

AIR AND LIGHT NEEDED.

BOTH ARE ESSENTIAL TO ROOMS IN WHICH WE SLEEP.

Some Plain Words on the Vital Subject of Bed Chambers and Draperies—How Our Houses Should Be Kept to Ensure the Health of the Occupants.

People have what they call good houses, good furniture, good clothes, variety of food, amusement, anything except clean air, clean water, and nourishing food, writes Shirley Dare.

"No air!" cries the lady who reads. "I always sleep with my window down at the top, and air my room an hour every morning!" Yes, you have your window down a few inches, and possibly go the length of having the much-advised board under the lower sash, which allows another thread of air to percolate the dead mass which fills your chamber. The principle of ventilation is hardly understood, that the whole body of air in any room needs changing entirely at least once an hour, and it is impossible to approach this desirable condition without sufficient openings in opposite walls, and no air can pretend to be pure which has not this change constantly going on so that it is never stale. Why should we allow the air we breathe to become tainted a little, any more than we eat meat which is a little off?

The air is soiled in breathing minute by minute, as the soil about a camp ground is defiled. Our senses are too stupefied for dull with the insensibility left from the prehistoric age of kitchen middens, when the original citizen squatted among his piles of dead fish and oysters unconscious of their offense as a middle class taxpayer, and his educated daughter are of the putrefying air of their expensive bedrooms. Hardly one person in a hundred has any appreciation of pure air or the horror of impure air, for we see educated people live contented in rooms, offices, and cars whose odor nauseates and overcomes the unhappy hundredth one who has no catarrh and whose senses give quick warning of danger. To such an one it is hard to exaggerate the horror of most houses in the warm weather, hung with senseless draperies of wool with twelve months' bad breath clinging to their folds, the carpets giving up their odors of dust from the streets, in which one can trace the ammoniacal odor left by the horses; the smell of lanoline from the upholstery, basement and soil pipes, compounded in stairway and entries; the rooms mothered in all fashions of art hangings, the mantle covers in silk, jute, and plush, redolent of dye, dust and human presences; the shameless marble washbasins, contributing their reek of slime pipes night and day, with the final wretchedness of uncovered receptacles for slops, which charge the air with gases so deadly that they are enough to account for the gray hair and sallowness without anything else. The ventilation of these houses on the unbearable July days is by windows on one side of a room, open perhaps a foot, which unless the wind sets that way is just as likely to admit air as a pipe to add water to a bottle already full. It is next to impossible to make people comprehend that air is a fluid, subject to the same conditions as other fluids; that you cannot pour it into a room unless you provide an outlet for that which already fills it to escape. Also it is easily contaminated, as the glass of water you drink, which you reject instantly if dust or a fly lights on it, but you swallow the dust of many dead flies and billions and sour breath of your own and other people's throwing off with entire composure, and all you are afraid of in the world is getting air that is thoroughly pure. One old maid of high pretensions used to say she held that pure air must be too stimulating, which appears to be the creed of most persons about the air they breathe.

The front door of the modern house opens into a dark hall, boxed in by heavy doors, with no admittance for air except by the momentary opening for comers and goers. Story after story presents the same blank walls and closed doors, where the stairway affords ready ascent for the delightful smells of the basement, the cook's closet, the frowny refrigerator, the laundry, and the gravelike scent of airless coal; cellars and vaults below. There is a skylight at the top of the house sealed fast for fear a shower may wet the precious carpets and curtains, which the hostess values much, more highly than she does the life of every mortal on her premises. The sun beats the upper story, beating on the glass, and draws the basement smells upward to blend with the petpouri in my lady's chamber. Three-fourths of the population of cities live in boarding-houses, and, of course, everybody is afraid to leave doors open to let a draught through from back to front, so the only ventilation must be from the subcellar straight up, and well-to-do people breathe it, talk art, morality, poetry, and high-class politics in it; double-refined young women write love letters in it, sleep in it, and eat bonbons in this sewage-laden flood of air, and the babies have special chance at its lowest, heaviest layer, next the germladen carpet. Overdrawn, you say? I wish it were; but the reality of these crimes against breath and blood cannot be drawn in its immorality and baseness.

