

HINTS.

Correspondent asks for a remedy for "neuralgia on the left side, often coming of the breast." We can reply that Conium has cured such tumors; so have Phytolacca and Fluoric Acid. Depends on symptoms.

Another asks what will "cure tumor ing a little around the heart." Læthe-sis might do some good, but better consult a homœopathic physician.

Chronic headache in the back of the head has been cured with Nitric Acid 3d.

Sore eyes, ears, nose, any sore extremely sensitive to the touch may be cured by Hepar Sulph.

Burnett recommends ten drops of the tincture of Hydrastis in hot water every half-hour as a great remedy for gall-stone colic.

Jerking of the limbs in sleep, Hyoscyamus.

Any ill brought on by mental conditions, such as fright, or any sudden or violent mental shock, calls for Ignatia.

Sick headache, beginning with a blur before the eyes, Iris versicolor.

For vomiting and retching, Ipecac.

Very fat persons troubled with an accumulation of phlegm, cured with Kali bichromicum 2x in hot water, every evening.

Hahnemann says "stitching is the most characteristic pain of Kali carb."

All cases "worse between 4 and 6 o'clock p.m." will be benefited with Lycopodium.

Mercurius ought to be a preventive of the plague.—Hom. Envoy.

A writer tells how a little child once preached a wonderful sermon to him. "Is your father at home?" I asked a small child, on our village doctor's doorstep.

"No," he said, "he's away."

"Where do you think I could find him?"

"Well," he replied, with a considering air, "you've got to look for him some place where people are sick, or hurt, or something like that. I don't know where he is, but he's helping somewhere." National Recorder.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE "CHIR-URGEON"

The internal medical man has been thrust back and ever back from citadel to citadel in his struggle with the surgeon. The man who formerly eked out a scanty income by shaving and hair-cutting whilst practicing his surgery under the stern eyes of the physician, has in the course of time so asserted himself, that now the poor physician must wait upon his pleasure, and if the medical man does not call him in soon enough, he is obliged to submit to a most severe scolding. And this whilom barber has thrust him back from dominion over the abdominal cavity, from dominion over the thoracic cavity, from the supposed impenetrability of the cranium or the inaccessibility of the spinal column. One place remained: the interior of the heart has hitherto been held sacred from the surgeon's knife. The pericardial cavity has long since been conquered. Bold men have taken a stitch now and then in a wounded heart muscle, but Dr. Lauder Brunton, although a physician himself, would deny the physician even this last place of refuge. He suggests that the most excellent method of curing mitral stenosis is not, as we have fondly believed, by rest and digitalis, but nothing less than by the insertion of a bistoury through the ventricular wall and the division of the adherent mitral leaflets. Alas, poor physician! The glorious cases of chronic heart disease that never got well and always needed the doctor, will be no more. When a person finds that he has palpitation, shortness of breath and swelling of the feet he will pass by the wistful sign in the physician's window, and walk blithely up the steps to the surgeon's office. And then a little dexterous manipulation of the knife, and he goes again on his way rejoicing, perchance to play football, to row, or to climb mountains. In the meantime, now that there is nothing left but vengeance, physicians should band themselves together to suppress the irrepressible Lauder Brunton, and if they must succumb, at least go down with this final oppressor in their clutches.—Phil Med. Jour.



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