THE GENERAL DEATH RATE

A VERY STRIKING REDUCTION IS SHOWN BY FIGURES.

All Due to Better Hygiene—Utility of Warm Water in Medicine, Its Double Action and Benefits—Black and Red Eggs.

Observance of the rules of hygiene has for its result the decrease of mortality, writes a correspondent. In every country statisticians have taken pleasure in showing the results obtained by figures. Sir Joseph Ewart has proved beyond dispute that in England particularly the death rate was lowered; that the mortality caused by certain special diseases has diminished, and that there is a disappearance or, at the least, a very great reduction, in the death rate of some maladies.

Thus, from 1858 to 1860, and during the following five year periods, ending with that of 1891-1895, the death rate per thousand from all diseases amounted to 22.22, 25.58, 22.42, 21.96, 20.79, 19.40, 18.90 and 19.04. And it must be noticed that of late years influenza has swelled the death rate.

It is particularly the death rate of cities that has diminished. Thus, from 1861 to 1870, for every 100 deaths in the country there were 126 in the towns; from 1891 to 1893 the proportion was only 100 to 113. The progress of urban hygiene— street paving, sewerage, drainage, better drinking water—accounts for these favorable results.

From 1858 to 1860 the death rate from smallpox was 219 per million inhabitants. It has fallen to 22 during the period 1891 to 1893 Between the same periods there is a reduction from 792 to 191 deaths per million from the group of fevers, inclusive of typhoid fever, typhus and some other ill defined continuous fever.

From 1871 to 1875 the typhoid mortality was 378.8 per million; from 1891 to 1894 it fell to 135.2. The municipal measures taken to provide pure drinking water in the towns, and the watch kept upon milk are in great part the cause of this improvement. For some time past attention has been drawn to the propagation of typhoid fever by shellfish—by oysters taken from beds affected by sewerage. Sir Joseph Ewart, by personal investigation, became convinced in 1894 that out of 56 cases of typhoid fever 22, that is 42 per cent., were due to the contamination of shellfish by very impure water. In 1895 out of 56 cases 7 were attributable to oysters and 12 to other shellfish. These facts justify the measures taken by the Local Government Board with a view to purifying the beds in which the oysters lie.

From 1871 to 1875 typhus caused 81.4 deaths per million, and only 2 from 1891 to 1894. This disease, due particularly to crowding,

ALMOST DISAPPEARED,

save in a small number of large cities.

Phthisis shows, from 1856 to 1860, a mortality of 2,565 per million, and from 1891 to 1893, a reduction to 41 per 1,000, or 1,512. General hygiene —improvement of food, increased comfort, better habitations—has its share in this progress, but special indications have also contributed to these excellent results—disinfection of spittoons, care in the cooking of meat, prohibition of meats and milk from tuberculous animals.

Hygienic or sanitary measures do not appear to have reduced the death rate of diphtheria, and the same is the case with measles, scarlatina, influenza, and English cholera.

Cultivation of the soil and drainage have almost entirely got rid of malaria. Scurvy is no longer a terror on the ships or in the colonies of England. Leprosy, after having been endemic for over thirteen centuries, with its maximum in the twelfth century, and its latest cases in the eighteenth, has almost disappeared. While the plague has not made its reappearance in England, it has made and is even now making ravages in Great Britain's Indian possessions. It was owing to the fact that the rules of hygiene were misunderstood, that Bombay has been invaded by the plague from China.

As for cholera, although it has recently been imported, in its most serious forms, into three districts, nowhere has it spread, because nowadays every proper precaution is taken by the local authorities to preserve the drinking water from contamination by the cholera bacillus. It is thus evident, from a study either of the general death rate or of the mortality from certain specific diseases, that there is a noteworthy decrease. Much still remains to be done, but the results so far obtained are an encouragement to persevere in the path of progress upon which science has set a resolute foot.

WARM WATER IN MEDICINE.

Warm water exercises a double physiological action, local and general. Locally, it irritates the nerves of the skin, excites the cutaneous circulation, owing to the contraction produced in the vessels, which, however, afterward dilate. Its general action is characterized by an augmentation of the movements of inhalation and exhalation. The respiratory movements later become less frequent and deeper, which increases the action of the heart and the circulation. The dilatation of the vessels of the skin induces a stronger current of blood toward the periphery and "decongests," the internal organs. The chemical properties of the blood undergo changes.

