

TO RIVAL COAL AND WOOD.

ICE-AIR WILL COOL OUR HOUSES IN MIDSUMMER.

It will be Done as Effectually as We Now Warm Them in Winter - Artificial Refrigeration - Practical Tests - Discovery of a Spanish Physician - Cold Will Kill out the Microbes of Disease.

During the progress era of the last hundred years architecture has kept up with the advance of other mechanical industries: still all Northern Europe and North America must plead guilty to the charge of building dwelling houses in a manner ingeniously contrived to make winter more comfortable and midsummer more afflictive.

And that affliction is by no means limited to the homes of the poor. Not in the slum tenements of sweltering Southern seaport towns only, but in many Western and Northern abodes of wealth the martyrdom of the dogday season reaches a degree of grievousness unknown to the children of the wilderness, and the time will come when the historians of civilization will marvel at our stolid submission to an after-all wholly remediable evil, as we marvel at the shiftlessness of savages who shiver in rawhide tents, rather than go to the trouble of building cabins and fire chimneys.

Moreover, we have not even the excuse of the ancient nations to whom the plan of a smoke-conducting flue was actually unknown, and who, had to content themselves with warming their hands over a brazier of glowing charcoal. In 1873 a chemist of the Government arsenal of Toulon, France, got the superior's permission to assist in the construction of

AN ICE FACTORY

And was surprised to notice how promptly the influence of cold air remedied all sorts of ailments brought on by the intense summer heat of that year. His headaches subsided; he could work with less fatigue and eat his supper with an improved appetite. "An admission ticket to the big ice vault," he says in a pamphlet on artificial refrigeration, "is worth a voyage to Trouville sur Mer; you feel as if nature had wrought a miracle for your benefit, and mitigated the bake-oven heat of July with the interposition of a cool October day."

It was with extreme reluctance that the Government chemist went back to his druggery in the cartridge shop, but his despondency was cheered by a bright idea: If he could not return to the pleasant ice vault why not bring an ice vault to the arsenal and turn general misery into wholesale comfort?

Enthusiasm is contagious, and Captain de Lamotte got permission to try. He was a professional engineer, as well as chemist, and soon improved, on his plan of a subcellar sanitarium. By a system of pipes and force-ventilators he conducted currents of ice air into several second-floor offices, and by and by into every workshop, storeroom and laboratory of the vast building. Down in the ice vault the mercury shrunk close to the freezing point, but in transmission to upstairs apartments the currents of winter weather could be regulated to suit individual predilections. July could be turned into May or March. But by continuing the process at a maximum rate of influx the temperature of a good-sized hall could be reduced sufficiently to

KEEP FLIES FROM BUZZING.

The air of a very roomy office was made as pleasant as a mountain spring, while the outdoor atmosphere was brooding away at 96 degrees in the shade.

The sick rate decreased 40 per cent, and several discharged workmen actually begged permission to revisit the workshops and make themselves generally useful to pay for the privilege of getting the benefit of the cool air. After experiencing the comfort of the simple remedy the affliction of their stifling tenements had become unendurable. It was like having to go back to the winter dugouts of the stone period, after having known the benefit of a good coal stove.

Outsiders, too, become interested in the experiments of the Government climate-maker, though, as usual, the voice of public opinion was at first averse to the idea of an innovation. "These men will all catch their death of cold," croaked the old foggies. "They will catch rheumatism and consumption and ought to sue the Government for damages. I would as soon let them persuade me to work in a smallpox hospital." &c.

But after a thousand convalescents had become enthusiastic partisans of the new arrangement, the logic of experience prevailed, and a Toulon hotelkeeper established an ice air restaurant that soon became the most popular pleasure resort in the city. Who would feel his blood seethe if he could purchase the delights of a highland camp for a couple of dimes? That crazy twin brother of the night air superstition, the delusion that trembles at the ideas of cold water drinking in the heat, has its apologists even on lecture platform, but in

OPPRESSIVELY WARM WEATHER the sight of a lemonade booth offsets all their eloquence. In progressive countries the arsenal contrivance found not only recognition, but imitation e.g. in the Polytechnic School of Brussels, in two of the principal hotels of Santiago de Chili, in the Washington

House of Representatives. Mule-headed conservatism alone has prevented the general introduction of the most beneficial invention of the last 200 years, but its opponents can no longer defend their position on a basis of sanitary arguments. A hospital physician of Santiago de Cuba convinced himself, and before long all his neighbors and visitors that ice-air is nature's remedy for a large number of climatic disorders, including that scourge of the tropics, yellow fever, in its most malignant forms and in all but its last stage of development.

