

WATCHING THE INSANE.

A KEEPER IN AN INSANE ASYLUM TALKS.

What the Attendants Have To Do—Some of their Experiences with the Patients—How to Hold a Person Stronger than Themselves Securely.

"Yes, I was one of the nurses at—Asylum for over three years, but I can't say that I ever look back upon that time with any feeling of pleasure, for the hardest work, both mental and physical, that I have ever done, was done whilst I was at that asylum.

"How would you like to have the sole charge of a big dormitory of forty-four lunatics, and many of that number red-letter cases—that is, patients who are liable to break out and become dangerous any moment, and must therefore be watched incessantly?

"You think it would be rather a mental strain, do you? Well, you're right; it is, and there's no mistake about it. They're so fiendishly—there's no word for it—cunning, that there's no knowing what trick they'll be up to next, to try and get your attention off them.

"There was one case I remember particularly. She was a suicidal and homicidal case, apt to be violent at times, but generally as rational as you are. Well, I've seen that woman times out of number feign sleep, when she had a homicidal fit coming on, so as to try and catch the nurse unawares. She never succeeded with me on that game, but she did with another nurse, though. I'll tell you about it.

"They had had a slight disagreement about some hairpins which she wanted to swallow; and it had ended in her getting a week of solitary cell. After she came back to the dormitory, she told that nurse in quite a friendly manner that if she had to wait for three years she would manage to 'do for her'; and, as a matter of fact, she very nearly succeeded. It happened like this: one day when we changed to be rather short of nurses in the asylum—most of them were out for their annual holiday—this patient feigned to be asleep, and played the part so naturally that the nurse, who happened to be the same she had threatened to 'do for' about six months before, really thought that she was sleeping.

"The nurse sat down at her desk to do some reports, but she had not been seated more than a minute before the maniac was on her. She had a piece bitten clean out of her shoulder, one eye torn right out, and was dreadfully mutilated all over her face and body, before she could manage to blow her whistle for assistance. Luckily another nurse came to her help, or she would have been torn to pieces.

"Umph, yes, it is true to a certain extent that the patients stand in mortal terror of their keepers. You must terrorize them, you know, if you want to have any power whatever over them; but if you threaten them at all, you must perform all you threaten or you will never have any hold over them again.

"For instance, once I remember—it was when I first went into the asylum, and was new to the work—I threatened a patient with the padded cell if she went on making a noise. Well, she stopped for about ten minutes, and then commenced again. I threatened her once more; but it was no use that time; she sang, then 'cocked a snook'—of course, you know what that means, don't you?—at me, then jumped up on her bed, danced and sang violently, and finally, when I went towards her to seize her, she flung her pillow at my head and started to run round and round the dormitory over the beds, stepping on or at side of the other patients, as chance would have it. I couldn't do anything with her, for she was as nimble as an eel, and as I couldn't catch her alone, I blew my whistle for another nurse, and then, between us we managed to get hold of her at last.

"She never tried that game on any more, though, not with anyone, for she got about the worst 'wet towelling' that ever anyone got in that place for it.

"What is a wet towelling? Well, I ought not to tell you, really; but, as I'm not in the asylum now, I may as well. It's just this: you and another nurse take the woman into the bath-room and then slash and fling her all over with wet towels, until you think she has had as much as she deserves. They sometimes get it very severely, on the one. I've just told you about, for instance, the blood came in several places. I know it's cruel, but really it's the only thing that they understand, and it's not very often done. The usual punishments are the padded cell and the solitary or dark one. Sometimes they will be put in for a week, or perhaps more—as the doctor thinks fit—and they dread that room more than a wet towelling, which punishment, by the way, is not officially allowed.

"The way we move them into the padded room is this: We wrap them up in a tick sheet—a tick sheet is a kind of thick matting stuff, which prevents them from kicking or biting—then we carry them along, and put them in it; they can do what they like there, for they can't possibly hurt themselves.

