ANGAROO"

tland, foaled in Montana, April 11th owned by W. R. Hare, Aylmer.

OO is without doubt the best bred nada to-day. His sire, Hamburg, sed at the Bitter Root sale, January, Hon. Wm. C. Whitney for $60,000, years ago held the world's record and a winning sire. Kangaroo's ckeroney, who brought at the sale above, $6,500. She also has a wonder- s a producer of great runners. If d past record counts for anything, certainly a winner. No horses r prices than thoroughbreds, and all around road horses we have to- heir staying qualities back to the ed.

OO will stand for the season at his , Aylmer, for a limited number of rms $12 to insure.

T S. HARE

ND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

EAST	GOING WEST	
...6.40 a. m.	Express.....	12.46 p.m
.. 8.05 a. m.	Mixed.....	5.35 p.m
.... 3.36 p. m.	Express.....	9.12 p.m

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WEST BOUND.

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7:20 p. m. Solid trains for Detroit Chicago and intermediate stations hicago next morning 7.15.

EAST BOUND.

3.08 p. m.—Solid vestibuled train To Tilsonburg, Simcoe, Cayug w York and Boston

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YOUNG FOLKS

LOST.

One morning Mintie Dean awoke in strange room. She was frightened at st, then she remembered being car- d, half-awake, from the train in her's arms. She remembered the mping of the carriage over the cobble- nes, the flashing lights, and then— must have fallen asleep again to ke no more until morning.

She scrambled out of bed and flew to window; and what do you suppose expected to see? Why, the ocean, be sure. Mintie knew no geography. d there was only a row of tall brick uses with a strip of blue sky over em. What a disappointment!

"Oh, well!" said Mintie. "It's over hind the houses somewhere."

"Mother," she said, after breakfast, "aren't we go out now and hunt the ean? We cannot see it here!"

"Not this morning," said mother. "I ll be unpacking, and you children ould get lost if you went alone. But you will promise not to go off the vement nor off the street, you may downstairs a little while."

"Oh, yes'm! We'll not!" cried Mintie d the boys, with one voice.

The street was a quiet one, between busy avenues; but to the small untry children it seemed wildly ex- ting. Poppy counted twenty teams ssing in no time, and presently they ard a burst of music.

"There's a band comin'," cried Mintie. "Let's go and see it," said Poppy, ddly, running down the pavement.

"Oh, don't run!" said Mintie, in a rrified voice. "This is the city!"

So with a very dignified air they alked down to the corner, but there as no band in sight. There was only wonderful hand-organ on wheels, with e dark, jolly-faced men to push it long and turn the crank. The children llowed the organ to the avenue, and ood there, watching and listening un- it was out of sight. Then they turned d strolled slowly back.

"Which is our house?" said Mintie.

"Ho! I can pick it out in a minute," id Poppy. "There were lions on the eps."

"But, dear me, there were six houses ad had lions on the steps. The chil- en looked at each other, with grow- g terror.

"I wants my mother," said Peepy, with embering lips.

"Peepy Dean," said Mintie, sternly, hough her own voice trembled, "don't u dare to cry! What would the city ople think? And don't you for a min- e let on that we're lost, right in front your own house! We'll walk up and own, and mother will come to look for after awhile."

The three forlorn but proud little ds marched drearily up and down the de pavement. The street that had emed so gay was full of hidden terrors w, and presently Mintie saw a sight at shook even her brave heart.

"There comes a policeman," she whis- red.

She had never seen a policeman, but e had seen many pictures of them, d knew that they always wore blue uniforms.

"If he finds were lost he'll take us to policestation. That's what they al- ys do with lost children," she said.

"Hello, children!" said the policeman. "Where did you come from?"

Too terrified to speak, Mintie pointed ward with a small, uncertain fore- ger.

"Ye don't say!" said the policeman, king up at the sky, with a grin. ome all the way down last night? st have got some wet, I guess. There s consid'ble shower 'bout four ock."

At that Mintie found her voice.

"I meant at the top of the house," she d, with dignity.

"Oh, I see!" laughed the officer. "Which house?"