There might be a current of pure air from the open windows which would partially sweep the unwholesome fluid away, but those inlets are religiously guarded by

the jallery of window screens, which every woman thinks her house incomplete without. It will take a good ten years' crusade of all the doctors and hygienists of the country to teach people the folly and injuriousness of these window screens. The resistance of that threadlike mesh to the entrance of pure air cuts down the supply three-fourths, and cuts short the lives of all who live behind it in proportion. Whole-some, large-lunged people cannot breathe behind screens, but the narrow-chested, feeble woman who rules the house orlains them, and only one here and there is bold enough to order them down.

I self-exiled one night in the handsomely furnished bedroom of a friend of mine behind close wire blinds and two pairs of lace curtains, and I never mean to undergo the slow torment again. I had rather live in an Indian wigwam summers than in what is called a good house with lace curtains, carpets, lacy portieres, and wire screens. Indians don't smell any worse than the deadly carpets and awful draperies, hideous in design and unsavory of odor. And people swelter and sicken in these airless houses, which smell like the nine days' dead, and have neuritis and acute gastric poisonings and run down generally. Their hair grows brittle and coarse as moss, their nails break, their sight dims, and with all these symptoms of organic poisoning they scrub their skins, do pivotal exercises mornings, and walk an hour or so, and come back to their twenty-two hours in dungeon air and wonder why their health is not good and why their youth takes wings.

It would be so perfectly easy to make houses in town or country comfortable that one rebels in spirit against the unhuman waste of life. Where there is a current of air it will always be cool and the air sweet. To secure this current begin at the ground level. That sarcophagus of brown stone steps to the front door shuts off air from the basement of the city house and leaves a crypt under it which is like a place of a resort for cats and dogs and greasy with the slops of the milk cans. The light iron stairs with wooden treads but no risers, allowing the air to visit that forsaken basement doorway, should be a picturesque feature of new buildings, and would probably make a serious difference in the difficulty of keeping servants. But no comforts those unconsidered creatures are expected to endure, the stifling kitchen, the torrid attic, or the dark holes off the kitchen they are to sleep in, are simply inhuman, and I cannot wonder that cooks drink and flourish carving knives, or that dragged-out maids are always changing places. A ventilator over the cooking range and a tin jacket for that fiery dragon in summer would rid the house of the fumes of food and send the heat to meet ice needles in the clouds. The chimney ventilator and close cans for offal down stairs are essential to the perfect purity of air in the drawing rooms, for air takes strange mixtures in its way upward through the house.

It is a wonder that in the craze for artistic surroundings no one sees the possibilities of ornament in the wrought iron grilles, which should furnish all outside doors so that the glass half might be opened safely night and day. Over each door should be a wide transom, also grated; the bathroom should have a swing window, with grille, and stand wide open when not in use, and the skylight have flanges to shed the rain and bars to prevent burglars and stray monkeys entering, and the glass should be screened by sailcloth shades a foot above the sash. A well-placed, large burning glass in the roof as the light, unshaded skylight on a hot day. Any one with a luxurious sense of comfort will contrive to have most windows swing open. London artists have these delightful impossibilities, and the opening of the side room the way gives a different climate. The matter presents no difficulties which cannot be overcome. Imagine wide windows with flower boxes below swung open on the north and east sides of a house, and one of those "rain curtains" of water drops falling from a finely perforated pipe across the top of the window to cool a room in mid-summer. But this is a luxury a working-man's tenement might supply. There might be arrangements between floors and ceilings which would allow a draught from one side of a house to the other, without sacrifice of privacy in any rooms, air being admitted by string-course gratings from the outside, entering at the horizon of walls and ceilings in each chamber. If the supremest benefit of air were once afforded, I think we would soon find we could have too much of it, and the possibility of living to the age of the patriarchs with the freshness of an affable archangel might break upon us.