"Well, the worst kind of lunatic that I ever had to deal with was the suicidal and the homicidal. As a matter of fact, it was through one of the former that I left the asylum. She had made several attempts to kill herself with hairpins, and with a darning-needle, with which she managed to scratch open several veins, and had even tried the effect of some boiling water down her throat. Somehow or other she got hold of a roll of tape, and one morning, whilst the nurse was out of the room for a few moments, she hanged herself behind the door.

"Nobody knows to this day where she got that tape from, for none of that kind had ever been used in the asylum for at least a couple of years. Anyhow, she got it, and killed herself with it; and as a consequence, every nurse who possibly could have had anything to do with it got her walking papers, and I got mine amongst the rest.

"It was rather hard lines on me, for I hadn't had charge of her for three days at most; but as I might have been the cause of her having the tape, I was discharged.

"I'm not so very sorry, though, after all, for I feel certain that if I had remained very much longer I should have become mentally affected myself. Lots of the nurses, who have been in the asylum for some four or five years, are really

little better than lunatics themselves, and I should have become the same had I remained.

"No, there isn't much to learn when you go in. You must be well-made, strong and healthy, of course, to get in at all, but after that all you have to be shown is how to hold down a patient properly, and all that sort of thing. Now, I could hold you down on the floor as long as I wanted to, although you are a man and I am only a woman. How? Why like this"—and our friend, with a sudden jerk of her muscular wrist, pinned our arms behind us in some peculiar manner; our legs seemed to disappear from under us at the same time, and we found ourselves on the floor, with the ex-asylum nurse on our chest and one of her hands on our throat.

Now, we are strong, stronger than the average man; in the grasp of this lady we were as powerless as a child, for we couldn't use our strength at all.

"That's how it's done," she said, with a smile, as she released us; and we were beginning to think that we were dealing with a genuine maniac; "do you think you could do it, now that I have shown you?"

We confessed that we didn't think so, and then after a little more conversation relative to the rules for governing the nurses, and their salaries—which seem very small to us, by the way, but which she did not wish us to publish—we left with a mental resolution that never, under any circumstances, would we quarrel with a lady who had been in the same profession as the one we had just interviewed.—[Tid Bits.]

Entrapped by a Look.

The eye of a criminal is a frightful thing, frequently mesmeric in its effects, and planting itself in the memory like the glance of a snake from a poisonous jungle. Once beheld, it can rarely be forgotten, except by some special mercy that dips us deep in Lethe. No one would wish to remember that kind of eye or look, but my father once gained a case by his sudden recollection of it. A witness very damaging to his client had testified that on a certain day two years before, he was present at a certain interview. The keenest cross-examination failed to shake him, and as my father's face took on a vexed expression, a triumphant smile of concealed cunning stole out of the heavy black eyes of the witness. Where had my father seen that peculiar look before? Suddenly it flashed across him. "Were you ever in Charleston jail?" he asked impulsively. The witness began to stammer out a denial. "Were you not in Charleston jail," now thundered the lawyer, "on the very day you have sworn you were present elsewhere?" The witness wilted. It was true, and the man had been committing perjury.—Henry Austin, in Donahoe's Magazine.

The Woman who Laughs.

"You can trust your happiness with a woman who laughs," once said a wit. Though the assertion may seem like a sweeping one, founded on a very airy basis, there is much more truth in it than appears on the surface.

An honest laugh is the enemy of subterfuge, and the woman who can see the ridiculous side of the annoying happenings of every-day life will not become the dismal, tiresome companion that the pessimistic individual is so apt to prove.

Somewhat one feels instinctively that they can trust a person who has laughing eyes, whose mouth is ever ready to dimple into smiles, and whose disposition tends to brightness rather than depression.

Loud meaningless laughter is as bad as the cackling giggle emanating from a shallow mind, and is an evidence of lack of breeding, but the spontaneous, low, happy little laugh, teeming with enjoyment of the moment, and backed by a nature pure and loveable, is a charm in woman as attractive as a lovely face or beautiful form.

Luckily They Were Discovered.