Upon the increased heat produced at the periphery in the dilated vessels, there often follows a diminution of the general temperature.

For these reasons warm baths have been ordered in fever diseases as derivatives against exudations, to favor resorption. They have given good results in cerebral meningitis, in oedema combined with nephritis, bronchitis and pneumonia, rheumatism and sciatica. Locally, under the form of compresses, warm water is advantageous in cerebral apoplexy, in certain forms of conjunctivitis and in sick headache.

In affections of the heart, prudence in the use of warm baths is necessary.

In surgery warm water is used especially in parenchymatous hemorrhages, but it is effective only when applied to contractile organs. It produces excellent results in the treatment of sprained or crushed limbs. It acts marvellously on atonic sores, which it excites to cicatrization, on boils and anthrax. It limits the inflammation and circumscribes purulent abscesses when it does not completely stop suppuration.

For all these reasons the use of warm water in therapeutics cannot be too highly recommended.

BLACK AND RED EGGS.

There is not, so far as I know, any aliment more appreciated than eggs. Their value is known to all. Like milk, they offer to digestive action, under a simple form, albuminoid matter, fatty matter, sugar and salts, similar to those which enter into the composition of the blood. Albumen is found in them in almost the same and fatty matter in a larger proportion than in the muscular meat of the ox. Consequently, there are united, in one aliment, substances which play an important and very general role in the economy of life. Eggs present all the characteristics of a complete aliment, capable of furnishing formative material to all the tissues of the human economy, even the osseous tissue.

The eggs most used for food are those of the hen, and, more rarely, those of the guinea fowl, the duck, the turkey and the plover. The quality of the eggs varies somewhat according to the food eaten by the bird, and to which must be ascribed the black coloring that may be observed in ducks' eggs, and the red tint that may be seen in hens' eggs.

As every one knows, eggs are composed of a yolk swimming in a white or albumen and enclosed in a shell. How is it possible for the yellow to assume a black tint? The reason is that ducks particularly eat oak glands. Now, these glands are very rich in tannin and the yolk is rich in iron—the chemical combination of these two results in tannate of iron, which produces ink, the good black ink of olden days.

No explanation has yet been given, to my knowledge, at any rate, of the fact that hens fed on crayfish shells, which they like immensely, lay eggs the yellow of which has a bright red coloring. But that is a fact placed beyond doubt by experience.

Are these black or red eggs offensive? I do not think the eating of them should cause any injury to the health; but I do believe that they are of inferior quality, and that for this reason they should be avoided. As a matter of fact, it is a rare thing to come across these eggs.

IN A MINE ABOUT TO EXPLODE.

The Foreman, Imprisoned and in Darkness, Extinguished the Fuses When Almost Burned to the Powder.

John Kendall, who was recently the foreman of a mine at Rossland, B.C., lately underwent an experience that has left him a physical wreck. His nerves were shattered and it will be months before he regains his former strength.

It was about three weeks ago that Kendall and four other men lighted the short fuses under eight charges of giant powder in the True Blue mine and then jumped into the basket to be hauled to the surface and out of harm's way. The basket raised a few feet and then stopped. Soon it began settling, and it looked as though the five men would be blown to atoms when the tremendous charges of powder were exploded. When the basket was within four feet of the bottom of the shaft the fuses could be heard sputtering, and the men knew that only a few seconds would elapse before the blasts were discharged.

Kendall jumped from the basket, and began pulling the fuses from the primers, which were to explode the powder.

Kendall had extinguished five of the fuses nearest the bottom iof the shaft when he heard the preliminary sputtering that betokened the immediate explosion several feet away. He stumbled towards them and fell, extinguishing his light, Then there was nothing but the spitting fire to guide him.

"Fortunately," he says, in describing his actions, "the shots had been put down close together. I was able to seize a fuse in either hand. Providence was with me again, for neither blast exploded as I drew the fuse from the primers. What happened after that I do not know of my own knowledge. A great darkness came over me. They say they found me doubled up at the bottom of the shaft, with the fuses of the last two holes clinched tightly in my hands."