But there is one factor in the question which feminine infatibility has been trembling with ever since I broached the theory of doing without window screens. "I can't have my door open if you are going to keep your screens out," murmured the next woman to me a week since. "I found two flies in your room today, and I went in and killed them." Flies are not desirable, but better two, or even three, flies than such a shutting off of vital fluid as wire blinds insure unless a gale is blowing straight through them. Flies and mosquitoes are kept out by aromatics more safely than shutting up the house in dog days. A rigid policy as to garbage, allowing no scraps or crumbs to remain a moment, keeping all food closely covered, as it ought to be, leaving flies out of the question; fresh currents of air kept blowing through the house, and a little spraying with woodsy, aromatic disinfectants will keep insects of all kinds out of a house. Those blessed deodorizing sprays which bring the freshness of fir and eucalyptus and citron within four walls are not loved by winged vermin. I have sat on a veranda evenings with a fragrant atomizer in hand and laughed to hear the Jersey mosquitoes gnash their teeth in vanquished rage at not being able to come near me. After lunch the dining-room has every crumb brushed out, window opened on three sides and the blinds closed; a few puffs of the atomizer given in each corner and flies tumble over each other in haste to get out. Nights when mosquitoes and tree toads try ousting each other my windows are flung open to the dewy darkness, the pillows are sprayed with a favorite compound and one drops asleep dreaming of a missionary society to reach the lowly aromas to the Guinea coast. Presently the house atomizer will be as essential as the lawn sprinkler, and the banishment of carpets and upholstery in summer will remove the last reluctance to try the cooling strengthening effects of windblown spray of mist scented with flower of cedar, clove

and pine. If you ever spend one season on floors of shellacked pine, with lace, muslin, and reed furnishings in place of woolen stuffs, you will hardly want to put the heavy carpets and curtains back before midwinter. And when you visit your brother-in-law, who adheres to the old order of things, next year, it may dawn upon you that breathing stuff steeped in animal exhalations may have much to do with early decrepitude.

AT A PENNY A PIECE—£20,000.

If you had as many pennies as there are natural holes in your skin, how many pennies should you have?

You would have enough to make £20,000. Now figure up the holes for yourself. Yet you couldn't afford to sell them for a penny each, even in hard times. They are worth more money. These holes, or sweat glands, pour out quarts of sweat every day—water, mixed with salt and poisonous humours. Stop these holes, partly or entirely, and the skin's work is at once thrown on the lungs and kidneys. Then you fall ill with some disease or other. With what disease depends on the nature and location of your weak spot.

A lady, whose name we are permitted to mention, will not soon forget the spring of 1890. It was then that for the first time in her life she was afraid to be left alone; not from fear of ghosts, but from sheer nervous excitement. She was obliged to have elastic put into her slippers to let them out—her feet were swollen so; and her hands were in the same condition. In the morning her face would puff up and large lumps from under her eyes and on her cheeks. Then a rash made its appearance all over her body, vanishing again almost immediately, as a blush comes and goes on the face.

The suddenness of this she compares to the sting of a wasp or hornet. An intense itching accompanied it, so she could not lie in bed or be quiet in any position on account of it. She was in misery night and day, and scarcely knew what to do with herself. Her legs got so painful and felt so tired she was put to it to get about. For eighteen months (it must have seemed like many years) she was tormented in this way.

Meanwhile she consulted two doctors, and attended successively at the Newcastle Infirmary and at the Dispensary. But no thing more than temporary ease came of the treatment they gave her. The doctors recommended a change of air, and in August, 1891, she went to North Sunderland. She found relief at that place, but not from the air.

Now we must get back to the spring of 1890, and inquire what, if anything, preceded this strange outbreak. At that time the lady says, she first felt languid, tired, and constantly sleepy. She was troubled with bad headaches and attacks of giddiness. Her appetite failed; she could eat but little, and after eating had a feeling of weight and fullness at the chest and sides. Her whole system was depressed, and the life in her appeared to sink, as the water does in a cistern where there exists a hidden leak somewhere. Then came what has already been described.

At North Sunderland, whither she went for a change of air, she met a gentleman, Mr. Cathcart, who expressed a most intelligent opinion of her case and advised the use of Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. Convinced by his reasoning she procured a supply of this well-known remedy and began taking it.

Her letter concludes in these words: "After I had used the Syrup only a few days I felt a decided improvement in all respects. My appetite revived, my food digested better, and soon the rash and lumps entirely disappeared to return no more. I have since enjoyed the best of health. You are at liberty to make my statement public if you think it may be useful to others. (Signed) Mrs. Sarah Charleson, 27, John Street, Arthur's Hill, Newcastle, February 7th, 1893."

