

AN ANIMALS' NERVES.

THEY HAVE BEEN GRAFTED TO MAN'S.

An interesting instance of this transplantation—Out of a score of cases No. One Recovered Entirely—Muscular Power Improved in Four Cases.

In a certain proportion of cases of injuries to nerves the ends cannot be brought together and a portion of nerve obtained from one of the lower animals or from an amputated limb has been implanted. Dr. R. Peterson contributed an important article to the *American Journal of the Medical Sciences* which contains an original case and an analysis of the small number of previously recorded cases.

A man, aged 24, was severely injured in the right wrist by a circular saw. The ulnar artery and flexor tendons were severed. The latter were immediately sutured. He lost sensibility in the hand and later there were trophic changes—glossy skin, corrugated nails and ulceration of the skin, and marked atrophy of the small muscles. Five months after the injury the divided ends of the median nerve were exposed. They were found to be united by connective tissue. The proximal end formed a hard bulb. The connective tissue and the bulb were removed, leaving a gap. So much force was required to bring together the cut ends that transplantation of nerve was decided upon.

Four centimeters of the sciatic nerve of a young black bound were sutured between the ends with a catgut tendon. A similar operation was performed on the ulnar nerve. On the following day distinct return of sensibility in the thumb was found; the fingers could not be tested without disturbing the bandage. Two months after operation the skin had lost its shiny look and appeared normal and the muscles, though still atrophied, were regaining power. A month later sensibility was complete except on the dorsal surface of the third phalange of the second, third and fourth fingers. The only anaesthetic areas on the palmar aspect were on the second and third phalanges of the third and fourth fingers and on the third phalanx of the second finger.

There are twenty recorded cases of transplantation of nerves. The median nerve was operated on in seven cases, the ulnar in two, the musculospiral nerve in seven, and the sciatic in one. There were eight primary and twelve secondary operations. The time from the injury to the operation varied from forty-eight hours to one and a quarter years. Eight out of the twelve cases of secondary operation showed improvement in sensibility or motion, while only four out of eight cases of primary operation improved. The interval between the ends of the divided nerves varied from three to ten centimeters, but distance did not seem to affect the result. In nine cases the transplanted segments were from the sciatic nerves of dogs, in three from rabbits, in one from a kitten, in one from the spinal cord of a rabbit, and in five from recently amputated limbs. In one case an inch of the sciatic nerve which had been excised was itself transplanted. In nine cases catgut was used to unite the implanted segments to the divided ends, in three silk, and in one kangaroo tendon.

No case recovered entirely. The nearest approach to complete recovery took place in the case longest under observation, in which at the end of six years sensibility had entirely returned and the only weak muscle was the abductor pollicis. In three cases there was practically recovery of sensibility and motion and the hand was useful. Sensibility completely returned in four cases, nearly completely in three cases, and was improved in four cases. There was improvement in either motion or sensibility in twelve cases, and no improvement in either in six cases. The average time in which sensibility appeared after the operation was about ten days; motion returned in about two and a half months.

Women Who Never Speak.

The severity of the Bernardines of Anglet, Sisters of St. Bernard, most resembles that of the famous Trappist monks. The nuns take a vow of perpetual silence. The nunnery is situated in the southwest corner of France, on the borders of Spain, and under the shadow of the Pyrenees. It was founded by the Abbe Casteau. Every hour of the day is carefully mapped out. Each time the big clock of the monastery chimes the hour, every nun falls on her knees and spends a few moments in prayer. Out in the fields it is marvelous to see how well the oxen know these chimes—directly they hear them they stop instinctively, starting on their way again the instant the sisters rise from their knees. The Bernardines have no fear of death. Indeed, on the contrary, they long for it. When the first superior of their order lay dying, she had an interview with one of the nuns, who implored her to intercede on her behalf in heaven that she too might die soon. The superior smiled and in an inspired voice said that in a month her request should be granted. On the day of the burial, just as the coffin was to be closed, the nun drew near the body, whispered in its ear, and slipped a note into the dead hand, imploring the superior not to forget her promise. Just a month from that date the nun, too, passed away, and so the promise was fulfilled.

