

DRUGS FOR THE NERVES.

A Short Talk with a Brooklyn Apothecary About Their Use.

An elegantly dressed woman of middle age, whose face bore traces of great beauty, entered one of the largest drug stores in Brooklyn, and walking quickly to the rear of the store, where one of the proprietors was busy mixing prescriptions, handed him a slip of paper.

"What is it used for?" was then asked. "Nerves," replied the proprietor. "You have no idea, young man," he continued, "how much we see of that and kindred hypnotics every day. It is simply awful."

No one outside of this business and the medical profession has any idea of the number of educated, well to do people who use bromide of potassium, bromide of sodium and chloral every night to induce sleep.

Morphine and opium are perhaps not used as much as they were, for the law is that none shall be sold by druggists unless on prescription. We have regular customers, though, for opium, who obtain prescriptions for the deadly drug in some way.

One man comes here every second day for his regular allowance. He is a day for his regular allowance. He is a poor man, too, and I asked him the other night what he would do if he should find himself in a position where he had no money to buy what to him is the staff of life.

"Do," he exclaimed, with a look of despair. "God only knows what I should do. Kill myself, I suppose."

"How did that man get into the habit?" He was severely injured and taken to the hospital. While there his severe paroxysms of pain were relieved by morphia.

When he was discharged as convalescent at intervals he had recurring spells of this pain, and naturally he turned to the same drug for relief. It is quite impossible for him to break off the habit, for he cannot work unless he has his usual dose, and he is dependent upon his trade for a livelihood.

"What is the latest fad in hypnotics?" "Solfonal," a product of petroleum. Before solfonal, antipyrine was all the rage, the latter also coming from petroleum.

There is a peculiar fact about people who use nerve quieting drugs, and that is, the moment a new one is discovered, although it may have scarcely become known to physicians, there is a call for it immediately.

I suppose that such people are constantly on the outlook for something and when one discovers a new drug he tells the rest. Now this solfonal is a very recent discovery. Even physicians do not fully understand its effects and use it with great caution, yet people will send for and take large doses of it.

It is known that five grains will quicken the action of the heart, and still I have customers who in their ignorance think nothing of taking fifteen grains. It's a wonder that some of them don't kill themselves, but perhaps they do, for all I know.

"What are the after effects of this new discovery?" "Now, so far as can be determined, unlike opium, it has apparently no deleterious reaction effect upon the nerves, but it is almost too early to judge of the properties of solfonal, it is of such recent birth.

POT-POURRI.

Merchant—"Aren't you a little quicker than usual, Johnny?" District Messenger Boy—"Couldn't help it, boss. Kelley's bull-dog's loose again. Chased me clean up ter der door."

Mamma—"No, Bertie, you can have no more candy. It isn't good for your teeth?" Bertie—"But, mamma, I don't take it for my teeth."

"Well, well," mused the love-lorn youth, "I'm in a fix. If I marry Mabel people will say that I married her for her money; and if I suddenly give her up from conscientious motives, people will say that she jilted me because I am poor. I guess I'll brave opinion and propose at once."

Castle building.—Greta—And so you are engaged at last, my dear—to an architect; but has he ever built anything? Marjorie—Built anything! I should say so; why, he told me himself that he has built many "castles in Spain."

"He—You evidently knew that song. I noticed that your mouth kept moving as though you were repeating the words." She—No, George, that was gum. First Citizen—I hear that young Algernon Fitz-Deuce-ace is going to marry and settle down.

Second Citizen—It would be more to the point were he to marry and settle up. First Citizen—What do you mean? Second Citizen—Merely that I have the misfortune to be his tailor. Hoggins: I heard you lost a pile on 'Change, yesterday.

Wiggins: You heard right. "Were you a bull or a bear." "Neither—I was a jackass." "And what do you do at school?" asked his uncle of Tommy. "Do you learn to read?"

"No." "To write?" "No." "Well, what, then, do you do?" "I wait till it's time to go home?"

"Shifty" People. The "shifty" man or woman serenely sails upon the troubled waters, or cheerfully walks the toilsome "uphill grade," never getting water-logged or braced by the stones which lie in their path.

Do hard times come? With a turn here and a wrench there, straightway things and a wrench there, straightway things and a wrench there, straightway things and a wrench there.

