

DALHOUSIE

NOVA SCOTIA SANATORIUM

VOL. 48

JANUARY, 1967

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F. J. MISENER, M.D.	Radiologist
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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 1.00 P.M. - 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>
Student Chaplain	<i>Lic. Gerald Fisher</i>
Lay Visitor	<i>Miss B. Lockhart</i>
Christian Reformed—Minister	<i>Rev. J. G. Groen</i>
Pentecostal—Minister	<i>Rev. Glen Kauffeldt</i>
Roman Catholic—Parish Priest ...	<i>Rev. John F. DeLouchry</i>
Asst. Roman Catholic Priest ...	<i>Rev. Gerald E. Saulnier</i>
Salvation Army	<i>Capt. H. L. Kennedy</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

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Vol. 48

January, 1967

No. 1

RING OUT, WILD BELLS

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Alfred Tennyson

Behind The Scenes At The San.

J. E. Hiltz, M. D.
Medical Superintendent

The Nova Scotia Sanatorium is operated by the department of Public Health primarily for the treatment, discovery, and prevention of tuberculosis.

As beds have become available, the services of professional staff, trained, interested, and competent in the field of diseases of the chest in general, have been devoted to the diagnosis and treatment of cases of non-tuberculous pulmonary disease. The prime objective, however, remains in the field of tuberculosis control.

Over the years, the reputation of the Sanatorium has remained high because it was based on the principle of pooled knowledge of professional staff and a personal interest in the individual patient and his relationship to his community environment.

The diagnosis of all major conditions treated is established by a consensus at our Staff Conferences. Investigation and treatment routines are devised by the medical staff as a whole.

No patient is any particular doctor's patient. For administrative purposes and for the day to day management of his case, he is under the care of a single physician, but he is a Nova Scotia Sanatorium patient. No physician loses dignity by this and each patient gains the benefits of the knowledge and experience of all the staff.

In order to establish this principle of group professional care, all cases are discussed fully at Staff Conferences with all physicians present all the time, except when absent due to illness or vacation.

Further, after the case is diagnosed, the patient has a **personal discussion** of his case with a designated physician who is usually not the same physician who is in charge of his floor. This "Admission Appointment Physician" explains fully the patient's physical condition, shows him his x-ray films and answers his questions. He then dictates the admission report. Usually, all this is done within the patient's first two weeks at the Sanatorium.

Within the first fortnight of admission, the patient is interviewed by the rehabilitation department personnel—usually the Director or the Social Worker. A comprehensive social work history is taken and filed in the patient's chart. Also a "Contact History" is taken listing names and addresses of all known contacts for follow-up purposes. A copy of

this is sent to the Health Unit Director concerned.

If the patient is finally passed for surgery, he is given a special appointment by the Surgeon who explains the reasons and the hoped-for results and then sends out a pre-surgical report to the family physician.

A series of four "Patient Education Lectures" are given to all tuberculous patients, the first three within the first two months of treatment and the fourth one before three months have elapsed. These lectures include the principles of diagnosis, medical treatment, surgical treatment, nutrition, rehabilitation, prevention of relapse and spread of disease. Different physicians, nurses, dietitian, and rehabilitation personnel take part in these lectures.

When a patient is ready for discharge, he is placed on for a Discharge Talk—again usually with a physician who has not been looking after him on a day to day basis. This physician does not write the discharge remarks, however, as these are written by the physician in charge of the patient.

The Discharge Report must go out within the first week of discharge as the family physician and the Health Unit Director need the information contained in it in order to continue proper treatment at home as the patient has been given only two weeks' supply of drugs when he leaves the Sanatorium.

Nontuberculous patients treated on the Investigation Floor or the Surgical Floor are processed in the same manner, except

- a) the admission information is given to the patient, as it develops, by the physician in charge.
- b) no admission report is sent out unless the patient is long term medical; or is to undergo surgery when the surgical report—following the surgical appointment, suffices.
- c) the patients do not attend Patient Education classes,
- d) but, they **do** have a discharge appointment with the Assistant Medical Superintendent, the same as our tuberculous patients,
- e) and, they, too, are made to realize the fact that they are looked after by the Sanatorium Staff as a clinical group from the point of view of investigation, diagnosis, treatment, and convalescence.

Poetry For The New Year

A HIGH WAY AND A LOW

To every man there openeth
 A way, and ways, and a way,
 And the high soul climbs the high way,
 And the low soul gropes the low;
 And in between, on the misty flats,
 The rest drift to and fro.
 But to every man there openeth
 A high way and a low,
 And every man decideth
 The way his soul shall go.

—John Oxenham

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me,
 Black as the pit from pole to pole,
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.
 In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.
 Beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.
 It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishment the
 scroll,
 I am the master of my fate;
 I am the captain of my soul.

—William Ernest Henley

BE STRONG!

Be strong!
 We are not here to play—to dream, to
 drift.
 We have hard work to do and loads to
 lift.
 Shun not the struggle—face it; 'tis God's
 gift.
 Be strong!
 Say not the days are evil. Who's to blame?
 And fold the hands and acquiesce.—O
 shame!
 Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's
 name.
 Be strong!
 It matters not how deep entrenched the
 wrong,
 How hard the battle goes, the day how
 long,
 Faint not—fight on! Tomorrow comes the
 song.

—Malthie D. Babcock

WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN

I played with my blocks, I was but a child
 Houses I builded, castles I piled;
 But they tottered and fell, all my labor
 was vain,
 Yet my father said kindly: "We'll try it
 again."

I played with my days. What's time to a
 lad?
 Why pore over books? Play, play and be
 glad.
 Till my youth was all spent, like a sweet
 summer rain,
 Yet my Father said kindly: "We'll try
 it again."

I played with my chance. Such gifts as
 were mine
 To work with, to win with, to serve the
 Divine,
 I seized for myself, for myself they have
 lain.
 Yet my Father said Kindy: "We'll try
 it again."

I played with my soul, the soul that is I;
 The best that is in me, I smothered its
 cry,
 I lulled it, I dulled it—and now, oh, the
 pain,
 Yet my Father said Kindy: "We'll try
 it again."

—Author Unknown

I held it truth, with him who sings
 To one clear harp with divers tones,
 That men may rise on stepping-stones
 Of their dead selves to higher things.

—Alfred Tennyson

Listen to the salutation of the dawn.
 Look to this day for it is life—
 The very life of life. In its brief span
 Lie all the verities and realities of our
 existence:
 The bliss of growth, the glory of action,
 the splendor of beauty.
 For yesterday is but a dream and tomor-
 row is only a vision;
 But today, well lived, makes every yes-
 terday a dream of happiness
 And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
 Look well therefore to this day—
 This is the salutation of the dawn.