It was afterwards discovered that the stopping of the ascending basket was due to the engineer's carelessness. He had forgotten to open the water-cocks in the cylinders, and as a consequence the slide valves choked and would not act.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA

Suffered from Infancy.

THE WAND OF MERCY WAVED OVER MRS. THOS. GREEN.

From Her Childhood She Suffered from Heart Troubles—Doctors Said Nothing Could Be Done for Her, and that Her Death at Any Moment Would Not Surprise Them.

From the Herald, Stratford.

"Of the making of books there is no end," it has been said, and the same claim might be set up in respect of the making of testimonials in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Wonderful as are some of the statements published in the newspapers as to the cures effected in all parts of the country, fresh evidence proves the half has not yet been told. Were it not for a false sense of delicacy which a great many people entertain in regard to such matters the columns of the press would be literally teeming with grateful acknowledgments of benefit derived from and permanent cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is quite within the mark to say that there is no other medicine offered the public that can at all compare with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and there is not a corner in this wide Dominion in which their virtues have not been proved. A cure which recently came to the knowledge of a representative of the Herald is deserving of being widely known. It is an instance of heart trouble that baffled the skill of a number of physicians, some of whom positively refused to treat the patient on the ground that it was no use. The subject of the affliction referred to is the wife of a highly respected and well-to-do farmer in the township of Logan, near the village of Dublin. Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Green are firm believers in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and for very good reasons. Mrs. Green had suffered everything but death from a weak heart, the trouble having afflicted her since early childhood. On several occasions she has been so low that it was not thought possible for her to recover. Her greatest trouble often arose from exhaustion or a sudden start, and at such times her heart seemed to cease its throbbing and the breathing was fitful and labored. Doctor's medicine seemed to have no effect whatever. She was advised by one physician that all that could be done was to keep her strength up, and it was with a view to strengthening her system, and with no hope that her heart would be benefitted, that she began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She had not been taking them long, however, where there was an unmistakable relief from the trouble that had made her whole life miserable. During the past summer she has used Pink Pills freely, and has enjoyed better health than for many years before, and has been able not only to do her household work, but also many of the out door chores that fall to the lot of a farmer's wife. The different physicians who have treated her have frequently told her husband that they would not be surprised to hear of her death at any moment, but she is to-day a strong woman, enjoying better health than she has done for years. Both Mrs. Green and her husband feel grateful for the great benefit she has received from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and spare no words in sounding their praises to everyone who enquires what has wrought such a wonderful change in Mrs. Green's health and spirits.

In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

SPANKED FOR THE FAMILY.

People never get encouragement for doing the Good Samaritan act in the interests of the public, as the man decided who offered to assist a distracted woman and ameliorate the sufferings of a lot of people on a suburban car.

The boy who howls was in evidence, the curled darling of his only own mother and the terror of everybody else, and he had kept the car in a state of wild excitement and exhausted the patience of everybody, including his doting parent.

"Oh, if our father were only here!" she had said for the fiftieth time, as she tried vainly to restrain the howling terror.

At that he stopped howling long enough to beat the air with his small shins, and the woman on the other side of him remarked audibly that a cage was the proper place for savages like him.

"Johnny dear," asked his mother, "won't you be a good boy?"

Roars and kicks from Master Johnny.

"Oh, I wish your father were here to give you a good trouncing this very minute!" she wailed as she struggled with him.

Then it was that the philanthropist of the company asserted himself. He had been trying in vain to read his morning paper ever since he started from home.

"Allow me, madam," he said blandly. "I am a father myself, and I will be happy to chastise your cherub in behalf of his absent parent."

"Oh, no, you won't, not if I know it!" said Johnny's mother, rising in her wrath like a tigeress. "There ain't that man living dare lay a finger on that boy—his only father or any other ugly old catamount who thinks he knows it all," and she shut off debate by going into the next car and taking the sweet infant with her.

A CORSET FOR SWIMMERS.