TALK IS EVERYTHING.

"Have you ever considered how large a part talk plays in this world?" asked the Hog's Hollow philosopher.

"I've noticed you seem to think a lot of it," answered his friend and companion.

"Talk is everything," continued the philosopher. "You can't get anything of value without talking for it—nothing even a job."

"If a man can't talk there is not much use in him staying in this world. If you can't talk it'll take the public a longer time than your span of life to find out your merits. Life is all talk, and the silent, reserved man, has no show."

"The gib talker, the world over rises to the top in politics. The man who is always expressing himself, who lets nothing be understood, who puts everything down, so to speak, who constantly advertises himself with his tongue—that's the man who gets along, and you can keep a talon that, my boy."

"The public know him. They may not all like him, but they understand him and most of 'em like him. There is no reserve behind him to be worried about."

The silent man may not like him. He is, in fact, generally hated him. But the silent man is jealous. He sees himself left in the cold while the talker is the center of attraction. He envies the talker. He would like to talk, too. But he can't. He is told that silence is golden, but he doesn't believe it. Nobody believes it. He recognizes that chronic silence is a disease, a mental disorder."

"What a fine, healthy mentality you must have," murmured the boon companion admiringly.

But the Hog's Hollow philosopher didn't mention that mental conditions often influenced by the condition of the stomach. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets insure a favorable condition to that organ. If a healthy stomach makes a talker, then Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will enable a man to talk right off the reel with the wholesome vivacity of an auctioneer or a French politician.

DEWEY'S FORESIGHT.

The Battle of Manila was won in Hongkong Harbor

While the Admiral was Brave, Strong, Prompt and Decisive in Action he was Cautious and Sure in Preparation

"The battle of Manila was won in Hongkong harbor," said Admiral Dewey to me when I first saw him in May, 1898, and heard him describe the great fight. Many times since then I heard him repeat the same sentiment, and the more the truth of it is considered the more light it sheds on his character. While he was brave, strong, prompt and decisive in action, he was thoughtful, cautious, deliberate and sure in preparation.

Day after day he summoned his captains to discuss all the possibilities and eventualities of a conflict with the enemy. He gave them an opportunity to say when, where and how the battle should be fought. From junior to senior he called upon them to express their opinions freely. If any man had a novel idea, it was given careful consideration. If it was an old one with improvements, it was viewed in all phases.

After the admiral had patiently heard his captains and duly interrogated them, he quietly told them his own exact plan of battle and just what he expected of each man. Whether this was made up originally out of his own ideas or from such in union with the best points advanced by his captains, it was reached only after thorough deliberation and was final.—Hon. John Barrett in Harper's Magazine.

Beneath the rule of men entirely great, The pen is mightier than the sword. The arch enchanter's wand! itself a nothing! But taking sorcery from the master hand To paralyze the Caesars, and to strike The loud earth breathless. —Bulwer.

The brother had rather see his sister rich than make her so.



TARINA
The Lady's Hair Soap

TARINA is not only a perfect shampoo soap, making the hair soft and sweet, and allaying scalp irritations, but it is a most hygienic toilet soap. It cures skin troubles and pimples and is a specific against the disagreeable effects of perspiration. Every lady should have a cake of TARINA. 25 cents, at your druggist, in tinboxed box, or sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price.

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MFRS.
P. O. BOX 2410, MONTREAL.

TO A DIAMOND.

The thing of beauty, with a soul of fire! In some old eastern bazaar long ago Didst thou adorn the favorite's hand of snow? Or did some dark Egyptian queen desire Thy brilliant flash along her stringed lyre, While her low lidded gaze swept proud and slow The valley where the Nile's deep waters flow? Or did some harlot of thy beauty tire?

It matters not. Smart queens have come and gone; Harlots have triumphed—and have been forgot; The rose of power has withered on the vine! Yet oh, most beautiful, it is thy lot In radiant splendor to go shining on— In beauty destined and in light divine! —Ella Higginson in Woman's Home Companion.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE SPHINX.

From the Year 1899 In Central Park He Steps Back to Ancient Times In Egypt.

We entered Central park from Fifty-ninth street.

