

her to go to that village and receive treatment at the Sanitarium, which she did. Some weeks after, the medical superintendent of that institution, Miss M— stated, wrote to her father that “he had better take her home as nothing more could be done for her” improvement. A clerk in the Dominion Bank in Toronto, holidaying in Muskoka, became interested in her, sent her one of my books on consumption, and induced her to consult me, in October, 1898. On reaching my rooms, on Carlton Street, in a coupé from the station, she was much exhausted and short of breath. I found great emaciation and prostration; the entire left lung a mass of breaking down tubercular matter, with two cavities of medium size. The right lung was in a very fair condition, with only a few rales in the upper lobe. I could not, then, give her any hope of recovery; privately, to her friend, quite the reverse. I suggested, however, that if she chose to remain a few days in Toronto, I would again examine her and give her a more definite, decided opinion. Good quarters were at once secured for her on Wilton Crescent. After a rest of two days, I informed her that if she would carry out strictly my instructions,—be a “good patient,” there was a possible chance for improvement. She was unusually anxious to get well, the faint hope dispelled some of her despair, and of course she promised to do everything I would tell her to do. And I never attended a “better” patient.

She was twenty-one years of age, small of stature, and the only child of healthy, well-to-do parentage.

Her room was small, but a sliding damper was made in a stovepipe which passed through it, to carry off breathed air, and the window was kept more or less open, night and day, with bed between the damper and window.

It should be stated at this point, that I have been in the habit of placing patients, when I could, in a three-windowed “bay” (we had five of these in the Moore Park house), the bed-head pushed into the “bay,” as far as it would go, with every window open, sometimes wide, sometimes but very little, even in windy weather, night and day, in every month in the year. And never, in a single instance, with anything but benefit: the patient, I need hardly add, well wrapped and warm.

Miss M— was well rubbed all over, from shoulders to calves, for an hour every night before going to sleep, with a mixture of cod-liver oil and creosote, by her good landlady, for many months; well washed with tepid water and soap in the morning; and then the left side of the chest, from sternum to spine, well rubbed with strong iodine ointment. She had long been obliged to frequently leave the table soon after commencing a meal, and suffer from a paroxysm of coughing, and not infrequently to vomit the little she had eaten. After trying