

DUXHURST HOME

Lady Henry Somerset Now Overseer in Person.

The Founder of the Great Home for the Cure of Drunken Women, Which She Has Established at Duxhurst, Will Live Herself—Has Fully Withdrawn From the Fashionable World.

Canada is always interested in everything Lady Henry Somerset does. It heard she had withdrawn from the fashionable world; to find her colony for inebriate women at Duxhurst and the talk is that she still maintains her interest in the work and is devoting most of her time to it.

She has rented her sumptuous home Reigate Priory, and is living at the Industrial Farm Colony, performing the duties of general overseer in person. The farm was organized in 1895 for the purpose of arresting the alarming increase of inebriety among English women, and after careful study of the subject founded on lines believed to be sound and scientific. That these were correct the results of the experiments have so far amply demonstrated. The Farm House consists of a colony village built on the slopes of the hills of Surrey, a breezy upland farm overlooking beautiful fields that stretch away for miles on either side.

Here the little thatched cottages, bright and smiling nestle as though they had been built for many a year, forming a triangle round the green. The hospital stands on one side, open-



SOME OF THE COTTAGES.

posite this the church, and in another meadow the long building called "The Children's Nest" faces the village. Far up the road in its own grounds is the Manor House, which has been opened for the reception of patients able to pay a larger fee.

The most important feature of the scheme is the recognition of the individual in the patient. Each cottage has six occupants in charge of a nurse sister. Realizing that this method of distribution was more efficacious than the housing of either greater numbers it was adopted. A greater portion of the success of the farm has been attributed to this arrangement where normal home life can be maintained and where each individual feels herself of importance in her own circle.

The cottages are simply furnished with just such utensils as every self-respecting laborer ought to have at home, clean, dainty, and pretty and the women take immense pride in what they call "their little homes."

In founding the institution the aim was to cure the patients of a disease, for the management considered habitual drunkenness as a disease. Recognizing that physical health and mental sanity are necessary antecedent conditions for moral and spiritual upbuilding of those who have been thus stricken down and for this, occupation through congenial work was the only antidote. For this not only physically benefits but affords food for reflection and thought, and in its process is at once encouraging and interesting. The management believed in work and hard work, but think that it should be varied and as far as possible in the open air.

Nothing better can be found than in wholesome outdoor work on the lawns among the flower beds, in the vegetable garden and in the farming



THE LAUNDRY.

houses. The manner in which women who have entered in the institution at utter wrecks are built up, and the way in which they soon regain their youth and cheerful spirits proved this theory correct.

From this it will be seen that the outdoor work has many features, but this is not all that is accomplished by the inmates. The laundry work of the community and the necessary sewing are naturally done, but they are considered more as domestic duties than occupations. Consequently several industries were established as a complement to the out-door work.

Four looms have been set up, and from the sale of goods manufactured considerably more than the original expense has been realized. The articles woven are fancy aprons, after Swedish patterns, linen and woollen dress materials. A knitting machine is also in operation, and upon this various kinds of warm underclothing are made to order.

Besides these two industries, all kinds of fine needle work, both plain and fancy, is done by these patients who are unable to undertake out-door work. One of the drawbacks to a stated output is the continuous change of the inmates and the lack at times of skilled labor, but the progress made in these industries has been most gratifying.

There is another branch at Duxhurst which has been largely instrumental in the success of the institution, and that is the department known as "The Bird's Nest." This is where the children live; one of the rules of the institution is the admission of children under 14 months, when it is desirable to keep them with their mothers.

So Duxhurst means to many women not only a place where they learned to overcome their own weakness, but also a spot where they read anew or perhaps for the first time, the lesson of motherhood. An inebriate's baby is generally a weakly baby, but as the healthy life and balmy air of Duxhurst restores a mother's physical and mental balance, so her baby's health improves.

The object of this is to show that a real interest is taken in mothers and children alike; the patients themselves are concerned in establishing the relations of family life in each little home, and as this spirit acts and reacts throughout the whole colony, the presence of the children is an influence good, pure and lasting.

There are two sides to the "Bird's Nest." The first has been touched upon, the second is this: The "Bird's Nest" is open from May until September as a holiday home for the children from the slums of London. There may not appear to be much connection between a holiday home for children and a colony of inebriate women, but the connection is a very real one.

When the colony was founded it was desired to make the village as much like an ordinary village as possible, and to fill the lives of the women with interest. The children coming and going, and playing around, helps to dissipate the idea of institutional or penal life, and the brightness brought by their presence is an added interest to the women's lives. There is another object. There is something peculiarly fitting in the fact that such a cottage should form part of an inebriate home, for children are the greatest sufferers from the curse of drink, and it seems to the management to be only fair that the children should have some share in the life that is meant to give back the health and happiness that have been destroyed by this curse.

