

BOGY OF CATCHING COLDS

SUNLIGHT AND FRESH AIR BEST PREVENTIVES.

Wet Feet Not of Themselves a Danger, Says a Medical Writer.

The war over colds and their causes has broken out anew in the Medical Journal. Dr. William Brady attacks with violence what he calls the "bogy of catching colds."

There are some five different kinds of bacilli and cocci which bring on coryza, or a cold, says Dr. Brady. Each variety has a large name and a meaning to the medical profession. Also, according to Dr. Brady, there are four predisposing factors in acquiring coryza: overheated apartments, unhygienic dress, insufficient ventilation and overeating. The medium of infection he thinks is usually dust, but direct infection undoubtedly occurs in children intimately associated indoors with coryza carriers. He adds that the ideal place to catch coryza is the average schoolroom, where medical inspection is conspicuously wanting. The article goes on:

Coryza never develops primarily in the open air. Exposure to rain, hail, wind and snow is tonic so long as it is comfortable—physically comfortable.

Wet feet are of no consequence unless they become uncomfortably cold; and cold feet are not a cause but a sign of defective circulation. Plunging the feet into cold water does good, not harm, provided the reaction is obtained.

COLD BATHING, LIKEWISE, whether in health or in illness, is wholly a matter of vasomotor reaction.

Any child from one year up who does not know enough to come in out of the cold when the cold is uncomfortable is mentally defective. The natural instinct of self preservation directs us safely in this; no advice from house-bred sanitarians is needed. So long as a child is comfortable, though he stands in a puddle all day, the effect is tonic; so soon as the reaction fails and the circulation loses its equilibrium the child becomes too uncomfortable to enjoy himself and if he is not an imbecile he goes in to get warm.

Identical principles are involved in the exposure of the body, clothed or unclothed, to cold air. If the invalid suffers actual physical discomfort there is no doing harm; on the other hand, if he enjoys an airing—rain, hail or shine—as ninety-nine in a hundred do, it is better than any tonic in the pharmacopoeia for him. When harm is done by such exposure the equilibrium of the circulation fails, and it is debatable though by no means proved that infection with pathogenic bacteria might more readily occur.

Dr. Brady finds fault with the medical profession in general because its members don't seem to realize the necessity of guarding against coryza infection. Not one physician in a thousand, says he, instructs coryza patients to disinfect the nasal discharge, although it may be swarming with virulent pneumococci, merely because he thinks the trouble is "simple" coryza and only a "cold." Dr. Brady adds:

The universal indoor plague—simple coryza—is a disabling, frequently mutilating, sometimes fatal, infectious disease, prevailing epidemically. The treatment is hygienic, medicinal, dietetic, biological and surgical. The prognosis is recovery, chronicity, permanent deafness.

OPERATION OR DEATH.

It is most commonly observed in individuals least exposed to cold air and rough weather, and it is never observed in the Arctic Zone.

The medical profession aids and abets the propagation and spread of coryza in two ways, both negative: First, by passively encouraging the catching cold bogey; and, secondly, by failing to isolate simple coryza and disinfect the nasal discharge.

The economic waste chargeable to this fault is beyond computation, the irremediable deafness, the unnecessary operations on accessory sinuses, mastoids and middle ear, the preventable deaths from cerebral lesions directly due to simple coryza, are appalling. All because a few superannuated sanitary engineers and family doctors of authentic vintage insist that there is such a thing as "catching cold."

Yet there are still isolated instances in which a woman "takes cold" after childbirth, by and with the consent of her medical attendant, and has "a bad run of fever." To this crime we, as a profession, are accessory before the fact, since we cling to the catching cold delusion. We aid and abet the obstetrician with the dirty hands. We lend encouragement to the surgeon with the dirty instruments.

Draughts are inevitable as the rising sun or the falling rain or the changing weather. No sanitarian has yet offered or ever will offer a means of ventilating a room without a draught. A draught that causes no discomfort—physical, not psychological—cannot do no

harm. A clean draught of cold fresh air is an unmitigated blessing—unmitigated by a window board or other curious contrivance to make the draught crooked. The draught will do the most good when we take it straight. The draught dodger is pretty certain to be a coryza carrier. The best disposal we can make of window boards is to send them to an old ladies' home—**TO BE USED FOR KINDLING.**

Exposure to the weather—rain, shine, snow or blow—increases the resistance against infectious diseases, not alone respiratory but every infectious disease we recognize. Our present outdoor treatment of pneumonia is the strongest possible proof of the value of cold air.