"We must get to the obelisk as soon as possible," said Ina. "The hieroglyphics are so much clearer just before they are entirely in shadow."

"You know, I am not so interested in hieroglyphics," I said, smiling—"not so interested as I am in enigmas"—she looked up quickly—"in you, for instance."

She turned away.

"Hurry," she said. "We are late now, I am sure."

When at last we faced the eastern side of the needle, the sun was almost to the line. The shadows in the markings made them deep and distinct.

"On the other sides the inscriptions have been somewhat effaced by time and exposure," she explained. "These are more interesting."

We rested on the benches while she indicated some of the different characters and translated. Her cheeks burned with enthusiasm.

"What a strange girl you are, Ina!" I complained. "You care more for the myths of the past than the realities of the present."

She did not seem to hear.

"Or for dreams of the future," I added in a whisper.

She looked straight ahead at the obelisk and said nothing. Her profile against the foliage beyond startled me. I had not noticed before how perfectly Egyptian it was. I was going to refer to this, but something in her manner made me hesitate. Presently she spoke.

"I have always had an inclination for these things," she said earnestly. "I cannot remember when it began. My father encouraged it and helped me. She pointed to the scarred monument that was now in the shadow and dark against the May sky. "It is called Cleopatra's needle," she continued, "but it dates much earlier. It is said to have been built in honor of a princess of the sixteenth dynasty. It has also been said that her mummied remains are yonder." She indicated the Metropolitan galleries. "I hope it is true. It would be beautiful if it were. We would go over there."

"Later, Ina," I protested. "The air is so fine. Let us enjoy it a little. We can stop as we return."

She rose, resignedly, and we walked leisurely northward to where the park is more wooded and quiet. I endeavored to lead her around to the subject nearest my heart. But she seemed silent—almost inattentive. Yet she had never opposed my suit. She had been only indifferent. We passed a little spring, and, pausing, drank out of a small hunting cup I carried. A step farther on we found a rustic seat. I fancied that a tender look had come into her face, and encouraged by it, I urged her to give me some assurance of regard. It was very peaceful there, and we were shut in by overhanging boughs. Presently I took her hand. As I did so a queer looking beetle dropped from the branches above and clung tightly to my sleeve. Ina gave a faint cry of surprise. "Oh," she said, "how strange! It looks exactly like—I believe it is real!"

"What is, Ina?" I asked pettishly. "Some new and wonderful specimen of the insect tribe?"

"No," she answered wonderingly. "An old one—a scarabæus—the sacred heart scarab of Egypt!"

"Impossible, Ina!" I laughed. "Your enthusiasm deceives you."

"No, no! It is a scarab! I am sure of it," she insisted. "The only emblem of reincarnation of eternal life. Oh, don't let it escape! Catch it!"

The strange insect had started to crawl away. I have an inherited horror of all reptiles and beetles, but what would I not do for Ina? I seized the creature firmly with my thumb and fingers and held it fast. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain that shot up through my arm like fire. I dropped the insect, with a cry.

"Ah! It has bitten me!"

Ina looked startled and concerned.

"Where?" she cried. "Let me see!"

I turned my thumb toward her. There were two minute drops of blood leaping, as from the punctures of a needle. My arm was becoming numb with pain. I must have been pale, for she looked at me keenly.

"Give me the cup, quick! I will get you some water!"

I remember handing her the little hunting cup and of seeing her hasten away. Then a weariness seemed to weigh upon my lids, and I plunged into darkness. A moment later I recovered consciousness and opened my eyes.

Ina was standing before me. No, not Ina—Ino-firte, the Egyptian!

I was seated by the gates of a ruined temple. About us the waving palms. Beyond them the cobalt sky of Egypt. Far away, across a shimmering waste of brown sand, the Sphinx gazed out over the desert as it had done for more than a thousand years. Even in my wretchedness I could not but notice the

rare setting it all made for Ino-firte. She was attired in the royal dress of her rank. How beautiful she was! She came a step closer.

