KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

Some of the Evils Which Result from Outbursts of Anger.

EFFECTS UPON THE SYSTEM GENERALLY.

Man, says an old writer, unrestrained by discipline, or abandoned to the turbulence of unbridled passion, is pitiable and degraded indeed. The fountains of his health and enjoyment are corrupted, and all that is comely and elevated in his nature is marred and debased. His whole life, in short, becomes but a succession of painful mental and physical strugglings and commotions—a torment equally to himself and all around him. He who made this assertion had in mind all the painful passions, anger, envy, jealousy, etc., which humanity is prone to; but he would not have been far from right had he said the same of the man quick to anger and of ungovernable temper, for of all mental peculiarities, short of absolute disease, his is one of the most unfortunate, and, in truth, as all know, he is likely "to be a torment to himself and all around him." It is not the writer's purpose, however, to discuss the social penalties inflicted upon the choleric man, but to consider briefly the bearing which anger has upon his health, and to point out some of its evils which are not generally recognized.

That man can become angry is for him a fortunate provision. Anger is an essential and component part of his natural system of defence against all influences which threaten him. As has been said: "Modified and abused as we find it, it was originally implanted in our breasts as a necessary safeguard alike to our happiness and existence." But anger, indispensable as it is to man's welfare, both physical and mental, must yet be a fruitful source of disease, regret and disgrace unless kept under control of reason and the will. Unfortunately, it is not always kept under wise restraint, nor are all conscious of the evils which must result when it is "given rein." Allusion is not made to acts of which an angry man may be guilty, but to its effects upon himself. Every paroxysm is a mental shock or strain, which in some degree

THREATENS THE MENTAL HEALTH.

of him who experiences it. In every fit of intense anger there is started a train of disturbances of mind which extend into the body; and so both may under certain conditions suffer serious injury, and perhaps death may result. A person may, of course, be even "terribly angry" many times and yet appear to be none the worse for such attacks. Quick and complete recovery is the rule among the young whose powers are elastic and will bear severe strains. Not so is it, however, with those who have entered or passed middle life; they break, when they would merely have bent in early life.

"Convulsed with fury" is an expression which is often used to indicate an extreme paroxysm of anger, and certainly something like a convulsion occurs. There is for a time a complete unheaval, every vital power being shaken. Really, there is not an important part of the system which is not disturbed in the intense anger, and for a time life seems to be at a standstill, and even threatens to go out. The blood, receding from the surface, surges back to the internal organs, and they are either overwhelmed or sorely depressed. The heart especially suffers from the shock of anger, and seems scarcely able to perform its function. The breath comes short and quick; there is a tightness across the chest as though the lungs were closing; in fact, the whole vital system is convulsed. This condition of things generally attends an outburst of violent anger; then follows reaction, unless, as it sometimes happens, death occurs; and if it comes then it is as sudden as a stroke of lightning. In less intense anger the shock is not nearly as great; it may be felt only for an instant, and it may be entirely absent, the so-called stage of excitement beginning with the first outburst of anger. Doubtless all have many times seen the effects of this shock; it is on when the angered one stands paralyzed, as it were, dumb, or, as often is said, "choking with rage." But as stated, this stage is sometimes absent even in intense anger, and the instant that passion is aroused the state of excitement—which is

REACTION FROM SHOCK,

comes, and we have what is often termed fury, or rage. When this state is entered the blood turns and rushes like a torrent back to the surface; the face becomes "blazing red" the lips swollen, the eyes bloodshot and the skin hot; hence the expression, "burning with anger." In this stage the condition of the system is almost a perfect contrast to that of shock. The vital powers which were nearly overwhelmed have not only renewed their strength, but have preternatural strength, and that organ of life, the heart, which was so feebly and threatened to stop beating, now violently hammers at the chest wall. Such sudden changes as these—first to partial collapse from shock, and then to wild excitement and high fever—if they are extreme, must shake the entire system, and more than likely leave for a long time evidence of having occurred. Of course, all people who become angry do not suffer like this. It does not seem possible for some ever to become "terribly angry"; but that class is comparatively small—the infinite majority can be goaded to it. Then there are many with whom anger is sudden and transient; while there are others who are slower to it, and they are much slower also in getting over it. It is generally the latter who suffer most from it, for it is quite likely to leave a lasting bitterness, if not positive hatred, against the one who invoked the attack and such feeling, malignant, or akin to it, is in itself prejudicial to mental health. Generally he who turns pale when angry is the most intensely so; and he is the one it is well to give a "wide berth to." But sometimes fear and anger are associated, and then the victim almost always turns pale. He is not so formidable, but his own sufferings are greater than they would be were anger unmingled with fear.

