In a Day of Early and

The Sick-Room.

Now to manage a sick-room to that it shall be as wholesome, as comfortable and as cheerful as the possibility of the case admite, is a study which will probably never receive the attention it merits until the "art of nursing" shall be fully recognized as forming a legitmate and important branch of the art of healing.

No error of management in a sick-room is so common as a neglect of proper temperature and ventilation; yet upon these very subjects physiolgists have written more pages, and physicians spent more breath, than upon all kindred topics put together. Of course no inflexible rule can be formulated upon these points. An open window may be salvation to a man in the burning stage of a fever; at the same time it is fatal to one in the sweating stage. With all due regard for the thermometer, good sense and enlightened and careful observation should regulate there essential conditions.

Every one admits the necessity of keeping the air of the sick-room as pure as possible, yet how seldom, except in cases of contagion, do we see disinfectants about a sick-bed. Chloride of lime and carbolic acid are cheap and effective and something of the kind should always be used wherever fresh air cannot be freely admitted.

There should always be a towel-rack in the room, or just outside, where moistened cloths can be quickly dried. Cloths wet in pure water even give out an unpleasant odor if left lying in a heap to mold or dry as they best can. Keep one stand or table for food or drinks and another for medicines. A clean newspaper often renewed makes a better covering for such tables than a cloth. Have a basin of water always at hand, that whenever a spoon or wineglass is used, it can be rinsed immediately and ready for use. Guard against irritating noise, creaking doors, chairs or shoes, also against too much light and cross lights. Holes in window-shades and gaps in shutters are often first-class nuisancee. Many an invalid is tortured by a single point of piercing light, which seems, like a faithful eye, to pursue him everywhere, and to which in spite of himself he is ever returning.

A little daily change in the arrangement of furniture, a little planning for such pleasant surprises as an invalid can bear, in the way of food, company and amusement, will often be more effectual in hastening the convalescence of a patient that all the tonics that have been used in the building up of infirm humanity since the days of Esculapius.

A soft tread, a mild, persuasive word, a magnetic hand, a tact- or shall we say a genius ?- for detecting the interior aspects of disease, are invaluable adjuncts of good nursing. Clatter of firearms, rattle of dishes and newspapers, loud talking and whispering, are about equally abominable.

Growing plants are usually interdicted in a sick-room, but cut flowers are gr at brighteners of its somberness.

Fear and Disease.

Som emotions accelerate the heart, quicken the action of the brain, give new strength and elasticity to the step, and greatly enliven the spirits-the effect being of brief dur-Others, like hope, for instance, have a similar effect much lower in degree, but much more prolonged. Still others have an epposite effect.

Among the last is fear. Many cases are en record in which it has resulted in sudden death. Under its influence, as is well known, the face often becames pale, the heart beats violently, the breath is obstructed, the limbs tremble, the appetite is lost, and all other emotions are overcome.

We speak of the man as paralyzed with fear. There is literal truth in this. The effect is due to the influence of the emotion on some one of the cerebral centres—the gangliga, or nerve masses, near the base of the brain, which govern the action of the various vital organs. This influence is, for the time, of a paralyzing nature.

Hence the capillary blood-vessels near the surface are collapsed, and the blood is driven back on the heart, burdening both it and the lung; while the secretion of the gastric juice is arrested by a paralysis of the great nerve—the pneumogastric—which supplies the stomach with its working force. Such a case is an extreme one, but it is the same in kind with fear in every degree. It lowers the tone of the system. It lessens the vitality. Even this condition is a diseased one, and if protracted, the system would, sooner or later, give way under it.

But the particular point we wish to make is that fear exposes even the most robust to the attacks of infectious diseases. The diseases are caused by minute organisms which enter the body through the stomach or the lungs. They may be harmless, if the stomach digests them, or if the body has its full power of resistance to infection,

But just here is the danger from fear-it lessens the normal resistance of the system, and especially arrests the power of the stomach to secrete the gastric fluid. It puts the system, for the time being, where it is left by debilitating disease, by drinking habits, by over-eating, by excesses, by too centinuous watching, or by anxious worry.

