

## HEALTH

## THE SCIENCE OF LIVING.

Dr. George F. Butler recently delivered an address on this subject, under the auspices of the Chicago Medical Society, to an audience of six hundred people in the Public Library Building. The address was replete with epigrammatic sentences and may be summed up in this wise: "It has been said that it is better to be born lucky than rich, but it is in fact better to be born tough than either. Luck or riches, after forty, eat less and eliminate more. Drink more pure water and keep the peristaltic wave of prosperity constantly moving down the alimentary canal. Many people suffer from too much business and not enough health. When such is the case they had better cut out business and society for a time and come down to mush and milk and first principles. Don't be foolish. Eat less and play more. Indulge in less fret and fume and more fun and fun. There are people too indolent to be healthy. Literally too lazy to live. Work your brains and keep in touch with people. Do something for others and forget yourselves. There is nothing so inane and detrimental to mind and health as the conversation of people on their aches and pains and troubles. The froth of whipped eggs is a tonic compared to it. All our appetites are conditional. Enjoyment depends upon the scarcity. A worker in any field whose age is near either too shady or sunny side of fifty should consider himself in his prime. Food for another half century of temperate, judicious work. Let grand-ma wear bright ribbons and gaudy gowns if the colors become her, and let grandpa be as droll as his pleasures, with flashy neckties and cheerful garb. Both will be younger for it, and besides, it is in harmony with nature. Grey hair is honorable; that which is dyed is an abomination before the Lord. Cultivate thankfulness and cheerfulness. An ounce of good cheer is worth a pound of melancholy."

## WHAT TO DO IN CONTAGIOUS DISEASES.

Diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles are the most common contagious diseases, and the ones most dreaded in the family, though it is really best for children to have measles while young. If properly cared for they will suffer no ill effects, unless in rare cases where there is some constitutional weakness. It is needless to say that every precaution should be taken against diphtheria and scarlet fever. A noted physician gives it as his opinion that a solution of borax and salt in water used to wash the mouth and tonsils will sometimes prevent children from contracting diphtheria in a house which is infected. In case a family is affected with either of these dreaded diseases, remove the patient, if possible, to a sunny, upper room where there is an open fireplace, and do not allow any children to enter the room. The room should be previously prepared by removing all furniture and articles that can possibly be soiled, such as books, clothing, carpets, curtains, plants, birds, etc., remembering that once the patient has entered the room, nothing can be removed with safety until disinfected. The fireplace serves a double purpose; first, as a means of ventilation, and second, by keeping a small fire burning in it when the weather will permit, the pieces of soft muslin or other material which are always used instead of towels and handkerchiefs in wiping the secretions from the mouth or nose, especially in diphtheria, can readily be destroyed by fire. Books, toys, map-books, etc., should always be destroyed at the termination of the illness, as they will undoubtedly carry contagion. A few years ago, in a large city, several families became infected with scarlet fever through some old toys bought at a rummage sale.

## VALUE OF GLYCERINE.

Nothing is better for chapped hands than a mixture of glycerine and olive oil in equal proportions. The softening property of the glycerine, to make glycerine jelly equal to that of cold cream, and quite pure, dissolve a one-ounce packet of table gelatin in a little water; then whisk it into a pint of glycerine. It can be colored with cochineal. Pour into spots. If to stiff add more glycerine. An one-ounce packet of gelatin stirred into four ounces of glycerine after being softened with water will cause the gelatin to set like stiff glue. This, put into squares, is excellent to use in throat troubles. A tin of condensed milk, four ounces of glycerine, two ounces of honey and a half pound of sugar make a honey-scotch to take, and very nutritious. If laxative is required, two teaspoons of glycerine swallowed warm at intervals of an hour are what is needed. As a cure for indigestion a spoonful of glycerine after meals is a perfect cure. For pimples, dots or sulphur mixed with glycerine is a splendid remedy. For earache, a few drops of warm glycerine poured into the ear soothes and heals. For equal parts of belladonna and glycerine mixed and rubbed round the eye will soothe the pain if severe.

## HOT WATER AS A REMEDY.

Headache almost always yields to a simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A towel folded, dipped in hot water, wrung out quickly and applied to the stomach, acts like magic in cases of colic.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water, quickly wrung

## A Cough that Hangs-On

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out and applied quickly over the seat of the pain, will, in most cases, promptly relieve toothache and neuralgia.

A strip of flannel or towel, folded several times lengthwise and dipped in hot water, then slightly wrung out and applied about the neck of a child suffering with an acute attack of croup will usually relieve the sufferer in the course of ten minutes, if the flannel is kept hot.