Considering the sudden and very great disturbances in the circulation during a fit of anger, it is clear, of course, that the heart is

THE VITAL ORGAN WHICH SUFFERS MOST.

On the instant one becomes angry his heart loses much of its power, and it is possible for it to stop altogether. Except in those fatal cases, the heart during the shock of anger beats feebly and irregularly, and its efforts to continue its work are labored and not infrequently painful. But when reaction comes it is galvanized, and runs up to the highest pitch; it is strained to its utmost and threatens to exhaust, if not destroy, itself. Consider the effects of anger upon the heart alone, and it will be seen that if there is any defect of that organ, there is imminent danger of dire results. All know, or ought to know, that any unusually great muscular exertion—such as "running to catch the train"—is forbidden those who have entered or passed middle life, for the reason that even if the heart be comparatively healthy it can scarcely bear such a strain, while if it be at all diseased—and it may be and yet have given no sign of the fact—death is likely to occur in consequence of the strain. During the excitement of anger, which is intense, the heart labors as hard and as painfully as it does after a long run. And, besides that, having first experienced a shock and then met the other extreme—great excitement—it is really less able to bear the imposition than it would be were it laboring in consequence of a run. But while the heart, when it gives way in anger, often does so during the stage of excitement, it is sometimes overwhelmed by the shock, being paralyzed, as it were. Heart failure, however, is not the only danger to be apprehended in consequence of anger. After a certain time in life—as middle age is closing—there is a natural tendency for the walls of the blood vessels to lose tone and strength; this change may also occur in comparatively young people in consequence of disease. The vessels then, like a hose of leather or rubber, are much more liable to burst than they were when new. With the heart running at its highest speed and power, the blood pressure in the vessels is infinitely greater than it is under usual conditions, and, of course, rupture of some of them is no more than might be expected. So apoplexy—an accident in which some artery in the brain ruptures—may be one of the consequences of anger. Blood vessels in other parts of the body may also break under its influence. That hemorrhage from the lungs sometimes occurs during a fit of anger is a fact which must be known to all. While its most serious effects are, perhaps, oftenest felt by

THOSE WHO ARE QUITE ADVANCED IN LIFE,

younger people, who are what is called full blooded and are generous livers, are quite as liable to such accidents. Sometimes the effects of anger are felt the heaviest by the nervous system, and convulsions occur in consequence. Besides these grave accidents and affections, there are others which sometimes result from anger, and cause death either suddenly or eventually.

Instances where anger has proved fatal are many. According to one writer the Emperor Nerva died of a violent excess of anger against a senator who had offended him. Valentinian, the first Roman Emperor of that name, while reproaching with great passion the deputies from the Quadi, a people of Germany, burst a blood vessel, and suddenly fell lifeless to the ground. "I have seen," says a French medical writer, "two women perish, the one in convulsions at the end of six hours, and the other suffocated in two days, from giving themselves up to the transports of fury." It is well known that John Hunter, the great English surgeon, fell a sudden victim to a paroxysm of anger. He had a bad temper, and not only often got angry, but very angry indeed. During the later years of his life he suffered from heart trouble, and "was in constant jeopardy from his ungovernable temper"; in fact, he once made the remark that "his life was in the hands of any rascal who chose to annoy and tease him." One day he got into an altercation with one of his colleagues, who contradicted him point blank. Hunter hurried into an adjoining room, and when barely across the threshold, fell lifeless to the floor. It is said that Dr. Bogdanovski, a well known surgeon in St. Petersburg, died recently while engaged in an operation. He was about to amputate the arm of a patient, and had already begun the operation, when he was angered by the awkwardness of a student who was assisting him. He spoke to him sharply, and suddenly fell fainting to the floor. He soon recovered consciousness, and was about to proceed with the operation, when he fell again and died in a few minutes.