The drill-instructor of a certain regiment, being of a thirsty nature, often took the men he was drilling round near to the canteen, to be far from "the madding crowd." He would march them up to the canteen door, call "Right about!" then dive into the canteen, always emerging in time to give them another command before they reached the end of the parade ground.

One day, however, as he was drinking a pint of beer, some of it almost choked him. Out he rushed, spluttering and coughing, just in time to see six of the men marching through a gate, and the rest standing "marking time," with their faces close to the wall.

Before he got his throat cleared the colonel came upon the scene, and at once commenced to make inquiries. That man does not drill the recruits now.

Subsequently, the six who disappeared were discovered about a mile further off still marching, and were publicly complimented for their obedience to orders. [Ex.]

The Trinket Worm.

Among the novelties in nature is a small worm, called the trinket worm, characterized by the peculiarity which gives rise to its name. On the leaves of a wild vine, is found a small worm, which looks at first like a small piece of white thread, and is almost motionless. If the leaf be taken off and placed under a glass case in the room, this little thread will, in the short space of twenty-four hours, grow into a good-sized caterpillar, beautifully colored, and studded with golden spots. When matured it will climb up the grass, fasten one of its extremities to the glass roof, and, leaving the other hanging in the air, will curl itself into a variety of forms, presenting exquisite patterns for gold trinkets, such as ear-rings, brooches, clasps, etc., and changing from time to time in great variety—whence its name is derived.

Summer Regulations.

Fruit in summer is of great value. Green vegetables are also good in moderation. But any food eaten and undigested is to a very large extent, as pernicious as poison, and very bad results are sure to follow. It is here that the occasional use of Mearns' Kidney and Liver Cure has proven so useful, in relieving the irritated stomach and liver, and preventing summer sickness in many varied forms. It is recommended to be kept in the house.

Reason for Her Envy.

She.—When I told Maud about our engagement she said that she really envied me. He.—Certainly; I don't wonder. She.—Yes; she said she would give anything if she could be so easily suited as I was.

TAKING DENTIST'S GAS.

The Sensation of Losing Consciousness Described.

"Just loosen your collar and tie, please," said the doctor, as I leaned back in the chair of torture.

"Ever had gas before? No? Well, you'll find it not at all unpleasant sensation, I assure you."

"Which are the teeth, sir?" the dentist asked; and as I pointed out the offending grinders which I wished to have removed, he continued, "Ah, yes! that right upper incisor and bicuspid, lower bicuspid on the same side, and lower molar on the left. Very well, sir."

"Bite on this, please," chimed in the doctor, putting a vulcanite gag in my mouth. Then, slipping a soft india-rubber nozzle over my nose and mouth, he added, "Inhale deeply and regularly, and you will soon go off."

As he spoke I heard the rushing of gas just behind me, and began dutifully gulping down huge draughts of the air that streamed from the nozzle. At first it seemed pure air, but an instant after I could taste the nitrous oxide gas. It was rather sickly and "druggish," but not objectionable in flavour.

During, perhaps, the first dozen inhalations I was perfectly conscious and alert; then the rush of gas seemed to press upon the entostachian canals (leading from the throat to the ear), the effect being to produce a ringing in my ears and an indescribable whirling dizziness in my brain. Opening my eyes by an effort, I felt them slowly close again. The whirling and mental confusion increased, the sensation of light left my eyes, and I was sensible only of a roaring rush that seemed to fill my consciousness.

My next memory is of being bound to a little black world, scarce larger than myself, that revolved with unimaginable speed through the darkness, dragging me with it in its frenzied revolutions, round and round ceaselessly. Then I awoke from a stupor to find myself vainly struggling to say, "The subtleties of the consciousness in dreams are marvellously interesting."

What I meant by it I cannot conceive, but I felt it absolutely vital that I should say it. Next instant, however, I shook off my dizziness and found myself minus three of my useless ivories.

"One little whiff more for the last," said the doctor, changing the position of the gag for the better manipulation by the dentist of the fourth and worst tooth—that wretched molar on the left side of the jaw.