There are only 100 cents in the dollar, but in the hands of a "shifty" person it goes for all it will buy. A "shifty" man gets a home over his head, if it is only a little room, built from odds and ends of cheap lumber.

A "shifty" wife, sister, or home-maker keeps a tidy, restful retreat, singing gaily while she washes, irons, cooks, makes and mends in the kitchen, parlour bedroom, and dining room all in one.

By-and-bye the low, wet lot is filled up; a few flowers and vegetables are coaxed to grow; a cistern is dug, shaded by a quince and a pear tree; a summer kitchen glad and dense the heart of the patient cook; an ell makes two tiny bedrooms, and next comes a "lean-to," while inside Mariar Ann freely revels in closets, shelves and handy places.

No creaking doors; locks, hinges, knobs, are all in order, and the windows can be raised and yet not rattle during the least breeze.

nor pictures, nor steamer tickets, nor dogs, nor hens, can supply that. "Home," says the proverb, "is where the heart is," but if so, no man seems to have heart enough to fit out a home without a woman to help him.

A woman can do for herself; there lies her advantage. It may be harder for a woman to make money; undoubtedly it is harder. She makes a dollar, perhaps, where a man makes twenty; but when it comes to purchasing power her dollar goes the farthest toward the maintenance of a home.

So long as she retains it she is strong and self-respecting, and even if she parts with it, so strong is the instinct of home that she ever all reconstructs it for herself even in a boarding-house.

If the home is combined with a little freedom in the use of money, it gives more comfort and more local prestige than a lone man can win by a fortune. What would be the social condition of any country village in our Atlantic States without a first-class maiden lady? She is the daughter of "old squire" somebody, or of "parson" somebody else; she lives in the great square house with its elms and its white lilacs, and its breezy hall: she has a maid or two who have lived with her so long that they seem like half sisters, she has in daily use the precious china and the old chairs that her envious city niece vainly tried to rival at auction rooms; she man-ages the book club and the Church social; she is the confidante of all the love affairs; she calls upon the new comers, if worthy;—indeed the new comers, if worthy, bring letters to her.

To the older inhabitants of the town she always seems young and even elegant; she has a prolonged tradition of precedence that outlasts youth and beauty; if she has a sister they are spoken of to the end of their days as "the Parker girls." All this is the joint result of womanhood and home, or of that womanhood which creates home. It is not only potent for itself, but it extends its potency over all other homes.

What, compared to this, is the social position given by wealth to the lonely old bachelor of the country village? Though he be a millionaire he is simply "the old bach." The truth is that as people grow older it is the man who becomes dependent, and the woman the central and essential figure of the household, since she can do without him and he cannot do without her.

The proof of this lies in the fact that we see all around us self-sufficing and contented households of women, while a house that contains men only is a barrack, not a home. In youth it is easy to ignore to say with Shakespeare in Henry V:— 'Tis ever common That men are merrier when away from home.

but the merriment is shallow, the laugh is forced, and years and illness and sorrow soon bring him back, a repentant prodigal to his home, and to woman, the only homemaker.

Young Housekeepers. Let me say, however, that it is nothing short of positive cruelty for mothers to allow their daughters to marry without a knowledge of the most homely details of household management.

I can easily realize that my own lot might have been the too common one of petty dissension and recrimination that has been the portion of many of my friends, who, taken from a life of comparative uselessness, find themselves competitive and contentious as mothers-in-law do naturally is not disposed to view her son's bride through his partial eyes.

The outcome in the majority of cases is that the young wife suddenly awakens to the fact that the lover who feigned indifference to such prosaic matters as eating and drinking has suddenly developed what seems to her an absurdly serious interest in all that pertains to his stomach.

Too proud to admit her ignorance she loftily tells him that "Mamma always attended to the housekeeping. She never allowed me to do anything menial." Then steps in John's well meaning but injudicious mother, or sister perhaps, with the stern resolve that his digestion and comfort shall not be sacrificed to the inexperience of a mere chit of a girl.

The usual sequel of tears, appeals from both sides to poor John, who loyally trying to stand by his marriage vows, and protect and cherish the delicate creature who depends only on him; yet finds himself guiltily wondering why Arabella seems to have changed in some way, does not look as muddy coffee and fried beefsteak as in her mother's pretty little cottage, where everything was so daintily appointed.