As for exposure in general, Dr. Brady thinks it can be no harm unless it causes physical discomfort, less it causes physical discomfort, he says, unless they become uncomfortable. Cold fresh air, the best tonic in the world, is free to all. Only the child who stands in a puddle all day as long as he likes it. The effect is a tonic. He says:

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The best possible environment for a coryza or pneumonia patient, thinks Dr. Brady, is cold air out of doors. He should lie wrapped in warm blankets, and be clothed in woollen garments. The doctor's final fling at the cold bogey is this:

1. Throttle the cold bogey at the bedside without mercy.
2. Isolate all coryza patients until the discharge ceases, preferably in the open air.
3. Disinfect handkerchiefs and all nasal or pharyngeal secretions.
4. Battle relentlessly against carious teeth, suppurating gums and carious tonsils.
5. Preach the gospel of cold fresh air and sunlight.

VERY AWKWARD SITUATIONS

AN ACTOR TELLS SOME "EMBARRASSING" STORIES.

Incidents Which Prove How Easy It Is to "Put Your Foot In It."

I frankly confess that I have found some enjoyment in watching people who have got themselves into awkward situations, writes Wilkie Bird, the actor in London Answers. I have been in some awkward situations myself, and when I see others in a more or less like plight I can readily imagine their feelings—hence my enjoyment.

I remember once driving in a cab to my house in the suburbs where I then lived. When I arrived at my door I found that, owing to some defect in the door-catches of the cab, or to a clever trick on the part of the driver, neither of the doors would open, so I had to make my exit from the cab through the window. I accomplished this by placing my hands on the driver's shoulders, by the aid of which support I nervously drew myself out of the cab.

It was about three o'clock on a summer afternoon when this little incident occurred, and it seemed to afford much gratification and amusement to the passers-by, among whom was a lady I knew.

SORRY!

I hesitated whether I should pretend not to see her, or take off my hat. You have no idea how awkward it is to take off your hat when your body is stretched horizontally between a cab-window and the driver standing on the footway. I was sorry afterwards I attempted to do it.

I was once standing on the platform at a country railway-station. A fat, middle-aged gentleman, who wanted to get out of a train, was unable to open the door of the carriage.

Having alighted myself, I watched him attentively from a distance. As he was leaning his head out of the carriage, uttering expressions apparently of extreme indignation, though I did not actually hear them, the train began to move out of the station, and at the same instant he succeeded at last in opening the door, only, however, to have it banged on him by an attentive and careful porter—the solitary one on the platform.

FOILED!

The expression on the gentleman's face as the train glided away

with him captive reminded me of a picture I saw once in Paris of a man who seemed greatly upset about something; the picture was entitled "Foiled." I remember.

No matter how careful a man is, he is bound at times to find himself in an awkward situation; and one can't help it. It invariably happens that you get into an awkward situation at the most unexpected moments, and in the most unexpected ways.

At an evening party several years ago I undertook to tell fortunes. I did this simply in order to help my hostess to amuse her guests.

Well, I looked at people's hands and concocted the nicest things I could think of to say about their future, and everyone, especially the young ladies, whom I predicted would have most eligible offers of marriage in the immediate future, if not sooner, were mightily pleased.

VERDICT AND RIDER.

The last young lady to place her palm in my hands was excessively pretty—she was, indeed, the prettiest girl in the room—and I told her a somewhat longer fortune than I had the others. I made up a little story about a nasty, wicked, ugly, rich old man who would fall in love with her, but that she herself would fall in love with a poor, but extremely handsome, dashing, brave young fellow, a V.C., and the hero of at least a thousand fights. Ultimately, I foretold that the ugly old sinner would die a hideous death, and the young and handsome officer would come in at the critical moment—I did not specify the precise character of the crisis—for a huge fortune, and so everything would end happily.