The colony is only organized upon a small scale, consequently when forming an opinion upon the work accomplished the percentage must be entirely taken into consideration. The figures are taken from the report made by Dr. A. R. Walters, the medical officer, in November, 1898, the report for the present year not having been completed.

It is divided into three parts—First, the cases which were reported doing well a year ago; second, the new cases more recently discharged; third, the results of the two combined together. Taking the first: In the previous year's report there were sixty-four cases, of which thirty-four were successful. Of these thirty-four, twenty-five are still abstainers, six have failed, one is doubtful and two have died. In the second, since the previous report forty-eight cases were discharged. Of these thirty



WORKROOM AND WEAVING LOOMS.

were successful, nine failed, five were removed by friends, two were discharged by the medical officer as unfit for treatment, one was sent to an asylum and one absconded.

Combining the two returns it will be seen that altogether there were 112 cases, of which fifty-five were successful, twenty-five failed after the first year, twelve were removed by friends, six were removed by the medical officers as unfit for treatment, five absconded, three were sent away as incorrigible, three died, two were insane and one doubtful.

Of the patients, eighty-four were married women, twenty-eight were single, forty-three had inebriate family history, eight had insanity in the family, eleven had ancestors who died of paralysis, sixty-five were periodic drunkards, seven were secret drunkards, fifty drank spirits alone, twenty-one drank beer alone, twelve beer and spirits, one beer and wine, twenty drank anything alcoholic, two spirits of opium and two opium. When stating the cause of their fall thirty-four gave depressive nervous work or trouble, twenty-two companionship, eight overwork and six cruelty. The percentage, taking every case attempted, 112 with 55 cures, shows almost 50 per cent. By taking out the cases which for some reason or other did not stay the prescribed time there are eighty-three, with fifty-five cures, making sixty-seven per cent.

It is hardly necessary to comment upon these figures for they prove conclusively that inebriety in women is not a hopeless incurable evil.

In reckoning this percentage, taking into consideration the insane, the dying, those unfit for treatment and those who stayed less than twelve months, the result is good, but the larger percentage only proves that the importance of the patients remaining over a year cannot be over emphasized.

This is the period the management desire the patients to remain and it is upon this that they base their claims. In many ways the Duxhurst work seems to be and is most satisfactory, in its surroundings, its possibilities and assured results it is most encouraging.

The colony, which is under the direct supervision of Lady Somerset, has the following Advisory Board and officers: The Bishop of Rochester, the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Wakefield, the Bishop of Chichester, the Earl of Stamford, Lord Kinnaird, Evan Spicer, A. F. Hills, R. Barclay and Cecil Harris. The officers are: President, Lady Somerset; treasurer, Mrs. Eva McLaren; chaplain, Rev. L. A. Holt; Sister Eleanor, superintendent, medical officer, Dr. A. Walters, and secretary, Miss England. The patrons of the Children's Cottage are Canon Wilberforce, Rev. M. C. Pearce, the Countess of Dudley, Lady Arthur Butler, the Duchess of Bedford, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Katherine Somerset and Countess Somers.

The latest estimate of the population of England and Wales is 31,000,000, the women being in a majority of 960,000.

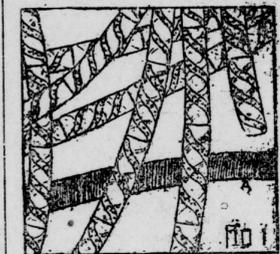
WORLD UNSEEN

Beauties of the Sum of Rivers, Lakes and Stagnant Ponds.

A Wonderful Empire—An Introduction to the Study of the Order Algae, With Illustrations That Will Make It Clear—What a Limited Power Microscope Will Reveal.

In this modern age of travel, when railroads girdle the globe with their iron arms and send their panting engines like fiery meteors plunging and shrieking to the uttermost confines of the earth, a journey is but a common excitement—an almost everyday event—and the results (so far as scenery goes) are all practically the same. How great then will be the pleasure of a journey that promises an entire and total change, vastly different in every way to anything hitherto seen—a trip to a world so marvelously beautiful—so diverse in its material—so intricately astounding in its details that the mind of the beholder is charmed and bewildered, but which is generally left open only to the scientist and savant, and sealed to the common people by a ponderous wealth of scientific terms and phraseology which present an unsurmountable barrier to their entrance.

