

VACCINATION'S PROGRESS.

HOW INOCULATION AGAINST SMALL POX HAS AIDED MANKIND.

The Disease Disappears Everywhere Vaccination Is Strictly Enforced—Great Loss of Life Before Its Adoption.

The City Medical Health officer has recently gathered much valuable information as to what has been the history of vaccination in various countries.

The most valuable document received on the vaccination question is from the Imperial Health Bureau of Berlin. On account of the recent passing of the "conscience" clause, in regard to vaccination in England, the document has been published at a very opportune time, and is attracting much attention in Europe.

The work begins by showing that Juncker, in 1796, wrote that about four hundred thousand lives were lost yearly in Europe through smallpox, King Frederick William III, of Prussia, in a regulation of 1803 states that in that country the loss from smallpox was more than forty thousand lives yearly.

Smallpox was then so much a children's disease that in three Prussian towns with a total population of 13,229 souls in the year 1796, when there were 1,250 cases of smallpox, it was found that of the remaining 12,079, all had already had smallpox except 524 persons. The adult population was thus permanently protected against smallpox.

DISCOVERY OF VACCINATION.

The inoculation of smallpox was introduced, but it attracted little attention till 1740. "Inoculation," the document says, "is not a discovery of the laboratory; it is a practice taken up from a belief of the peasantry in various parts of the world." It was believed that scores on the hands of milkers of cows affected with "cowpox" conferred protection against smallpox. Experiments had been made by others before Jenner.

In England we have Jesty's vaccination, and in 1765 Sutton and Fewster annually made a communication to the Medical Society. But Fewster had a poor opinion of vaccination experiments, and in no way assisted Jenner, whom he often met. In 1781 Dr. Nash vaccinated his son, and other children, but died in 1789 without publishing results.

The spread of vaccination was very rapid; in 1800 the French Government appointed a commission to investigate into the matter, and the result of the investigation was the acceptance of vaccination. Russia accepted it in the following year. In Vienna the first vaccination was done in 1799, the year after Jenner's pamphlet. Germany and Sweden took it up at once. Vaccination very early became compulsory in some countries; in Bavaria, in 1707; Baden, 1815; Wurtemberg, 1818; and in Sweden in 1816. Where it was not compulsory it was largely adopted at first.

Frederick William III, of Prussia, in 1803, issued a decree requiring the authorities to active prosecution of vaccination.

DISEASE VANISHED RAPIDLY.

Within a few years the mortality from smallpox diminished so rapidly that the disease, as an epidemic, appeared to be vanishing from Europe. As an example, both of the rapid spread of vaccination and the rapid decline of smallpox, Sweden can be taken as an example. This yearly average deaths from smallpox in the country before vaccination was 191 per 100,000 of population. In a very few years the rate fell to the small figure of 7 in 100,000 of population.

The decline of the disease in Europe, after vaccination, was so rapid indeed, that it was said to "astonish the world."

About the third decade of this century, however, smallpox increased again in certain countries, and then the question of re-vaccination was brought prominently before the public notice.

The era of re-vaccination began at first in the armies. The Wurtemberg army led the way in 1833, with the result that during the twenty years before the epidemic of 1870-5 not one smallpox death occurred. The Prussian army followed in 1834, and while during the five years previous there had been 370 deaths, an average of 74 a year, in the army during the thirty-five years there were only 77 deaths, an average of only 2.2 yearly.

The Bavarian army adopted re-vaccination in 1843, and from thence till 1870 had only 6 deaths from smallpox. Vaccination made only slow progress in England comparatively, and it was not till much later that vaccination, of all recruits, was established. It took fifty years of England to enjoin vaccination by law upon all children.

Such is the history of vaccination. That it is a great preventive against smallpox is admitted by medical men all over the world.

THE MYSTERIOUS CRIME ON THE S.S. NEPTUNE

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Monteith, however, took his failure like the honest gentleman he was, and turned the conversation. Remembering his anxiety to solve the mystery of Ventin's death, he thought he would question his fair companion. "Did you ever know a lady in Valetta called Mrs. Ventin?" he asked, as they walked slowly along in the burning sun.

"No, I never heard the name before," replied Carmela, promptly, looking at him.

"Of course not," thought Monteith; "it wasn't his right name."

"Who is she?" said Carmela, carelessly; "that's the same name as the gentleman who died."

"She was his wife," replied Ronald.

"Does she live at Valetta?" asked Miss Cotoner.