There is no domestic remedy that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as will hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

## YOUNG FOLKS

## A VISITING RAINBOW.

Nap-time was over in the "getting-well" room of the accident ward of the children's hospital. After nap-time came story-time, and Nurse Gilbert, who had charge of the room, could tell the most charming stories—stories that made the little children forget they were lying in a bed and could not run about, jump and play. It was the best hour of all. The children took turns choosing what the story should be about. Today it was little Marie Albert's turn to choose. It was a dull, gray afternoon. Outside the snow was falling, and the wind was sweeping it up and tossing it against the windows, and heaping it in drifts in the streets. Marie had come from Italy, where the days are long and sunny, and she did not like the cold and the snow. She thought often of the green fields filled with flowers, where she used to play, and longed to go back to them.

"What shall the story be about?" said Nurse Gilbert.

"The story about the storm outside," then she looked at Nurse Gilbert, who was busy sewing bright-colored ribbons together to make a bag.

"Oh, oh!" she said. "Tell us a story of a rainbow, a bright, beautiful rainbow; such as spreads itself after a rain over my hills of Fiesole."

So Nurse Gilbert told of the strange adventures of a little boy and girl who went out to search for the pot of gold which fairy stories say may be found at the end of a rainbow.

While Nurse Gilbert was telling the story Marie forgot about the snow and the cold, but when it was finished she sighed and said, "Oh, how I wish I could see again a beautiful rainbow!"

The next day, when nap-time was over, the sun was looking in at the window, as if to see how the children were getting on since his last visit.

But what did Marie Albert see on the wall over her bed? She looked and looked. Surely it was a piece of a rainbow.

"Marie the children wanted to know where the rainbow came from, and Nurse Gilbert went to one of the windows, and took from the ledge a piece of glass.

It was cut in diamonds and squares and when she moved it to and fro in the sunshine the children saw pieces of rainbows dancing about the room.

"This ball of cut glass is what makes the rainbows," she said. "I used to make rainbows for me when I was a little girl. Now it may make rainbows for you."

Each day the glass set in the window, and when the sun shone the rainbows came on the wall and travelled slowly round the room, and the glass stood in such a way that the rainbow began at Marie's bed and travelled down the room to little Betty Frazer.

One day, when Marie had been watching the rainbow for a long time, she said to Nurse Gilbert: "Do you think, Nurse Gilbert, that the children in the other room would like to see the rainbow?"

"Why, to be sure," said Nurse Gilbert. "Shall I send the rainbow-maker to pay them a visit?"

"Yes, yes!" cried all the children. "Let it go visiting the others, and see if they like it so well that what do you think Nurse Gilbert did? Why, the very next time she went shopping she bought a glass rainbow-maker for each of the rooms."

## THE MINISTER'S CAT.

Sylvia, because her new dress buttoned with so many buttons, or because it took Elsie so long to make the great pink bow on one side of her head stand up straight enough was late. It was her first party—her very first.

"Good-bye, Venus O'Milo!" she said to the beloved cat on the minister's little girl. "Good-bye, an' think o' me when far away. Honest an' true, Venus O'Milo, I'm a little scared."

The party was round two corners, at Mrs. Tewksbury's. Mrs. Tewksbury came to the door.

"You dear little Sylvia!" she cried, welcoming her. "I'm so glad you've come! They've begun a game, but you shall play too, unless you'd rather sit in my lap and look on and get acquainted."

"Oh, yes'm, you're welcome!" stammered scared little Sylvia, remembering Elsie's cautions to be polite. "I mean I'd rather."

The players sat in two rows opposite each other. They were laughing gaily.

"The minister's cat is a fierce cat," Virginia Day was saying, as Sylvia went in.

"The minister's cat's a furious cat!" cried the little boy opposite Virginia.

"The minister's cat is a 'fraid cat!" piped a clear little voice, and then everybody laughed like everything—everybody but Sylvia.

"The minister's cat is a funny cat."

"The minister's cat is a foreign cat."

"The minister's cat is a foolish cat."

"The minister's cat is a fussy cat."

Everybody said something dreadful about the minister's cat. Sylvia's lip began to tremble. She felt lumpy in her throat. Still they went on:

"The minister's cat is a fighting cat."

"The minister's cat is a feline cat!" and everybody shouted again. Sylvia slid out of Mrs. Tewksbury's lap and started toward the door. The lump was getting so much lumper she did not dare to speak. She had one object in view—to get back to the minister's door-steps and hug Venus O'Milo. She would call her beautiful, beautiful names; she would say the minister's cat was a darling cat, a precious cat, a dear, lovely, comfortable cat! Venus O'Milo should not be abused!