To what a vast and wonderful world of life, says a well-known scientific correspondent, is it known that just such a world as described is ready of access to the possessor of a microscope of even



limited powers, in places hitherto undreamed of—every pond or pool, every river or lake—even the hootmarks left by cattle on marshy soil is teeming with life which to our unaided eye remains forever invisible; every blade of grass or flower, every bush or tree contains in itself a story so intensely interesting and when looked for showing structure so beautiful that no work of man can for one moment be compared without the fact being forever impressed upon the beholder of the greatness of the work "which the Creator declared was 'good.'"

Who amongst us has not observed that as this season of the year advances almost every stream and river which we find in the country is filled up with a matting green scum extending as far as the eye can reach in either direction—even the semi-stagnant pools are themselves filled to a considerable depth, and if we were to take up some of this same scum which forms such thick green clouds in the water and examine it under the microscope we should be amazed at its beauty and complexity of structure, for that same green "weed" is endowed with just as much life as you are, and just as there are amongst us the marrying and giving in marriage so with this scum which we are now about to examine in detail, and which is known to scientists as the order of Algae.

Direct our attention to the object and you will see (Fig. 1) that this same Algae which in the mass possesses rather a repulsive appearance, under magnification of the lens is endowed with a beauty undreamed of—a fine, delicate green web. This particular specimen under our observation is green Spirogyra, and is easily recognized by the beautiful spiral bands of green in the interior of each cell. It is found generally just under the surface of the water, and like all the Algae, prefers a pond or slow moving stream to flourish. Now the manner of

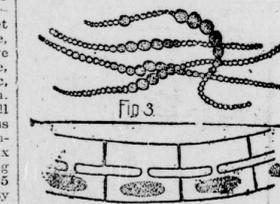


FIG. 2

production is very remarkable in this species, and is as follows: Each of two filaments which happen to be parallel to each other begin at the same time to shoot out small protuberances each toward the other, and continue until they meet, when they fuse into each other and form a tube just like the steps in a ladder, the original filaments forming the sides (Fig. 2). Then the green contents of one of the original tubes fall away from the sides and pass over through the tube into the opposite cell and mingle with it, from which a spore is formed (this is known as conjugation). When ripened the spores burst out from the cell and swim off by a very peculiar method, and bud out by seal division, forming little filaments or threads like the parent.

The growth of the Algae is exceedingly rapid, and their matted condition is principally due to this cause. They have no roots—but often fasten themselves to twigs, etc., in the water.

Further on toward the side at A, (Fig. 1) you can see a different species of Algae—which is known as Vancheria—it forms a damp green mat on mud and shallows and feels a little coarser to the touch than Spirogyra—in it the filaments are very long, with few separate branches, and you will notice that the chlorophyll (which is the name given to the green cell contents) is spread all over the entire wall and flows out in irregular patches when the filament is broken or bruised. In this species the spores are formed in a different way. A club-like prominence is formed at the free ends of the thread, then a thin partition grows across what may be called the neck of the club. When the spores are ripe, which is known by the contents assuming a dark appearance, the club bursts and the spore is released, swimming off by the aid of rapidly vibrating thread or hair-like protuberances known as cilia.

Here is another species called the Anabaena (Fig. 2). In it you see that the

cells are round and form in long chains. But we could go on indefinitely with the varying forms, all teeming with beauty and grace, each one living out its own life cycle in its own obscure and almost unknown way. Besides the Algae which



we have been examining we may notice from time to time a peculiar-looking object dart into our field of view, swim around a little with an absurd spasmodic motion and then dart out again—evidently propelling himself by means of a sort of saw-like foot from the middle of the abdomen—allow me to introduce the gentleman as Mr. Daphnia Pulex—a very common so-called water-flea and a portrait of whom appears in Fig. 4 and whose vivacious animal life soon becomes animal death when swallowed by the many people who use water as a thirst alleviator.

Space does not permit of going now into further details regarding the myriad forms of animal and vegetable life by which we are surrounded—but to the observer with even the most limited of means—to the one who is equipped only with the pocket lens of moderate power, the stupor of understanding of these lines is forced upon him.

"These are Thy glorious works, parent of good, Almighty: Thine this universal frame Thus wondrous fair."

THE NEW EDINBURGH.

Characteristics of the Modern City Whose Last Minister Really Passed Away in Sir Walter Scott.

Scott was in a peculiar sense the last of the minstrels, the inheritor of all the traditions of mediæval and Jacobite Edinburgh, the champion of a state of society which was soon to pass away forever. He has enshrined these traditions and drawn an immortal picture of this state in "Marmion," "Tales of a Grandfather" and a number of the Waverley novels, among which, perhaps, the "Heart of Midlothian" is most deeply imbued with the spirit of old Edinburgh. It is only a piece of justice—though one too seldom rendered to poets—that his lofty monument should stand in the very center of his native place looking across what was the North Loch to the frowning castle and the towering "lands" of the Old Town.