The Sanscrit.

The Sanatorium Cracker Barrel

J. E. Hiltz, M.D.



This is a big year. Just how big it will be depends on each of us individually. New Year's resolutions are excellent in themselves but how long after January 1st are most of them remembered. Surely, during this year of Canada's one hundredth birthday each of us can have a centennial project and see it through to the finish. One of my friends is going to

"lose twenty pounds". Another is going to relandscape his property. Still another is really going to learn to talk French and another plans to spend the year reading all about Canada, its history, its geography, the story of its many peoples and of its great personalities. What is your Centennial Project?

* * * *

Two outstanding events of the past Christmas season at the Sanatorium were the Christmas Concert and our Staff Christmas Tea. Both affairs will be written up elsewhere in Health Rays. What pleased me so much about the Christmas Concert was that staff members spent many hours of their off-duty time in order to prepare for it and so make a contribution in the spirit of Christmas at the Sanatorium. Our Student Nursing Assistants Choir, our Laundry Staff, our Graduate Nurses and our Certified Nursing Assistants, our Dietary and Housekeeping girls, one of our orderlies, and our medical staff, were all represented on the program. I am sure that many of us found the true spirit of Christmas at the party.

The Christmas Tea was also a great success. It was held in the Coffee Bar the Wednesday afternoon before Christmas. Not only were the sandwiches and cakes delectable but there was splendid participation by the staff members of all departments except the Power House personnel who were greatly missed. The Coffee Bar is so compact that everyone was close enough to talk to everyone else. It was good, too, to see some of our superannuated staff back with us at this time so that we could personally express to them the season's greetings. We also appreciated having our clergy and their wives with us on this very special occasion.

Well, you ask, what is my Centennial Project? That would seem to be a fair question. I hope to acquire, describe, and arrange a collection of Canadian Postal History in the form of letters written in Canada or to Canadians before the days of postage stamps. In those days much of the "mail" was carried by steamer or coach with the recipient paying the charges on receipt of the letter. The cost was frequently determined by weight so the canny folks did not use envelopes but folded their letters so that the address could be written on the outside and the message on the inside. The various postal rates were handwritten along with the address. Collecting and arranging these letters should be fun but also work. of course, one could never hope to get all the possible varieties and for his reason my Centennial Project may become a lifetime project. Now, what is your project?

* * * *

At our Christmas tea we said good-bye to Miss Daisy Arthur, Certified Nursing Assistant, who has been part of this institution since she came "on the cure" in 1939 and joined our staff in 1944. Our thanks for many years of service were given to Daisy and also our best wishes for much happiness in the years ahead. Mr. Alex Buchanan, President of the Civil Service Association, presented Miss Arthur with a gift on behalf of Division 4 of the Association; Mrs. Mack gave her a gift from her many Sanatorium friends; and Mrs. Cheesman, Night Supervisor, made a special presentation from the Night Staff. Miss Arthur will be living in Kentville and our very best wishes go with her.

* * * *

A Happy and Prosperous Centennial Year to you all.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

Each year during the Christmas season the strains of Christmas carols may be heard echoing throughout the Sanatorium. This delightful entertainment for Christmas 1966 was provided by Girl Guides from Wolfville and Kentville, young people from the Aldershot Baptist Church and the New Minas Baptist Church, local Barber Shop Choir, the Salvation Army, Sanatorium Nursing Assistants, and Affiliate Nursing Students.

To them we extend our sincere thanks and best wishes for a happy and successful New Year.

NOTES FROM THE NURSING STAFF

Christmas and New Year's will be long gone before this news gets into print, but the echoes of activities will still be with us.

Nurses, generally, were delighted with the response to the Christmas Concert, and we think you should know that Miss Heather MacLeod, and Miss Margaret Potter were responsible for the decor. Of course, the cooperative effort of all taking part was what made the "Show."

We are indebted, also, to Miss E. MacQuarrie and Miss M. Potter for the decorations on many of our wards.

Miss E. MacQuarrie attended a conference in Montreal for O.R. nurses.

Miss Miriam Clifford and Mrs. Lydia Morton, former staff members, dropped in for a visit recently.

At the time of writing, Mrs. Marjorie Elliott is a patient in the Victoria General Hospital; and Mrs. Beverly Harvie is still on sick leave as the result of a car accident.

Miss Sharon Dunn CNA resigned from our staff in December and is to be married in January.

News from Miss Grace Adams, Nursing Office, is cheerful and promising, and we hope to see her back soon.

The student nursing assistants had a successful Christmas dance at the Dormitory.

Congratulations to nursing staff members who were presented with twenty-five year service awards—Miss M. Spence R. N., Director of Nursing Service, Mr. Ernest Boudreau R.N., Mrs. Sophie Spencer C.N.A.

Miss Daisy Arthur who retired in December, was presented with a gift from the N.S. Civil Service Association, Div. 4. A shower was held for her at the home of Mrs. Carl Wagner, and she also received a gift from the nursing staff at the Christmas tea.

Health Rays Staff and others were happy to receive greetings from Mrs. Roxas, who was a popular nurse here some three years ago. Mrs. Roxas lives in the city of Manila in the Philippines, and teaches Medical and Surgical Nursing. She and her children prize each issue of *Health Rays*, and while she herself finds the medical articles of great value to her in her work, her children turn first to "Just Jestings". Mrs. Roxas misses the Canadian winter, and hopes to bring her family to live permanently in either Canada or the United States, eventually.

The best way to "get even" is to forget.

BANDS AND CAPS

There seems to be some question and discussion regarding the meaning of bands on nurses' caps. I understand most of the questions and discussion occurs in the Dining Room.

Graduate Nurses wear the cap of their School of Nursing. The black velvet band is usually given when the student nurse becomes a graduate. Different schools have different caps and also different regulations as to cap, bands, pins and bars.

Schools of Nursing present colored bands to students at the end of the 1st and 2nd year. Again this depends on the policy of the hospital school. It signifies the student is in the intermediate or senior year.

In the School for Nursing Assistants at the Sanatorium the School has adopted the white cap which is given the student upon completion of a four months period in the School and means she has met the requirements satisfactory to date. This cap is worn with a red band across the corners. Upon graduation if the Nursing Assistant remains on staff she wears the red band on the wide fold of her cap.

The regulation uniform for the Certified Nursing Assistant is a white short sleeved cotton uniform, white shoes and stockings, with a white cap and yellow velvet band, a yellow bar, for the female. The male Certified Nursing Assistant wears a white shirt and trousers, yellow velvet band across the pocket of the shirt and the yellow bar.