"Why, Sylvia dear—Sylvia!" Mrs. Tewksbury hurried after her in great concern. "Why, you're crying, you little sweetheart!" she said.

"Yes'm, thank you, I'm going home an' hug the minister's cat. I wouldn't have come if I'd known everybody'd be unpolite to her. I love her."

Then Mrs. Tewksbury understood. She did not laugh at all, but took Sylvia up in her lap again and explained.

"It's only a game, dear. 'The minister's cat' is just the name of it, and it doesn't mean any special cat in the world. First, everybody tries to think of something to say about it that begins with 'a,' then 'b,' 'c,' 'd,' 'e,' 'f,' 'g,' 'h,' 'i,' 'j,' 'k,' 'l,' 'm,' 'n,' 'o,' 'p,' 'q,' 'r,' 's,' 't,' 'u,' 'v,' 'w,' 'x,' 'y,' 'z.' It just happened that all the 'f' things were unpolite, sweetheart, but nobody meant your cat. Don't you see?"

Sylvia saw plainly, and all her troubles vanished in a flash. The lump disappeared and she began to laugh. She slipped her hand into the big, kind one, and trotted happily back to the shouting children. One voice rose above all the rest, and what do you suppose it was saying?

"The minister's cat is a first-rate cat!"

## WORSE THAN EVER.

One of the hardest things in the world is to condole with anybody in a misfortune or a bereavement.

If it were not that the matter is generally serious, a great many funny stories could be printed about the condolences people offer to the bereaved. But at Manchester some time ago a hard-working Irishman fell out of a fourth-story window and broke his neck.

His wife was, of course, in great distress.

After the funeral a neighbor called to offer her sympathy and condolence.

"It was a very sad thing, indeed," "Indeed it was. To die like that—to fall out of a fourth-story window."

"An' was it so bad?" asked the visitor. "An' I heard it was only a third-story window."

## BURIED WITH HIS PIPE.

An octogenarian named David Evans, of Garth, Llangollen, Wales, has just been buried near Carnarvon with his pipe, tobacco pouch, and walking-stick. He had lived for some time on the life of a hermit, and just before his death drew up an elaborate scheme to be carried out at his funeral. Acting upon his instructions, his friends dressed him in his best clothes, and placed upon his head his favorite beakskin cap. He wanted his remains conveyed by railway, and asked a friend to see that his coffin was not left behind on the platform at Chester, where it would have to be moved from one train to another. His wife is buried at Garth but Mr. Evans presented a rooted objection to being interred by the side.

## LIVING STONES.

The visitor to the Falkland Isles sees scattered here and there singular rock-shaped blocks of what appear to be weather-beaten and moss-covered boulders in various sizes. Attempt to turn on these boulders, and you will meet with a real surprise, because the stone is actually anchored by roots of great strength; in fact, you will find that you are trifling with one of the native trees. No other country in the world has such a peculiar "forest" growth.

## LARGEST CANNON BALL.

The biggest cannon ball ever made weighed 2,600 lbs., and was manufactured at the Krupp works, Essen, for the Government of the Czar. The gun from which this projectile was fired is also the largest in the world, and is placed in the fortifications of Cronstadt. This gun has a range of twelve miles, and it has been estimated that each shot costs \$1,500.

## SERVANT QUESTION.

The servant question has reached such a crisis in Germany that the housekeepers of Hamburg have decided to start a school for the training of domestics, in the hope that a free education in cooking and waiting will attract a better class of recruits.

## THE GROWTH OF JAPAN

CIVILIZATION BEGAN SOME 1,500 YEARS AGO.

How Western Ideas Were Adopted Into Japan's National Life.

Foreigners too often fall into the error of believing that the civilization of Japan began with the opening of the country to the influences of western ideas and institutions, writes Count O'Kuma in the North American Review. In other words, they imagine that Japan is only some forty years old, and that the progress she has made during that time had no earlier foundations. Considered in this light they imagine, not unnaturally, that the process has been far too rapid to be permanent. I think, however, that they are in the wrong, because the real Japanese civilization began some fifteen hundred years ago. Thus the opening of the country found the Japanese in a state of mind which had already been civilized into readiness for the western ideas. Fifteen hundred years before, the entry into Japan of the elements of the civilizations of India and China had begun. Everything that Japan absorbed from these civilizations, however, became essentially Japanese. Buddhism came from India to Japan and was influenced there by Shintoism, the Japanese religion, and it thus became a religion totally different in detail from the Indian religion. The Chinese literature, on being introduced into Japan, became tinged, as it were, with the personality of the Japanese people, that has made it typically Japanese and no longer Chinese. It was the same in the case of the fine arts, which were introduced into Japan from China and Korea. Thus the mind of Japan was developed and made ready to take advantage of the system and rule of the west. It was the lack of system in its civilization which constituted the real backwardness of Japan before the opening of the country. It is thus apparent that Japan is not a young country in civilization as many suppose; and, that being the case, her rapid growth in recent years ought not to cause uneasiness and the impression of instability.