THE CAUSE OF DEATH

is reported to be heart failure. In truth, as one writer has said, "the heart receiving immediately the shock of every fit of anger, the life of the passionate man who labors under an affection of that organ, must be held in constant uncertainty."

If an outburst of anger of any considerable intensity does not prove fatal, it at least generally upsets the system. Its effects upon the appetite are well known; let a person get into a quarrel at the table and he at once loses all relish for the food before him. A choleric person is almost always subject to attacks of indigestion, which are the direct consequences of his getting angry. Pain, cramps and diarrhœa are likely to follow a severe fit of anger if it occurs soon after a meal is eaten, because digestion stops with the outburst, and is slow in starting up again. The liver, of course, shares in the disturbance, and a bilious attack may be expected after a "tantrum." As for the effects of anger upon the different secretions, there is an old theory that the saliva may become poisonous through rage; that most animals, when goaded to intense anger, inflict a wound which is more irritable and heals less readily than one administered when they are not excited. That seems very reasonable; it is all speculation, however. But the effects of anger on the mother's milk we know positively is exceedingly hurtful. There is reason for believing that convulsions in nursing children are quite often the consequence of the mothers being greatly disturbed either by anger or grief, all of which passions have the same effect upon her milk.

And so it is clear that, if one expects to live to good old age, he must learn to govern his temper, and avoid as much as possible those influences likely to excite anger. As for those who have been generous livers, and those who suffer from heart trouble of any sort, let them live as wisely as they may, and yet, if they be irritable and prone to give way to anger, they are, as it were, over a mine which is liable to explode at any time and destroy them.

A HOLE IN HIS STOCKING.

He Does not Want to Hang it up on Christmas Eve.

THE POETRY ALL GONE.

We are now rapidly approaching the holiday season, and already the pictorial papers are out with their beautifully executed chromo-lithographs of "Christmas as it ought to be." According to the illustrated press Christmas is one round of jollity and good-will. Every one is engaged in stirring puddings, telling ghost stories, relieving picturesque distress, and, to sum the whole up in a few words, all are acting a part in that conventional Christmas which, so far as the great majority of people are concerned, exists only in their imagination. No doubt amongst some of our merchant princes Christmas really is what it is pictorially represented to be. They can afford to burn Yule logs and indulge freely in all the various festivities that are considered appropriate to this season of the year. To their honor, be it said, most of them are also equally ready to remember the poor and friendless. But to the great majority of the people Christmas is anything but a period of rejoicing. In fact it is the very time when most demands are made upon their purses and when they are least able to meet them.

COMES AT THE WRONG TIME.

There is an old, but very true saying, that no people can be rendered happy by Act of Parliament, and, although social customs operate with a despotic authority that no legislative enactment could possibly command, even the necessity of compliance with the customs of the society in which we live can hardly render Christmas a festive season in this climate. Look at it how we will, the fact is evident that, for the average Canadian, Christmas comes at the wrong season of the year. He is required to be festive and jocund at the very period when his mind is most occupied with the great ploblem of ways and means. He is called upon to give a series of useless, but none the less expensive, presents at a time when he is least able to afford them, simply because it is Christmas. Take the average man of business, outside of our merchant princes. The heaviest expenses of the year are just now crowding upon him. He must lay in and pay for his winter fuel; he must provide himself and his family with that amount of winter clothing without which the severity of this climate could not be endured; he must pay for all the multifarious household expenses entailed upon him by the advent of the beautiful snow; and he must meet all the bills that pour in upon him with merciless regularity at the end of the year. Lucky he is if he does not also receive notice that unless his taxes, etc., are paid within fifteen days execution will forthwith issue against his goods and chattels. He knows that the holiday week will bring him in but little profit, and that the coming 4th of January will be a date that will tax his resources to the uttermost, and yet public opinion and the press call upon him to be jovial and hospitable, and compel him to mask his real anxiety and worry under an outward front of festivity and congratulation.