Graduates of Schools of Nursing and Schools for Nursing Assistants are entitled to wear the School Pin which is presented upon completion of the course.

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.

Author Unknown
Submitted by Hope Mack

Let us be of good cheer, remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those which never happen.

—J. R. Lowell

Just Jesting

Diplomacy

For once the lady driver was in the right. The traffic cop had made a mistake when he stopped her.

"Well," she raged, "what's the matter with me? What do you mean by stopping me?"

"Beg pardon," said the officer, who should have been a politician, "but I thought perhaps you were too young to drive a car."

And confidence in the force was restored.—Goblin.

* * *
Bernard: "Say, I can't get these examples in arithmetic. What do they mean by finding the common divisor?"

John: "Great Scott! Haven't they found that thing yet? Why, they were hunting for it when I was at college."

* * *
Clayton: "Wake up, Arthur; you are snoring like blazes."

Arthur (drearily): "How do you know I am snoring?"

Clayton: "I heard you, of course."

Arthur: "Well, you can't believe everything you hear."

Just a Misprint

"See here! Are you the editor of **Health Rays** magazine?"

"I am."

"Well, I saw that item about my niece last month, and I want you to understand that she has been afflicted with a broken ankle the past week—not a broken uncle."

Recompense

Town Lady: "Am sorry my dog bit you. What can I do?"

Garth: "When I was a youngster, miss, a kiss would make anything well."

Town Lady: "A very good idea. Fido, kiss the gentleman."

* * *
The door to success is labelled "Push".

Dig

The man who wants a garden fair,

Or small or very big,

With flowers growing here and there,

Must bend his back and dig.

—The Crest

* * *
Arthur: "Hiram, can you tell me what time the three o'clock train leaves this afternoon?"

Hiram: "At sixty minutes past two."

Arthur: "There, I told James that the time was changed."

What's in a Name

An English motorist was stopped by a policeman on account of poor lights.

"I'll have to have you name, sir."

"John Smith," was the reply.

"Don't try that on me, sir" warned the man in blue. "I want your proper name and address."

"Then if you must have it, it's William Shakespeare, Stratford-on-Avon."

"Thank you, sir," said the policeman, jotting it down. "Sorry to have troubled you."

"Don't mention it," said the motorist, and went on.

Ever Try It?

Merrill: "I want to buy a makeup box."

Confectioner: "A makeup box? We don't keep cosmetics."

Merrill: "It's a box of candy I want. I'm two hours late for a date."

* * *
Marjorie: "Are there any new books in, Mr. Gaul?"

Mr. Gaul: "All the new books that are in are out."

* * *
Garth: "How would you like to be up there with that aeroplane, Garvin?"

Garvin: "I'd rather be up there with it than without it."

* * *
Davida: "Hurrah, five dollars for my latest story."

Edith: "Who from?"

Davida: "The Express Company; they lost it."

* * *
Dr. Quinlan: "How is your indigestion? Did you follow my advice to drink hot water one hour before breakfast?"

Myrtle: "Oh, doctor, I did my best, but I simply couldn't keep it up for more than fifteen minutes."

* * *
A young lawyer occupied an office close to a meat store. One day the butcher walked into the law office and put this question to the attorney:

"If a dog comes into my store and steals a hunk of meat, can I make the owner of the dog pay for it?"

"Why yes, certainly," replied the lawyer.

"Well then," said the butcher, "give me \$5.00. It was your dog that stole the meat." The lawyer paid.

The next day the butcher got a bill for \$5.00 for legal advice.

* * *
Myrtle: "There's a fly in my soup."

Helen: "Well, don't get excited, it won't drink much."

"I must fine you ten dollars and costs," said the Magistrate, "for reckless driving."

"Listen, your honor!" pleaded the young motorist. "We were on our way to the parson to get married."

"Twenty-five dollars and costs. You're a darn sight more reckless than I thought you were."

* * *
Rough Weather

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet, rapturously.

"You've gone me one better," said the seasick novelist, as he took a firmer grip on the rail."

* * *
Fundamental

Miss Lacey: "Who can give me a sentence using the word 'Fundamental'?"

Bruce: "My sister went out horseback riding and when she came home for lunch she had to eat fundamental."

* * *
MARY'S LAMB

Mary had a little lamb

You've heard of that before,
But have you heard she passed her plate
And had a little more?"

* * *
Mrs. MacKinnon: "Can you give me a sentence containing 'pilfer'?"

Sandra: "I have a pill for you."

* * *
Laura: "I can't find a single pin. Where do they all go?"

Florence: "I don't know, because they are pointed at one end and headed in another."

* * *
Harold: "Do nuts grow on trees?"

Bernie: "Of course they do."

Harold: "Then last spring the worms must have destroyed all the blossoms on the doughnut tree."

* * *
Myrna: "I am going to the dentist."

Eileen: "What's the trouble?"

Myrna: "I have a Tb. tooth."

Eileen: "What's that?"

Myrna: "One with a cavity."

* * *
Mrs. Dakin: "Here's a pill for your headache, one for your cough, and another for your sore foot."

David: "Well, how will the little beggars know where to go when they get inside?"

* * *
Worse and Worse

Muriel: "Have you pyjamas?"

Sandra: "No. The doctor says its Tb."

* * *
He: "I suppose a lot of women will be miserable when I marry."

She: "Well, I don't know. How many do you plan to marry?"

DAFFYNITIONS

Pessimist: A man who buys more than one lifetime pen.

Hypocrite: A man who smiles as he sits down in the dentist's chair.

Indistinct: Where people put dirty dishes.

Committee: A group of people who keep minutes but waste hours.

Genius: Some other woman's husband.

* * *
At a Saturday-night party the last guest finally decided to leave, and apologized: "I do hope that I haven't kept you up too late."

"Not at all," replied his host, "we would have been getting up soon, anyway."

* * *
The Internal Revenue office in the city was recently surprised to receive a blank tax form accompanied by a letter from Grandpa Hickey:

"You was writ several times that I have been dead for three years. Why do you keep sending these forms?"

* * *
Young chap to friend: "He just doesn't plan for the future at all. He's getting married next month and hasn't even found her a job."

* * *
Movie Star (introducing latest husband to her little girl): "Now, darling, this is your new daddy."

Darling: "Oh, will you write something in my guest book, please?"

* * *
Little boy to his mother: "I've been playing postman all over town with real letters."

Mother: "Where did you get the letters?"

Little boy: "They were in your drawer tied up in a pink ribbon."

* * *
Little Freddy was watching TV in the playroom when he was told to go downstairs and entertain his sister's beau while she finished dressing.

Disgusted at having to leave his favourite program, Freddy faced the young man and asked: "Why do you have to come see my sister every night? Ain't you got one of your own?"