## ADOPT FOREIGN IDEAS.

The Japanese people discovered that it was hopeless to try and expel the foreigner by force. They, therefore, submitted to the inevitable, and began to seek out all that was best in the western civilization that was thus thrust upon them, realizing clearly that only by competing with the foreigners on their own ground could the Japanese hope to cope with them.

The army system of the foreigners was the first thing that they realized to be superior to their own, and soon the spears and swords gave place to rifles and guns. In navigation, the great strides were made, and the Japanese sailors strove hard to make themselves able and competent as navigators. In the field of medicine, also, much interest was evinced in western ideas; and the Japanese realizing the superiority of these ideas to their own, introduced much of the modern science of medicine at any early date. At that time there were two governing chiefs in the country, the hereditary chiefs of the feudal body called the shogun and the emperor. It was determined to bring forth into supreme power the emperor, and the shogunate and the feudal system was overthrown. The determination to excel all other nations was declared in one of the earliest rescripts of the emperor.

## RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

This same rescript gave the right of religious liberty and made Christianity permissible. Foreign educational systems were introduced, and education was made compulsory. Both boys and girls were included, and above the age of six all were forced to attend common schools. Formerly the various feudal chiefs had each coined money, and under the single central system administration only one kind of coin was issued, and the chaos ceased. Japan adopted many other methods and institutions from the outside world, with the hope of progressing through them towards the guiding star of other nations.

The lack of trained Japanese to direct the new movement necessitated the employment of foreigners for some little time. As soon as possible, many young men were sent to foreign countries to learn the various businesses and fit themselves to take the place of the foreign helpers. Sometimes as many as a thousand such students would be despatched in a year, on their return, they would gradually assume all the positions possible in the Japanese institutions. Thus, by this method, the country is now able to supply all the men necessary for the conduct of its own affairs. During the last twenty years great changes have taken place, but the consummation has not yet been reached; and, since the root has been well planted, there is more than the expected promise of a great and luxurious growth from it.

## THEIR OWN CAPITAL.

Under the feudal system Japan was not a poor country, it has labored under considerable disadvantages with regard to its recent development. In America and in Russia, for example, much foreign capital has been used to develop the country; whereas in Japan except for a small sum of \$70,000,000, raised in London, nothing but Japanese capital has been used. This has necessarily made the development of the country and the subsequent necessary new enterprises fall rather heavily upon the Japanese people. Foreign capital is much needed in Japan especially with a view to the development of the railways. It will be necessary to change the laws relating to foreign ownership of land before much capital can be attracted from outside. I have ever been an advocate of allowing foreigners to own land in Japan. Some years ago, when the excitement over this question ran high, my advocacy of this policy was the cause of a bomb being

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ing thrown into my carriage, which so shattered my leg as to lead to its amputation.

## FREE TRADE SYSTEM.

Free trade has been very good for the country, and the industries have developed without any protective duties. Formerly the import duties averaged 6 per cent., and now they average 8 per cent.; but these have been simply for Government revenue and are without any protective intention. It is good to see how Japan's trade has developed under a free-trade system. From \$50,000,000, the annual trade returns have reached \$250,000,000, and, at the past rate of increase, in 50 years Japan may hope to have trade returns equal to Germany.

## GREAT SURGEON RETIRES.

Sir Frederick Treves Tells Why He Gave Up His Work.

"I gave it up because there was too much to do. Performing big operations every morning makes existence rather trying. I got tired of my duties; they bored me to death; so after six and twenty years of practice I retired."

"This is the way in which Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent surgeon, explains in an interview appearing in a London journal how he came to practically give up his profession."

"Not that my labors were breaking me down," he goes on to explain, "Nothing would, I think, do that. I have no nervous system, not having had need of one, and I have never had to keep to my bed."

"I was invariably down at 5 o'clock, I breakfasted at half-past seven, and almost without exception, there was an operation at nine."

"Then, right up to one o'clock, there were patients to see. After that I went out, and having lunched in my carriage, devoted the afternoon to consultations. When did I get home? At all hours. This, as I have said, was a sort of existence of which anybody was liable to grow tired."

One of Sir Frederick's personal triumphs was mentioned by him last week at the meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society.