Again the nozzle, the stream of gas, the singing in my ears, the oppression and distress, the increasing sensation of being whirled round and round through vibrant space. This time my dream took a curious form. I was being carried away by the rushing, thundering waters of an inkly torrent that so deafened and stunned me as to prevent the slightest effort to escape. Slowly I sank in the waves, until I lay on the river-bed and felt the stream swirling madly over me.

Lying thus I felt myself gradually drowning—not with convulsive spasms, but by the sheer weight and pressure of the water upon me. Suddenly I became conscious of a man on the bank holding a rope which I grasped with my teeth. It only he would haul in he might save me! I waited in an agony of suspense; would he drag me out before it was too late?

I felt the oppression increase, the end drawing near, and still the rope swung loosely. Then I lost hope utterly, and said to myself, "It's too late!" as I let my head fall back.

Next moment I felt a tug at the rope, and bit at it in desperate resolve. It drew me up and up through the deafening roar of the waters.

Could I hold on to the end? Yes. I felt the darkness turn to light as I reached the surface and heard a shout from the banks louder even than the torrent; but the rope had become a red hot iron that bit like a serpent at my tooth.

"That's all right," said the dentist, reassuringly; "the last was a brute, but they are all out now."—Cassell's Journal.

Tickets!!

It was a hot day, and the pastor of a certain church in the suburbs, looking over his congregation when about half through his sermon, noted many nodding heads.

"I wonder how many of you, brethren," he observed, in the somewhat monotonous tone in which he had been preaching for nearly half an hour, "would be ready if the Angel of Death were to make his appearance at this moment, and call out in a loud voice:—

"Tickets!"

Forty-seven of the congregation in various parts of the church awoke with a jerk, felt hastily in their vest pockets for something, looked confusedly about them for a moment, and became instantly attentive and devout.

American Women Gardeners.

American women have attained some proficiency in the art of gardening for a livelihood. A Mississippi lady does a good business in shipping rosebuds in water, so that they are as beautiful and fresh on arrival as when first picked. A Californian lady has two orchards, one of ten and another of twelve acres, from which she sells apricots and cherries to the value of £1,000 a year. Another widow in California, once a reigning belle of the town, is the head of a cut-flower industry. She has seven acres of chrysanthemums and twenty of violets; this year she had 18,000 chrysanthemums in bloom.

Passing Sentence.

A well-known judge once addressed a phenomenon of innocence as follows: "Prisoner at the bar, your counsel thinks you innocent; the counsel for the prosecution thinks you innocent; I think you innocent. But a jury of your own countrymen, in the exercise of such common-sense as they possess, which does not seem to be much, have found you guilty, and it remains that I should pass upon you the sentence of the law. That sentence is, that you be kept in imprisonment for one day; and as that day was yesterday, you may go about your business."

Effect a Sudden Shock May Have.

The well-known surgeon, Sir William Dalby, has recorded two instances in which patients became suddenly stone deaf, from the shock of great grief or alarm. In another of his cases, a gentleman, quite remarkable for his sensitive and accurate palate in tasting and judging wine, by a

sudden shock, not only was deprived of that faculty, but also acquired an actually disordered taste, so that everything he ate tasted musty and disgusting. There are instances, too, in which the sense of smell has been destroyed by a sudden shock or by mental anguish.

He Failed to Score.

Thackeray, the novelist, had at one time a strong dislike to the accounts of fashionable gatherings which appeared in the Morning Post. He delighted to write satirically of the reports, even suggesting that they were prepared by "James the footman, of Buckley Square." Yet he was somewhat annoyed to find his name constantly omitted from their lists.

Accordingly, one day seeing the Morning Post reporter busily engaged at a great entertainment in writing down the names of celebrities as they entered, the great novelist approached him and said pointedly—

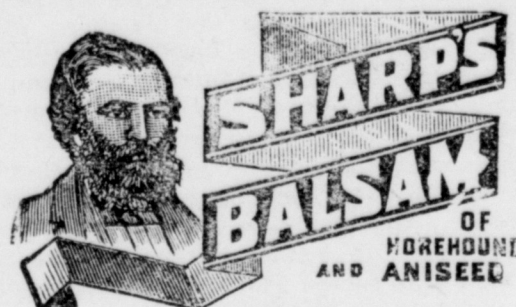
"My name is Thackeray."