On the day of Scott's day Edinburgh remained for the most part in the state where the Stuarts had left it, confined within the narrow limits of the ancient city and the borough of Canongate, its one main thoroughfare, the High Street, running down along the crest of the ridge, the castle to the low ground, about Holyrood. As population increased extension was sought by elevation rather than expansion. "Houses sprang up, story after story, neighbor mounting on neighbor's shoulder, until the population slept 14 or 15 deep in a vertical direction." Within these monstrous piles, reaching even to-day the architecture of some Borgese dream city, much of the best blood of Scotland found for a time a local habitation, and houses that are now packed from cellar to garret with the dregs of the proletariat were the homes of wealth, wit and beauty.

But since the beginning of the century Edinburgh has altered. The New Town, beginning on the ridge across the valley from the castle, has crept steadily down the windy slope to the fifth, and the southern suburbs have pushed out their front ranks to the foot of Arthur's Seat and the Braid hill. And the new town is as modern as the old is antique. Wide, clean streets, open squares and comfortable, well-built houses give evidence of the ease and prosperity of the city. Yet the old town is not destroyed; broad lanes have been driven through its darkest quarters, the tallest "Lands" are gone, the Tolbooth has been torn down, but the bulk of the grim old town remains a frowning memorial of the past. No sight in Europe is more impressive to a stranger's eyes than the view from merry, busy Princess Street across the pretty gardens to where the "Lands" of the old town hang like a precipice over Waverley bridge. Nowhere in England at least, do past and present meet in such sharp contrast.

With all her ease and wealth to-day, Edinburgh is not a great commercial or manufacturing city. Her chief products are connected with the printing and publishing of books—a very proper industry for a town that has been called the modern Athens. The smoke that floats like a flag toward her windy skies rises from kindly hearthstones, not from the belching factory stack. Proud of their university, their law courts, their schools of art and centers of literary activity, the inhabitants of Edinburgh look down with gentle scorn on the work-a-day folk of Glasgow or Dundee. And they have reason for their pride.

Natural situation has combined with history and tradition to make Edinburgh unique among the cities of the old world. "What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere," says one of her artist sons, "I find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and Salzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli; here is all the magnificence of the admired lays of Genoa and Naples. Here, indeed, to the poetic fancy may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Grecian Acropolis." Something must be allowed to the poetic fancy of an artist returned from foreign lands to his dear home, but one need not be born a Scot to feel a thrill of wonder and delight as one looks down at sunset from the crest of Arthur's Seat across the old town and the new to the Firth of Forth and the shores of Fife. Then, indeed, in the words of her latest poet: "The falls on the gray old city An influence luminous and serene— A shining peace."

A steel harness trace is one of the latest productions of Sheffield. A narrow strip of steel about an inch wide is increased in length and used in the ordinary way; the steel is of the best quality and so pliable that it can be twisted.

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MARK TWAIN ON THE JEWS.

The Jew is not a disturber of the peace of any country. Even his enemies will concede that. He is not a loafer; he is not a sot; he is not noisy; he is not a brawler nor a rioter; he is not quarrelsome. In the statistics of crime his presence is conspicuously rare—in all countries. With murder and other crimes of violence he has but little to do; he is a stranger to the hangman. In the police court's daily long roll of "assaults" and "drunk and disorderlies" his name seldom appears. That the Jewish home is a home in the truest sense is a fact no one will dispute. The family is knitted together by the strongest affections; its members show each other every due respect; and reverence for the elders is an inviolate law of the house. The Jew is not a burden on the charities of the state nor of the city; these could cease from their functions without affecting him. When he is well enough, he works; when he is incapacitated, his own people take care of him. And not in a poor and stingy way, but with a fine and large benevolence. His race is entitled to be called the most benevolent of all the races of men. A Jewish beggar is not impossible, perhaps; such a thing may exist, but there are few men that can say they have seen that spectacle. The Jew has been stigmatized in many uncomplimentary forms, but so far as I know, no dramatist has done him the injustice to stage him as a beggar. Whenever a Jew has real need to beg, his people save him from the necessity of doing it. The charitable institutions of the Jews are supported by Jewish money, and apply. The Jews make no noise about it; it is done quietly; they do not nag and pester and harass us for contributions; they give us peace, and set us an example—an example which we have not found ourselves able to follow.—Mark Twain, in Harper's Magazine.

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