

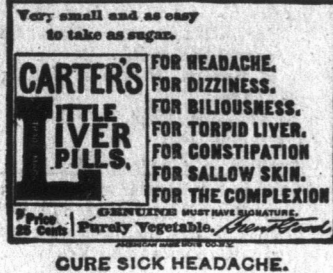
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LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 45, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
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ROUGH BUSH SURGERY

CUTTING A MAN'S THROAT IN THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

A Thrilling Story of Rough and Ready Experience in the Isolation of the Woods—The Patient Recovered—Some of the Common Methods of Attempting to Circumvent Accidents—Danger Due to Distance.

Bush surgery has methods peculiarly its own. Simplicity is its keynote. For a snake bite you cut the piece out of your leg with your clasp-knife, and continue your journey, says an Australian writer. For a broken rib you tie a string round your waist. For toothache the treatment is to press a common knitting needle, heated white hot, against the exposed end of the nerve. The patient is usually held down by two strong men for this operation, and sometimes pursues the operator with a gun for the next two or three days; but provided the knitting needle is used firmly and fearlessly a cure is certain. For measles you sit down and smoke until you are well. I have myself nursed a whole family through the scarlet fever, though I knew nothing about the disease, and, indeed, know nothing about it now. For bronchitis you blister the sufferer and turn him out for a week. The theory is all wrong, but it works in practice. People live a long time up country; there aren't many doctors there. I don't say there is any connection, but both are facts.

Of course, there are occasionally "regrettable incidents." If you give cold mutton and apple-dumpling to a man recovering from typhoid—why, he dies, that's all; and if a man tries to cut off his own arm with a handsaw, the chances are he makes a mess of it. Still, as a general thing, you "muddle through somehow."

I doubt if we do not know a little more than is good for us about microbes, blood-poisoning, anaesthetics and petty details of that sort. Then the bush itself supplies natural remedies—"pigweed," for instance, in Queensland, an excellent cure for scurvy—while rapid smoking will to a certain extent take the place of chloroform and deodorant. Nicotine is good for centipede bites.

What I wish to lay stress on is the peculiar danger due to the enormous distances and the isolation of the bush. You cut a vein in an awkward place, and bleed to death because there is no one to tie it up. A slight fracture—even a sprain—prevents you reaching home and you die of exposure, thirst, gangrene, or a complication of all three. You may even be pinned down by a falling tree or an injured horse—though quite unharmed yourself—and never get up again. It is quite a custom for this reason for the stockman when on his rounds to keep a look-out for horses, cattle, or sheep "hung up" in the bush and liable to starve to death. Bush-felling is so dangerous an occupation that insurance companies do not care to "take the lives" of men about to engage in it.

"Bush madness" and kindred complaints, the accidents common to horse-breaking and bush-felling, snake bites (in places), and diseases with an alcoholic origin are the principal practice of an up-country doctor. His surgical experience is limited, and he, therefore, operates on any patient who gives him the slightest provocation to keep his hand in. Fortunately, the bushman is phlegmatic—I have known a shepherd who had to amputate his own finger with an axe, and give it to the dog at dinner-time to save him. You will thus understand that things are rough and ready. A young doctor in Queensland not long ago spent sleepless nights for weeks in pulling a patient round, picked a quarrel with him during the convalescent stage, and shot him dead!

The above notes will partially explain how I came to assist in the cutting of my friend Mr. Johnson's

Heart Palpitated.

FAINT AND DIZZY SPELLS.

FELT WEAK AND NERVOUS.

COULD SCARCELY EAT.

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MILBURN'S HEART and NERVE PILLS

Sure Mrs. Edmund Brown, lawed, Ont., when she had almost given up hope of ever getting well again.

She writes: "I was so run down that I was not able to do my work, was short of breath, had a sour stomach every night and could scarcely eat. My heart palpitated, I had faint and dizzy spells and felt weak and nervous all the time. My husband got me a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills but I told him it was no use, that I had given up hope of ever being cured. He however persuaded me to take them and before I had used half the box I began to feel better. Two boxes made a new woman of me and I have been well and have been able to do my work ever since."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cts. box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or THE T. MILBURN CO., Ltd. TORONTO, ONT.



Mrs. Weisslitz, Buffalo, N.Y., cured of kidney trouble by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Of all the diseases known with which the female organism is afflicted, kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless prompt and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives. Being fully aware of this, Mrs. Pinkham, early in her career, gave careful study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made sure that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was certain to control that dreaded disease, woman's kidney trouble.

Read What Mrs. Weisslitz Says. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years my life was simply a burden. I suffered so with female troubles, and pains across my back and loins. The doctor told me that I had kidney trouble and prescribed for me. For three months I took his medicine, but grew steadily worse. My husband then advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and brought home a bottle. It is the greatest blessing ever brought to our home. Within three months I was a changed woman. My pain had disappeared, my complexion became clear, my eyes bright, and my entire system in good shape."—MRS. PAULA WEISSLITZ, 176 Seneca St., Buffalo, N.Y.—\$8000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

throat. The scene was a shanty in a gully on the Australian coast, shaded by the customary eucalyptus and watered by the inevitable "creek." There were three of us, all young cadets—Johnson, the hero of the incident, O'Shaughnessy, an Irish gentleman of somewhat reckless disposition, as shall be disclosed, and myself.

Johnson, to gain some private ends, got diphtheria. As we were at the far end of creation a doctor's visit would have been several hundred rounds by the time he got there, and Johnson would probably have been dead long before. My only medical knowledge was a slight acquaintance with the extraction of teeth, and this was of little use for diphtheria. O'Shaughnessy, however, had some experience of the disease, or said he had, and immediately proceeded to "do so."

