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OF
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NSUMPTION,

dged by many prominent physicians to be
st Reliable Preparation ever introduced
r the RELIEF and CURE of all

G COMPLAINTS.

known remedy is offered to the public, some
experience of over forty years; and when
a season, seldom fails to effect a speedy

ds, Croup, Bronchitis, Influenza,
ng Cough, Hoarseness, Pains or
ess in the Chest and Side,
Bleeding at the Lungs,
Liver Complaint, &c.

ified success that has attended the original
medicine in all cases of

LMONARY COMPLAINTS

many physicians of high standing to employ
active, some of whom add their names to the
to signatures. We have space only for the
W of these:—

ros, M.D. A. A. Gibbs, M.D.
, M.D. W. H. Ward, M.D.
ry, M.D. W. H. Lyons, M.D.
e M.D. A. Shillman, M.D.
Clemens, M.D. R. D. Martin, M.D.
ows, M.D. Wm. A. Shaw, M.D.
Knapp, M.D. J. H. Magahan, M.D.
Hagerman, M.D. S. H. Fipley, M.D.

Such testimony

NNOT BE DISCREDITED.

ands of evidence in our possession we select

rom L. J. RACINE, Esq.,

ve, Montreal "Having experienced the
ing results from the use of Dr. Wistar's
Wild Cherry, I am induced to express the
nce which I have in its efficacy. For many
s most grievously afflicted with a severe and
ugh, accompanied with acute pain in the
did not leave me, summer or winter. The
increased alarmingly, and so reduced was I
week but a few steps without resting to
the pain and fatigue which so slight an
occasioned. At this juncture I commenced
ation, from which I found immediate relief,
ving used four bottles I was completely
well. I have used the Balsam in my family
ministered it to my children, with the happiest
n sure that such Canadians as use the Reb-
t speak in its favor. It is a preparation
ulg to be tried to be acknowledged as the
excellence."

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St. Hyacinthe, C.E., Aug. 21, 1865.

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years of age, was taken with Whooping
y and aggravated form, and nothing we could
ered in any way to relieve her suffering.
h decided to try a bottle of Dr. Wistar's
Wild Cherry. In three hours after she had
en it, she was greatly relieved, and in less
ys was entirely cured, and is now well. I
recommended this Balsam to many of my
who have used it, and in no case have I
of effecting a speedy cure.
hoever try it, make any use of the above recommendation
If it shall induce another to use your
ld be glad, for I have great confidence in its
Yours, P. QUITTE,
editor of the Courrier de St. Hyacinthe.

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who use occupation requires an unusual exertion
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tunately allowed to pass over the irritated
removes the difficulty.

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No 14 SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 5, 1871. Vol 38

Poetry.

Is there any Money in it?

"Is there any money in it?
Asks the calculating man—
"And shall we be sure to win it
If I join in your plan?
I'd be richer if I'd heeded
Such advice as this before—
Let me know how much is needed,
And I'll think the matter o'er."

"Is there any money in it?"
Is the question of the hour,
Men will listen in a minute
To your scheme for money's power.
Who these times can do without it,
Or who, having, wants no more?
Tell your neighbor all about it—
Let him think the matter o'er.

If there's any money in it,
Be the project what it may,
Men are ready to begin it,
Just assure them it will pay:
Some "will not invest a shilling,
Care not to increase their store,"
But you'll find them very willing
When they've thought the matter o'er.

Miscellany

[From "Good Health" for April]

CONSUMPTION.

ON THE METHODS OF EXAMINING LUNGS.

BY CARL BOTH.

To a person of experience, observation, and practised eye, it would not be difficult to select, even from the multitudes as they throng the streets, those who suffer severely from chronic lung diseases. In such cases the head hangs forward, the scapulæ or shoulder-blades stand apart and outward like a pair of wings, the front of the chest is sunk, downward and inward, and the whole frame presents to the mind a complete and perfect picture of premature decline.