"I think so."

"Strange I never met her."

"She was married to my friend seven years ago."

"Oh!" said Miss Cotoner with a slight start; "no, I never heard of her, Mr. Monteith."

They were strolling along the Alameda by this time, and the Grand Promenade of Gibraltar was crowded. Many an admiring glance was directed at the pretty girl Roland was escorting; and one young officer was heard to declare that "that dark girl was deuced good style you know."

On the Alameda they met Mrs. Pellypop, and the ever-lively Pat along with Miss Lester, and the whole party were tired and dusty with sight-seeing. Mrs. Pellypop, in fact, was rather cross, but triumphant, as she had secured a number of bargains, though, truth to tell, she had paid dearly for her purchases. She was not at all pleased at seeing Ronald escorting Carmela, and observed, with some asperity, that it was time to return to the ship. Everyone being weary agreed, and they went down the steep street out of the gate, and Pat ran to get a boat. While thus waiting, the Marchese Vassalla came up and addressed himself with some anger to Miss Cotoner.

"I did not get on shore till you left, and have been looking for you all day; you ought to have waited for me to escort you."

"Thank you," replied his cousin, languidly; "Mr. Monteith has been kind enough to relieve you of your duties."

The look Vassalla cast on Roland was not, by any means, a pleasant one.

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Pellypop was an epitome of all that was good; a happy mixture of Hannah More and Florence Nightingale, with just a slight flavor of Mrs. Candor to add piquancy to her character. She was an excellent housekeeper, a devout Christian, rigorous in all her social duties, a faithful wife—and yet, the late Mr. Pellypop must have been glad when he died. She was too overpoweringly virtuous, and wherever she went showed herself such a shining example of all that was excellent, that she made everyone's conduct, however proper it might be, look black beside her own. The fact is, people do not like playing second fiddle, and as Mrs. Pellypop always insisted on leading the social orchestra, her room

was regarded as better than her company.

Her father had been a clergyman, and when she married Mr. Pellypop, who was in the wine trade, and came out to Melbourne to settle, she never lost an opportunity of acquainting people with the fact. Mr. Pellypop died from an overdose of respectability, and left his widow fairly well off, so she declined to marry again—not having any chance of doing so—and devoted herself to the education of her only daughter, Elizabeth, whom she nearly succeeded in making as objectionably genteel as herself. Elizabeth was good, gentle, and meek, and as Mrs. Pellypop wanted a son-in-law of a similar nature, she married Elizabeth to the Rev. Charles Mango, who was then a humble curate in Melbourne.

After marriage, the Rev. Charles turned out to have a will of his own, and refused to let Mrs. Pellypop manage his household as she wished to do. Indeed, when he was created Bishop of Patagonia for his book on "Missionary Mistakes," he went off with his meek little wife, to his diocese in South America, and absolutely refused to let his upright mother-in-law accompany him. So Mrs. Pellypop, made a virtue of necessity, and stayed behind in Melbourne; talked scandal with her small circle of friends, bragged about her son-in-law the Bishop, gave tracts to the poor, which they did not want, and refused them money, which they did and in short, led, as she thought, a useful, Christian life. Other people said she was meddlesome, but then we all have our enemies, and if the rest of her sex could not be as noble and virtuous as Mrs. Pellypop, why it was their own fault.

At last she heard that the Bishop and his wife had gone to England to see that worthy prelate's parents, so Mrs. Pellypop sold all her carefully preserved furniture, gave up her house, and took her passage on board the "Neptune" in order to see her dear children before they went back to the wilds of South America. On board the ship she asserted her authority at once, and became a kind of female Alexander Selkirk, monarch of all she surveyed. Two or three ladies did indeed attempt a feeble resistance, but Mrs. Pellypop made a good fight for it, and soon reduced them to submission. Her freezing glance, like that of Medusa, turned everyone into stone, and though the young folk talked flippantly enough about her behind her back, they were quiet enough under the mastery of her eye.

When the ship left Gibraltar, late in the afternoon, Mrs. Pellypop was not pleased, and sat in her deckchair steadily knitting, and frowned at the grand mass of the Ape's Head on the African coast as if that mountain had seriously displeased her. She was annoyed with the conduct of Miss Cotoner who took an independent stand and refused to be dictated to by Mrs. Pellypop or anyone else; so the good lady, anxious to guide the young and impulsive girl, and find out all about her, determined to speak to her and subjugate her, if possible. So she sat in her chair knitting away like one of the Fates, and pondering over her plan of action, for Mrs. Pellypop never did anything in a

hurry, and always marshalled her forces beforehand.