We congratulate this lady on her recovery and thank her for allowing us to publish the above details of her experience. The doctors called her ailment nettle rash, but it was more than that. Her blood was loaded with the poisonous acids generated by indigestion and dyspepsia—the same as the poisons of gout and of acute inflammatory rheumatism. The irritated nerves of the skin produced the rash, as the clogged pores were unable to excrete the poison.

The purifying power of Seigel's Syrup expelled this poison through the kidneys and bowels, and by stimulating insensible perspiration over the whole surface of the skin. Of this disease an English physician says: "When it becomes chronic all treatment fails." Yes, all treatment except the one which cured Mrs. Charleson.

A POINTER FOR THE CARELESS
How Unused Railway Tickets May Be Redeemed at Slight Cost.
Some men with valuable unused railway tickets on their hands sell them to scalpers while others go to the railway company that issued them and obtain their value in money. Most men, however, do neither and accept the loss when the ticket is worth less than a dollar. Indeed, many men do not realize that railway companies must be richer by many thousands of dollars per year by reason of this neglect or ignorance.

Every railway ticket bears the name of the general passenger agent of the road issuing the same. It is a simple matter to enclose the ticket with a letter directed to the general passenger agent asking him to refund the money paid and explaining the reason.

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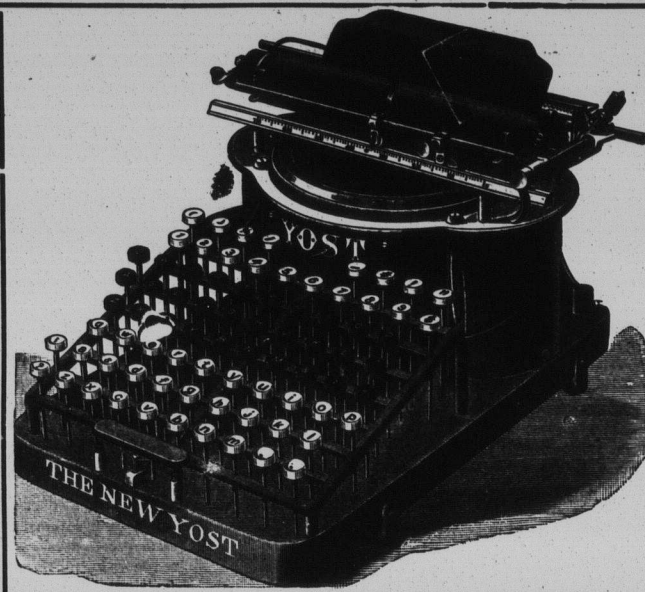
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Art of Flesh-Reducing.

It is much easier to acquire flesh than to lose it. There is no royal road to beauty for those inclined to plumpness, and many are the things they are obliged to do to scare off fat.

An Englishman reduced his weight in one year from 202 to 150 pounds, and kept it there. He lived on beef, mutton, fish, bacon, dry toast, poultry game, tea, coffee, claret and sherry.

Dr. Schweininger, the famous German physician, who has established his reputation as a flesh-reducer through his success in reducing Prince Bismarck of forty pounds in three months, without the avoidable deleterious effect upon his distinguished patient's physical condition, restricts the consumption of liquids at all times, and deprives the patient entirely of fluids during or within an hour of meals, forbids starch and sugar, and advises most heroic physical exercise.

Physical exercise will, we all know, reduce flesh. The reason is that in unusual exercise, such as rapid walking, horseback riding, gymnastics or bicycling, the blood is more rapidly oxygenated and the result is the destruction or burning out of the fat; and you may have noticed that great walkers are never fat, and that people who live in high altitudes and mountainous countries, where they walk a great deal and consume quantities of oxygen, are always slim.

Beauty Undimmed.

Beauty undimmed may do in poetry, but the nicely fitting gown is the desire of every true woman. Priestley's dress fabrics have done much to realize a woman's ideals by offering, in their texture, appearance, fit and wear, a character and distinction, which no other dress goods, however excellent, have quite attained to. And now Priestley's have something new. The "Eudora" is all the rage. It is even better than the Henriettas so much admired. The "Eudora" has something which the Henriettas lack—to wit: greater width, greater weight, and a superior dust shedding quality. And then it has an exquisite surface which gives it an almost regal presence. Wrapped on "The Varinised Board," and the name, Priestly, stamped on every five yards.

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