* * *
And then there was the little lad who was asked what we learn from the story of Jonah and the whale. He responded knowingly. "People make whales sick."

* * *
A farmer came home from the field one day to find his house in a mess.

"What happened?" he exclaimed to his wife.

"You're always wondering what I do all day," she said. "Well, here it is; I didn't do it."

San Parties

CHRISTMAS CONCERT

On the evening of December 14, a Christmas concert, under the direction of Miss Heather MacLeod, R.N., was presented in the Recreation Hall. Dr. J. E. Hiltz was the affable Master of Ceremonies and kept things moving along smoothly. Les Young (piano), Ron Parker (drums), and Donna McGill (sax) provided interlude music for the occasion. The accompanist for the singers taking part was Miss Judy Hall, Lakeville.

Members of various Sanatorium departments took part; and, judging by the applause and the enthusiastic comments of those present, the talent and the quality of the performance were excellent.

The program opened with two Christmas carols sung by a choir of student nurses directed by Miss Betty McPhail, R.N. The numbers which followed provided variety, humour, interest, and, needless to say, a great deal of enjoyment. A Christmas pantomime, enhanced by the beautiful voices of Miss Gayle Wilson, R.N., and Miss Betty McPhail, R.N., ended the program. A sing song of favourite Christmas carols followed.

Santa was on hand, of course, to distribute gifts to the patients. He was assisted by two elves—Miss Pat Pepper and Miss Sharon Stronach, student nursing assistants. These gifts were donated by the Men's Club of the United Church of St. Paul and St. Stephen and by the San staff. A number of the men, including president Chester Reece, were present.

Present, also, was Judge Horace Dickie, a former editorial assistant of *Health Rays*, who cured here with the now famous movie star, Walter Pidgeon.

We extend our congratulations to the nurses who organized the program. They did a superb job. In addition to those taking part, others who helped to make the concert a success were: Margaret Potter, R.N., who did the decorating; Austin Amirault, who arranged for the orchestra; the Rising Souls Orchestra, who loaned microphones; and Alfred Osgood, who looked after the electronics.

Delicious refreshments were served by the Dietary Department.

Two Europeans were discussing Americans. "Do you know," asked one, "the difference between a rich American and a poor American?"

"Of course," answered the Italian. "In the United States the poor American washes his Cadillac himself."

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY

The children in the Annex had a pre-taste of the joys of Christmas on Thursday, December 15, when ladies of the Palmetter Subdivision Unit of the United Church, Kentville, in cooperation with Mrs. J. D. MacLeod, treated them to a party.

The playroom, decorated by the children, looked gay and colorful — an appropriate setting for the events which took place.

Mrs. MacLeod was in charge of the entertainment, and each child, in turn, told of the real meaning of Christmas. This recitation was interspersed with the singing of carols by the children. Just before the main event of the afternoon — the entrance of Santa Claus — a group of student nurses arrived to sing carols.

Then in bounced the jolly old man, himself, accompanied by two elves. They went right to work, and distributed gifts donated by the Palmetter Subdivision unit, by the World Wide Guild, Baptist Church, Wolfville, by the San staff, and by Mrs. Arthur Debrisay and Mrs. Owen Graves. From Mrs. MacLeod, each child received a replica of the manger scene. Three gifts of particular interest were a lovely Christmas tree holding miniature red stockings filled with goodies, from the World Wide Guild; a large rocking horse, from the staff; and a rag doll, made by Mrs. Roy MacKay.

Helping Mrs. MacLeod with the party were Mrs. R. Thorburn, Mrs. Ronald Gerard, and Mrs. George Butt.

Guests included Dr. and Mrs. Hiltz, Dr. Laretei, Rev. J. D. MacLeod, Mrs. Mack, Miss Bessie Lockhart, and the Annex nurses and school teachers.

After delicious refreshments were served, Dr. Hiltz thanked Mrs. MacLeod and her group for a very enjoyable party.

The pre-occupied psychiatrist, on hearing the lab technician say her mother made her a kleptomaniac, replied: "If I buy the yarn, will she make me one, too?"

* * *
BACHELOR: A guy who was crazy to get married—but realized it in time.

* * *
The excited young C.N.A. spoke rapidly to her supervisor . . . "Two brothers are in love with me; one is old and wealthy; the other young and poor; who should I marry?"

* * *
Supervisor (brusquely): "Marry the rich, be good to the poor."

Question Box

Dr. J. J. Quinlan



Q. What is the meaning of the term "niacin positive" in relation to the diagnosis of tuberculosis?

A. The niacin test first described by Konno and later modified by Runyon and his associates is used in differentiating the human tubercle bacillus or mycobacterian tuberculosis from other

germs which have similar staining and cultural characteristics. It is of great value in the study of infections caused by atypical acid fast organisms. These germs are identical in appearance to the tubercle bacillus but the disease they cause is not tuberculosis and its management differs considerably from that of tuberculosis. When the niacin test is carried out it can be of considerable value in the identification of these various germs. If the test is positive it indicates that the organism in question is tubercle bacillus and the disease present is tuberculosis.

Q. Is it true that once you have tuberculosis you are immune to the tuberculosis of those around you?

A. A great deal of controversy has existed ever since the discovery of the tubercle bacillus as to whether tuberculosis appearing following the healing of the original primary infection represents reactivation or a new infection. It is generally accepted today that most examples of post-primary tuberculosis represent the breakdown of disease already present in the body. Therefore, the individual who already has tuberculosis is not apt to acquire more of the same from tuberculous patients around him.

Q. Does negative sputum indicate inactive disease?

A. While the sputum must be negative for the disease to be classified as inactive, it does not follow that just because germs are not found in the patient's sputum on one or more laboratory examinations that his disease is not active. There are many other factors to be considered, an important one being the changes that are occurring in the lung disease as evidenced by serial x-ray examinations of the chest. The sputum must be negative if the tuberculosis is to be called inactive and it can also be negative in the presence of active disease.

Q. What happens to the tubercle bacilli after a cavity has closed?

A. The fate of the tubercle bacilli depends to a great extent on the way in which the cavity closes. If so-called closure is brought about by blocking of the draining bronchial tube the appearance of cavity on the x-ray films is replaced by that of solid disease and means that the cavity has become filled up with the products of lung destruction closely resembling very thick pus. In this it is possible to find numerous tubercle bacilli. On the other hand if the cavity closes by true healing and becomes replaced by a scar it is possible that the tubercle bacilli completely disappear.

Q. How far can tuberculosis advance and still come under the heading of infiltration?

A. The term "infiltration" is a very general one and bears no reference to the extent of the tuberculous disease. The infiltration may be very slight in extent or may involve, completely, both lungs.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

—Lowell

Black are my steps on silver sod;
Thick blows my frosty breath abroad;
And tree and house, and hill and lake,
Are frosted like a wedding cake.