But as easy as it is to discover a severe lung affection, it is just as difficult, on the other hand, to discover the same thing in its incipient stages. And just here lies the great object of the specialist, it being comparatively easy to correct all lung difficulties in their earliest stages, while those which exhibit the symptoms above mentioned have passed beyond the reach of curative processes, and therefore in such cases there is no need for a physician except to relieve urgent and troublesome symptoms, and to save from a painful and tortuous death by suffocation. To discover and to trace the various possible injuries of the lungs, we employ the organ of hearing, the ear. We have previously learned that the mode of examining the lungs known as "percussion of the chest," was first discovered by Auenbrugger Physicians, as usual, however, paid no attention to it, until brought into notice by Corvisart. This discovery consists in ascertaining by a quick stroke upon a fixed body on the chest, its resonance, or rather its sonority, and thereby determining the condition of lung as to its containing air, or its solidity." If in the former condition, the sound produced is hollow, like that from an empty barrel; if in the latter, it is like that produced from the thigh or solid muscle of a fleshy person. For this purpose physicians use a little flat circular body called a plessimeter, made of hard rubber or ivory, and a hammer, on the end of which is a piece of soft rubber, to lessen the noise of the stroke upon the plessimeter. An experienced examiner, however, always uses the forefinger of his left hand as a plessimeter, and the middle finger of his right hand as a hammer. The human finger lies more exactly upon, and fits better between the ribs than any artificial plessimeter, and the stroke of one finger upon the other not only gives a purer, but by far a more exact and reliable note than the hammer.

The proper and efficient use of the fingers for this purpose is, however, difficult, and for many physicians absolutely impossible, and hence the very general use of the hammer and plessimeter. The notes or tones given out from the cavities of the body, are not alike in any part. The most hollow notes should come from under the clavicles or collar-bones of the chest, and from under the scapulæ or shoulder-blades upon the back, and the dullest notes should be given out when struck upon the liver. The least induration, or escape of liquid into the lung tissue, changes the tone, and thus we are enabled to ascertain with absolute certainty whether or not the lungs have become infiltrated. It, however, requires a very acute ear, and great experience, to distinguish the small lessions, as every one knows who has practised the art of percussion. The less the exudation in any given case, the more slight, of course, will be the comparative difference of the note given out from that of perfect health, and hence not only the difficulty of distinguishing it, but also the vast and increased importance of its early detection with a view to cure.

The next most important discovery in this direction was made by Lænnec, and is called "Auscultation of the Chest." This consists in simply putting the ear closely upon the naked chest, and listening to the noise which the air produces by inspiration and expiration. The hair fibres of the bronchial epithelium, as previously stated, all move, and with their ends standing or pointing towards the mouth, consequently the air strikes against and passes through these fine hairs, thereby making a noise somewhat like, or resembling that of a light breeze as it strikes against and passes through a corn-field; while in expiration the air passes out in the same direction with, and over the hair fibres, and consequently does not make any noise whatever during health. But when there is the least injury or exudation of blood-globules into the tissues, the action of the hair fibres is lessened, and the air under such conditions becomes audible in expiration. A description of the different "noises," from the almost inaudible, to the loud and rattling that can be heard in every part of the room, cannot be given, but must be heard, and by experience and comparison learned, to be understood. The difference in acuteness in the sense of hearing of different persons is well known. One person can distinguish the variation of a sixty-fourth of a diatonic, or rythmical note, while another is not capable of distinguishing the variations of half a note, and this is as true of physicians as of others; and hence the art of auscultation is very easy for one, while for another it is simply impossible, although the learning of both may be equal. It is just as difficult and impossible for some physicians to learn to examine the chest correctly, as it is for others to learn to operate elegantly in surgery. With a view to lessen the difficulty in question, instruments were invented called stethoscopes. They consist of a wooden tube, or, of a complication of wood, brass, india-rubber, etc., and are constructed for one or for both ears. It is, however, well known that a sound or noise cannot be made louder or stronger by distance, but, on the contrary, that its volume is lessened by each inch of space through which it passes. Therefore it is not difficult to comprehend that the use of the stethoscope is not only useless as a means of examining the lungs, but that in reality it mostly serves to impress the patient with the idea that the respective physician who makes the examination understands what he is about. A stethoscope is only useful for the auscultation of the heart; for by lengthening the distance through which the sound must pass to reach the ear, the noise produced by respiration is lessened, and consequently not so distinctly heard, while the beat of the heart, for this reason, becomes more distinctly audible. No physician who really comprehends what he hears, and what there is to hear, will ever use a stethoscope for examining the lungs, except in cases where the untidiness of the patient makes it necessary. And the simple fact may be here stated, that the less a physician understands what he hears, or what there is to hear, the longer will be his instrument. The double stethoscope, as used in this country, is almost two feet long, and if placed on both ears, with the vacant face and empty head of some self-complacent and dignified looking nobody appearing in the middle, we are forcibly reminded of a picture, to mention which might be regarded as unpardonable.