Reasoning from the familiar fact that fevers are rarer in high latitudes, and more frequent in summer than at any other time of the year, it occurred to him to "try the effect of an artificial winter." In his capacity of manager of a large fever lazaretto he surrounded one of the northside wards with blocks of ice till he had reduced the temperature some 40 degrees, and in defiance of hearsay prejudices, instructed his attendants to bathe the temples and wrists of their patients with towels soaked in ice water. The old plan consisted in clapping the patient in a sweat box, stuffing him with drugs and letting him drink nothing but warm barley broth, and there is an anecdote of a sailor to whom the horror of approaching death suggested the means of self help. His impassioned appeals for a cooling beverage had been answered with the treatment of a straight jacket, but one night, when the candle burned low, he got out of bed and tiptoed his way to a chamber where his slumbering nurse kept a

PAINFUL OF ICE WATER.

The ice had not yet all melted, and he drank and drank till the pail was almost all empty. Then, snatching a piece of ice, he squatted down near an open window and rubbed himself all over, till he felt that a new lease of life had been secured, and that his fever microbes had beaten a retreat. To obviate a relapse he dressed himself as quickly as possible Gand slipped out into night and darkness. His doctors ascribed his escape to temporary insanity, "caused by after effects of quinine," but about a week after they found the supposed corpse dancing a hornpipe, and in as satisfactory a state of pipe, and in an satisfactory a state of health as she had ever enjoyed in his life.

And only about a year ago a correspondent of a French medical journal called attention to the remarkable effectiveness of ice air for the cure of dyspepsia. Having noticed the ravenous appetite of a dog that by some accident had been locked up all night in the storeroom of a ice factory, he conceived the idea of improving his own digestive vigor in the same manner, and got permission to enter the refrigerator, dressed like Nansen for a tussle with the North Pole. During the preceding eight months he had in vain tried every dyspepsia cure he could hear of, but after breathing an air that seemed to come straight from the haunts of the fur-seal he felt that he could do justice to a full-sized dinner, and soon got so anxious to try that he emerged before the end of half an hour and made a rush for the next restaurant. The waiters, who had known him to taste a dish here and a piece of cake there and then leave with a sigh of regret were surprised to see him eat as though he must have been West and lost his way in the

PINE FORESTS OF NORMANDIE.

Besides the new specific worked without the least appreciable bad after effect. Blue pills will irritate the alimentary organs into a feverish activity followed by a depressing reaction till at last the jaded organism sinks into a torpor that defies the resources of a drugstore. But ice air begat an appetite, which, like love, dares all things and endures all, and it then occurred to the experimenter that cold weather has an exactly analogous effect on the habitual gluttons of the Arctic circle. After weathering an undiluted blizzard, the tribe of Melville Islanders can devour a walrus, blubber and all, and wind up with a couple of Moravian missionaries and business considerations have obliged Swiss landlords to exclude Oberland hunters from the privileges of the table d'hote; they have been known to use a tablespoon, instead of a fork, and continue to help themselves till additional supplies had to be procured from a rival establishment.

The idea of utilizing that plain hint of Nature must have occurred to thousands of Southern dyspeptics but the idiotic dread of cold draughts nipped all their projects in the bud. Yet there is no shadow of a doubt that sleeplessness, chronic headaches and biliousness could be relieved by the same prescription that cures languor and lack of appetite. Among the natives of the highest habitable latitudes even consumption is known only from hearsay, and a general revision of our medical system may follow the recognition of the fact that human beings can easily

SURVIVE A DEGREE OF COLD

that will kill out the microbes of nearly every contagious disease—malaria, perhaps not excepted. A few years ago a batch of patients were taken out to the pest-house on one of the Bay Islands, near San Francisco, and in a sudden squall the man at the tiller-ropes slipped his hold, and five smallpox patients were pitched overboard. They were rescued with difficulty, and for nearly an hour were exposed to the keen Marc kwid almost freezing the water dripping from their soaked clothing. Judging from prevalent notions their chances of recovery would have been slim, indeed, but all five left the hospital cured, three weeks ahead of their fellow-patients. One independent inquirer of the last century, Dr. Albert Sydenham seems to have anticipated that discovery, and in his treatise on the cure of smallpox advises to reduce the temperature of the fevered patient in every possible way, by cold sponge baths, drinks of cooling beverages and cataplasms of crushed ice.