Everyone seemed to be trying not to laugh as I was telling what I thought was a harmless, if somewhat musty, little tale, and finally the young lady herself matched her hand away from me, and said she thought fortune-telling was a very silly sort of thing, and added a rider—that is not the exact word I want, but let it stand—to the effect that she didn't believe one bit in it.

I could not make out why everyone was looking so amused, until someone whispered to me that a fat, ugly old man who was asleep in a chair near me was her husband. I said I knew that all the time, and then it occurred to me that this was a rather tactless thing to say, and then I started trying to explain that I did not know it. Finally, I took advantage of a clock on the mantelpiece striking to say I had to catch a train, and so got away.

Here is the story of one of the most awkward situations I was ever in:

I was engaged to give a private performance at a house in Grosvenor Square some years ago. I had to be at the house at 11 p.m., and I decided, in order to save time, to go direct from the Oxford Music Hall after my turn "made up" as an elderly lady, clad in a sort of exaggerated mixture of sixteenth and nineteenth century style of dress.

WELCOMING WILKIE.

I was shown into a cosy boudoir that opened off the room where I was to give my performance, and where I was to wait until the guests were all seated.

After I had been in the room a few minutes the door opened softly, and an old lady looked in. She put up her spectacles to her eyes, looked at me for a moment or two, and then, with a sort of shrill little laugh, came towards me, and said: "Why, my dear Mrs. Mann-something—I did not catch the name she called me—I am so glad you have come! Ella will be delighted to hear you are here!" And then the dear old thing shook me by both hands, kissed me, and drew a chair near mine, and plumped herself into it.

"It must be nearly ten years since I have seen you," she said; "so I should really never have known you, only I knew you were coming." I never felt more awkwardly placed in all my life. I felt afraid to laugh, and yet I wanted badly to lie back and roar.

TREATMENT OF LIVE STOCK.

Horses and, in fact, all domestic animals are very much more impressionable than they are generally supposed to be. Cattle which have had a kind master, a man of gentle but firm nature, show the effect of their associations as a breed or strain. Years of good treatment not only make an impression on the individuals, but are impressed with such force as to become a breed characteristic. In short, a keen judge can tell pretty nearly what sort of association a horse has had by his temperament.

The importance of creating a good temperament in a trotting or pacing horse should not be underrated. The horse with a good temperament will do more work and do it better than one which has not a well balanced temperament.

Jinks—"Tired of living on mutton and beef? Why don't you have a bit o' fowl occasionally?" Binks (absently)—"Can't very well; none of my neighbors keep poultry."

On the Farm

WHY BAD EGGS?

During the warm weather there are many bad eggs placed on the market. These bad eggs may be dirty, incubated, shrunken or held, rotten or moldy and bad flavored.

Some of the causes of dirty eggs are unsanitary conditions about the poultry house; lack of litter in the house; an insufficient number of nests; small nests; poor nesting material; allowing hens to roost on nests, and not gathering eggs often enough. The few dirty eggs that are produced should be consumed at home and not washed and sold.

With these faults corrected the number of broken eggs would be lowered, for some of the above conditions result in both dirty and broken eggs. The cause of some of the breakage, however, is the lack of mineral matter for the eggshell. Oyster shells or bone will furnish this mineral matter for the production of thicker shelled eggs.

Egg producers should take sufficient pride in their product to give it proper care from the time it is laid until it is marketed. Subsequent handlers should exercise a similar precaution. Careful attention to these important points would materially lessen the losses enumerated above and would add to the pleasure of producing and of consuming this important food. Eggs may be a delicacy or only an ordinary, or even inferior, material for food purposes, depending very largely upon the way they are handled by producer, middleman and consumer.

KNELL OF OLD MILK PAIL.

A wonderful system of ventilation has been devised for dairies, and its general adoption by all farmers who apply intelligence and scientific methods to their ventures proves its merit. But pure air alone is not sufficient for the cow barn. No dust must be permitted to accumulate, the barns should be kept in perfect sanitary form and the animal must be subjected to frequent cleaning operations. Scientists have sounded the knell of the old-fashioned milk pail with its flaring edges. The small-topped pail is in favor. It offers less of an opening for bacteria that may fall into the milk during the process of milking.

