

uses (so long as it does not cost too much). So with food—if you find that less keeps the body in vigour, you will be silly if you do not eat less; if less meat, you find, makes you more healthy, take less meat—in all such matters use your common sense.

Those who should know, tell us that the use of a diet largely, if not exclusively, vegetable, will destroy rheumatism (which many say does not exist anyway—like Sairey Gamp's Mrs. Harris, "there is no such person") gout (the reality of which they admit with some reserve) and neuritis (which everyone knows): perhaps so; "*fiat experimentum in corpore proprio*," i.e., try it.

The drunken old nurse—she who had the bottle of gin placed on the mantel so that she could put her lips to it when so disposed—is dead, and has no successor; without being a prohibitionist, or even a temperance man, the average patient would, if there must be a smell, prefer that of the harmless mephitic Americana to that of liquor on the breath of his nurse. Wine maketh glad the heart of man even yet, as it did in the Psalmist's days, but not when it gets no nearer him than the nurse—it does its joymaking work only at first-hand.

Speaking for myself only, I could never see and cannot see, why, if men use tobacco, women may not. The custom is growing in some circles and will probably continue to grow. But I have heard many delicate women complain of the smell of stale tobacco on the clothes of the doctor; and I am quite sure that most women, and men, too, would prefer the smell of assafoetida on a nurse's uniform to that of tobacco. The one might be medicinal or accidental, the other could not be.

In dress the nurse, like the soldier, when on duty, is relieved of all care of her outside clothing. The uniform of the nurse in its neatness is as far removed from finicalness as from slovenliness, is as honourable and should be worn as proudly as that of His Majesty's troops. She is engaged in as necessary and as lofty a work as are our splendid lads in the trenches in Flanders, and should be as proud as they.

A writer in the *Anglo-American Magazine*, published in Toronto, in the number for May, 1853, gives an appalling picture of the General Hospital of that day. (See my article, "Examination for License to Practice Sixty Years Ago," *Canada Lancet*, June, 1913). He calls it an old pest house, its surgery with shelves of musty-looking old bottles covered with dust and cobwebs, its operating room a dark close room, "a sort of Calcutta Black Hole." We need not be told that the mortality in that chamber of horrors was frightful.

Now we know that dust may be as dangerous as arsenic, and that sunlight is often itself a medicine. The nurse is called upon to shield the patient from dirt, dust, flies, darkness, as formerly she kept her charge from light, fresh air (and especially night air), and often fresh