But if things are bad enough for the ordinary householder. they are ten times worse for the retail trader. Take for instance the case or the retail grocer or general storekeeper. For weeks past he has had a large number of customers (possibly a majority of his trade) who have run behind on the books simply because the cash he would otherwise have received has gone for coal, stoves, winter clothing, rubbers, putting up double windows, etc., and yet the unfortunate man is compelled by the iron rule of custom not only to put up with an accumulation of indebtedness forced upon him by the exigencies of the climate, but also to present every customer with a Christmas gift, usually expected in the form of some of his choicest and most expensive goods, apparently as a reward for his not having paid up to date.

AN IDIOTIC CUSTOM.

This is one of the idiotic customs entailed upon us by a slavish adherence to the customs of the older world. No doubt at one time, when the European countries were almost purely agricultural, the latter end of December (apart from its religious character) was peculiarly appropriate for holiday making. By that time the crops were all harvested and sold, and King Frost had chained the earth in his icy fetters, so that the few weeks left before the spring toil commenced once again, were the best possible season for festivity. In fact there was nothing else to do. But now-a-days our conditions are altogether changed. The Christmas week is a week of toil and of anxiety. With the first of the year comes a cloud of liabilities that tax the average business man's resources to a very grave extent, and with the coming fourth staring him in the face, his merriment is, perforce, spasmodic. He is by no means in the position of his more fortunate progenitor; so that the customs which were so appropriate to the mediæval ages of England and Germany fit in very poorly with the conditions under which modern Canada is compelled to exist. And yet the average citizen is called upon (if an employer of labor) to signalize a peculiarly expensive season by gifts to his most prominent employees (if not to all) as well as, to "remember" in a tangible and expensive form a large circle of expectant relatives.

On certain classes of the retail trade this Christmas tax falls with unusual force. We do not expect the coal dealer to furnish us with a ton of coal for nothing, or the gas company to present us with a quarter's gas; but the moment we reach those tradesmen who minister to the needs of the inner man the unwritten code of Christmas taxation comes at once into action, and is enforced with an iron hand. Possibly this peculiar liability of certain trades is due to our greater familiarity with them; to the fact that they make daily visits to our homes and that thus insensibly they have come to be regarded as more intimately connected with us and therefore, presumably, to take a closer interest in our welfare at this season. This sentiment, like a hard-headed nation, we have turned to practical account by insisting on their displaying it in a tangible manner; regardless of the fact that the necessity of making presents out of the most profitable articles in his stock to a large circle of expectant customers, renders the Christmas of the poorer tradesman infinitely less "merry" than it otherwise would have been.

A SOCIAL BUGBEAR.

What is the consequence? Simply that Christmas, instead of being the jovial holiday it ought to be, has developed into a species of social bugbear. It has become a season when the mean customer expects to get "square" with his suppliers by exacting from them a Christmas gift of far greater value than the volume of his trade really justifies. It has become a season when people are forced to make presents that they cannot afford in exchange for gifts that they have no earthly need of. It is a season of mild, but none the less irritating, extortion. It is the season when donors make presents simply because they have to, and when the recipients accept them without gratitude simply because they know they are given under pressure.

This may possibly seem a pessimistic view of Christmas; but there are hundreds of merchants, both wholesale and retail, in this city, who will endorse our statements in this particular. What was originally intended as a season of supreme unselfishness and generosity is rapidly degenerating into a season of licensed greed; for if the expected gift does not meet the anticipations of the recipient the donor is certain to hear of it, directly or indirectly. As a consequence the merchant is compelled to make provision in his calculations for a certain amount of dead loss in the shape of Christmas gifts, at the very time when he has most need of his ready money. Is it then to be expected that he can look forward to Christmas with any feeling of delight, or that he can enjoy it in the true spirit of rejoicing? He would be something out of the ordinary run of human nature if he could. Nor does the favored customer reap an advantage anything like commensurate with the loss entailed upon the donor. The present is usually something he does not want, and would possibly be far better without; and thus the ordinary result of the custom of Christmas giving is that neither party reaps the least advantage from the transaction.