Some bacteria invariably are found in milk. The laboratory shows, however, that these germs are beneficial rather than injurious to the human consumers. But the presence of bacteria directly traceable to filth and unsanitary conditions is at once a source of danger and a signal for medical warfare on the undesirable dairy.

"Keep the cow stable as neat and as clean as the kitchen," is the slogan of the most progressive dairymen. They are in the ascendancy. The careless, old-fashioned dairymen sees plainly the handwriting on the wall.

HINTS FOR THE FARMER.

Treat the hard boar with kindness and also with considerable caution.

Do not allow the cows to dry up during the latter part of summer, as this necessitates keeping them through winter giving a smaller flow of milk than they should.

A little oil of pennyroyal or oil of cloves will drive flies away from the stable.

At any season, when the horse has become excessively warm he should be cooled off gradually.

Don't change the collar from one horse to another.

Cultivate a cheerful tone in speaking to your horse.

It does not pay to feed and care for inferior horses on the farm.

Warm skim milk for feeding purposes soon pays the cost of a farm separator.

A cow's value is determined by the solids in her milk.



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GERMANS DREAD 1913.

Will Empire Fall Next Year As Propheesied By a Sorceress.

The recent Socialist victories in Germany have revived the singular story of Emperor William I. and the fortune teller, which at the time of the old Kaiser's death was whispered with awe by the superstitious. There is now only one part of the prophecy left unfulfilled, and the date for that is set for next year.

The story goes that in 1849 the Crown Prince who was later to become the first Emperor, found himself in Baden, and heard so many stories of an old fortune teller that he was induced to go to see her.

The sorceress was seated at a table, on which were spread various bits of wood bearing figures. Her custom was to touch these pieces of wood with a pencil, guided, as she assured her clients, entirely by inspiration. Combined in some way these figures gave you the most exact information as to the future.

"In what year will the German Empire be founded?" first asked the Prince, whose head was already full of his great ambition.

The old woman took up the figures 1, 8, 4, and 9, and formed the number of the current year. Then she touched various other figures and placed them one by one in a column under this first line. The Prince said when she had finished that the date 1849 appeared twice in different form, thus:

| | |
|------|---|
| 1849 | 1 |
| 1 | 8 |
| 8 | 4 |
| 4 | 9 |

"Add them," said the fortune teller, "and you will find the year in which the German Empire will be founded."

The prince did as he was told and found the total to be 1871.

"When will I die?" he asked next.

The sorceress made the date 1871, and then began touching figures again. She touched four and arranged them as she had done in the first instance. Prince William saw that she had again repeated the date:

| | |
|------|---|
| 1871 | 1 |
| 1 | 8 |
| 8 | 7 |
| 7 | 1 |

"Add them," she said; "they

give the year in which you will die."

They came to 1898. The Prince put his third and last question:

"When will the German Empire fall?"

A third time the woman fixed the last date and added four figures. When she had finished the Prince saw:

| | |
|------|---|
| 1888 | 1 |
| 1 | 8 |
| 8 | 8 |

"Add them and you have the date of the fall of the German Empire." The figures came to 1913.

This odd story was told when William I. died in 1888, after being crowned Emperor in 1871. Twice have the old witch's figures told the truth. Superstitious folk look at the election returns and wonder what will be the empire's fortunes in 1913.

SARDINES AND SPRATS.

Few Know Difference When Little Fish Get in Tins.

Though they are totally different species of fish, sprats are sometimes sold as sardines, and few people know of the distinctions between them. Briefly, a sardine is a young pilchard. In its immature state it lives in the warm waters off the shores of France, Italy, and Spain, though occasionally it is found not far from the coast of Devon and Cornwall, England. The mature pilchard is, however, a well-known Cornish fish.

On the other hand, a sprat is a sprat, and the small specimens one sees in the shops are fully-grown fish. Sprats are caught in enormous quantities off the coasts of the British Isles and in Norwegian waters.

In France there are no fewer than 170 factories engaged in the trade of preparing and tinning sardines. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, at Nantes, sardines were first prepared in olive-oil and packed in barrels, and there are no fewer than one hundred and sixty-one different methods of cooking this delectable dish. Enormous exportations of sardines are made annually to Australia and South Africa.

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