It is, indeed more than probable that the hospitals of the future will be ice-houses, but the chief value of the refrigerative plan is, after all, its effectiveness as a remedy of domestic discomfort. It is not too much to say that its skillful application will turn city life in midsummer from a fearful affliction into a blessing, and that with its aid the tenants of an ordinary town cottage will be out and out more comfortable than the guests of a fashionable summer resort under present circumstances.

On outdoor laborer, who has been at work all day in the sweltering sun,

will gloat over the prospect of getting back to his braising cool home as a half-frozen hunter would rejoice at the thought of his return to a snug chimney-corner.

ON EXTRA UGLY DAYS

experimenters will chuckle at the idea of beating the Dog Star Demon at his craziest tricks and turn on cold air enough to make a pail of stale water as drinkable as a highland fountain, just as De Quincey with a store of good fuel and double-screened windows, liked to see the blizzard fiends try their worst, and answer their raging howls with a whoop of defiance.

No more melting butter and dripping sausages, weary afternoons and dreams of Purgatory; there will be parlor refrigerators and municipal ice-air companies with a network of pipes, and for a few pennies each housekeeper will be able to reduce the indoor climate to the exact temperature which the sun-scorching Bedouin expects to find on his arrival in the shady bowers of Eden.

GREAT ENGLISH STRIKE,

A PARTICIPANT'S RECOLLECTION OF THOSE STIRRING TIMES.

When All Kinds of Industries Were Nearly at a Standstill for Six Weeks - The Greatest Labor Struggle That Ever Occurred - Ignorance of the People Those Days - The Strike Was Lost.

Thomas Grundy, of Pittsburg, was a participant in some of the famous strikes which occurred in England forty or more years ago, and his recollections of the manner in which they were conducted and his comments upon the good which they accomplished are interesting just now. Mr. Grundy is now upward of 60 years of age, and has been a hard worker in the labor movement nearly all his life. He drew his first inspiration from a mob of striking weavers, who when Mr. Grundy was seven years old, called at the schoolhouse where he was beginning his education and compelled the teacher to give the scholars a vacation. This was a unique form of enforced sympathy strike, which Mr. Grundy has never since seen duplicated. He had sometimes wondered at the tameness of labor struggles which he has since witnessed compared with what he saw in his boyhood's days, but as he remembers his feeling on the great occasion, it was simply one of satisfaction that the strikers should relieve him of the necessity of going to school.

According to Mr. Grundy's description of this strike it must have been one of the greatest labor-struggles that ever occurred. In 1842 the condition of the cotton workers in Lancashire, Yorkshire and Cheshire, had become so bad, owing to the introduction of machinery, that a general strike movement was brought about without any organization and at first without leadership.

During the six weeks industry of every kind was entirely suspended in the district affected, it being estimated that in the neighborhood of

3,000,000 PEOPLE WERE IDLE.

This included the weavers themselves and persons of every other occupation whom they obliged to leave work. The small tradesmen and manufacturers were obliged to close their places, the teachers in the schools, had to send their pupils home, and the strikers even prevented the passing of vehicles upon the highways by massing themselves in compact bodies through which no horse could be driven.

Mr. Grundy having been very young at the time this strike occurred, most of his information about it has been gathered from reading. The incidents which he remembers are principally the forcing of his teacher to dismiss school and the obliging of his father to suspend business. Mr. Grundy's father was a hatter, having a shop of his own and employing a few hands in the town of Ashton, near Manchester. The strikers came in a large body, and it was only necessary for one of them to say: "Put out that fire, Grundy," and the hatter immediately suspended all work in his little place and sent his men home to wait for the strike to be over.

Mr. Grundy remembers seeing bodies of the strikers marching along the highways thickly massed together and filing the roads from side to side as far as they could be seen. They were always armed with clubs, and when marching would line up close together, each grasping the club of the man on either side of him, and so weaving themselves into a solid mass. In this way it was rendered impossible for anything or anybody to occupy the road but the strikers, and their object of forcing a general suspension of business in the district was obtained. This was only for a little while, however, as large bodies of the troops of the empire were ordered into the district held by the strikers, and soon obliged them to preserve the peace and desist from interfering with the affairs of those who desired to carry on business.

Mr. Grundy's recollection of the matter is that much sympathy was displayed for the strikers by the troops, and that the latter were of very little use so far as breaking the strike of the weavers was concerned. The strike was lost, however, the weavers going back to their work at the end of six weeks without having obtained any increase of wages, or any shortening of their hours of labor. It was not long, however, until Parliament, as a result of this strike, began to pay some attention to the condition of the weavers, and laws which served very effectively to ameliorate their condition were passed.