That was a terrible question. The ildren looked at each other, then Min- looked up and down the row of ses, then she looked at the policeman in. There was something in his face at won her confidence.

"We don't know," she said frankly.

The policeman threw back his head d roared with laughter.

"Never mind, dear," he said kindly, Mintie's face grew scarlet. "There's ger and older folks than you gets st up over these houses that looks alike. Your name's Dean, isn't it?"

Mintie nodded.

"I thought so. I happened to near the ner on the corner say that a family med Dean was goin' to move into the of flat No. 315; and it's jest three rs from here. Remember the num- and you won't get lost again."

"It's just like other folks," said Min- admiringly.

"Just like other folks," murmured Poppy.

Poppy stood silent and motionless, ong, until the blue-coated figure ned the corner. Then he sighed ply, and, with the air of one who long thought has made up his d for ever, he announced, "When I w, I shall be a policeman."

"Me, too," echoed Poppy, taking tiny ps up and down the pavement, and nging an imaginary club.

GHOST WORE PLUG HAT.

As All in White Except the Head-Gear.

A new ghost story is told by Lloyds kly, of London.

A party of Norwood machine mind- going home in the early hours of nday morning were suddenly scared a ghostly figure racing past them the railway station.

The apparition was clothed only in white nightshirt and a silk hat, and der its arm carried a book and a ll newspaper. One of the work- tried to stop the seeming phan- but it was too quick for him. As reached the railway station the fi- stopped suddenly. When the ma- hinders came up they found an ntleman and much distressed som- nbulist, who turned and ran for me while they unsympathetically ughed.

POLITENESS THEIR RUIN

MANNERS SOMETIMES CAUSE MAN'S DOWNFALL.

Picking up a Few Apples for a Poor Fruit Vendor Cost a Man His Life.

There is a widow living in great poverty in London to-day, who might be far otherwise but for an ill-timed act of courtesy on the part of him who was once her bread-winner.

It was the afternoon of Tuesday, September 3rd, 1878, and the pier at Sheerness was crowded with boisterous excursionists. Through them threaded the man in question with his wife, very soon to be husbandless. An old apple-woman's stall was knocked down. The man stopped to render assistance, bidding his wife hurry on to the boat to convey them to London. He would follow.

He did follow. But, too late. The vessel had gone; bearing his wife with it. The next boat was the Princess Alice, which he caught, only to be drowned in the Thames, off Woolwich, with some 700 other unfortunates. And all through staying to gather up a few apples for a poor fruit vendor.

WHY THE TAY BRIDGE FELL.

Sir Thomas Bouch, the eminent engineer, was one of the most courteous and considerate of men; and to these traits in his character was distinctly traceable the awful tragedy that terminated alike his professional career and his life.

He had to grapple with vital problems connected with the stability of the first Tay Bridge, and at the same time keep in order an army of subordinates, some of whom were efficient and honest, and some of whom were not. The two duties clashed, and neither was performed properly. Moreover, it became known about the works that Sir Thomas was too good-natured to dismiss an incompetent man, while his native politeness shrank from administering reproof even.

As a consequence the bridge was badly constructed as well as badly designed, and in about a year and a half after being first opened for traffic it collapsed while a North British mail train was travelling over it.

Between eighty and ninety persons lost their lives, and with the passing of the first shock of horror came the apportionment of the blame. The unhappy engineer had to bear the chief burden of this, and it proved too heavy for him. Within four months of the adverse verdict of the Board of Trade inquiry he was dead—of a broken heart.

One would imagine that a shopwalker could hardly be too polite. But he can; and there is one looking for a job at this present moment who knows it to his cost. To this last place came a lady customer.

YOUNG AND PRETTY.

She bought freely, too, of furs, velvets, and other easily negotiable goods.

Again and again she came, always with a bow and a smile to the obliging shopwalker. And he, on his part, not content with merely showing her to the department she wished to patronize, piloted her all over the establishment.

Nor were his suspicions awakened even when she showe an unfeminine curiosity regarding bolts and bars, and the various ways of ingress and egress to and from the premises. Only when, later on, a gang of burglars looted the place of some $60,000 worth of goods, did he realize how their feminine confederate had profited by his politeness.

