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# The Home Doctor.

Sleep.

The Best Cure for Insomnia.

By Woods Huchinson, M.D.

s we know of no drug or procedure which can produce sleep, it is obviously absurd to expect any "sure cure" for sleeplessness. This is invariably a sign of disturbance of balance, or of incipient disease, and should be treated only by careful investigation and removal of its cause, when found. And there will be nearly as many causes as the e are sufferers. We cannot even say what particular bad physical habit is most frequently to blame. So that the number of "good things to do for sleeplessness," which have any wide application, is very limited.

The one procedure which most universally disposes to sound sleep, is one which is within the reach of all, and that is getting well tired. To work hard enough every day to get comfortably tired, particularly muscularly, is the best cure for insomnia. Excessive fatigue may, of course, produce it. Sleep is not solely or even chiefly a matter of the brain, but of all the active tissues of the body and especially the muscles. We must be symmetrically fatigued, or as we say "tirea all over," in order to sleep well. While there are many exceptions, laboring men and all those engaged in active out-door occupations usually sleep well. Most of our "insomniacs" are men and women of sedentary habits. In fact I have been sometimes inclined to suspec that sleep is even more a matter of the muscles than of the brain. Certainly the soundness of sleep of many professional and business men is directly related to the amount of muscular exercise in the open air which they have taken during the day. A brisk daily walk of from two to four miles is the most universally effective hypnotic. But even this rule has many exceptions.

## Eating Before Sleeping.

Diet has little influence on sleep, except in so far as it may produce disturbances of digestic and through these of the general balance of health The hypnotic effects of certain foods, such as onions, lettuce, etc., are chiefly imaginary. Even the time of the last meal of the day is of relatively little importance, except that it is well to let this be at least two or three hours before retiring. But even this rule has laboring men habitually fall asleep over their pipes directly after supper, and children, after poking the spoon into their little eyes, nod off over the teatable, with the bread and butter still clutched in their chubby fists.

The processes of digestion probably go on more slowly during sleep, but they are perfectly carried out, as is illustrated by the almost invariable habit among animals of going to sleep direct-

ly after a meal. Indeed a moderate amount of food in the stomach or intestines seems to promote slumber. Many night-workers, for instance, sleep much better for taking a light or even full supper just before retiring.

### The Right Kind of Bedroom.

It goes without saying that the bedroom should be well ventilated, especially in view of the heavy storing up of oxygen in the tissues which goes on during sleep. All windows should be open from the top at least one, and better two to three feet, so that a gentle current of air can be felt blowing across the face. "Night air," as Florence Nightingale pithily remarked, "is all the air there is to breathe at night." It is just as pure and as wholesome as day air. Night fogs and rain are only injurious in so far as they frighten you into shutting your windows. No air that ever blew out doors is so dangerous, with closed windows.

The temperature of the room should hausted me? I was the first abused. It

be about 55 degrees to 60 degrees F., if possible. If markedly below this the amount of covering required is apt to become so great as to interfer: with the respiration of the skin. The clothing should be as light as is consistent with warmth, the mattress elastic but firm, the pillow as high as the breadth of the shoulder, so as to keep the neck and head horizontal or slightly above, when lying on the side The good, hard common-sense of humanity has solved all these problems, and the modern hairmattress, or its equivalent, single pillow and blankets, or cheese-cloth covered "comfort," which can be cleaned and aerated by turning the hose on it, can hardly be much improved on.

#### Heard Upon the Inside.

By. C. Schubel.

"Oh! Oh!" writhed one of the two conical brothers occupying the cavity of the chest and extending from the diaphragm to the neck and called the "There goes-ugh! that abominable coughing and hacking again, and sore as I am. Not enough—oh! ugh! that I am cramped to death by those intolerable chest-bones which he allows to remain sunk into me.

"Ugh! Gracious! If he would only straighten up, but for a moment, and send down a waft of God's longed-for air, I could feel relieved from the stench and the mold of this black, stifling hole. The little-oh ugh!-he does deign to send this way merely reaches the surface of me, nothing more.

"He is- h, me! oh, my!—yes, a fool, a fool, for here he is constantly prattling about glorious rights and freedom, and yet—oh! ugh!—he forces a million of these fellows-germs-to remain confined in my dark, mushy cells where-oh, me!-they only make the more merry and feast and thrive and are tearing down my once sound granite walls. Oh, me! oh, my!"

"Confound you, groaner," piped a weak, debilitated and thin voice from down the vaulted, second compartment of the dungeon. "Is it not enough that a bloodless, nervous and dyspeptic frailty as I am should be decaying away here below and partly through your faults, without your irritating disturbances?" It was the Stomach speaking.

"Oh! ugh! that dreadful hacking again, and there goes a clog of blood many exceptions, as many healthy from me-ta great relief! But what did you call me? A groaner? Contemptible, shrunken, flabby, measly pigmy. It is you who have helped to bring me this. Had you and your insipid assistants done your labor half aright you might have prepared, from the ailment received, sufficient and better nutriment for all of us. Then I might have been better sustained in the resistance I was offering up here against the fool, our master."

"Insipid assistants!" exclaimed the infuriated small intestines in a body, together with the burly Liver and the Spleen and the Pancreas Then the Liver, becoming a little aroused from his sluggishness, continued: "Ungrateful, filth-covered thing! Have you so soon forgotten when you first became unfit for work through vermin o'erswarming you, how I, perhaps too readily, assumed your purifying duties together with my own of storing bile? I took the venous nutriment that should have gone your way from the great pumping station and purged it for you, and now that I am exhausted through you and that my connective tissues, thickened by the poisonous drink our master sips, prevent my further work, now you call me insipid! Rare grati-

tude!" "Good!" piped the squeamish Stomach, animated a trifle in turn by the Liver's words. "How can you, sir, you groaner, assume to condemn? Do you not know or poisonous, as that inside a bedroom how long I struggled in this place to ward off the heaped abuse which has ex-





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