Carmela, with the Marchese on one side and Roland on the other—both of which gentlemen were exchanging scowls of hate—was looking at the romantic coast of Spain as they steamed through the Straits. The rolling, green meadows—undulating like the waves of the sea, with the glint of yellow sunlight on them made a charming picture, and, turning to the other side, she could see the granite peaks of the Ape's Head, with wreaths of feathery clouds round it, and, a little farther back, the white houses of Ceuta. Add to this charming view, a bright sky, a fresh breeze, which made the white sails belly out before it, and two delightful young men to talk to, it was little to be wondered at that Carmela felt happy.

So these are the Pillars of Hercules?" she said, looking from one side of the strait to the other.

"Yes," answered her cousin, "so the Greeks said. I don't think much of Hercules as an architect—do you?"

"Indeed I do," replied Carmela, enthusiastically; "what can be grander than Gibraltar and the Ape's Head?" "They are not exactly alike," said Ronald, looking at Vassalla, "and the Marchese likes consistency."

"Of course I do," retorted Vassalla, with an angry flush on his cheek, "especially in women," with a significant look at his cousin.

"Then my dear Matteo, you are sure to be disappointed," retorted Miss Cotoner, calmly, "for you'll never get it—the age of miracles is past, my friend."

Ronald laughed, and was rewarded by a scowl from the Marchese, and then Carmela, tired of keeping peace between these hot-headed young men, went off to talk to Mrs. Pellypop. Without doubt, there would have been high words between the rivals had not a steward come up to Ronald with a message that the captain wanted to see him. So Ronald retreated, leaving Vassalla in possession of the field, and the Marchese, seeing there was no chance of talking to Carmela, went off to solace himself with a cigarette.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Pellypop received Carmela with an affection of friendliness and proceeded to question her in a Machiavellian manner.

"What a pretty place Valetta is," said the matron, dropping her knitting and rubbing her plump white hands; "I suppose you know it very well?" "I ought to," answered the girl, laughing; "I've lived there nearly all my life."

"Yet you speak English well," said Mrs. Pellypop sceptically.

"Yes, there are so many English people in Malta; and, besides, my mother was English."

"Oh," thought Mrs. Pellypop, noticing the use of the past tense, "her mother is dead." "So you are going home to your mother's people, I suppose?" she asked aloud.

"Just on a visit," replied Carmela, carelessly.

"Indeed, they live in London, I presume?"

"No, at Marlow on the Thames."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Pellypop, sitting up suddenly, "is that so? I am going down there myself on a visit to my son-in-law. He's the Bishop of Patagonia, my dear, and his parents live near Marlow. Mango is the name. I believe they are well known."

"Yes; I've heard of them," said Carmela, cordially. "A dear old couple I believe."

Mrs. Pellypop, drew herself up stiffly: "The parents of a bishop should never be called 'a dear old couple'; it savored of the peasantry."

"May I inquire the name of your relative?" she asked, coldly, taking up her knitting.

"Sir Mark Trevor."

"Indeed," said Mrs. Pellypop, impressed with the fact that the young lady was connected with a baronet.

"It's a Cornish name, is it not?"

"I believe so. He has estates in Cornwall; but also has a house on the Thames, where he stays for the summer."

"Oh! a bachelor's place I presume?" said Mrs. Pellypop, artfully.

"Not exactly; he's a widower, and has one daughter nearly as old as I am, and they are going to meet me in London, and then we intend to go to Marlow for the summer."

"Then I shall probably see you there," said Mrs. Pellypop, cordially.

"It's not unlikely," replied Carmela, rising. "Good-bye, for the present, Mrs. Pellypop, I'm going to lie down for an hour before dinner."

"Good-bye, my dear," said the matron, resuming her knitting. "I hope I shall meet you on the Thames."

I should like you to know the bishop."

Carmela laughed as she went downstairs.

"She's quite pleased with me now," she said, gaily; "and all because I have a cousin who is a baronet. Heavens, how amusing these people are!"

Mrs. Pellypop was pleased with Miss Cotoner; and what she had termed forward conduct before, she now called eccentricity. This young lady had aristocratic relatives, which relatives lived near the place to which Mrs. Pellypop was going. So the worthy matron, who had a slight spice of worldliness, resolved to cultivate the girl from Malta as a desirable acquaintance.