A flannel bathing corset, imported from France, is one of the luxuries which women appreciate, for, notwithstanding all the preaching of the physical culturists, no woman with an excess of avoirdupois can afford to risk her appearance in a loose bathing suit without stays of some kind. Many women wear the ordinary linen corset, with steels, but this is a poor practice, for several reasons. The principal objection is the fact that the steels rust after the first wearing. Besides this, the corset that is made for ordinary wear is too stiff and harsh to admit of the motions necessary in swimming.

The flannel corset is stiffened with double sets of whalebones—that is, two whalebones sewed together in each groove. It is made of cream white French flannel, which is soft and warm for bathing. There is no steel in front and the corset is fastened in the back with straps sewed on each edge of the back and slipped through a slit on the opposite edge. The straps, after being passed through the slits are brought down and fastened with button and buttonhole in front.

It requires the very best shrunk flannel and is made double. One and a half yards is enough to make it and for a pattern one has only to cut one from a dress waist or from one's ordinary corset, taking care, however, to make the one for bathing about two sizes larger than that for ordinary purposes. Make grooves for the whalebones in the same places as in other corsets, omitting the steel in front, sewing in gussets to support the busts.

At the back between the double row of whalebones on each edge, make an up and down slit like a buttonhole, about two and and a half inches long, to admit of the strap. The strap is not sewed directly to the edge of the corset, but is secured with a gusset formed of three small straps. A bone button is sewed in front and the strap buttoned to it. The straps are better when made of flannel, but linen will serve if there is not enough flannel left to make them.

WHAT JAMES WAS READING.

"James, dear, will you bring me up a scuttle of coal from the cellar?" said a busy wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James, with a frown, as he put down his book and rose from the armchair.

"Just the way with me?"

"Yes!" he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself you have something or other for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes, and tell everybody—your mother especially—that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading and when he went down to the cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume, and found it was a love story, and that the passage that he had been absorbed in was as follows:

"My darling, when you are my wife I will shield and protect you from every care. The winds of heaven shall not visit your face too roughly; those pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial task; your wish shall be my law; your happiness——"

Just then he reappeared, and, dropping the scuttle upon the floor, said: "There's your coal! Give me my book."

IT WAS A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

A little girl who lives in Crafton received an invitation to a party which a friend was about to give, says the Pittsburg "Chronicle-Telegraph." The invitation had been written by the small hostess. After surveying the note with delight for a few minutes the recipient said:

Papa, I wonder if it is a birthday party.

Let it me see the invitation.

After a brief inspection he said.

Yes; it must be a birthday part. It begins, Your presents is desired.

TWENTY YEARS OF LUMBAGO.

YET KOOTENAY CURE CONQUERS.

It is a long time to look back over twenty years of life, but when the mile posts have been marked by the pains and aches of Lumbago, it renders the retrospect far from being a pleasant one.

Such was the experience of Mr James Muir, Night Baggage Master, G.T.R., residence 243 Emerald street, Hamilton, Ont.

He made a sworn declaration to the effect that for over 20 years he was afflicted with Lumbago, and at times was so severely afflicted he could not walk.

For about ten years he could not stand straight for a longer period than about fifteen minutes, when he would be compelled to stoop forward in order to relieve himself. He took nine bottles of Kootenay Cure and they have cured him to stay cured. He says:—

"I told Mr. Ryckman if I felt no pains for one year after taking his medicine, that I would give him a testimonial, and as the time expires this week I come to him without solicitation to give this sworn declaration. I consider Kootenay Cure one of the greatest and best remedies for back or kidney troubles ever used by mankind, and wish my case to become generally known, as I doctored with five different medical men, and was told they could do nothing for me."

Chart book free on application to the S. S. Ryckman Medical Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

ENGLISH ROTHSCHILD.

Interesting Story of the Head of the Famous Family.