Similarly, the unlucky sufferer in a recent notorious jewel robbery in Clerkenwell, owed his misfortune to a like trait in his character. The conspirators, who afterwards murderously assaulted and robbed him, sent a decoy, it will be remembered, to pretend to purchase a gold watch and diamond pendant out of business hours.

Natural courtesy, rather than mercantile zeal, compelled attention to the plausible ruffian, and with disastrous results to the accommodating trader.

The Russian peasant has a saying which invariably puzzles the foreigner: "Too polite, and die like Bekovitch." The proverb refers to one of the most tragic episodes in

MUSCOVITE HISTORY.

In the early Spring of 1717 Prince Bekovitch Cheraski led an armed expedition consisting of 4,000 infantry and 2,000 cavalry into the then almost unknown interior of the South-Central Asia. His ostensible object was to open up commercial relations with the Khans of Khiva and of Bokhara. His real one, to see if it were possible to invade India from the north.

The Prince, with whom were many officers of the Imperial Bodyguard, a brilliant company, marched his men across the arid steppes with difficulty, and on August 15th halted some eighty miles from the city of Khiva.

The Khivans, ignoring his professions of friendship, attacked the force; but were easily defeated by the better armed and better disciplined soldiers of the Czar. Their Khan, thereupon resorted to diplomacy. He visited the Russian camp in state. Explained that the attack delivered by his people was all a mistake. And invited Prince Bekovitch, and his principal officers, to visit his capital as his guests.

Two days later, at a grand entertainment, the Khan toasted his "friends the Russians," and vowed eternal friendship. He also took the opportunity of requesting Prince Bekovitch to divide his army into small detachments for entertainment in the surrounding villages, regretting the inability of his capital to entertain so many guests. The Russian commander politely agreed to the politely preferred request, the Russian force was broken up, and the Khan laughed sardonically.

HIS TURN HAD COME.

Early next day he killed Bekovitch, and forwarded his head as a gift to the Khan of Bokhara. Then he annihilated the Russian army.

Yet another notable instance of an excess of politeness in war, resulting in disaster, occurred at the battle of Fontenoy. Two bodies of troops, the one French, the other English, suddenly found themselves face to face, and within twenty paces of one another.

Lord Charles Hay, who happened to be the senior officer on one side, at once stepped to the front, and saluting the French commander (Count d'Auteroche), exclaimed, "Gentlemen of the French Guard, fire first."

To this courteous invitation the Count, not meaning to be outdone in politeness, replied, "Fire yourselves, gentlemen of England; we never fire first."

"As you please," rejoined Lord Hay, and turning to his men, he gave the requisite word of command.

An instant later the British muskets were spouting death, and the French had to retire in confusion.

TATTOOING AND ITS PRICE.

It Involves Terrible Torture of the Body.

In Samoa tattooing is applied to the whole body from the hips to the knees, covering the skin so completely with the pattern that at a little distance the person looks as though he were wearing ornamented tights, says the Chicago Daily News. The operation, which requires much time and many "sittings," is quite ceremonious. The tattooer, called the matai, is a man of considerable influence, and his services are engaged by a prepayment of several mats, or perhaps a canoe. "Combs" are used, and also a little mallet. The combs are made of human bones, about an inch or less in width, resembling little bone adzes with the edges cut with a number of teeth. These blades are attached to handles about six inches long. The pigment is made from the ashes of the cocoanut. The person to be tattooed lies on his face, resting his head in the lap of his sister or some other female relative, who, with other young women assisting, sings loudly to drown his groans, as it would injure his record for courage to be heard giving vent to expressions of pain. Instances have occurred, however, when young braves have lost all self-control, being entirely overcome with the agony of the operation, and have been despised as cowards for the rest of their lives. The operator, having traced out his pattern, commences to drive the toothed "comb" through the skin with his mallet by sharp and rapid taps. The assistants are ready with strips of white "massi" to clean off the blood as it flows from the wounds.