There are several other but less important modes of ascertaining lung difficulties, one of which is, by means of the vibrations of the chest while speaking. The more solid the lung is, the stronger will be the vibrations. Another method employed, is the aspect of the frame of the chest. The thermometer, and the variations in the beatings of the pulse, are two important means of confirming certain pathological conditions; but percussion and auscultation are the two modes which rank first of all others. An instrument called a spirometer is often used for examining lungs, the purpose of which is to measure the amount of air contained in the chest. For the diagnosis of diseases of the lungs, this instrument is absolutely worthless, the amount of air in the lungs of any two persons never being the same. It will be found to vary as much as the strength of their muscles, although they may look equally strong. Charlatans are the only parties who use this instrument upon their victims. A person who fully understands how to examine lungs, and comprehends the conditions indicated by the various sounds to which he has listened, in making an examination, is able immediately to draw upon paper the pathological condition of them, or otherwise he is incompetent. But a diagnosis can never be complete from the lungs alone, the condition of the rest of the body being essential, to finish the picture. The condition of the abdominal glands, and of the nervous system, in any case, are as important as the condition of the lungs. To ascertain the first, percussion of the abdomen and the chemical, or spectral analysis of the excreta, are employed. To ascertain the latter, the history and circumstances of the patient, in connection with observation on the part of the physician, are the only means by which a correct final conclusion is possible.

The absolute necessity of a correct diagnosis in treating disease is not sufficiently understood by the public, and therefore is not regarded as of sufficient importance, on the part of their respective physicians in general, to make themselves masters of it. But any physician who undertakes to treat, or to prescribe anything for a patient, without a 'complete' diagnosis, is, to say the least, doing the same thing, and acting on the same principle, as the most contemptible quack. It should be the fixed purpose of every patient, not to allow any physician whatever to prescribe for him, unless he is abundantly able to satisfy him by clear and comprehensive explanations in reference to the difficulty from which he is suffering. There exists no pathological condition in man, in animals in the air, or anywhere in the universe, which is incomprehensible, or which requires the least secrecy. Whatever is unknown to science is unknown, and does not require to be covered by the dignity of ignorance.

THE SIEGE OF PARIS will have resulted in at least one good thing, viz, the turning scientific attention towards the utilization of substances for food. We learn that Prof. M. Decaisne has brought forward a plan for the rapid forcing of cabbages, radishes, and other vegetables which are to be sown in highly manured land, kept for a fortnight, and used stem and root. Bones, too, are much more utilized than before by the extraction of the osseine by the action of acid, and this is made up into various palatable and nutritious substitutes for butter and jelly.

DEAD.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

DEAD!

Only an old, old man, that for threescore years and ten has been been before the footlights in the great drama of life, his part played ever nobly.

The curtain has fallen never to rise again, revealing the bent form and the silvered hair; no matter how earnest an 'encore' rings along the aisles and under the arches of earth's grand grand Academy of Music; for, listening in the watches of the night, he heard the tinkle of a bell held high in the hands of seraphim and knew that, for him, 'another' stage was waiting, and that heroform, amid scenery painted by Infinite hands, and bearing well the tests of nearness, he must appear before the audience waiting with 'immortelles' of fadeless beauty to crown the coming of his strong, true soul, risen to royal destiny.

And so, with never adieu, he has passed outward and upward, beyond the range of earthly vision, and the reach of earthly voice, and we say that he is—dead.

Yet something of him, that we loved, remains.

It lies in yonder, with snow upon its bosom, and peace upon its brows, and we shall lay it away—a modern Sophocles—where, about it, the ivy will be ever green, and the blind winds sweet with song; and God will hear us whisper:

"Unto the Land of Life through this we go,
Through this—the land of dreams."

DEAD!

Only a Mother, whose little ones are sitting with wonder over their faces and in their hearts—too young as yet, to realize the measure of their loss; a sorrow new and strange, silencing the merriment upon their lips, and quieting their boisterous steps.