WHERE THE MISTAKE IS MADE.

The fact is that we do not approach Christmas in a practical spirit. Thanks to the efforts of the pictorial press we have become imbued with the belief that Christmas is an ideal period when the ordinary course of events is perverted for sentimental reasons, and when the relations between buyer and seller and between employer and employed become suddenly reversed. It is in the effort to render ourselves comformable to this untenable position that we make the mistake. Let us look upon Christmas as it really is in this country—that is as a purely religious holiday. Let us divest it of this ridiculous custom of gift giving, and abandon the pretence of generosity when we well know that our presents are forced from us by pressure. In other words let us be what we really are; and not pretend that human nature can be suddenly changed simply because the press say it ought to be. If we did so, Christmas would be a purer and holier festival than it now is. It would be stripped of its present mercenary features, and instead of being a season of self-indulgence and mere material enjoyment it would be really one of peace on earth and good will towards men. Our present ideal Christmas is a pure newspaper "fake"; a monstrosity of mince pies and indigestible plum pudding. We are a practical people—let us then have a practical Christmas.—*Montreal Journal of Commerce.*

German Advertising Scheme.

A novel scheme is reported from Germany by which to advertise to the wide world the different kinds and qualities of German products. It is to fit up a floating exhibition palace, stocked with all descriptions of German productions, to be sent on a voyage around the globe, calling at all the principal ports. An enormous steamer—the Kaiser William—is now being fitted for this purpose. The intention is not only to carry goods, but also to take well-paying passengers who may wish to accompany the expedition. Another intention is, not only to exhibit the goods for the enlightenment of the world, but also to solicit and take orders for the same. So the whole exhibition will constitute the biggest lot of "samples" that ever was sent from "our house," and altogether it will be the greatest "drummer" expedition on record. The commercial traveller is now an acknowledged business necessity, but this expedition seems to be carrying the idea to an extreme. Still it may pay, and that is the sole touchstone of business enterprise. There is one step further, however, which it would seem easy for the Germans to take, and that is to have a few ship loads of general German merchandise to accompany the exhibition. By this means a prompt filling of all orders taken might be secured, and the Germans win the distinguishing title of the "Imperial international pedlars."

He Had It.

Lady—Have you any books containing "Nothing but Leaves?"

Bookseller—Yes'm. The best thing we have in that line is a blank book.

He Popped.

He—Tell me, confidentially, how much did that bonnet cost you?

She—George, there is but one way in which you can obtain the right to inspect my millinery bills!

Senator Moody, of South Dakota, has made himself a record early in his career by getting his son appointed a page in the Senate at a salary of $2.50 per day. So far the youth constitutes the most significant page in his thrifty sire's record.

Yesterday morning the body of Mrs. Scatta, who was cook on the steamer Quinte at the time she was burned, was found on the shore a short distance from the place where the steamer was destroyed. The body bore but few marks of injury. When the commission resumed its investigation into the Quinte disaster at the Mayor's office, Belleville, yesterday, damaging evidence was given by ex-Ald. James St. Charles, one of the passengers. He swore that had the crew lowered the lifeboat in time not a life would have been lost. Chas. A. Harte also gave similar testimony. He said the life preservers were not available.

A REMARKABLE SEWER.

Two Sets of Comments on the "Great Chain of Lakes."

Lake Ontario is simply a section of the trunk of an immense sewer that drains a territory of over 500,000 square miles—twelve times the area of the State of New York and one-seventh that of the United States. This territory forms water-sheds that run not only their streams of all sizes, sources and conditions into the sewer from north, south and west, but also discharge into it, directly or indirectly, the secretions, pollutions and excrescences of the civilization of the millions of people who swarm its shores, or banks, in great cities and lesser towns, and who dwell upon or lie buried in the earth romote from its shores, or banks, to the farthest limit on every hand of the 500,000 square miles sloping toward it from all but one point of the compass. The immense sewer, of which Lake Ontario forms a lower section, 1,500 miles from its source, begins with the rivers Nipigon and St. Louis at the western extremity of Lake Superior, and thence flows sluggishly along through that lake, through St. Mary's river, through Lake Huron, through Lake Michigan, through St. Clair River, through Lake St. Clair, through Detroit River, through Lake Erie, through Niagara River, through Lake Ontario, and through St. Lawrence River, which delivers it to the Atlantic Ocean.—*Rochester Union.*