If therefore, the cholera invades America, or smallpox prevails, don't let us invite an attack by fear; but repel it by keeping about our daily vocations with a cheerful trust and a hand of help for others-having, of course, done our whole duty in the matter of hygiene.

Filters.

Many people pin their faith to filters, and think that so long as they pass their drinking water through an earthenware jar with some mysterious filtering medium inside, the source of the water or the condition of their cisterns does not in the least matter. This is a similar delusion to the belief, which passes freely current, that if you add spirits to unwholesome water you rob it of its nexious qualities, or at least diminish them. We do not deny the usefulness of filters, but we desire to point out that they must not be exclusively relied upon. Water filtration has in its way had as much nonsense written about it as water analysis. The great point is to keep the water itself as pure as possible, Where pollution is suspected, let the water be boiled for a considerable period. It may afterward be aerated by pouring it several times from a height of two or three feet from one vessel to another, or by artificial means. If a filter be used, it should be of the simplest possible construction, and the filtering medium should be readily remevable for cleansing purposes. If a filter be not very frequently and very thoroughly cleaned, it pollutes rather than purifies the water.

Cholera Morbus.

At a recent gathering of medical men in Philadelphia Dr. W. S. Janney, late Coroner of that city, made the startling statement, that " no healthy man or woman ever dies in this climate from cholera morbus." He repeated the remark to the editor of the Medical and Surgical Reporter, saying that the records of the Coroner's office would substantiate his words. He explained that by "healthy" he meant a person with organic diseases and of average strength and vitality. "Such a person," he said "when dying with symptons of cholera morbus, always dies from poisoning (usually arsenic,) and the case is one of suicide or homicide." The ex-Coroner first examined into these cases when a stout, healthy man of his acquaintance died after an illness of thirty-six hours with cholera morbus. He had been attended by four reputable physicians, one of whom had signed the death certificate. Yet he instituted an investigation, and found enough arsenic in the deceased to kill a dozen men. He afterwards met with five or six similar cases. Dr. Barthlow, in a conversation with the editor of the Reporter, said that he had not the least doubt of the correctness of Dr. Janney's assertion. Another prominent physican stated his belief in these views, and referred the causes of such attempts to poison with arsenic to connubial uncorgen-

Courage.

Who is afraid? Everybody! There is not a creature living who does not suffer from fear, reasonable or unreasonable; upon the whole, there is not more fear in the world then there is need of. It is indispensable. We could no more do without fear than a watch could do without its mainspring.

Some good and brave boys suffer from the fear of being afraid; others, from the fear of being thought a raid. Having learned to admire courage and courageous deeds of heroes, when they find themselves alarmed at anything, they say to themselves:-

"Am I really a coward, then? If I am afraid of a cow, a dog, a dark room, or a clap of thunder, what a sorry figure I should cut if I had been a soldier! But let us reflect a moment. A boy-even

a man-ought to be afraid of a big, strange deg coming toward him, with a red mouth oren, panting and glaring. Perhaps he ought not to run away, because that is dangerous kind of strategy; but he ought to be so much afraid of the dog as to keep a sharp lookout until he discovers the intentions of the brute.

Coarage does not consist in not being afraid, but in meeting danger we are afraid of. That person is brav- who does a duty he mentally dreads, and many a gallant fellow has gone into peril trembling and pale with alerm. But he went

When the ate J. R Acunedy, of Baltimore, formerly Secretary of the Navy, was fifteen years of age, the country being then deeply agitated by the prospect of war with England, he made up his mind that when it came, he would join the army. One thought held him back: He was awfully afraid of the dark, having been terrified by ghost stories in his childheod.

In o der to cure himself of his fears, he used to go at midnight to an extensive forest near his father's house, and walk about until morning. This he did until he was as much at ease in the woods at two o'clock in the morning, as he was in his father's garden after breakfast. Although at first he saw enemi esand ghosts at every step, he persevered until even these startling experiences ceased to alarm him. When the war was declared in 1812, he went to the front, took part in the battle of Bladensburgh, and ran away, with the rest of his regiment!