A remarkable case of tattooing came to light in Professor Hebra's lecture-room in a hospital in Vienna thirty years ago. The man was the subject of a lecture, and one of the spectators at first mistook him for a bronze statue. He was tattooed from head to foot, and not a quarter of a square inch of his entire person was intact. The skin presented an appearance resembling the tracery of an exceedingly rich cashmere shawl. The coloring was done with indigo principally, with enough red inserted here and there to give it an effect. His name was George Constantine, a Greek by birth, who, with a band of robbers, entered Chinese Tartary to commit depredations. The gang was captured, and this man, with the others, was ordered by the ruler to be branded in this manner. On the palms of his hands letters were tattooed which explained that he was "the greatest rascal and thief in the world." It took three months to tattoo him, the indigo being pricked into the skin. The designs represented elephants, lions, tigers and birds, with letters worked in between. A couple of dragoons ornamented his forehead. He said his body swelled up very much at the time and ever since had been sensitive to changes in the weather.

PITH, POINT AND PATHOS.

Holding a convention doesn't stop its progress.

Few people realize that their neighbors could be worse.

Many a man who is fancy free doesn't fancy his freedom.

Woman is more graceful than man is because she is.

Men enjoy doing anything they don't have to do for a living.

Wise men miss a lot of real pleasure because they are not foolish.

Men enjoy farming—if they have enough money to hire it done.

If you want a woman to do a certain thing, get her to say she won't.

Occasionally there is a man wise enough to think poetry without writing it.

The more a woman talks to a man the less he is inclined to sit up and take notice.

Rather than not get into it at all a woman is willing to get the short end of an argument.

Any man who is able to dodge unhappiness is just about as happy as it is possible to be.

When a man's business affairs begin to go wrong, his wife thinks it is because he doesn't follow her advice.

If a man occasionally tells a woman how pretty she looks, she will forgive most of the other lies he tells her.

It isn't difficult to size the average man up, but women are built so queerly it is impossible to get their actual measure.

Years may come and years may go, but the time will never arrive when a man will sit up and patch his wife's clothes after she is asleep in bed.

It stands to reason that a tennis suit should be tried in open court.

Awful Child: "Mamma said you were pretty old." Visitor: "Well?" Awful Child: "You are old, but you ain't pretty."

Miss Oldbirde: "I might have been married scores of times, but I always refused." Mr. Youngun (without thinking): "How very kind and considerate of you."

Weeks: "I hear Jayboy is thinking of buying a place in the country on the instalment plan." Tweeks: "How much has he got of it so far?" Weeks: "I believe he's got the lawn-mower!"

William: "Well, old man, I haven't seen you for an age. And how do you find matrimony suits you?" John (sighing): "It's an expensive joy. If I had only known what I had to pay in milliners' bills——" William: "You would have remained single, eh?" John: "No; I would have married the milliner."

WORK OF SKIN MUSCLES.

Protect Body from Cold and Sudden Changes.

"The muscles of the skin need training to educate them to contract vigorously on the slightest cold," says a medical writer, "to shut the blood out of the skin so quickly that the precious body heat will not be lost. You notice that when the skin is cold there is a 'goose skin' appearance. This is due to the contraction of the little muscles of the skin. The contraction of the muscles compresses the external blood vessels and drives away the blood from the surface, hardening and thickening the skin, which thereby becomes a better non-conductor. Thus the body temperature is maintained.

"It is because of the constant exposure to cold that the Indian's body is 'all face.' The skin of his whole body, not only that of the face, has learned to take care of itself."

RAILWAY'S UNIQUE RECORD.

The Highland (Scotland) Railway in one respect occupies a unique position in British railway history. Although the first portion of the system was incorporated so long ago as 1856, not a single passenger was killed until 1894. The first portion was opened in 1858, so that for a period of thirty-six years not a solitary passenger lost his life in a train accident, and although over ten years have elapsed since the fatality and many millions of passengers have during that period travelled over the system the total of fatal train accidents to passengers yet remains at one, and may it long continue to do so.

COLOSSAL IDOL.