She has been to them a mother in deed and in truth. She has not left them to the care of hirelings, nor have they ever, until now, been shut from the safe shelter of her breast. Daily have her hands administered to their necessities. And nightly she has heard their "Now I lay me," and, after the 'good night kisses she has gone to her own still room, and, kneeling, prayed for them.

Now, deep must be her slumber, for not even at the cry of her children do her pale lids and silent lips unclose.

Deaf to all their calling, and deaf, too, to the low, smothered, self accusings of him who, God forgive him! has not been the tenderest of his hands.

DEAD!

Only a child.

A fair haired, happy child, that was glad because of the sunshine of summer and the snows of winter; glad and happy always.

And so, with life that needeth not to gather grains of knowledge from fields of experience in broad, green earth, it has gone, with the lilies of innocence folded whitely in its soul, where it shall know the ecstacies of freedom in worlds whose name is Legion, and we say it is—dead!

There will be dearth of beauty and of joy in the home and in the hearts that tonight in the lower land that are written 'childless!'—There will be bitter cries for sound of feet whose patter is sweet on the 'golden stairs' and dumb despair will write itself in voiceful lines over lips that hunger and thirst for kisses whose clinging will quicken their pulses nevermore this side the home eternal. And yet

There are no dead! We heap above white bosoms
The clay of valleys, or the sea side sands;
And violets twine—or pale anemone blossoms
To crown their resting with our trembling hands;
But O! above us are the brows immortal,
The dear, sweet eyes that loved and love us still;
And, far beyond the shadow of Death's portal,
Love's own fair land will love's own dream fulfil.

VALUE OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

In the active struggle for competence and wealth, men of affairs are very apt to underrate the real value of those attainments which are styled accomplishments. Accustomed to rate men according to their working power and pursuits, according to the money return they bring, these persons look down upon those things which seem to have little practical value, because their office to throw light on many of the dark places in life's journey, and to make the overburdened forget for a time their oppressing cares. A life that is all labor or one continued round of pleasure, becomes monotonous; the true mean is healthful labor for a good part of each day, with sensible relaxation and harmless amusements when the day's work is done, and we gather with the dear ones who nestle about the family hearth. A laboring man may be proud of his capability to accomplish great tasks day after day for a long period, but his working force would be in no way lessened had he some accomplishment with which to beguile his hours of ease. As a general thing, however, we find that the workers each day make use of all their powers until they are compelled to seek rest in sleep from sheer exhaustion, while the butterflies and crickets flit and chirp in the sunshine without many serious thoughts about anything save how they may best enjoy themselves.

It is no easy matter to know exactly how to combine work and play, labor and recreation, and we Americans have not solved the problem. Our German brethren seem to understand the matter better. They are frugal and industrious and yet seem never to lose an opportunity of enjoying themselves, always including their families with them in their merry making. We would not, however advocate an increased number of lager beer saloons, and other German institutions, but we would see more music in the family circle, and more of an effort on the part of each member to contribute to the happiness of every other one. We may be assured that those homes to which grown up children look back with fondest remembrance, are those where music and mirth most abounded, and not those where the old Puritanic spirit held sway, and where a good hearty laugh was unknown—Whittier, in "Snow Bound," draws a delightful picture of a New England family, fine characters all, yet if we were compelled to choose one as a companion for a solitary journey or with whom to while away a weary evening, would it not surely be the school master, with his many sided character and varied accomplishments? At this winter season the possessors of accomplishments are most welcome visitors. The strains of the homely fiddle, indifferently played, sound all the more charming when the wind outside is moaning a weird accompaniment.

A home without some musical instrument, and some one to play on it, is a dull place indeed. Even though the performer be no great artist, and the tunes none of the liveliest, the music is still acceptable. If the instrument be mute all the week and only is heard on Sunday evening, as an accompaniment to well known psalms and hymns, it is of great value. The children may thoroughly appreciate it at the time, but many a sad moment in after life will be cheered by the humming of some of those familiar airs, and even in old age we may take pleasure in crooning over the tunes learned in childhood.