But his running away was glorious, too "We made a fine scamper of it," he says. "I lost my musket in the melee, while bearing off a comrade whose leg was broken by a bullet." Another proof that even heroes run away sometimes. If heroes, why not boys? Every good soldier knows that there are times when discretion is the better part of valor.

> The Countersign. 'Twas near the break of day, but still The moon was shinging brightly ; The west wind as it passed the flowers Set each one swaying lightly. The sentry slow passed to and fro, A faithful night-watch keeping, While in his tents b: hind him stretched

His comrades all were sleeping. Slow to and fro the sentry paced, His musket on his shoulder, But not a thought of death or war Was with this brave young soldier; Ah, no! his heart was far away Where, on a western prairie, A rose-twined cottage stood That night The countersign was "Mary."

And there his own true love he saw, Her blue eyes kindly beaming; Above them, on her sun-kissed brow. Her curls like surshine gleaming. And heard her sirging as she churned Her butter in the dairy, The song she loved the best. That night The countersign was "Mary."

"Oh ! for one kies from her !" he sighed, When up the lone road glancing, He spied a slender listle form With faltering stope advancing, And as it neared him silently He gazed at it in wonder; Then dropped his muskes in his hand. And challenged, "Who goes yonder?"

Still on it came. "Not one step more. Be you man or hild or fairy, Unless you give the countersign. Halt! Who goes there?" "Tie Mary," A sweet voice cried, and in his arms The girl he left behind him Half-fainting fell. Oer many miles She'd bravely toiled to find him.

"I heard that you were wounded, dear," She sobbed, "My heart was breaking. I could not stay a moment, but, All other ties foreaking. I travelled, by my grief made strong. Kird heaven watching o'er me, Untill-unburt and well ?' "Yes, love, '-"At last you stood before me."

"They told me that I could not pass The lines to find my lover Before day fairly came : but I Pressed on ere night was over. And as I told my name I found The way free as our prairie." "Because, thank God I to-night," he said, The countersign is 'Mary.' "

Don't growl when the doctor orders bark. bursting.

INCIDENTS IN THE ROCKIES. Descried Cabins and there Former Occu-

There a e things in some of the deserted cabine in the Rocky Mountains that speak in sad tones to the man of imagination, and tell him stories of blasted hopes, of fruitless struggles, and, it may be of death. The mountains are full of deserted cabins. The stand on the edges of remote parks, they are hidden in thickly wooded ravines, they stand, isolated and lopely, on the timbered flanks of rugged foothills, with the tall pines swaying and sighing above them. On the shores of highland lakes, overhung by great cliffs, and where the sound of rippring water blends with the mysterious noises of an unb: oken forest, there will be found a cabin. And in open valleys, rugged and gray with sage brush, and desolate, a cabin is sure to be found. It may be old and partly decayed, but it shows that man once lived, and toiled, and suffered, in the highland valley of desolation. Ah, the stories that the deserted cabins of the Rocky Mountains could tel if they could speak! I have seen many of these huts, and they always interested me. Some years ago I was traveling in the

westerly spurs of the Bitter Root Mountains.

One day, towards evening, an autumn storm swept ever the range. The snow filled the air. The extent of vision was about fifty yards. I supposed I was in an unknown region, probably one that had never been trodden by white men. I rode out of the timber into a tiny park. Standing among the trees that fringed its edge was a log hut. The chinking had fallen from between the logs, and there was a large hole in its roof; but it would shelter myself and my horse from the storm. I entered it and led my horse in. There was not a thing in the cabin, excepting pieces of beaver and bear skins, two blocks of wood, and a small corroded, brass crucifix, which hung on a nail above where the bank should have been. I built a fire on the damp, old hearth, and sat supperless looking at the crucifix. I knew the story of its owner just as well as though it had been told to me. A Hudson Bay Company employee, probably a French Canadian, had built the cabin and had passed the winter in trapping in those highland solitudes. The cracifix was the emblem of his faith, and, in ed lition, it reminded the lonely trapper of the highest civilization he knew of-that which surrounded Fort Garry, and that lined the banks of the Red River of the North, dark-eye', bright faced half-breed women, with whom he had danced at frontier ballshovered around the crucifix. Often during the long winter nights he had gazed on the crucifix and sighed or smiled as his mood might have been. One day the trapper went forth and never returned. He perished in a storm, he was killed in a contest with a bear, he was waylaid by Spokane Indians, at rate he rever returned. The large quantity

