

worthy cause. And when after much strife and difficult labour, I turn to look back, I want to feel that my days have been spent in the task of making illumination in the midst of gloom, of bringing beauty to the difficult pathways.

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"NUTRITION."—"SARAH ANNE REFLECTS."

"Calories don't count on holidays!" snipped plump Sarah Anne, as she nibbled complacently at her third chunk of delicious home-made pinoche. Now remorseful Sarah Anne has ten whole pounds to remove—nearly forty thousand calories! Precipitously, she decides to cut out bread and butter. Nothing in her timely resolution about the guilty tempter, candy! Let's see—I did eat about six slices of bread—thin ones. That's 400 calories. They'd have to be half an inch thick to make 600. And butter—well, I ate a pat at each meal. That's 300. Hm-m! At this rate, how on earth will I ever get rid of those pesky obstacles to beauty?" Forty thousand divided by 700 (oh dear, I never did like mathematics), that's fifty-seven. Nearly sixty days of misery just because I have about as much spine as a jelly-fish when it comes to good eats, especially candy!" Sarah Anne tapped her dainty foot nervously. The puckers in her forehead deepened. After a thoughtful ten minutes she stepped before the mirror, examined her face intently, then glanced to the right where hung a portrait of her rotund grandfather. "February—March—then more holidays. I'm not going to be an April fool!" Head up! Chin in! Eyes front!

"QUARE WOMEN."

Here is a tale of Kentucky which might have come from the pen of Lucy Furman in her chronicles of the Southern Mountaineer. However there are "Quare Women" even in our own West. The school health nurse had sent for Ina's mother—it was not the first time she had done so; and all in vain, she had called at Ina's home many times, for Ina's little brothers and sisters were also much in need of "physical adjustment and repair." But this was one of those rare days when luck is with a school nurse for Ina's mother called just the day that the nurse was visiting the school and appealed for support. Ina has diseased tonsils and a bad case of adenoids. Won't you have them taken out as soon as you can make the necessary arrangements? Suddenly the woman was interested! "No, Sir," she exclaimed. "I aims ter bury 'em with all their parts!"

(From *The Canadian Nurse*, March 1925.)

INSULIN.

AN ADDRESS BY DR. K. A. MACKENZIE.

In a short time it is difficult to touch upon all the interesting points. I take it that you have not studied it very carefully, so I shall begin by defining what Insulin is. Insulin is a hormone which is found in that portion of the pancreas known as the Islands of Langerhaus. Over 50 years ago, Langerhaus discovered that the pancreas had a double function, and that the islands