"She needs a mother's care," thought good Mrs. Pellypop, "so I must try and look after her."

What would Mrs. Pellypop's conduct have been had Carmela told her that her cousin was a butcher? Just the same of course; for how could a good woman attach any importance to such idle things as rank and wealth?

Meanwhile Ronald was in the captain's cabin, talking over the mysterious crime which had taken place on board the "Neptune," and both of them were in considerable doubt how to proceed.

"I want the affair cleared up," said Templeton, "if only for the credit of the ship; it won't encourage people to travel with us if they think there's a chance of being murdered on board."

"The difficulty is how to start," replied Ronald, thoughtfully; "you see there is absolutely no clue to follow."

"Precisely answered the Captain, leaning forward, 'let me state the case. A gentleman comes on board at Melbourne, and conducts himself in a rational and sane manner, which puts the idea of suicide quite out of the question—just before we arrive at Malta he's restless and uneasy, and tells you the story of his life, which affords strong grounds for suspicion that his wife wanted to kill him—he goes on shore, spies his wife, and returns at once on board—he goes to bed before the ship sails, and the deck is crowded with all sorts and conditions of people, such a crowd that there is absolutely no chance of knowing any of them. He is found dead next morning, with an Italian stiletto in his breast, a weapon which a Maltese would probably use in preference to a knife. There is no evidence to show that anyone was seen near the cabin. Now your theory is that his wife came on board before the ship sailed, killed him, and escaped on shore in the confusion?"

"Yes; that is my theory, but only founded on the story he told me."

"Very good! We then find he told you that Ventin was not his real name. I search his boxes and papers, and find no other name but Lionel Ventin, and yet he distinctly denied that that was his proper name?"

"He did—distinctly."

"I place all the facts and evidence in the hands of the authorities at Gibraltar, and they are equally mystified with ourselves—they suggest that it might have been a lascar or a steward."

"Impossible! there was no motive."

"No robbery, certainly," answered Templeton, "but do think there could have been any other motive?"

"How could there? With the exception of myself, he was very reserved with everyone else on board."

"Then we dismiss the steward and lascar theories; it must have been the wife. Now I have stated the case how do you propose to unravel the mystery?"

"Ask me something easier," replied Ronald with a laugh.

"Think again—he told you his story did he mention any names?"

"One; Elsie Macgregor."

"Good; now do you see a clue?"

"Ah! Ronald thought a moment—yes, I see what you mean, if Ventin were divorced, Elsie Macgregor must have been joined as co-respondent."

To be Continued.

Summer Sufferings of Women.

It requires an enormous amount of vitality to withstand the weakening and trying effects of the withering summer weather, to overcome the languid, worn-out feelings, and to fight off the fevers and dreadful fatal diseases which are especially prevalent in the summer time, and ever ready to attack those in a low state of health.

There is nothing so trying on the system, as the hot, summer weather, and none who suffer more from the heat than the woman with the cares of a family on her hands, requiring work in the hot kitchen and over the stove. Many a worn-out, despondent woman who could scarcely drag herself about the house has been restored to health and strength by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, pills, the great blood builder and nerve restorative.

Mrs. D. W. Cransberry, 168 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont., states:—"My daughter got completely run down in health. Her nerves were so exhausted and she was so weak and debilitated that she had to give up

work entirely and was almost a victim of nervous prostration.

"Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food pills, she began to use it and was benefited from the very first. It proved an excellent remedy in restoring her to health and strength. After having used four boxes she is now at work again, healthy and happy, and attributes her recovery to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, pills."

As a summer medicine to revitalize the brain, the spinal cord, the nerves, and through them the entire human body, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is unrivalled and unapproached. It increases the number of red corpuscles in the blood, creates new nerve force and entirely overcomes the wretched languid and worn out feelings of summer. Disease can find no foothold when the blood is kept pure and rich and the nerves strong by using this great restorative.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, pills, 50 cents a box, at all dealers or by mail post paid on receipt of price, from Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Oh the Farm.

WHY FOWLS DO NOT PAY.

There is no line of work on the farm that will not give a more steady and satisfactory income than the work of the industrious hen, provided she is looked after as she should be.

The first reason why hens are not paying is lack of knowledge as to how best to handle them. Raising and caring for poultry has to be learned like anything else. Success is not attained just off-hand any more than it is in any other line of work. Nearly every one thinks they can raise