Two miles from Kamakura, and about 20 from Yokohama, in Japan, on a terrace near the temple, sits the most gigantic idol in the world. It is the brazen image of a deity, and dates from the reign of the Emperor Sho mu, who died A. D. 748. The dimensions of the idol are collosal. His height, from the base of the lotus-flower upon which he sits to the top of his head, is 63½ feet. The face is 16 feet in length and nine feet wide, the eyes are 3 feet 9 inches from corner to corner, the eyebrows 5½ feet, and the ears 8½ feet. The chest is 20 feet in depth, and the middle finger is exactly five feet long. The 56 leaves of the lotus throne are each 10 feet long and six feet wide.

CURIOUS DIRECTIONS.

While walking through Wiltshire, England, a week or two ago a pedestrian asked a native how far it was to the next village, and received the curious reply, "About three pipes o' bacca." He subsequently found that watches and clocks were very rare in that district, and that it was usual to indicate distance by the number of pipes of tobacco one could smoke on the journey.

NOT QUITE.

"Have you any difficulty in getting the proper diet for the invalid?"

"No, indeed; the doctor has ordered us to give some of that prepared desecrated food."

A COMPROMISE.

Old-fashioned Father (sternly): "Can your prospective wife make up a good batch of bread?"

Truthful Son (diplomatically): "Well, she can handle the dough all right."

The Duke of Richmond had a coachman who had been in the service of his family for 82 years.

Tommy: "What does the paper mean by calling Mr. Sharpley an eight by ten business man?" Tom's Father: "I presume it means he is not exactly square."

She (after twelve): "And would you really put yourself out for my sake?" He: "Indeed I would!" She: "Then do it, please. I'm awfully sleepy!"

"I don't believe I'm the only girl you ever loved, Fred!" "Why, dearest?" "Because you kiss as if you were used to it."

Jack: "You should have seen Miss Baty. Her eyes flashed fire, and——" Arthur: "That's funny. You said a moment ago that she froze you with a glance."

Brooks: "Where do people get the idea that two can live as cheaply as one?" Newton: "Perhaps it comes from the same source as the idea that two hearts beat as one!"

Tougher: "Well, did you make him take his words back, as you said you were going to do?" Meeker: "Yes, he took them back; but he used them over again more emphatically than he did before."

"Haven't I told you," asked the father, "always to tell the truth?" "Yes, you told me that," the young man admitted; "but another time you told me never to become the slave of a habit."

He yelled at the top of his voice for two hours and then stopped. "Well," said his mother, "are you going to be good? Have you finished crying?" "No," said Tommy, "I have not finished; I'm only resting."

Timmins, who believes in the old saying, "See a pin, pick it up, and all day long you'll have luck," one day saw a pin in the street. Bending down to get it his hat tumbled off and rolled into the gutter, his eyeglasses fell and broke on the pavement, his braces gave way behind, he burst the buttonhole on the back of his shirt-collar, and he all but lost his new false teeth. But he got the pin.

A witty member of the legal profession was once a guest at a dinner remarkable for its meagreness. The dining-room had been newly and splendidly furnished. Some of the guests congratulated the host on his taste in decoration. "For my part I would rather see less gilding and more carving," said the wit.

FORTUNES IN POULTICES

LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT LONDON'S HOSPITALS.

Immense Sums are Required Every Year to Keep Them Going.

Few people have any idea of the cost of "running" a modern first-class hospital.

At London, in Whitechapel, for instance, there was expended in 1903 for dressing and bandages alone no less a sum than $18,255; while the bill for drugs, chemicals, and disinfectants came to a total of $20,925. During the same period $107,795 worth of provisions were consumed in this institution, the meat bill alone totalling up to $27,040, and that for milk to the large sum of $20,925. The year's washing bill was $19,275, and this, although the hospital possesses its own splendidly-equipped private laundry, with a capacity of 45,000 pieces a week.

In order to heat and light the miles of corridors, wards, and other apartments, a sum of $36,865 had to be disbursed. For merely scrubbing the floors, stairs, and so on, over $4,000 has to be found every twelve months; and this is exclusive of the annual "Spring cleaning," which costs about $5,000 additional.