—Robert Louis Stevenson

Little frost flowers on the pane,
Little snow stars in the air,
Winter brings to us again
Lovely pictures everywhere.

These winter nights, against my window
pane
Nature with busy pencil draws designs
Of ferns and blossoms and fine sprays of
pines,

Oak-leaf and acorn and fantastic vines.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich

WHERE THANKS ARE DUE

During the past weeks children in grades about one to four in Canada have been hearing about what fine brave types the Pilgrim Fathers were. And in the week before the last Thursday in November the same age group in the United States will hear the same story.

Very well—but what about the Pilgrim Mothers? Who did all the cooking for that first Thanksgiving dinner at Plymouth? Who toiled over hot stoves or rather hot fireplaces? Who walked back and forth some hundreds of times waiting on tables and cooking more food while the braves and the Pilgrim Fathers packed it away? The Pilgrim Mothers. That's who.

There are a lot of ladies here and there down the pages of history whom we have never envied—any of the wives of Henry VIII, for example, or Lot's wife who turned to stone or salt, the wife of either Caesar or Mark Anthony after those bright boys saw Cleopatra. But we would rather be any of them than one of the Pilgrim Mothers.

The Mayflower arrived at Plymouth in December, on a Saturday. And where were those dear ladies on Monday morning? Out on the beach washing clothes. Things get pretty mussy on a voyage of a couple of months, more or less, and with no laundry service. We have an idea they hadn't much soap either. But then there was nobody to see whether the end result was tattle tale grey. Maybe they were able to heat water but our guess is that they themselves were probably blue with cold.

Half of Plymouth colony died during that first winter and no wonder. Hardship, disease, and not enough food took a dreadful toll.

The survivors felt thankful, so thankful that they decided to ask their enemies to feast with them. Presumably, the Pilgrim Mothers were as thankful as anyone to have pulled through that first year but have you ever seen a group of women after they have cooked, and cooked, and waited on table and waited on table? If you haven't, we have news for you. Their feet are so sore it is hard to think about anything else.

So while others sing the praises of the Pilgrim Fathers, we put in a word for the Pilgrim Mothers.

—TB. . . . and Not TB.
Canadian Tuberculosis Association.

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me that I may make mine beautiful too."
He replied, "I had a friend."

WE BELIEVE

The Patient — is the most important person in the Hospital.

The Patient — is dependent on us, our reputation is dependent on him.

The Patient — is not an interruption of our work—he is our work.

The Patient— does us a favor when he calls; we are not doing him a favor by serving him.

The Patient — is not someone to argue with—but someone to comfort.

The Patient — is a part of our business—not an outsider.

The Patient — is not a cold statistic; he is a flesh and blood human being with feelings and emotions like our own.

The Patient — is a person who brings us his illness—it is our duty to justify his faith in us.

The Patient — is deserving of the most courteous and attentive treatment we can help give him.

(Reprinted from the Georgia Hospital Association Bulletin.)

HEALTH

Did you get a message? Did you send a message? Some people did, and did. The N.S. Amateur Radio Association would like you to make more use of the station that they placed here for your use. It is not easy to know just how to make this hobby popular, or how to persuade you that it is fun to send messages by amateur radio. Some of you did not know that such a radio station existed. However, on Saturday afternoon, December 10, some of you did send and receive messages and a few came out to The Rehab and saw the radio in use.

Amateur operators in Sydney had the same kind of a "rig" set up at Point Edward and most of our "traffic" was between these two points. The "Ham" operating Ve-1-ZH in The Rehab was Dick Archambault, one of the members of the club who helped to put the set together. Many thanks to Dick for coming up from Wilmot to assist us.

The whole station is in memory of Carl Sorge of the RCAF who was lost in a flying accident more than a year ago. He was president of the club at the time of his death, and the station is a memorial to him. Come in and see it. And watch the next issue of Health Rays for more news.

Sitting still and wishing
Makes no person great . . .
The good Lord sends the fishing—
But you must dig the bait!

—Author Unknown

HEALTH RAYS

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No. 1

STAFF

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

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EDITORIAL COMMENT

The New Year is a time of beginning—beginning for the first time or beginning again. This is the season when the days begin to get longer, when the sun begins to return from its trip south. We have reason to believe that this return is what our ancestors celebrated at this time of the year and that our more recent forefathers adopted such a pagan celebration to their own purposes.

May we think first of those who are beginning—young people. Despite their apparent disregard for what they cannot learn by their own experience, despite their cynicism, their iconoclasm, they do have faith in themselves; they are eager, and **idealistic**, they do grow up eventually and become like us! Elsewhere, we have included poems which we learned when we were young, words which inspired and encouraged us. If the young do not accept these sentiments, perhaps it is because we have ceased to live up to them—have ceased to hold them to be valid.

Then what of those who are beginning again? We can't think far along this train without considering those whose lives have been abruptly disrupted by tuberculosis; plans have been toppled, progress arrested, perhaps brought to a complete stop. How are they to begin again? Where are they to begin? Is all lost? Upon what does that depend? Very, very largely upon the individual. It is so easy for us to say that and so difficult for some of you to believe it. We like to think that getting tuberculosis may for you be like hitting a rock that throws you out of a rut that you did not want to be in anyway.

Finally, may we think of those who, admittedly, definitely got off on the wrong track, those who would like to go back to

the junction and make a new start. "It can be done". It takes conviction. It takes a strong will. Generally it takes a willingness to accept help; a willingness to believe that we cannot be entirely independent—that we are not islands.

New Year's Resolutions are not entirely useless and their value can be greatly enhanced if you will confide in your friends (or make new friends) who will encourage you to maintain your high resolves. Good luck (bon chance) to those of you who are beginning again in any one of these three ways, may your will be strong and your friends reliable.

* * * *

Health Rays has been published for many years "... in the interest of better health and as a voluntary contribution to the anti-tuberculosis campaign." This is primary and will remain so. However, over the years patient participation has become less and less and we dropped the statement that the magazine is "... published monthly by the patients ...". This is regrettable and a trend that we would like to reverse.

We are certain that all past editors have subscribed to Dr. Osler's statement, "Tuberculosis is a social disease with a medical aspect." We most earnestly support this statement and will strongly promote the proposition that proper psychosocial welfare services adequately administered are as essential to the final victory over tuberculosis as is the proper prescription of pills.

It may well appear that we are more apt to attempt to stimulate thought by posing questions than to offer cut and dried solutions to problems—although it has

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Wholesale and Retail

been said that we are opinionated and dogmatic!