The greatest financial genius of the Rothschild family, though they have been many of great talent, was Nathan Mayer, of the second generation, who established the house of N. M. Rothschild & Co., in 1798, in London. He flew to the stars and groveled in the mud for money. He welcomed all transactions, big or little, wherewith to turn the banker's penny. He was the most daring speculator of his time on the Stock Exchange and the most successful. He had carrier-pigeons and fast-sailing boats to bring him the earliest news from the war centers of Europe, and so help him to manipulate stocks. He followed Wellington's army to Waterloo in person and had relays of the swiftest horses, and a fast yacht lying in the harbor at Ostend. So he arrived at the London Stock Exchange after the battle, 12 hours ahead of any public announcement of the victory, made £5,000,000 by one of the most tremendous series of speculations in history. In 1810, when the Duke of Wellington, then commanding in Spain, drew on the English Government for £3,000,000, and the English Treasury was short, Nathan bought the drafts at a big discount and at once sent the money. The stories about this remarkable man are almost endless, and show how strangely he was alike equal to the most tremendous schemes and the pettiest tricks of avarice.

HIGH-TONED BURGLAR.

He Dressed Faultlessly and Lived in Sumptuous Apartments in Paris.

There have been burglars in evening dress before, on the stage, for instance, but the Paris police say there was never one with such a distinguished air or aristocratic residence. He had Dukes and Duchesses for next-door neighbors.

A gentleman living in that district caught the burglar ransacking his rooms. He was dressed in the most correct evening clothes, and had an air of distinction. The gentleman notified the police.

They saw the burglar walk unconcernedly downstairs and carefully examine the floral decoration as he hummed an air from an opera. When he was arrested he gave an unpronouncable Slavonic name, and his address in the Avenue des Champs Elysees.

Thither went some of his captors, and found that he lived in an expensive bachelor's flat, or celebate's snuggery, beautifully furnished.

A search was made there, and brought to light a remarkable assortment of burglar's tools, as well as a list of persons whose apartments could easily be entered and plundered. It has been ascertained, in fact, that the man is a practised burglar, and that he adopted fashionable attire in order to defy suspicion.

General housebreaking operations lately effected in the Champs Elysees and similar districts are now put down to his credit, and it is probable that his trial will lead to some curious discoveries.

SURGEON AND JOCKEY.

Frederick Archer, England's famous jockey, was evidently a wit at one time. It is told, says an exchange, that he went to a famous surgical specialist to be treated for badly smashed toes, injured by an ill-tempered horse. The surgeon examined the injury, which he pronounced to be of a grave character, and one necessitating a long period of complete rest. "How long must I lie up?" asked Archer—the interview, it should be stated, took place early in April. "Three months' rest, with careful treatment and proper diet, would be sufficient." "But what about the Derby?" asked the patient. "The Derby?" repeated the surgeon. "I must be there," said Archer, "I absolutely must." "Well, well," said the surgeon, soothingly, "take great care of yorself and if you make satisfactory progress you might go." "Go?" "Yes." "But can I ride?" "Well," said the surgeon, "you had better drive, I think." He had read the name upon the patient's card, but it had meant to him nothing more than a name. "You mustn't think me rude, Mr. Archer," he said, when his guest had explained his identity and vocation, "but I take no interest in any branch of sport, and I had never heard your name." "Well," said Archer, "I hope you won't think me rude, either, but till a friend advised me to consult you, I had never heard your name, either. And when I asked my friend who you were he said, 'He is the Fred Archer of the surgical profession.'"

NEW AID TO HAIR CURLING.

Members of the fair sex are not always the embodiment of ethereal beauty when they do not happen to have naturally wavy locks. Half of their time they have looked fairly hideous in order that the other half might find them with captivating little ringlets and airy wavelets, and their private families have had to suffer from their unaesthetic appearance.

That is one reason why the curling iron has been so popular. It saves going about with the hair done up in papers and hornlike pins, rubber and kid rolls, etc. Even the neat montagues of the same shade as the hair gave them a bald appearance, and, as for whites of eggs, gum arabic and other "stick 'em's" to make water waves, so called, the sight of them was enough to make one sick.

The French have come to the rescue. They usually do when there is any aesthetic or artistic question at issue. They have invented "le flou flou," or undulator, which consists of a sort of fork with two upright tines, to which ribbons can be affixed through eyelets in such a way that the hair can be woven in the usual manner about the two tines, as is done with a large wave pin, and then the pin can be withdrawn, leaving the hair woven on a ribbon, the ends of which can then [illegible] in a [illegible] bowknot, producing a charming effect.