The hospital authorities have even to pay for the air their patients breathe—to the tune of $1,000 odd per annum. In other words the atmosphere of East London, being none of the best, has to be purified ere being admitted to the wards, and this is the cost of running the necessary apparatus and the

VENTILATING FANS.

Salaries and wages run away with $140,000. Out of this no fewer than 533 trained resident nurses have to be paid.

Altogether the upkeep of the whole huge establishment cost in 1903 slightly over $500,000, and this quite independently of $405,000 odd which was expended in improving and extending the hospital, under the provisions of the King's Hospital Fund. In other words the ordinary expense of carrying on the London averages about $10,000 a week.

For this large sum, however, there were relieved in 1903 no fewer than 156,025 sufferers, 13,120 of whom had to be admitted to the wards as "in-patients." The number of children under twelve years of age treated was 3,537, or 1,000 in excess of the total at the largest of the children's hospitals in London.

As it is with the London, so is it with all other hospitals. Notwithstanding the most rigid economy expenses will mount up.

It is true that eminent medical specialists, whose fees to wealthy patients run into hundreds of pounds, give their well-nigh invaluable services to the poor sufferers who flock to these institutions in their

TENS OF THOUSANDS.

But advice, and the skilful use of the knife on occasion, is not all that is necessary. There are drugs that must be kept in stock in every well-regulated hospital that cost actually so much as $250 and $300 an ounce.

The outcast from the streets, when it comes to the question of life or death, is pampered like a prince. Champagne of the best brands, port wine such as the average householder cannot purchase even if he would, brandy of the finest—all these are his (or hers), and much else besides.

This "case" is "treated" with compressed oxygen gas, worth more than its weight in gold. That, where death from weakness brought on by starvation is feared, is coaxed back from the borderland with concentrated soups, and later with game that, perhaps, our King himself has shot.

Ordinary drugs and other remedies have to be laid in by the hundredweight, and their total cost is enormous. Last year, for instance, one single Metropolitan hospital, and that not of the first rank, used up

TEN TONS OF LINSEED MEAL

for making poultices, the payment on that account alone being $625.

Some hospitals, too, are spending large sums in bacteriological research. Thus, in the Middlesex Hospital and in the Brompton Cancer Hospital respectively thousands of pounds are being expended seeking to solve the mystery of cancer, the least understood and most deadly of all modern plagues.

Of accidents alone there are treated yearly in the London hospitals, including the suburban ones, over 300,000. The bandages used, if fastened together end to end, would suffice to go round the earth at the equator; and every month more than ten tons of timber are split up into splints.

To grow sufficient linseed for poultices a farm of 160 acres would have to be kept constantly under cultivation; and at least 2,000 acres of pasture land would be required to feed the annual supply of cattle and sheep for the patients' meals.

Finally, the quantity of liquid disinfectant of various kinds used yearly would suffice to fill all the reservoirs of all London water companies; or, if it were run into one big lake, having not too extensive an area, a modern battleship could float therein comfortably and safely.—Pearson's Weekly.

In 1,000,000 Irish Americans 11,830 are insane and 2,394 blind.

Blank: "That girl is connected with some of the most important families in town." Flank: "Why, she doesn't look like an aristocrat." Blank: "She isn't. She's a telephone girl."

Husband: "Another new dress! Where do you suppose I shall get the money from to pay for it?" Wife: "You must excuse me. I didn't marry you to give you financial advice."

"The Smiths are going to move out of this neighborhood after being here nearly a year." "That's strange, just as people are getting to know them." "That's the reason they're going!"

HEALTH

BED-SORES.

A bed-sore is an ulcer that forms on the skin of a patient who, by reason of continued illness, has to keep the same position in bed for long seasons. It is generally the direct result of continued pressure in one spot.

The parts of the body most likely to be affected are those where the bone is near the surface, such as the hip or the spinal column, and sometimes even the elbow. The illnesses which confine the patient to the bed for long unbroken weeks—such as typhoid fever, are the ones in which bed-sores are most likely to develop, although in many cases of paralysis and some diseases of the spinal cord they may come spontaneously and seem to be traceable less to pressure than to some diseased condition of the "trophic" nerves, that is to say, the nerves the function of which is to govern the nutrition of the skin.