Certainly it can only be expected that we will be eager to convert our readers to our way of thinking on subjects which we consider important; however, we will gladly publish contrary views which are suitably prepared and designed to be beneficial and constructive.

SOCIAL WELFARE

Most of us are watching, with a good deal of interest, to see what shape the Canada Assistance Plan will take, and how it will be integrated with Old Age Security and the Canada Pension Plan. Will the guaranteed minimum income of something like \$2200. for a family mean that those in receipt of assistance will receive as much as many who are working? With the proposed increase in Old Age Security to \$105. per month, for those who need it, will they, too, be eligible for a further increase under the Canada Assistance Plan? Will there now be something to supplement the \$40. per month Disability Allowance? Will those in hospitals and sanatoria soon be eligible for some form of assistance? These are some of the questions which we ask ourselves, and which we are asked by others.

Having read much of what has been published regarding the changes which are taking place, and the many more which are being proposed, we are confident that we will be "looked after" in our old age. Our interest now is centred upon how "they"—the legislators—will guarantee a minimum income—and still provide the incentive to work. One of the recurring criticisms of social welfare is that in some parts of Canada those receiving welfare payments receive far more than thousands of families in our province where there are one or more persons steadily employed. The same does not yet apply to those who are in receipt of welfare

payments in our province. If it does there will likely not be many who will break the habit of being productive workers in order to "retire early."

We have seen a little of the problem, however, in those who receive more while under training than they are offered on the first job following graduation. It appears that the incentive to work must still come from within. The success of any social welfare programme still depends upon the bulk of the population being willing to work—and to be taxed.

Don Brown

NEW LIBRARY BOOKS

- THIS ROUGH MAGIC
By Mary Stewart
AIRS ABOVE THE GROUND
By Mary Stewart
LAUGHING WHITEFISH
By Robert Ruark
THE HONEY BADGER
By Robert Ruark
AN ODOR OF SANCTITY
By Frank Yerby
HOW FAR TO BETHLEHEM
By Norah Lofts
THE OUTSIDERS
By Robert Carson
THE HOSPITAL WAR
By C. H. Knickerbocker
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Chaplain's Corner

Rev. F. C. Fenerty
Bethany Memorial Baptist Church,

Memories are strange things when you come to think of it! Isn't that true? Without any effort, scenes by the scores pass before your eyes in continuous panorama—and especially is that true when inactivity compels us to live with our thoughts.

And these memories of ours are indeed a curious combination of sunshine and shadow, depending upon what they are. They can bring joy regret, depending upon their association. It depends upon what we have been storing away through the years in the treasure house of our lives—whether things approved of God, or things disapproved by Him.

One after another these things take form until life stands before us as a great and meaningful continued story; and happy is that person who can say as he looks, "God has been good"; for God is good to those who trust Him—and only those who trust in Him can know the extent of His goodness.

As I look back across the pages of my own life, now spanning over half a century, I see some memories that resemble the clouds that shut out the sunlight; but I can remember far more—yes, many times more—with undimmed brightness and joy. And sometimes those seemingly dark clouds have had their silver linings—very much so.

Well do I remember one period, when my father was sick for nearly two years. There was no unemployment insurance, no relief fund, nothing of that sort. We had just the bare necessities of life. It must have been particularly rough on my parents, with four little mouths to feed. Yet that period also stands out in my memory as one of particular brightness, for I got to know my father as I never could have otherwise; and my mother always seemed to be able to think of things that we would enjoy, without any cost financially—a picnic by the lake, or stories or games in the evening. From this, I discovered that many a dark cloud has a silver lining, if one is given the imagination and grace to turn it inside out—and that, if we hold on long enough, the sun will come out again.

But THAT IS LIFE, isn't it: a few dark periods, but many more bright ones—the former enabling us better to appreciate the latter. Adelaide Proctor has so well written:

"I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from
me
Aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always
spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I
plead:
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter, and though
heart should bleed,
Through peace to light."

For many of us, however, there come times when our inability to be active makes us to dwell more with our memories and our thoughts. That can be either good or bad, depending on whether or not we have succumbed to the "bug" of "self pity" that tries to attach itself to all of us. It is good if memories remind us of the goodness and direction of God; for then they can strengthen our faith for today. They are bad if we continue to dwell on the unfortunate things that have come our way; for we could get to feel that all of life is colored by such events, and it isn't.

Really, our memories ought to arouse a sense of thankfulness in all of us; for life has been good. Do you recall the old scale pans they used to use, where the weight was put in the one pan, and the sugar or tea, or whatever it was you were buying, in the other? Well, if you could put the helpful experiences of life in the one scale pan, and the disagreeable ones in the other, do you know what you would find? You would discover that the former far, far outweigh the latter.

Looking back on those two years that I mentioned, I have almost completely forgotten the hardships that we went through. Instead, there is a sort of halo around those days as I recall the happy events, and the courage of my parents—and how they wanted us to be our best—and there is a deep thankfulness to God, who showed us the way through that experience to many happy events in later days.

I'd like to close this message with a further thought from Adelaide Proctor:

"My God, I thank Thee, who hast made
The earth so bright,-

So full of splendour and of joy,
Beauty and light,-

So many glorious things are here,
Noble and bright.

I thank Thee too, that Thou hast made
Joy to abound,-

So many gentle thoughts and deeds
Circling us round,

That in the darkest spot of earth
Some love is found.

I thank Thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,

That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain,-

So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain."

At this particular time, we are scarcely
embarked upon the new year, so may
my wish to you be that the many things
that you delight to recall may bring joy
and happiness to you; and that, in all of
them, the Lord may richly bless you.

And ye, who have met with Adversity's
blast,

And have been bow'd to the earth by
its fury;

To whom the Twelve Months, that have
recently pass'd

Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury—
Still, fill to the Future! and join in our
chime,

The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
And having obtained a New Trial of Time,
Shout in hopes of a kindlier dozen.

—Thomas Hood

The winter falls; the frozen rut

Is bound with silver bars;

The snow-drift heaps against the hut;

And night is pierc'd with stars.

—Coventry Patmore

Just for today I will be happy. This
assumes to be true what Abraham Lincoln
said, that "Most folks are happy as happy
as they make up their minds to be."



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Old Timers

As these notes are being written Christmas preparations are proceeding apace, but busy or not, Anne Marie still finds time to garner news of Old Timers. While on a recent week-end visit to her home in Belliveau's Cove, Anne Marie saw her aunt, Mrs. Delphine Belliveau, who was a patient here in 1964, and her cousin, Maria Chiasson (Mrs. Belliveau's daughter), who came to the Sanatorium the following year. We are glad to know that both are enjoying good health again.