Music is one of the most common accomplishments, and what has been said of it will serve to illustrate the entire class. Whatever will make those about us happier and better, is worth cultivating if only for the sake of the pleasure it gives. In an ordinary gathering of educated men, it is an easy matter to select a number of persons who can and will make speeches on a large variety of subjects, but the number who can entertain the rest by narrating some humorous incident, or by vocal or instrumental music, is comparatively small. Yet these are just the men who ought to be able to contribute somewhat to the pleasure of others, and would be able to do so were it not for a false idea about the worthless of mere accomplishments, imbibed in early youth. It is desirable that men should be workers, but not dull, heavy plodders, mere cart horses. Martial music and warlike sports make soldiers fight better; and a due regard for pleasing accomplishments, will not detract in the least from the working force or ultimate success of the most eager aspirant after wealth, honor or influence.—[Hearth and Home.

NORTHERN LOVE.

Stop! stop! or I shall go mad! burst from the heart broken woman, as she suddenly faced me with outstretched arms and dilated eyes. I am a mother! I have heard the cries of my babe, and yet I forsook her. They would have let me keep my babe if I never told me to give it up; but I could not, I dared not—I dared not, rear it amid scenes of horror, such as I knew would be my lot so I sent it from me. At the risk of my life I carried it far hence, and left it among those I believed good and kind. They did not recognize me, I had changed so much I had been from my parents; but their hearts were tender, and when I told them that the child was perishing for want of food, they took it from my arms and prepared to feed it, telling me to rest and eat; but I watched my opportunity and fled.

And have you never seen it since?

Yes, once, when my darling was three years old. Again I stole down the valley in which she lived, and looked on her lovely face. She seemed to me like an angel; and oh! how I longed to live or die with her—but I would not disgrace her. I could not blight her young life. No; I wrenched myself away without even once embracing my beautiful child.

And was this visit to the valley ever discovered by your husband?

Yes; and he almost killed me, and vowed that if I ever again dared to risk the discovery of their haunts, and their dark deeds, he would fling her headless body at my feet. I never suffered my feet to turn towards her again; but she has dwelt in my inmost heart continually—the sweet, smiling face of my darling is there; and, at the worst, when I look on it, my soul is calmed. 'Tis only when my brain breaks from the restraint of reason, under their cruel taunts or brutal usage, that I lose sight of her, and then all is fierce ungoverned rage—so terrible that it awes even those savage men, as they have more than once confessed; but such outbreaks leave me a miserable sufferer, and must in the end destroy me—should I not fall under the hands of my tormentors.—[New Dominion Monthly for April.

Will not go out to Service.

It is the standing complaint of house keepers that no respectable American girls will go out to service. "They think too much of themselves to live out"—"they are too proud to do housework," are common remarks, and many poor girls are severely censured for hesitating, when the remuneration would be a matter of great importance to them.

Now I am well convinced that this reluctance springs from the manner in which girls are usually treated. They are not made comfortable; no interest is felt in their welfare, their welfare, the only object being to grind out the greatest possible amount of work from their muscles for the smallest returns.

I know a lady in moderate circumstances who follows a very different plan. Whenever a new girl enters her house, she is made to feel that she is at home; that her mistress is her friend; one who feels her loneliness away among strangers, and one who will endeavor to make her position pleasant, asking only faithful service in return. Without any undue familiarity she shows a girl that she has an interest in her welfare, quietly advising and kindly counselling, where it is needful—Life is not one ceaseless round of drudgery in her house. Dispatch about the morning work is the price at which a quiet hour or two for sewing is secured in the afternoon. The mistress aids and encourages the girl to make her own clothing, often giving her important help on the sewing machine, and usually teaching her to use it herself. This lady has rarely any but an American girl of the better class in her house. Girls are attached to her personally, and would do anything in their power to please her. As a rule, she is well served. More than this, the girls she has thus trained are scattered all over the land in homes of their own, where they are living over again the principles, and acting out the habits acquired in her household. Who can compute the good done in this quiet, unassuming way, by a kind, noble, Christian woman?

A BIG SNAKE.—An Indian came to a certain agent to procure some whisky for a young warrior who had been bitten by a rattle snake. At first the agent did not credit the story, but the earnestness of the case overcame his scruples. He asked the Indian how much he wanted? Four quarts, repeated the agent, with surprise; as much as that? Yes, replied the Indian, frowning as savagely as though about to wage a war of extermination on the whole snake tribe. Four quarts—*Snake very big.*

In our language the word expressing the shortest time is now.

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