This is certainly a most remarkable sewer, and the Great Engineer who built it further shocked the sensibilities of our neighbor by making it an open sewer. But as He constructed it without the assistance of a common council, He made a very peculiar job of it. He so contrived things that the sewer should contain the clearest, most beautiful and most healthy water in the world; that it should widen into vast seas, over which commerce should make its easy way, and beside which men should make their homes. The great sewer in all its parts is an especial favorite with the health-seekers and the pleasure-seekers; and its myriad islands are regarded as unsurpassed in loveliness. The portion of the sewer commonly called Lake Ontario is 190 miles long, 55 miles wide, and 606 feet deep. It is, perhaps, the most singular bit of sewage construction in the solar system, as the Niagara River flows into it at one end and the St. Lawrence out of it at the other—the Falls of Niagara closing it on the one and the Thousand Islands on the other. The sewage in Ontario is especially remarkable. At points it is so clear that at a depth of 20 feet a swimmer can see his own shadow on the rocky bottom far below him. Fish thrive in it; and it makes a most delicious punch when mixed with the proper ingredients. The same Architect that made this curious sewer has constructed also some very curious warts, boils and carbucles here and there on the earth's surface, commonly known as the Alps, the Andes, the Rocky Mountains and the Himalayas.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Sleep is Necessary.

In this age of hurry and worry, with its consequent nervous exhaustion, of which so much is now heard, the necessity of taking sufficient sleep cannot be insisted upon too forcibly, says the London *Hospital Newspaper.*

To lay down any hard and fast rule for its regulation is not possible, for, naturally, the brain workers require more than the drones of society; in fact, every brain worker, if he wishes his powers to last, should take from eight to nine hours' sleep out of every twenty-four.

Charles Lamb did not think eight hours enough, whereas Sarah Bernhardt finds six hours a sufficient quantum of sleep.

Testing a Spring Chicken.

Young Husband—Seems to me, my dear, this chicken is pretty tough.

Young Wife—I know it is, and I can't understand it at all. I picked it out myself.

"Did you examine it closely?"

"Indeed I did. I looked in its mouth the first thing, and I could see it hadn't even cut its first teeth yet."—*New York Weekly.*

He Would Live Always.

A man who was deeply in debt was sick unto death.

"Ah," he sighed, "if I could only live until I had paid off my debts."

"Humph!" sneered the doctor, bluntly; "you want to live forever, do you?"

—A great many "buy" words will be used from now until Christmas.

—A child looks upon the most humble boy peddler as a man of rare gifts.

—If the small boy was born with stilts he would then want to try walking on legs.

—The highest degree to which woman is eligible is conferred by the school of life—MA.

—The traveller, like the bird, may sometimes be caught by putting salt on his tale.

WHAT MAKES YOU BLUE?

Why do you yield to the blues?
You can be gay if you choose;
Have your full measure
Of joy and of pleasure.
You are a fool to refuse!
What though you've bills overdue?
What though no maiden loves you?
You can laugh,
Ha! ha! ha!
You can chaff,
Ha! ha! ha!
What in the world makes you blue?

—A cat has nine lives and occasionally a kit-ten.

—Jeff Davis died in poverty, owing $45,000.

Barometer (to alcoholic thermometer—I am happy to-day. I am away up. How are you? Thermometer—My spirits are very much depressed.

PRINCE CHRISTIAN, the oldest son of the Crown Prince of Denmark, who is at present serving his year in the ranks of the common soldiers, is the tallest Prince in Europe. Heretofore the Emperor of Russia has had this honor, but Prince Christian, as was discovered during the Czar's recent trip to Fredensborg, is several inches taller than that monarch. When the Emperor was received at the station his regiment was ordered as the guard of honor and Prince Christian was obliged to "present arms" while the rest of his family greeted the Emperor. The only mark which distinguished the future King from the peasants about him was the Maximilian decoration which he wore on his breast.