"What's to be done?" I asked O'Shaughnessy, who had just come in. "Tracheotomy!" he decided at once in an offhand manner. "Do you know anything about it?"

I had cut sheep's throats often enough, but that was in order to kill them. We wanted to keep Johnson alive; not turn him into butchers' meat. I offered to operate—at twenty-odd there are few things one does not offer to do—but did not recommend it.

"Then I'll do it myself," declared O'Shaughnessy. All told, the surgical instruments in the shanty were handsaw, a penknife, brand-al and a shepherd's knife (a large weapon commonly used for skinning sheep). O'Shaughnessy dragged them out, and toyed with them in front of Johnson, who eyed them between his gasps with some anxiety. We rattled them over together noisily, and soon decided on the penknife. O'Shaughnessy took it outside to the grindstone and sharpened it. Johnson listened to him, and knowing O'Shaughnessy's reckless disposition, began incoherent protestations against the proposed operation. But he was now getting purple, and there was no time for calculating chances. O'Shaughnessy came back and put a final edge on the penknife. We propped Johnson against some rugs and turned a strong light on his throat.

It began to feel a little ghastly. The Southern Cross shone brightly through the open window—at least I suppose it did, though I had lived several years at the Antipodes before I could make out the Southern Cross at all. I had never felt so creepy since I accepted the invitation of the sword-swallower at a circus to push the word down his throat. I had killed hundreds of sheep and cattle in the ordinary way of business without a thought—an operation which sometimes caused the new chum to faint—but everything is a matter of custom. The most reckless rough-rider will be an abject coward in a gale at sea; the daredevil V. C. puts up the white flag and surrenders unconditionally when it comes to making an after-dinner speech or getting married.

"It's quite painless, you know, Johnson," I observed, not that I knew anything about it, but I thought it was the professional thing to say. "How abouts do I go for him?" said O'Shaughnessy, brandishing the knife in front of Johnson, who groaned. "In here's quite safe, isn't it?" "Hardly," I answered—"rather near the jugular!"

Here the patient, whinnied again, but was quickly reduced to submission. "Then in here?" pinking him under the gills among some of the more important arteries, in the playful way sometimes observed in barbers.

"Probably kill him," I suggested, and from his contortions I fancied the patient agreed with me. Shouldn't try it there if it was a horse?"—for I know more about equine than human anatomy—"not a valuable horse."

"We shall be tried for manslaughter if it's a failure, won't we?" "Ah! I hadn't thought of that," I said—the sufferer apparently had, for he gasped freely, "Law's a tricky thing."

"Ah, I remember now—just under the apple of the throat!" exclaimed O'Shaughnessy, recalling his one piece of knowledge about the operation.

The whole thing turned out simple enough in practice. I held my breath as O'Shaughnessy, after fumbling about with the knife as if he were going to carve a fowl, thrust it through the skin under the "Adam's apple," fished out the butt end of the severed larynx and covered it with a handkerchief with a vague idea of keeping out microbes, but in reality this did some good in protecting it from dust. The bleeding, I was surprised to see, was not more than a spoonful or two. But it was uncanny to watch the breathing going on through the neck instead of at the mouth.

Well, the agonizing suffocation ceased at once. How we should have avoided blood-poisoning or joined up the larynx eventually I had as little idea as O'Shaughnessy, and he hadn't much. By a thousand-and-one chance a doctor passed the shanty next day, and he finished the job.

Johnson recovered. He thanked us cordially for so kindly cutting his throat, although his manner led us to believe that he would never be operated on by an amateur again. But every deed of daring has its risks, and one can face them with so much calmer courage when the risks are taken by somebody else!

Duke of Cambridge's Wife.

The most romantic feature of the late Duke of Cambridge's life was his marriage, which was often incorrectly described as "morganatic," when, in fact, it was legally no marriage at all. Under the provisions of the Royal Marriage Act, no marriage of a member of the Royal Family is valid without the consent of the reigning sovereign, and this was never obtained by the Duke. Why it was not given has often been the subject of wonder, since several members of the Royal Family have since married persons not of royal birth.

The Duke's wife, who was known throughout the remainder of her life as Mrs. FitzGeorge, was an actress, a Miss Farebrother, daughter of a printer in Bow street. She was the reigning beauty of the Lyceum during the Keatsian regime, and is still remembered as Abdullah, captain of the Forty Thieves, in one gorgeous extravaganza. The marriage took place at Arbornhill Church, attached to the barracks in Dublin, where Prince George was then quartered with his regiment. It was a quiet affair, and the happy couple proceeded at once to Montreuil House—a capital brick three-storied edifice hard by. His marriage was not recognized at Court, and is not referred to in the "Peerages." But the Duke and the actress were very happy, for she was a lady of great personal charm, amiable, and an excellent talker. There were three sons and one daughter, who were kindly remembered as Abdullah, captain of the Forty Thieves, in one gorgeous extravaganza, daughter of the printer, had not.

The sons are Col. George Fitz-George, Rear-Admiral Adolphus Fitz-George, and Col. Augustus Charles Fitz-George. Mrs. FitzGeorge, who was greatly esteemed by the members of the Royal Family, as well as by others who knew the Duke of Cambridge personally, died in January, 1888. The Duke's bereavement was severe. Other members of the family shared his regret. For a time he withdrew from public engagements, but in August of the same year responded to the invitation to unveil in the cemetery at Evere, Brussels, the fine monument erected to the memory of the British who fell in the campaign of Waterloo.

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How easy it is for one to suggest a sure way for some one else to manage a troublesome affair.

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