Golden, Bright and other great English statesmen took up their cause, and investigations and discussions, result-

ed, the good effects of which are still felt. The

REPEAL OF THE CORN LAWS,

by which English workingmen were enabled to obtain cheaper food, Mr. Grundy thinks, was largely due to the strike, though it had been advocated before the strike took place. Another law which was of great benefit forbade women and children under eighteen years of age to be employed in the cotton mills longer than ten hours a day. This law was not only a good thing in itself, but it caused the workers generally to think and agitate for a ten-hour day, and some ten years after the great strike of 1842 there was a general strike for ten hours, which resulted successfully, and which was the beginning of better times in the matter of hours of labor in nearly all English industries.

Mr. Grundy was employed in a cotton mill himself at the time this last strike took place. The workmen simply quit when they had worked ten hours one day, and so inaugurated a movement which was successful. Mr. Grundy says that at that time there was so little general education that many persons could not tell the time of day by a clock, and so in passing around the word for the inauguration of the strike everybody was instructed to stop work when the clock pointed straight up and down, this being a method of securing a more general understanding than to say 6 o'clock in the evening.

In the mill where Mr. Grundy worked the clock was watched all afternoon, and when the time came there was a general rush for the outside of the mill. The foreman had the gates locked and proceeded to harangue the workmen, but it was to no purpose. Several were notified that they were discharged, but this produced no effect upon them or the others. Mr. Grundy thinks that among ignorant workmen, that is, among those who are ignorant, in the matter of education obtained from books, there has been as a rule more loyalty to each other displayed than by those who are fairly well educated. At any rate they stuck together upon this occasion, and won their strike so thoroughly that there was never afterward a general return to the old practice of working twelve or fifteen hours a day. In the mill where Mr. Grundy was employed, too, the manager, after the ten-hour system had been in force for some time, called the workmen together, and expressed his satisfaction with it, saying that the results obtained were much more satisfactory from the standpoint of the proprietors than under the old way.

PETS OF INSECTS.

Every one knows that certain species of ants keep "aphides" just as men do milk cows, to supply them with the sweet liquid they secrete. Therefore it is not so astonishing to find that these marvelous little insects keep pets, which apparently of no direct benefit, seem to amuse them. The pets are generally beetles and crickets, which live on the best of terms with their hosts playing round the nests in fine weather and retiring into them on wet days. The ants have actually been watched carrying these pets of theirs from place to place during their migrations.

Our I's and... ..Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier, that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has, "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for "Curebook" It kills doubts and cures doubts. Address J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

MRS. MADDEN'S YEAST Makes the BEST BREAD.

To the Madden Yeast Co., London, Ont. Gentlemen.—We get quicker and better results from using Mrs. Madden's Yeast than any other we have used, and highly recommend it. DEAN BROS., Bakers THE MADDEN YEAST CO., London.

Relief for Lung Troubles The D.F. EMULSION In CONSUMPTION and all LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefits of this article are most manifest.



CURES COLIC, CHOLERA, CHOLERA-MORBUS, DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, And all SUMMER COMPLAINTS of Children or Adults. PRICE, 35c. Beware of Imitations

Webster's International Dictionary The One Great Standard Authority, So writes Hon. D. J. Brewer, Justice U. S. Supreme Court. Send a Postal for Specimen Pages, etc. THE BEST FOR EVERYBODY BECAUSE It is easy to find the word wanted. It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation. It is easy to trace the growth of a word. It is easy to learn what a word means.

Durham Tannery. Robe Tanning. Horse Hides, Cow Hides, Dog SKINS, Etc., Tanned Suitable ROBES and COATS by the new process, which for Finish and Softness can't be beat. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED — THOS. SMITH. N. B.—To ensure a first-class job the hides must be salted as soon as taken.

EDGE PROPERTY FOR SALE IN THE TOWN OF DURHAM, County of Grey, including a valuable W. Power, Brick dwelling, and many eligible building lots, will be sold in one or more lots. Also lot No. 60, Con. 2, W. G. P., Township of Benlinc, 100 acres, adjoining Town plot, Durham. Mortgages taken for part purchase money. Apply to JAMES EDGE, Edge Hill, P.O. Oct. 2nd.

A. GORDON Dealers in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles, Silver and Flat Ware of all descriptions. Repairing a specialty. Upper Town, Durham.

The "Chronicle" is the only 12-Page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario. The Postmaster-General has decided to authorize the issue of partial sets of jubilee stamps to meet the demand for souvenirs.