Maria had had a visit from Mrs. Mary Rodgeron of Yarmouth, who left the Sanatorium about a year ago. Mrs. Rodgeron is well and busy with preparations for her daughter's forthcoming marriage.

Veronica Halloran of Guysborough, who left here in May 1966, is feeling well and hopes to return to work in January.

In a recent issue of the *Chronicle-Herald* there appeared the picture of an old timer of the 1941 vintage, Albert Melanson, now postmaster at Church Point. Mr. Melanson has served not only his own community, but also the whole District of Clare, in many capacities, and was being honored with a dinner by the grateful folk of the District. In addition to civic and school activities, he devotes much time to organizing and coaching competitive sports.

THIS HALF PAGE WITH THE
COMPLIMENTS OF

Don Chase, Ltd.

Malcolm Fisher from down Antigonish way, who spent a couple of years here in the early Sixties, dropped in at the Rehab, one day. He reports that he is feeling well.

In for check-ups were: Carl Mingo of New Glasgow, a very popular patient of 1944, who is keeping well; Les Flanagan, from Wentworth Valley way, who cured here in 1947, and now runs a White Rose Service Station and Restaurant in his home town; also, Frank Marble of Shubenacadie, who was here in 1961. Frank feels well and works "only occasionally".

Among the Christmas cards that reached her early, Anne Marie found one from Mrs. Geneva Bryan of Halifax. Mrs. Bryan left us in the spring of 1966, and although her card bore no written message, we feel it safe to assume that "no news is good news."

We feel that the veracity of the same old adage may be relied upon in the case of Sigrid Hatlen as well, who sent greet-

ings to Marguerite MacLeod from her home in St. Petersburg, Florida. Sigrid cured here in 1957.

A card from Mrs. Rene Briand of Dartmouth states that she and son John are keeping well. Mrs. Briand cured with Marguerite in Roseway Hospital before coming to the Sanatorium for surgery in 1950, and John took instruction in typing from her at the San. a few years ago.

Mrs. Moyle Tumblyn (nee Rosalita Bush) of West Dublin enclosed a snapshot of her chubby little son, Randall Moyle, taken on his first birthday, with her Christmas greeting. Rosalita is very well indeed, and sent regards to all who may remember her. It is four years since she left us.

And from Robert Ackles of Halifax comes word that he is now bookkeeper and office manager for Maritime Auto Supply of that City. "Bob" wrote to express his appreciation for help given him with commercial subjects while a patient here in the early Sixties.

Marguerite was pleasantly surprised one Sunday afternoon when Mrs. Eddie Thimot (nee Lucille Surette) of Lower Sackville dropped in for a short visit. Lucille and Marguerite had been porchmates in Roseway Hospital back in the Fifties, and this was their first meeting since. Mrs. Thimot is the mother of our patient, five-year-old Kevin Thimot of the Children's Annex, who will have been discharged before this appears in print.

Christmas is the time of year when many thoughts turn "Sanward". Among other greetings received by staff members was one from Mr. Serafin Lopez, the Spanish seaman who spent a few months here in 1965. Mr. Lopez had no knowledge of English when he arrived here, and willingly accepted instruction in the language from Mr. Barrett of the Rehabilitation Staff. On the card that Mr. Barrett received Mr. Lopez sent his regards to all at the Sanatorium, written in English.

Conrad Thibault, who had rather a long stay here in the early Sixties, is well and working in Halifax. While here, Conrad was a brilliant correspondence student in Business Administration.

We are happy to report that Old Timer Stanley Robichaud, who has been on the Rehab. Staff here for a number of years, is brushing up on academic subjects. Last fall Stan enrolled in the Accelerated Academic course offered by the Department of Education, and attends evening classes in the High School at Wolfville twice weekly. This is a two or three year course which lays the foundation for Vocational Training.

THE GREATEST THINGS

1. The biggest day—today.
2. The most beautiful person—the one you love.
3. The greatest mistake—giving up.
4. The meanest feeling—hate.
5. The cheapest, stupidest and easiest thing to do—finding fault.
6. The greatest troublemaker—talking too much.
7. The best part of anyone's religion — gentleness and cheerfulness.
8. The greatest need—common sense.
9. The best gift—forgiveness.

Cynthia Jackson
The Iowa Stethoscope

Evil thoughts are like green apples. They upset the whole system.

Some people won't exercise—even their judgment.

OVERHEARD IN AN ORCHARD

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."
Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."
—Elizabeth Cheney

Build a little fence of trust
Around today;
Fill the space with loving work
And therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars
Upon tomorrow,
God will help thee bear what comes,
Of joy or sorrow.
—Mary Francis Butts

Horse sense is stable thinking.

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30 Years Ago

Eileen Hiltz

We're inclined to think **speed** and **tension** are symptoms peculiar to our modern day—so different from the slow, the quiet, the good old days! But listen to what the editor of **Health Rays** 30 years ago had to say: "Lately we have noticed many timely outcries against the 'speed' that seems to hold the modern world in its grip. The unnatural demands upon strength and energy of even well people who have forgotten how to relax in the driving speed of the life of the times is something that the tuberculous should fear like the plague from which he is recovering . . . From a writer in the Ohio Health Bulletin comes a similar bit of advice for the tuberculosis sufferers: 'Speed! Speed! Speed! Speed is the spirit of today! We must all learn to relax. Have you ever noticed your dog? After he is through running and playing, have you noticed how he completely relaxes and falls asleep on the rug at your feet? He lets down, rests every nerve and muscle, and builds up his strength for the next run. You, too, need to relax. Take a tip from your dog and let down. In these high-tension days it is vitally important to relax.' " Move over, Fido; I need a rest.

Some attributes of modern living have become so solidly a part of our way of life that we can scarcely remember life without them. Take that ordinary, that humble thing, Kleenex. Here's a query which we put to an acquaintance whose store of general knowledge we consider somewhat fabulous: When was Kleenex invented, or developed? He couldn't come up with the answer, nor could other knowledgeable persons whom we then consulted. What caused the subject to be brought up was a brief article in *Health Rays*, January 1937, which advocated wider use of what was apparently then

a new contrivance, a disposable paper handkerchief. So how about your own memory? How long have we had Kleenex?

Did you know that Henry Morgan, king of the buccaneers, had Tb.? So an article in the issue of H. R. under study tells us: "Of all the striking figures who wrote the history of New Spain in blood, there was no one more colorful than Sir Henry Morgan. His reputation for cruelty and courage; for greed and cupidity was apparently well earned. And yet he lived to be pardoned and knighted by his king, and to rule as governor of one of the islands that had been his refuge and danger in buccaneering days and—to die of terminal tuberculosis." Or as a rather unfeeling little verse from an old ballad tells it:

"You was a great one, Morgan
You was a king uncrowned
When you was under canvas—
But now you're under ground."