of torn, moth-eaten fur that littered the cabin showed that he had rot marketed his catch. After the turn had been torn and mothea en and rendered valueless, the cabin had been plundered of cooking utensils by predatory visitors. Three years ago I found a small well-built cabin that stood in a deep and thickly wooded ravine by a tiny stream of ice water. few old sluice boxes and the denuded bed rock of a small pls er mine told the story of a miner, who the ight he had struck it rich, building a house and working for one season, and then abandoning the claim. There was no blazed trail leading to this house. This indicated that the owner of

the cabin did not hanker for vistors, and made me suspect that the diggings must have prospected well. I tried the gravel. It prospected fairly, but it was so high lying that water insufficient quantities to work the ground rapidly and thoroughly could not be got on to it. The mine was worthless. went to the house, and as I passed around one end I saw that the window had been broken inward. That was odd. Why should any one break into a house through a window when the door was fastened by a latch only? Curious about the broken window, I looked through it into the house. On the floor lay two dead mountain lions. I opened the door and examined the dead animals. They, judging from the condition of their skins, had got into the house the previous winter when the snow was deep and the weather intensely cold. The broken window showed how they had got in. Why they sought refuge in the cabin, and what killed

Another cabin stood on the headwaters of a creek by a deep spring of ice water. This cabin was about fifteen miles from my highland house. I found it one day while deer hunting. It had not been occupied for years. There were holes in its roof, and some of the lower wall logs were badly decayed. In a box, pushed far back under a double bunk, were thirty or forty piceces of white china table ware, and a dozen plated forks. There was nothing else in the house. On my return home I told my wife of the china, and she, womanlike, coveted it. promised to go for it in a few days and did so but it was gone. Another hunter or miner had found the cabin, and, being a prompter man than I, had packed the box on his horse and carried it off.

them, I do not know.

The Fatal Watch.

The late Dr. McLean sometimes, in feeling | AMES. HOLDEN & CO., the pulse of his patients, held his watch in JAMES LINTON & CO., his hand and counted the pulsations. On JAMES POPHAM & CO., one cocasion, when doing this, his watch JAMES WHITHAM & CO., stopped suddenly in his hand, and his pa- GEO. T. SLATER. tient, contrary to his expectation, died. He related this to a party of gentlemen, among whom was Davy H. rris, a well-known citizen of our county, long time clerk of our inferior court. Not long after, Harris was taken sick, and sent for the Doctor. When the Doctor arrived, he was a great deal better, and was sitting on the plazza at Major Burt's, where he lived. The Doctor felt his pulse, and unconsciously pulled out his watch. Harris, remembering the incident, said : " Don't pull that watch out on me." The watch stopped. In forty-eight hours he was a corpee.

While King Humbert of Italy was shorting recently in the park at Monza his gun missed fire, and when he put in another cartridge and fired he received such a shock that he thought the gun had burst and brokor his arm. It was found that the first buil. 'had not issued from the gun, and the second outsioning a block, it was only the excellence of the gun that prevented it from

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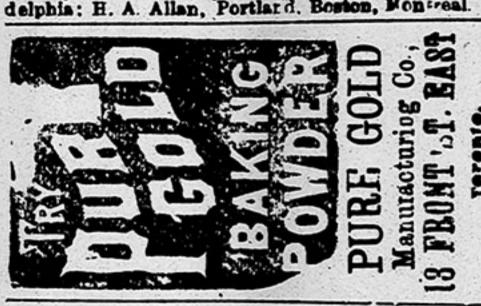
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" NINA, THE NIHILIS

CHAPTER XIV.

