D., Physician
 W. MacISAAC, M.D. Consultant Bronchoscopist
 D. B. ARCHIBALD, M.D. Consultant Urologist
 MISS KATHERINE MacKENZIE, R.N. Director of Nursing
 MISS B. JOYCE LEWIS, B.Sc., M.A., P.Dt. Dietitian
 MRS. ELIZABETH REID, R.N. Supervisor of Rehabilitation

Church Affiliation

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

Co-ordinating Protestant Chaplain
 Rev. Gary Tonks

PENTECOSTAL
 Minister—Rev. T. Kenna

ANGLICAN
 Rector — Archdeacon Dr. L. W. Mosher
 San. Chaplain—Rev. William Martell

ROMAN CATHOLIC
 Parish Priest — Rev. J. A. Comeau
 San. Chaplain — Rev. Harlan D'Eon

BAPTIST
 Minister—Rev. A. E. Griffin
 Lay Visitor—Mrs. H. J. Mosher

SALVATION ARMY
 Capt. Sidney Brace

CHRISTIAN REFORMED
 Minister—Rev H. Vander Plaats

UNITED CHURCH
 Minister—Dr. K. G. Sullivan
 San. Chaplain — Dr. J. Douglas Archibald

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.

POINT EDWARD HOSPITAL

ANGLICAN
 Rev. Weldon Smith

UNITED CHURCH
 Rev. Robert Jones

ROMAN CATHOLIC
 Parish Priest — Msgr. W. J. Gallivan

PRESBYTERIAN
 Rev. E. H. Bean

SALVATION ARMY

The above clergy are visitors at this hospital. Besides the above named many other protestant clergy from the surrounding areas alternate in having weekly services for our patients.