

HISTOGENETIC SYSTEM OF MEDICINE.

Theory—Rebuilding the diseased cells and tissues of the body with the same proximate principle and ferments, organic bodies, and so on, which are nominally prepared in the body by the glands. These medicines are pure and tasteless, containing nothing of a poisonous nature, whatever, and reach all chronic and acute diseases, so-called hopeless cases preferred.

DISTRICT OF NPISSING,
Mattawa, Dec. 27th, 1890.

Histogenetic Medicine Association, Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I received your first package of medicine two weeks ago, and having faithfully used it ever since, I now wish to bear my testimony to its excellence as a remedy for chronic diseases. With unqualified joy I declare, that, during my long years of ill health I never experienced such benefits from any remedy I used. In the year 1860, thirty years ago, my health suddenly collapsed in the shape of violent tremblings, dizziness, nervousness, having many groundless fears, great palpitation of heart, depression of spirits, and so unable to study that I had to give up my profession of teaching. God only knows what misery I endured in those years. I soon found out that I was paying for some of my youthful follies. As was natural, I began using all the patent medicines of the day; but all to little purpose. I also consulted "specialists" of every school, and though some helped me up for a time, yet I was never cured. Under one course, I scrubbed and washed so much that my skin was nearly worn through, and it only made me weaker. So I went on in partially broken down condition for years; my intellect blighted, and manhood marred, which of late years has been about lost entirely. I had about given up all hope, when one day last July, I was reading the Presbyterian of Toronto, and my eye caught the words: "complete revolution in medicine." Ah, thought I, perhaps a gracious God, to whom I have been praying for help, has something for

me here. So I read, and saw two very honest-like letters from two ladies in Toronto who had been cured of long standing complaints. I obtained the book and not only read, but studied it, and thought about it as well as I could at the time. I had faith to believe Dr. Jordan's theory to be the true one. And now, having tried the remedy for only two weeks, I thank God that I was ever directed to it; for I certainly believe it was providential. I am, so far, fully satisfied with it as a simple, easy to be taken, safe and effectual remedy. I feel almost as well as any man could wish to feel. Low spirits all gone, get up in the morning singing—could sing all the day—beginning to feel that vigor, and light heartedness which makes life so pleasant. My head is splendid. Oh what comfort I have in reading now. I do not expect his true, to be made into a young man (being now 46), but I firmly believe I will be cured of all my ills after using the remedies for a length of time corresponding to my age and long standing complaints. The medicines I have taken in the past were dreadfully strong, and many a wry face I made in using them, and always had to increase the dose. I often felt myself injured by them otherwise; and no wonder, as I took so much. But not so with this medicine. It is perfectly harmless, operating so gently and yet with such wonderful effect, as really to make one wonder, how such a simple looking, almost tasteless substance could have such power. But it is a builder up of the poor broken down body, and brings joy to many a heart. So I advise all who are afflicted with sickness which baffles all the "old schools," not to allow my unreasonable prejudice to hinder them from giving these remedies a fair trial, and I am sure you will not repent it.

This is no "blow" merely to help the Histogenetic Association, but I am speaking what I solemnly believe to be true concerning myself so far as I have gone, and for the benefit of the suffering, for whose aid I believe God has raised up and prospered Dr. J. Eugene Jordan.

Gratefully yours,

JOHN BURLANGETT.

Books explaining the system, medical examination and consultation free. Address:

HISTOGENETIC MEDICINE ASSOCIATION,

19 YONGE STREET MARKET. COR. YONGE AND GERRARD STS., TORONTO.

MENTION LADIES' JOURNAL.

Inconvenience of Riches.

To have a competence is to have enough; to have wealth is to have a surplus. A comparative minority at one social extreme are engaged in a bitter struggle to secure a competence; another minority at the other extreme are engaged in quite as bitter a struggle to secure a surplus. Is the prospective prize worth the struggle? Is wealth better than competence? If so, why?

Competence has comforts, wealth has luxuries; and comforts are better than luxuries. What is the difference? Comfort is pleasure with profit, luxury in profitless pleasure. A comfortable meal gives pleasure in the eating, and equips the eater with health for his work. A luxurious meal gives present enjoyment, but impairs digestion and enervates the body. Comfortable clothing keeps us warm, luxurious clothing makes us delicate. A comfortable home is the nursery of manly life; a luxurious home is its grave. Nor are we to imagine that wealth ministers in beauty to the eye what mere competence denies. The most beautiful homes are neither the wealthiest nor the most luxurious. Given great taste and small purse: result, the House Beautiful. Given great purse and small taste: result, the House Ugly. Hundreds of contrasted homes in the United States attest this truth.