FORESHADOWING OF DESTINY, epinion of more than one importa whistoric personage the war minis and far too much important time th malres y, and as he re-entered Cai joy because Nellie's parents h ed her to him in marriage direc experien matters should have become

both mounted on powerful horses a countenances expressive of distrust a alem Alek, where in the name of All e prophet have you been ?" shallah, and at such a time, too, wh e all hanging on to life by our eyelash

lish Bey, the colonels of the neg

ents that had revolted against the Ki

ch was the dual greeting, uttered sh so that neither the negro orderl servants should understand. Are saw that something untoward h aned, but he did not allow his face w the sligh est trace of discomposi

lo man can be in two places at one here is more than one matter to be d to. In the name of the only proph is it that disturbs you?" on know the Circassian officer who

ted to assassinate you, aye, and again a the crime was clearly proved and w entenced to death accordingly ?" m in excited tones from Abdullah Be rabi replied with a smile : I didn't remember him, who should what of him, my good friend?" he sentence has been revoked and sen sent away to simp'e banishmen companied even by military degrad What think you of that?

Not being vindictive, I am glad that t rtunate has escaped so easily." shallah, the man is nothing. The hi offuence that prompted the action is t that we look at. Even a straw sho way the wind blows, and this stra that's gale is about to blow on the direction of England and France worse, far worse, remains to be tol ish Pasha, that son of burnt father vecred round again like a weather var

has gone over a second time by joi his in excited tones from Ali Bey Fehm nllah Bey at once striking in with:

t is too true. And now comes the wor The interview between the Turki assador and the consuls general of Er and France took place at midnigh verily they love darkness rather th whose deeds are treacherous and ev the result was that the Khedive ': bled the Ulemas and such of the notab e could bribe or affright by special su at the palace an hour before daw to them declared that he had dismiss from the ministry and from all ra command in the army as well, and th night you should be on your way to to dan or the White Nile. He added the was the Khedive el-Mise, the sole gover power in Egypt, and that he wished generally known that his good trien French and English, could land tens meands of soldiers and quell with fi

and steel any uprising of the popula he army against his lawful and undivid This is serious," exclaimed Arabi. "Fr om got you this intelligence? From Giraffer, the Aga, who, as y

, is in our pay, answered Abdullah And," added Ali Bey Fehmy, "Giraff Aga, counseled immediate fligh, se that the machinations of our foes w time not to be defeated. Abdullah : te to share your fate. . . . d, as you see, ady mounted to evace it, but we co depart without giving you a warning Now, by the holy prophet, I thank h, since the more who desert me, er I shall have to reward when I beco edive-el-Mise, in the place of that wret nsurper Tewfik. Let those who aban in the hour of peril quake and trem ever; for though I may forgive a fo never parden a false friend. Wh Tou'b: Pasha and Suleiman Bey? ch for " that they'll never blanch for helm for such a cat's paw of adv das this. I have good news that entweigh your bad. But go, go, I h

bout you."
We are as brave as most men. We ply prudent," said Abdullah sheepis And if you can convince us that dence is ill-timed, we will throw winds," added Ali Bey Fehmy. "A

hout you."
"A fact which alone induces me to again into my favor," replied the p olly minister. "Yes, I at all ev grateful for your devotion, and in herete I will tell you my news. K that Gambetta, the warlike minist who would fain have served E ne served Tunis, has fallen from po a men of peace has filled his place, spoistion. On the other hand, Eng bot dare to fly alone in the tee Ametria and Germany, by whose I am supported." bet how and when did you learn

France ?! demanded both his private wire not an hour and s I doubt if even the French c of the intelligence as ye intention to beard the li

> be reshing to certain des All Boy Fehmy se sheadon your idea of ru gallantly support the beatike the blow arms Egypt, I am as week it is your bou