

few years ago, mentions an improvement in the Tobin system, which he had adopted, and which was also referred to in this JOURNAL. It is that of lining small tubes with flannel, by which the air is filtered and all sound deadened. In cities and foul air localities, this would doubtless be an advantage.

In reference to window openings, we have recommended, and seen carried into practice, a plan of attaching a plate or sheet of metal (such as tin or zinc) to the upper sash, so formed as to turn the air entering when the sash is lowered up towards or against the ceiling. It works satisfactorily. When the lower sash is raised a little and the lower opening closed by a piece of wood, or in any way, the air entering between the sashes at the middle of the window is turned up towards the ceiling, and is not felt falling upon the head so much as when coming in through an opening caused by the upper sash being lowered.—Ed. C. H. J.

#### COLLECTING AND STORING RAIN-WATER.

SIR,—Would you kindly inform me, in the next issue of your JOURNAL, as to the causes and prevention of the rapid deterioration of rain water stored in wooden tanks, as evinced by foul odour, which in a very short time becomes very marked.

In a country like this, where more expensive modes of storage are impossible to the masses, wooden tanks must for a long time be the most general and almost only means for accumulating and storing rain-water; and it is a most important sanitary consideration, the best and safest way to affect this with the means at our disposal.

I have subscribed for your excellent periodical, and to "start fair" with it, have secured the vols. already published. Some day, possibly, I may be able to contribute something of sanitary interest from the North-West. At present one is bewildered to know where to begin, where nothing, so far, has been done in this country.

Yours faithfully,

"HEALTH."

Winnipeg, Dec. 6th, 1880.

THE CAUSE of the foul odor from rain-water is doubtless owing more to the de-

composition of the organic matter in the water than to the effect of the wooden tank. Rain-water in falling becomes contaminated by washing the air it falls through, and by washing off the impurities which collect on the surfaces upon which the water falls, as the roofs of houses.

Rain-water washes the air, and carries down with it any impurities the air may contain, as vapours from marshes and decomposing vegetable and animal matters, germs, bacteria, &c. Rain-water falling near cities is more impure than that falling in the open country.

THE BEST MEANS OF PREVENTING the foul odors, therefore, is to filter the water before it enters the cistern. This is sometimes done. The first portion of a rainfall, which washes the air and roofs, may be rejected, and not allowed to enter the cistern, by having the water-spout movable. This will cause a great improvement. Some have two cisterns, one for the first impure portions of the rainfall, and the other for the purer after-fall.

Charring the inside of the casks helps greatly to preserve the water; and the immersion, from time to time, of small pieces of charcoal is an excellent plan, of which we can speak from experience. The charring can be renewed.

Cisterns should be ventilated; as by two tubes passing up a few feet from the top of the cistern, and these protected at the top by wire gauze. The upper opening of the tubes may be at the sides instead of the top, when impurities will be less likely to get in.—Ed. C. H. J.

#### THE LOVE THAT IS GONE.

Lo! a hand comes forth from the shadows,  
A soft touch that I knew of old,  
That could crown the loftiest fancies  
With an aureola of gold,  
And I think how that hand so loving,  
That craved but to lie in mine,  
Oft' met an impatient gesture,  
Or found not the responsive sign.  
And from yonder painted canvas  
I catch the old wistful look,  
So timidly, mutely jealous  
Of the time that I gave my book.  
Was I blind, or mad, or heartless?  
Both the hand and the face are gone;  
The light of my soul has vanished,  
And I am utterly alone.  
The brain that her glances kindled  
Is bruised, and blighted, and chilled,  
And the bright dreams of the future,  
Now, can never be fulfilled.