"Do not urge me farther," she pleaded. "I am already bowed low with my burden. It but makes our parting harder. I have only come for the last time to tell you. I have prayed to Isis, my sweet Isis, to show me a way by which I might cleave to you. To you, whose people have destroyed her sacred temples and brought slavery and disgrace upon our Egypt. I have prayed to her and made rare sacrifices, but she is silent. A princess of Egypt may not wed with the Hyksos—the shepherds. My hand would wither if I gave it to you; my love become as venom!"

I ventured to protest, but she motioned me to silence.

"Do not speak. I cannot bear it! Tonight I shall pray to the Sphinx for peace—forgetfulness, a place where I may hide myself apart and die. I, a princess of Egypt who have loved one of the hated race and am willing to die because of it. And when I am dead you will stand by my bier and know that I was faithful. And when I am wrapped in sweet balsam and spices for the sepulcher you will bring the sacred scarabæus and place it upon my heart. Through it we shall live again, somewhere, some time. The years of waiting may be long, but they will pass, and perhaps then the gods will be more kind."

Her arms were about my neck for a moment. Then she slipped from my embrace, and I could not follow her.

Night in Egypt. The heavens swarming with stars and the desert flooded with moonlight. The white sand sinks away from my foot, making no sound. I hasten onward toward the blending of desert and sky, to where, outlined against the horizon, those serene features stare out over the drifting sands of centuries. Ino-firte is there. She has said that tonight she will go there to pray. To all else I am oblivious—blind. My feet are winged, yet the way seems long. By and by I step into a field of dark. My footsteps slacken, pause. I am in the shadow of the Sphinx.

I creep closer and listen. From between the great stone paws comes a low sound. It is the voice of Ino-firte praying. The words are clear and distinct on the still moonlit air.

"O Sphinx," she moans. "Thou hast looked down upon our Egypt for a thousand years! Thou who hast remained forever changeless through our glory and our shame! Who didst behold my sweet infancy, my happy girlhood—look down and pity me tonight in my sorrow! And O Sphinx, if thou hast the power I pray thee to send me peace! Forgetfulness! If thou wilt, death! Send me oblivion, O Sphinx, but take not away my love! Let it but smolder in my senseless dust till the light of some far off sunrise shall awaken this stricken life!"

The voice dies away. I creep closer. There is a faint, startled cry from the supplicant. Again I pause. She has heard me. No, for she is praying again. Listen!

"O Sphinx," she cries joyously, "swiftly hast thou answered my prayer! I thank thee! I thank thee!"

What can she mean? I wait breathlessly and listen, but there is only a faint sigh. Then my own name mingled with the voice of Isis. I step forward. I cannot bear it.

"Ino-firte!"

There is no answer. Prostrate she lies on the sand between the mighty stone paws. I hesitate a moment and call again. Then I approach and touch her lightly.

"Ino-firte!"

Suddenly I start back quickly. Just in the shadow of her bare arm are two wavering emerald stars. Thin, blushing softly, an asp starts to glide back into the shadow. Now it is all clear. I stretch forth my hand to the reptile.

"Stop!" I cry. "It is for both!"

Again the sharp pain in my thumb shoots up my arm like fire.

Some one was bathing my face and calling my name tenderly. I opened my eyes. It was Ina—my Ina—with the little hunting cup in her hand.

"Oh, I have been so frightened!" she exclaimed, and looked at me beseechingly. I did not find the spring right away, and when I came back just now with the water you were unconscious and talking strangely. Oh, I hope that horrid beetle bite has not poisoned you!"

"On the contrary," I smiled, "the pain has almost entirely gone, and I would endure far greater suffering for this. I have waited for it so long."

By and by we walked back toward the museum together. She did not remind me of my promise, but our steps bent in that direction. We entered and passed into the Egyptian room. Her hand lay tenderly upon my arm.

"She for whom the obelisk was built lies here," said Ina.

We approached one of the glass inclosures, wherein lay a richly decorated cartonnage and the embalméd remains of a woman. Together we passed around to the end of the case. Then I barely refrained from crying out. On a little black placard was painted in white letters the name, "Ino-firte."

Ina looked up at me inquiringly.

"You must have heard the story," she said. "It is the name you spoke up there unconsciously."

"Yes," I answered, "it comes back to me now, but it was all so long ago I had forgotten."—Black and White.

