

THE GOSPEL OF FRESH AIR

ONE has only to make inquiries of his friends to learn of the numbers who, to-day, in city and country, are sleeping in rooms with their windows well open the year round, or on the verandah and in other cases in shacks and tents on the lawn. This may be getting back to primitive life, but it was then that, shorn of the luxuries of the twentieth century, people enjoyed good health and lived to a good old age.

Our warmly heated houses, the convenience of street cars and other present-day ways of living have at least told on the health and longevity of the race.

The value of fresh air as a curable agent is recognized by the general hospitals of the land to-day as never before. The older hospitals are being remodelled, so as to permit of extended verandahs and other means, by which a convalescent patient can, as quickly as possible, be wheeled out in bed or chair and allowed to drink in the health giving medicine and ozone of nature itself.

In the newer hospitals, as they are being built, ample accommodation is being provided for fresh air treatment of patients of many different classes.

It is open to the individual everywhere to live the fresh air life more than he does to-day.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

THE song of Maud Muller, "What Might Have Been," has a melancholy refrain. It is the song of many—the song of numbers to-day, sad to say, who find themselves afflicted with tuberculosis.

A Toronto newspaper commenting on conditions that go to increase the death rate from consumption instances a case in this city to-day of a fair young girl, battling against this dread disease, with strength of a once splendid constitution, but the odds are all against her and each succeeding day finds her cough increased and her strength proportionately diminished, all because a tickle of the throat eight months ago was not taken seriously by idolizing relatives, who would have moved heaven and earth had there been any tangible cause for alarm.

Those who are associated with the management of sanatoria for consumptives have this fact brought daily under their notice. It is a common occurrence for a person to make application on behalf of themselves or their friends for admission to a Sanatorium for Consumptives, remarking that it is only now that they had learned that this dread disease was making inroads on their constitution. A careful examination would have shown that months previously the disease had taken hold of the patient. It was a case of neglect sometimes and at other times we are afraid that the physician was blamable.

So soon as there is the slightest suspicion of trouble, let there be a careful examination made, and if the evidence is there, do not put off applying an intelligent remedy.

Winter.

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,

The bare boughs rattled shudderingly ;

The river was dumb and could not speak,

For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;

A single crow on the tree-top bleak

From its shining feathers shed off the cold sun.

—Lowell.

Woodman, Spare That Tree.

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

Green not alone in summer time,

But in the winter's frost and rime!

O hemlock tree! O hemlock tree! how faithful are thy branches!

—Longfellow.