Do we say, then, that we wish wealth for our children, not for ourselves? We deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. "Great expectations" are a dangerous legacy. To expect something for nothing is a demoralizing expectation, even though one expects it from his own father. Andrew Carnegie, shrewd observer of life, declares that the worst use a man can make of his wealth is to leave it to his sons. Some rich men do teach their children self-reliance and industry; but they teach with difficulty and at disadvantage what the children of less wealthy parents learn by intuition and necessary circumstance. Only hardness can make a hero, and hardness which comes invited into common homes is barred out of luxurious ones. The sons of kings are rarely kingly. The cradle that rocks a Moses is made of rushes and daubed with clay. If he had spent his babyhood in palace hall and not in mother's hut, his career might have been different.

But men of wealth, we imagine, are free from care. Our moderate incomes are dependent on our daily exertions, and there is always a possibility that sickness or disaster may deprive us of our work, and so of our

competence: the millionaire is independent. On the contrary, no man is more dependent than he. To keep money safely is more difficult than to make it; as any one may see who will compare the census of men making a comfortable income, with that of men losing by an unlucky speculation or an unlooked-for disaster the accumulations of a lifetime. It is hard so to clip wealth's wings as to insure his not flying away. In such a crisis as that of the last few weeks the men of competence have slept soundly; the men with reserved and surplused wealth have been restless at night and haggard by day. Every man of wealth carries other men upon his shoulders. Whether he will or no, he is trusted for others. His ruin means ruin to them. His failure means closing the factory and throwing thousands of breadwinners out of employment, or a dropping of railroad stocks and bankruptcy to hundreds of small investors. One might prefer the place of General Grant to that of the private, but not because the private has cares and the General is exempt.

But if we only had money we could do so much good with it. Yes! It is always the men who have not money who think that they could do great good with it if they had it. But it requires more art to bestow money wisely than to acquire it. "Let any one," said a millionaire to us recently—and one who is acting as trustee of his own fortune in a very wise and wide-reaching benevolence—"let any one attempt to give away \$100,000 a year and do good, not harm, in the giving, and he will find he has undertaken a task of much greater difficulty than the making of \$100,000 a year." The truth is so patent and so appalling to men of fortune, that the men who make great fortunes rarely administer them. The money is paid over to Boards of Trustees made up, not of millionaires, but of men of competence, who thus enjoy the luxury of giving without the labor of acquiring.

We maintain, then, the inconvenience of being very rich; and if any of our readers can put in brief compass the counterbalancing advantages of being a millionaire, we shall be pleased to give them an opportunity to present the other side. Most people believe in the other side, but we have yet to see a reasonable ground for that belief intelligently and judicially stated.—*Christian Union*.

Blessed he—blessed though maybe undeserving—who has the love of a good woman.

Literary Notes.

The American magazines have come to be recognized the world over as the best illustrated and most ably conducted; in fact, it is said that larger editions are sold in England of at least two of our leading magazines than of any of the English monthlies. This condition has resulted from the fact that the American magazines hesitate at no expense, either for the purchase of manuscript or illustration. They are penetrating into every household. Their beautiful engravings serve as instructors even to those unable or too busy to read. The most popular authors recognize that they can obtain more money from the magazines than by publishing in book form. In proportion to bound volumes, the magazine gives as four to one. Take for instance the *Cosmopolitan*, which contains annually 1536 pages by the leading writers of the world, and more than 1200 illustrations by clever artists. That would make four volumes of nearly 400 pages each, yet it is furnished to the subscriber at only \$2.40 a year. The four bound volumes which it would make would be worth on the book stands not less than \$12.00. It seems impossible that so much should be furnished for so little, and it is only when the number reaches 100,000 or upwards that such work can be turned out at a profit to the publisher. Formerly it was considered impossible to place such a magazine before the public for less than \$4.00 per annum, and the predictions were numerous, when the price of the *Cosmopolitan* was fixed at \$2.40, that it would be impossible for it to survive at such a figure. The publisher believed that a first-class magazine at the low price of \$2.40 would be quickly appreciated by the public. His expectations have been more than fulfilled, and the December issue of the *Cosmopolitan* reached the 100,000 mark.