High Standard.

Some-I hope, governor, that when I attain to your years I'll know more than you do.

Father—I'll go you one better, my dear boy, and hope that when you reach my age you'll know as much as you think you know now.—Boston Courier.

OUGHT TO BE ROUND

If your Pearls are not They Aren't Genuine

But Only Nacre Stones—Said to Grow From a Disease of the Oyster.

Many naturalists have held that pearls are the result of a disease in the oyster and others that they are caused by the shellfish coating intrusive bodies, such as grains of sand, insects and even small fishes, with nacre, so as to make them agreeable to its soft flesh.

Now, according to a French scientist, there is a distinction between the pearls and intrusive bodies coated with nacre, which renders both views more or less right. It is true that foreign bodies entering the shell are coated with nacre and sold as pearls, often of peculiar and fanciful shape. They occur between the "mantle" and the shell, but are usually attached to the shell by a neck of the pearly matter.

These pearls of nature have not the fine luster of the true pearl, but only that of the shell of mother of pearl. They are the result of an accidental intrusion. On the other hand, the true spherical pearl of oyster luster is formed in any part of the shell except the mantle, and has no connection with the shell itself. It is a pathological calcification and seems to arise from parasites. A pearl thus formed is composed of crystalline matter. At its heart is a cavity holding organic matter and calcareous crystals, with remains of organized creatures, presumably the parasites which have provoked the malady in the shellfish. In course of time the sac in which the pearl is made becomes thin, and the mollusk, breaking it easily, could eject the pearl. From this it is apparent that genuine pearls are always perfectly spherical. If not, they are mere nacre stones.

Peculiar Lacemaking.

The methods of manufacture in the popular Mexican drawn lace work are directly opposed to those of most lace makers. Instead of weaving the gossamer fabric from single threads, stitches are picked out of a solid piece of the finest line cloth, leaving the remainder in some artistic design. This process is an extremely trying one, but the results are exquisite.

Japanese linen is the fabric generally employed in this character of work. It is as fine as silk and adapted to the most delicate patterns. Some of the designs are so elaborate and perfectly executed as to be scarcely distinguishable from the real Batavia work.

All sorts of conventional patterns are reproduced, from the rarest and most costly specimens, although work of this high standard is not so general in demand as the art embroideries, including dollies, centers, tray cloths and table covers.

Treatment For Obesity.

One of the newest as well as the most successful cures for obesity is that of limiting the patient to one article of diet. It seems not to matter much what that may be, for the virtue of the method is that as one soon tires of any single article of food by limiting the patient to it one may be quite sure that the appetite will soon decline and that only enough food will be taken to ward off the pangs of starvation. Thus the surplus material is drawn upon to sustain life, and the weight of the patient rapidly diminishes.—Home Notes.

Overstudy.

Books are pleasant, but if by being overstudied we impair our health and spoil our good humor, two of the best pieces we have, let us give it over. I, for my part, am one of those who think that no fat derived from them can recompense so great a loss.—Montaigne.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

By G. A. Prince, North Buxton. Pack the little coats and gowns, And make the house place neat; Put some cake for travelling Beneath the woman's seat; Give the extra mess of oats To good old Bill so bay We're going home to father's house, For Thanksgiving day.

So oft we've lived the journey o'er, With the welcome at the door, Sweet mother's kisses on our cheeks, And the hand clasp of each friend, And many a time the little ones! Have travelled in their play! All the way to Grandpa's house, For Thanksgiving day.

The dear home fields have yielded up Their grasses and their grain, The bins and barns are running o'er From orchard and from plain; And with the rich year's discipline, It's hours of work and play, Some fairer things are harvested For Thanksgiving day.

Our arms so full of blessedness The years have helped us win, Have opened wide enough to let A little stranger in. For the first time two little feet From angel land astray, Will toddle in to Grandpa's house For Thanksgiving day.

We know the place is all astray With plans for goodly fare, And mother's look and mother's voice Are present everywhere; And to a neighbor dropping in, She pauses off to say, The children are all coming home, For Thanksgiving day.

We easily forget our faults when nobody knows them.