Dear young wives, a little foresight some years before marriage, and training not at a fashionable cooking school, but in your own home kitchens, would smooth the inevitable difficulties in your married life so effectually that you could face undaunted even the dreaded lot of living with your relations-in-law.—Mrs. Edward A. Perpell in Good Housekeeping.

Poor Jones. Mr. Jones had joined a French class, and was telling his wife how well he was getting along. "I am afraid," she said, "that it is nothing but a 'spasm.' I've known people before who would tackle a foreign language, expecting to know all about it in a month, and by the time they could translate, 'The son of the baker has the loaf of bread of the daughter of the gardener,' or some such rank nonsense as that, and had bought a few dollars' worth of foreign books, their enthusiasm would die away like the morning mist."

Real Hog Latin. Boys, to be sure, have their "hog Latin," but it does not show contempt for the language itself. The young ladies, on the other hand, have attacked the sacred tongue at the most vital point—in its "principals parts." What hope can one have for the irreverent miss who concatted this: "Pig, o piggery, squeal I, grunt 'em!" That must be real hog Latin; but it is not so bad, so heartrending to a true lover of the classics as this, which smacks of the luncheon hour in a girl's school in the suburb of Boston. "Jingo, jingery, gingerbread, gimmesum"

The Whole Subject Presented. A little Boston girl was rebuked the other day for certain irregularities of behavior. "Look here, my dear Emily," said the mother, "if you do like that you won't go to heaven." "Don't want to go to heaven?" said Emily. "What! You do not want to go to heaven?" "No." "Why not?" "Got to die first."

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What the Widow Said. A dashing Washington widow, who had received marked attention from a popular and gallant physician, found herself suddenly deserted. Her Esculapian, aged 52, was completely enthralled by a beauty of 18, and on Christmas morning the wedding took place with all due pomp. Worn down by the widow! She swallowed it bravely, wore an undaunted front, and was among the first to offer hurried congratulations to the happy pair.

The conversation turned upon Christmas gifts, and the bride said, laughing gaily: "All my wedding presents were sent before Christmas, so on Christmas morning I had not a single gift." "Ah! my dear, that is cruel; you had me," said the bridegroom, reproachfully. Before the pretty bride could answer, the widow's eyes grew dangerous, and swinging slowly her large fan, she murmured:—"Surely my dear Mrs. X., you should be more than satisfied, for you know that antiques are all the rage." In the awful silence following the widow rose, carefully arranged her draperies, and bowed her adieu in stately serenity. Dr. X. and his wife never returned her call.

School Girls and Dress. A lady who has taught for over 30 years gave the following as a result of her experience: "When a new scholar was introduced," she said, "I always looked first at her dress. If that was plain, neat and tidy, I was pretty confident that I had good material to work with. For the first two or three years of my teaching I was in the habit of scrutinizing the features and the formation of the heads, but these came at last to be quite secondary considerations. Our school was so expensive that none but the daughters of the wealthy could possibly enter it; so when a young lady came to the class-room in a plain dress I was sure it was on account of her idea of the fitness of things. This argued common sense. Common sense is always in direct antagonism to vanity, and where there is no vanity there is seldom self-consciousness. So you see a plain dress came to mean a great deal to me. I learned never to expect anything from a girl whose school dress was silk or velvet."

Woman the Only Home-Maker. The single man may have an estate, a principal; he can own a great hotel and fill it with guests; but he cannot create a home without a woman to help him, and that, too, a woman whose service is not that of a housemaid. When it comes to a home, there is not a solitary dressmaker in the land, esconced in her little room with her geranium, her canary and her sewing-machine, who cannot completely eclipse him, this being the result, not of his sins, but of his sex.

Undoubtedly each reader will think or try to think, of some exception to all this—some single man who is happy, some "jolly bachelor," some "cheerful widower." No doubt there are those who can be happy, especially during the first half of life, without the sense of home. A, with his wealth and his paintings, and his yachts and his delightful monologues; B, with his perpetual journeyings; C, with six dogs, and our late Cambridge professor with that family of hens which he tended like a herdsman, with a long staff, and which he trained to take food from stakes struck in the ground instead of scratching in the flower beds—all these may doubtless have found a bachelor life not inconsistent with happiness; but where after all, is the home? Neither yachts,

A cyclone in Lamar county, Texas, has done great damage.

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