Of course where they develop spontaneously no one is to blame; indeed, in some cases of severe injury to the central nervous system they may develop almost immediately, and with no reference to the position of the patient or to pressure on any one part. But in the case of the ordinary bed-sore occuring in the case of a long illness it may be held as an axiom that it is a reproach to a nurse. The large hospitals hold themselves rigidly to this theory.

The reason for this strictness is that a bed-sore is a thing for prevention rather than cure, and its prevention is from first to last a matter of strict and scrupulous cleanliness and care. They occur so often in patients whose sensibilities are blunted that unless the attendants exercise the most watchful care they are present without a word of warning; but when a nurse once knows what causes them, and in what illnesses they are likely to appear, a sharp look-out will naturally be kept.

The pressure on one part can be relieved in several ways. Perhaps the best is the round air-cushion with a hole in the centre, as the threatened part can then be placed immediately over the hole. If a cushion of this kind cannot be procured, a wad of cotton can be arranged to perform the same service. Cleanliness is absolutely essential. The sheet must not be wrinkled, and there must be no crumbs in the bed. The matress should be springy, but level and firm.

The affected parts of the body should be kept perfectly dry. Some chemical should be used occasionally to harden the skin. Alcohol is perhaps the best, and may be combined with some astringent, such as tannic acid. This serves to give tone to the parts and render them more resistant.—Youth's Companion.

NATURE CURES.

Turnips are good for nervous disorders. Yet it would not be wise for nervous dyspeptics to add a huge quantity of raw or even cooked turnips to their ordinary meals, as digestive disturbances would arise which would more than offset any medicinal effect of the turnips. So with any other food, recommended for certain disorders. If the food is such that the system can assimilate it without disturbance, sufferers will find the following list useful:

Carrots for sufferers with asthma.

Spinach is useful to those suffering with gravel.

Lettuce is valuable to those suffering from insomnia.

Blackberries as a tonic. Useful in all forms of diarrhoea.

Honey is wholesome, strengthening, cleansing, healing and nourishing.

Bananas, especially if cooked, are useful as a food for those suffering from chronic diarrhoea.

Lemons for feverish thirst in sickness, for biliousness, low fevers, rheumatism, colds, coughs, and liver complaint.

Celery is invaluable as a food to those suffering from any form of rheumatism; for the diseases of the nerves and nervous dyspepsia.

Figs are aperient and wholesome. They are valuable as a food for those suffering from cancer; they are used externally as well as internally.

Fresh ripe fruits are excellent for purifying the blood and toning up the system. As specific remedies, oranges are aperient. Sour oranges are highly recommended for rheumatism.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

To cool a sick room, cover the top of a wash bowl with a piece of flannel drawn tight, making a sort of drum-head. Place upon this a bit of ice the size of a quart bowl. The ice will last a long time.

Eating fruit and vegetables, and especially apples, will make the eyes brighter. Light blue eyes will look like delft, and the faded gray eyes will seem like a clean blue. Diet has a great deal to do with the color of the eyes.

Hot Hands.—There are a variety of recipes for this trouble, but this one is the best: Place about a teaspoonful of alum in the water you wash the hands in. Afterward sprinkle with rice powder, which you can procure of any druggist.

Sore Throats.—Infants and young children with "sore throats" should be given occasional sips of a mixture of a teaspoonful of borax in a wineglassful of glycerine. The glycerine lubricates the throat, and borax is a first-class antiseptic for all throat conditions.

Alcohol Lotions. — Take one-quarter pint of alcohol (the recipe can be doubled or tripled if desired), one ounce each of spirits of camphor and ammonia, two and one-half ounces of sea salt and one pint of boiling water; mix thoroughly and always shake before using. Apply the tonic to the face, hands and arms, and it will magically remove all of that "tired" feeling.

PUSHED FOR MONEY.

Professor: "A good deal depends on the formation of early habits."

Howell: "I know it. When I was a baby my mother paid a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since."

on April 24 last.