Are the latest and choicest for this season's wear. We ask the LADIES to call and see our up-to-date goods. You will then be convinced that you cannot buy a "Tweed Dress" for this season's wear, also see OUR DRESSING JACKETS at \$1.50 to \$2.00. SEE THEM AND YOU WILL BUY THEM.

Home Spun Dress Goods

Are the latest and choicest for this season's wear. We ask the LADIES to call and see our up-to-date goods. You will then be convinced that you cannot buy a "Tweed Dress" for this season's wear, also see OUR DRESSING JACKETS at \$1.50 to \$2.00. SEE THEM AND YOU WILL BUY THEM.

Tailoring Department

We have this season made a special effort in selecting a special range of the best Imported Worsted, Scotch, English and Irish Tweeds and Overcoats with a vast range of our own make. We guarantee to save you money and to make your clothes up-to-date and to give you the very best trimmings. OUR CLOTHING IS CASH.

A special reduction in Vests and Blankets. We have the BEST Underwear for the money in the world. See US for Mitts, Socks, Ready-made Pants \$1.50 per pair. Special line of Ready-made Suits, Ulsters, Horse Blankets, Rugs, etc. Beaver Flies is the best to buy.

Phone 1, Woolen and Flour Mill, William Street.

The T. H. Taylor Company, Limited

The End of the Century Remedy for the End of the Century Disease.

DE HOPE'S

INY ABLETS FOR IRED NERVES

This Great Remedy has until now been obtained only by the wealthy patients of an eminent Nerve Specialist. A scientific treatment for Nervous Exhaustion and its allied evils, Headache, Dizziness, Weariness, Sleeplessness, Indigestion, Mental Depression, Irritability, etc. Tiny Tablets will positively cure NERVOUS PROSTRATION and loss of Physical and Mental vigor. At Druggists for 50 cents, or by Mail from the Dr. Hope Medicine Company, Ltd., Toronto, Can.

A Tiny Dose—Positive Results.

Ask Your Grocer

For

Eddy's

'Eagle' Parlor Matches, 200

'Eagle' Parlor Matches, 100

'Victoria' Parlor Matches, 65

'Little Comet' Parlor Matches

The Finest in the World.

No Brimstone

The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited

Hull, Canada.

Wanted Immediately

AT THE

...KENT MILLS...

LARGE QUANTITIES OF WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, NEW AND OLD BEANS

BUY KENT MILLS FLOUR

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Flour made by the Gyrator System takes more water, and gives you a larger whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more oaves to the Barrel than any other Flour. Steved Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmer's Feed ground on quick notice by a three reduction roller process, much ahead of the old system of chopping.

Any man who wears the J. D. King Co.'s Stub Proof Rubbers makes money—money that will jingle in his pocket. Search the world over and you will find nothing better than Stub Proof Rubbers, because there is nothing better. Any progressive dealer can tell you all about Stub Proof, if not, write to the J. D. King Co., and they will tell you. You can't afford to be without them, because they are the best. See that Stub Proof is STAMPED on the bottom of each shoe. The J. D. KING CO., Limited, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.

Hay... and Oats

Tennent & Burke

SCANE BLOCK

Subscribe Now.

Home Spun Dress Goods

Are the latest and choicest for this season's wear. We ask the LADIES to call and see our up-to-date goods. You will then be convinced that you cannot buy a "Tweed Dress" for this season's wear, also see OUR DRESSING JACKETS at \$1.50 to \$2.00. SEE THEM AND YOU WILL BUY THEM.

Tailoring Department

We have this season made a special effort in selecting a special range of the best Imported Worsted, Scotch, English and Irish Tweeds and Overcoats with a vast range of our own make. We guarantee to save you money and to make your clothes up-to-date and to give you the very best trimmings. OUR CLOTHING IS CASH.

A special reduction in Vests and Blankets. We have the BEST Underwear for the money in the world. See US for Mitts, Socks, Ready-made Pants \$1.50 per pair. Special line of Ready-made Suits, Ulsters, Horse Blankets, Rugs, etc. Beaver Flies is the best to buy.

Phone 1, Woolen and Flour Mill, William Street.

The T. H. Taylor Company, Limited