"It is as long ago as 1887," he said, "that I ventured to suggest that cases of recurrent appendicitis should be treated by removal of the appendix during the period of quiescence."

"My proposal was not very enthusiastically received at the time, but of late years I have no ground for complaint on this head."

"The procedure is one of the most common of abdominal operations, and certainly one of the most satisfactory. It is attended with but trifling risk and with little distress to the patient, while in the vast majority of instances it is followed by a complete and unconditional cure."

## FULLY EXPLAINED.

"Speaking of the intelligence of dumb creatures," observed the long-haired man, "my Uncle George has a hen that never lays an egg on Sunday at any season of the year."

"This statement aroused his hearers at once. 'You don't expect us to believe that?'" said the man with the pointed beard.

"It's the solemn truth," rejoined the other. "I can testify to it from my own personal knowledge, and can prove it by every member of my uncle's family."

"It doesn't seem absolutely impossible to me," said another man. "Some animals can count. This has been proved in the case of oxen that are used in certain foreign countries as the motive power for primitive mills or irrigation machinery. They are driven a hundred times round a circular track and then allowed to rest. After a few months the oxen will stop at the hundredth revolution of their own accord. The only possible explanation of this is that the animals can count a hundred. But how can a hen, even though she may reason to count, seven easily enough, grasp the idea that it is wrong to lay an egg on Sunday? That is the only feature of the case that I can't understand. What is your explanation of it?"

"Well," replied the long-haired man, as he made for the door, "the only reason I can offer why the old hen never lays any egg on Sunday is that she never lays an egg on any other day of the week, and hasn't for two years."

## NEW ARMLESS WONDER

DROVE IN LONDON'S CROWDED STREETS.

Whip and Lines in Foot He Guides Team Through the Metropolis.

A middle-aged man, with a strong, clean-shaven face, sat on a table in the manager's room at the Shepherd's Bush Empire on a recent morning, says the London Daily Mail. He had iron-grey hair, and was busily engaged writing notes, grasping a pen in the toes of his foot. He was Herr Uthan, the armless man, who had offered to drive round London, holding the reins in his toes.

When noon, the hour appointed for the extraordinary enterprise, had arrived, and Herr Uthan had stroked the notepaper into the envelopes with his toes, it was a pleasure to see him cast business on one side, and deftly raise a whisky-and-soda with his right foot to his smiling mouth.

Then, having with his big left toe, selected the best cigar in the box offered him, he trotted down stairs, and climbed athletically in the pair-horse phaeton that was waiting him. A score of constables was required to keep the crowd back, and as Herr Uthan gathered up the reins in his left foot, and cracked his whip with his right, tremendous cheering arose from all sides.

## HIVAL JEHSU ASTONISHED.

He steered the carriage adroitly through the press, and then, at a "spanking" pace, set out for the city along the Bayswater road. Thousands had assembled to see him, and as he steered his team unerringly through the traffic nearly every driver he passed pulled up short and gazed with astonishment at a man who drove so skillfully with his feet.

He was confident that "two sheets of notepaper"—to use his own phrase—was sufficient margin for him between his wheel and another's. Therefore, while policemen grined, people stared, and omnibus drivers shouted remarks, and small boys ran beside the phaeton. Herr Uthan drove gaily along Oxford street and down Charing Cross road.

Then the armless driver bowed away down the Strand and Fleet street to the City and the Bank, handling the ribbons in masterly style. In Throgmorton street the Stock Exchange gave him a rousing welcome.

## WROTE IT UP.

Afterwards he made nothing of his feat. He has driven through half the capitals of Europe, and prefers the streets of London for easy-going and urbane policemen; but this is, perhaps, not to be wondered at in a man born without arms who was taught to ride on horseback when a child, the bridle reins being attached to his stirrups.

That night his right foot was busily engaged in writing an account of his drive through the metropolis for the German paper he represents in London.

## RULES FOR LONG LIFE.

Mr. Henry G. Davis, the man who at eighty-two was vigorous enough to be Democratic candidate for the Vice-Presidency of the United States, the other day, says his rules of good living and long life are as follows:

"I never allow anything to worry me."

"My conscience is always reasonably clear."

"I sleep eight hours every night."

"I eat three square meals in twenty-four hours."

"I drink a little wine at times, but that is all."

"I do not use tobacco in any form."

"I take a good long walk every day."

A stranger asked one of his neighbors if he did not think Mr. Davis was getting too old to transact business.

"Think so?" was the reply. "I guess you haven't swapped horses with him lately, have you?"

The long winded prayer often goes with a broken winded practice.