"The fancy took me to go to Noto," says Mr. Percival Lowell, in his paper on "Noto: An Unexplored Corner of Japan;" and where Noto is, and how he went there, is not only the subject of the opening article in the January *Atlantic*, but is to be the subject of several articles which are to follow. Mr. Lowell always writes cleverly, and his account of his journey is the freshest and most vivid travel sketch that has appeared for some time. Professor Royce has a long paper on Hegel, Adolphe Cohn writes about "Boulangism," and Mr. Henry Charles Lea indicates the "Lesson of the Pennsylvania Election." Sophia Kirk gives a pretty sketch of "A Swiss Farming Village;" and "A Novelist of the Jura," Mademoiselle Adele Huguenin, is the subject of a long article which shows her to be a kind of Swiss Charles Egbert Craddock. The "Comedy of the Custom House," in the Contributor's Club, concludes with a mot which is worth preserving: "When I am asked if I have any presents I always answer 'No,' said a devout church-going woman to me one day, 'because I do not consider them presents until I give them away.'" Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Scribner's Magazine for January opens the fifth year and ninth volume of a periodical, which from its first issue was a popular success, and which has continued to grow rapidly in public favor. Its prospectus for 1891 contains the names of a number of contributors who are unrivalled in their special fields—men like Henry M. Stanley, James Bryce, Sir Edwin Arnold, and Robert Louis Stevenson. The readers of the "Railway" and "Electric" series will be glad to know that a similar series on "Ocean Steamships" is promised. The issue for January contains a number of striking features—first among them Henry M. Stanley's article on the "Pigmies," which is entirely distinct from his book, and written since its publication expressly for the Magazine. Other features are Sir Edwin Arnold's second paper on "Japan," with Robert Blum's remarkable illustrations; the first of a two-part story by Frank R. Stockton, in his most amusing manner; one of a group of illustrated papers on Australia (marking the beginning of an Australian edition of the Magazine); and practical articles on modern fire apparatus, and the game of Court Tennis. Mr. Stanley's paper on "The Pigmies of the Great African Forest" is his first compact and complete presentation of all that he learned about these strange dwarfs through the many months of his journey across Africa. He writes of them as one fascinated with their cunning and general intelligence, their docility when properly treated, and their aptitude in all ways for the things which civilized man has considered peculiarly his own. The life of these savans in their Lilliputian villages, their methods of hunting and fighting, and their habits and customs generally are explained in detail by Mr. Stanley, and illustrated from pictures based on photographs made by the expedition. The

fiction of this number is noteworthy. Mr. Stockton's marine tale, entitled "The Water Devil," is a delightful absurdity, told with the humorous simplicity which the public first knew in "Rudder Grange." There is also a short story by Mary Tepper Wright which is a masterful piece of writing, and unusually strong on its imaginative side. It is of a quality which is seldom found in current literature.

Harper's Magazine for December is a superb Christmas number. The illustrations include, besides a frontispiece in tints, a large number of full-page engravings representing some of the best work of the best modern artists. The fiction, is given a prominent place and is of a character especially appropriate to the holiday season, and the editorial departments are bristling with allusions to Christmas cheer and Christmas duties. "The Winter of our Content" is the suggestive but somewhat enigmatic title of an article by Charles Dudley Warner. Discussing from a practical point of view the climatic advantages of southern California, Mr. Warner concludes by saying: "Is it altogether an unpleasing thought that the conditions of life will be somewhat easier there, that there will be some physical repose, the race having reached the sunset of the continent, comparable to the desirable placidity of life called the sunset of old age? This may be altogether fanciful, but I have sometimes felt, in the sunny moderation of nature there, that this land might offer for thousands at least a winter of content." A number of superb illustrations of objects and scenery in southern California accompany Mr. Warner's article.

That live and progressive weekly, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated*, continues to improve each year and subscribers are now receiving better value than ever. The illustrations are timely and executed in the best style of the art, while the letter press is of the highest literary standard. A sample copy can be had for ten cents. Get one from your bookseller or write direct to the publishers, 110 Fifth Ave., New York.

The paper, by the eminent English scientist, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, in *The Arena* for January is creating much comment. In it Dr. Wallace examines the problem, "Are there Objective Apparitions?" and reviews many important cases cited in reports of the English society for Psychical researches. The paper, as would naturally be supposed, is scholarly and strictly scientific. Dr. Wallace appearing as thoroughly at home in the psychic realm as in the great field of evolution, where he had so long stood side by side with Charles Darwin.

The Finger Nails.

There is a common belief that the finger nails are poisonous which idea is natural enough, considering the fact that scratches made by them are generally quite irritable and much inclined to unusual inflammation. The reasoning is erroneous, however, for, as far as is known, the nails themselves do not have any poisonous properties. The trouble excited by them is due to the foreign deposits under them. In other words if one keeps his finger nails clean, scratches caused by them will be no more irritable than those produced by any like instrument that is considered innocent. The results of the examinations made in Vienna show that it is more important that the finger nails be kept clean than is supposed. Seventy-eight were made and there were found thirty kinds of micrococci, eighteen different bacilli and three kinds of sarcocine; besides, common mold spores were present in many instances. It would seem from this that the spaces under the finger nails were favorable hiding places for minute organisms which are more or less prejudicial to health, and that therein lies the poisonous element attributed to the nails. Furthermore, that cleanliness of the nails is a very important essential. It is not sufficient to use merely a knife blade, but at the toilet a nail brush and plenty of soap and water should be called into service. Surgeons long ago learned that deposits under the nails were a menace, and that through them wounds were easily poisoned. This led to extreme care in the matter of personal cleanliness on their own part and on the part of all their assistants. Before an operation is performed all who touch the patient or the instruments which are to be used must first clean their hands thoroughly with soap and water, being especially careful to have the spaces under the nails absolutely clean. After this the hands are put into disinfectant solutions.

How often in this world actions which we condemn are the result of sentiments which we love and opinions that we admire.

There are a good many real miseries in the world that we cannot help smiling at, but they are the smiles that make wrinkles, not dimples.