There are accounts of San. Christmas activities: the famous Christmas dinner of blessed memory, the annual Christmas Tea at the Nurses Home, and the annual New Year's Tea by the Pavilion girls. These were the "Good old days", before Christmas passes for patients and the extended holiday season for the staff members, of course

From the floor notes this item: "Oh for a reporter on First Floor West like Nora Dennison". Nora Dennison? None other than our Mrs. Cheesman, who now watches o'er your sleep.

And the joke to frost the cake:

A teacher told her class to compose a verse containing the words "analyze" and "anatomy". One bright pupil wrote:

"My analyze over the ocean,
My analyze lies over the sea,
My analyze over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my anatomy."

A man whose store burned down says the fire was caused by friction . . . the mortgage rubbing against the insurance policy.

"WORTHLESS" THINGS (cont'd)

Some seeming worthless things
We treasure, and hold fast,
'Tis love wrapped up in them—
Fond memories of the past.

—Tabitha Marie Ritzmann

"I am only one—
But I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something.
What I can do,
I ought to do,
And what I ought to do,
By the Grace of God I will do."

For those who think of others most
Are the happiest folks that live.

—Phoebe Cary

INS and OUTS

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The Scot Again

Two Scotsmen sat by the roadside, talking and puffing away at their pipes. "There's no muckle pleasure in smokin', Sandy", said Donald.

"How dae ye mak' that oot?" questioned Sandy.

"Well," said Donald, "ye see, if ye're smokin' yer ain tobacco, ye're thinkin' o' the owfu' expense, an' if ye're smokin' some ither body's yer pipe's rammed sae tight it winna draw."

* * * * *

WHOA There! Padre!

A mother took her darling child to be christened. The minister, who knew her personally, dipped his pen in the ink and prepared to fill in the necessary papers.

When he came to the space reserved for the date, he said genially, "Let me see,—this is the seventh, isn't it?"

"Certainly not!" said the indignant mother. "We've been married only two years!"

* * * * *

Doctor: "You cough easier this morning." Garvin: "I ought to; I've been practising all night."

* * * * *

Mark: "What is algebra?"

Bernie: "It's a striped animal found only in zoos and circuses."

* * * * *

"Mama, I've got a stomach ache," said Nellie Bly, aged 6.

"That's because you've been without lunch. Your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it."

That afternoon the minister called, and in the course of conversation remarked that he had been suffering all day with a severe headache.

"That's because it's empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel better if you had something in it."

To A Writing Machine

The hours I spend with the dear heart, Are like a string of years to me. I spread my fingers every one and start

My drudgery, Each word a mess, EA?h page a blend

Of addled wit and NERVESUN strung;

I bung/le up each line—and at the end; The bell IS Rung ¾ & ?.

Oh, Though ts t@at FULminate and b7rn!

Oh, , scrambled WORDs, and hopes be trayed?!

I Pppp eac'h Key, and STRive at last to LEARN

To Make th3 grq% de OO GOSSH \$ To make THE grade?%

* * * * *

Here lies poor Mike—and what is strange, Grim death has worked in him a change; He always lied and always will; He once lied loud and now lies still.

* * * * *

Murray: "When is music like an icy sidewalk?"

Wally: "If you don't C sharp you will B flat."

* * * * *

Christine: "Where can I get a railway ticket?"

Porter (pointing to booking-office): "Over there, through that pigeon-hole."

Christine: "Indeed, young man, what do you take me for? However can I get through that little hole? I'm not a pigeon."

* * * * *

Frances: "Here comes Mr. Stake."

Helen: "Mr. Stake—who is he?"

Frances: "Why, the mailman, of course."

Helen: "His name is Pickett."

Frances: "Well, I knew it was something belonging to a fence."

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by Sweet and Sour

I feel that a word of commendation should be passed along to the chaplains who, having indicated their need for more information concerning tuberculosis, have accepted the suggestion that they should attend classes with the patients. Four of our visiting clergymen visited the class which was conducted by Dr. Crosson on Wednesday, December 7th. All concerned agree that the gleanings of as much information as possible will result in greater understanding, greater sympathy, and better communication between the patients and the clergy.

* * *

Elsewhere in this issue there is a full report on the Christmas concert which was provided by the staff under the direction of Miss Heather MacLeod, R.N. Such interest, enthusiasm, and effort provide an adequate answer to some of the patients who felt that the staff were not interested in attending the monthly parties. Actually, the answer lies not in their lack of interest but in the lack of facilities to accommodate them if they were to attend. Food and prizes for the monthly parties are generally provided by host groups from the community who are certainly very willing to assist the patients but who might shy away from the responsibility of bringing food for the staff! No doubt we should also mention that the Patients' Dining Room where the parties are held could not possibly accommodate all who might wish to attend. Hats off to the staff who participated in this Christmas concert. May the same enthusiasm be present next year!

* * *

Can we possibly drum up any interest in a centennial project for the graduates of the Nova Scotia Sanatorium? Could we not have a reunion in 1967? We doubt that Miss Quinlan could feed the "five thousand" but perhaps we could have a cookout!

We are happy to have published a statement by Dr. Hiltz concerning the nature and organization of the treatment here at the Sanatorium. Most of you who are patients know that the editor has the opportunity of sitting in on Medical Staff Meetings. We therefore fully appreciate Dr. Hiltz's statement concerning the principle of pooled knowledge of professional staff. We have on a number of occasions taken the opportunity of explaining to patients that a great deal of thought by many doctors goes into the decision as to what treatment is best for the individual. Where else could you possibly go for treatment and have the benefit of so much pooled professional knowledge?

* * *

Mrs. Hiltz has asked about the origin of Kleenex. A friend of mine can remember when barbers first used paper rather than cloth between the neck and the collar. He believes the origin of the word "Kleenex" comes from the idea of clean necks!

* * *

The editor admitted to us that he goofed. He sent more material to our publishers than our magazine could hold (and stay within the budget). Due to many factors, all of them reasonable and good, the Annunciation by the angel was omitted and, ironically, so were most of the jokes. Please read Luke 2:8-14.

Human beings generally are divided into four classes, to wit:

1. The button type—
They're always popping off.
2. The vacuum cleaner type—
They gather all the dirt.
3. The liniment type—
They always rub it in.
4. And the really nice folks—
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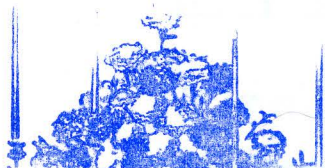
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