The reporter, without even glancing up, said quietly—

"And mine is James."

And neither on that occasion nor any other did he ever place Thackeray's name in the list of celebrities.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

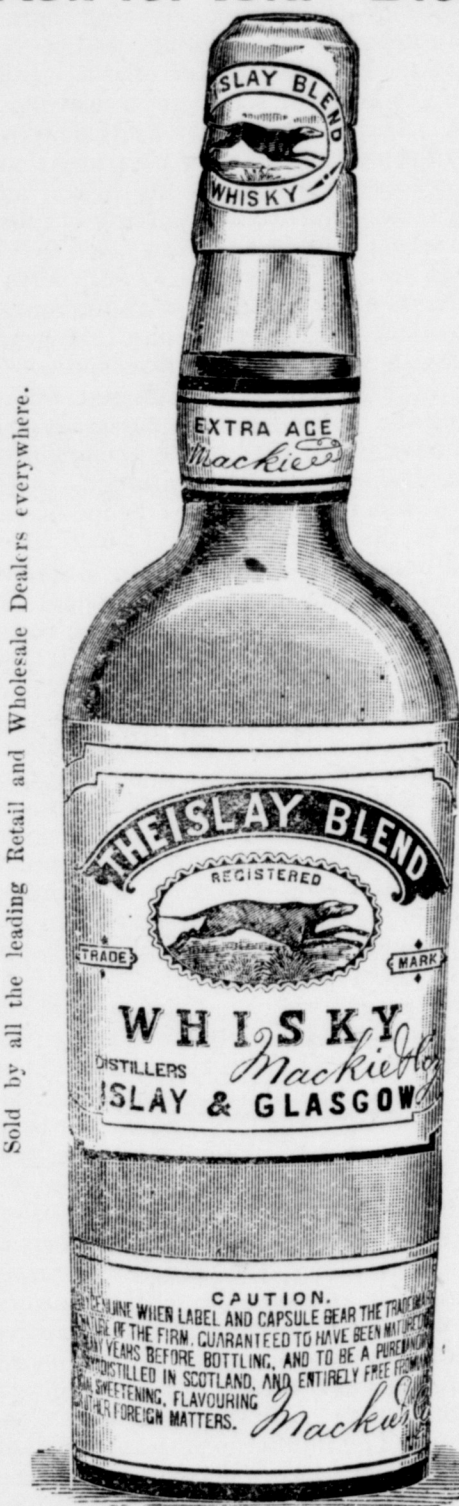
So far as this peculiarity goes the Thackerays are not all dead yet. Progress knows a number of them.



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EQUITY SALE.

THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, ON SATURDAY, THE SEVENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, at the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the 25th day of July last past, in a cause in said Court pending wherein J. Douglas Hazen and George F. Smith, Trustees of the Estate of Francis E. and Ellen Murray, under the last Will and Testament of the Honorable William Botford, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and James C. Lawton and Annie E. Lawton, his wife, are Defendants, with the approval of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged premises in the Plaintiffs' Bill, and in said Decree Order mentioned and described as—

"ALL THAT CERTAIN LOT, PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND, situate in the City of Saint John, being known and distinguished as all that part of Lot No. 20, Class M, in the partition of the Estate of the late Honorable William Hazen as lies on the Northern Side of the Straight Shore Road (so called). All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, heretofore sold and conveyed by Charles Edward Scammell and Anne Maria, his wife to Benjamin Lawton, by Deed recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds for the City and County of Saint John, in Book P, No. 6 of Records, pages 414 and 415, and therein described as situate lying and being in the Town (now City) of Portland, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province aforesaid, known and distinguished as Lot number eighteen (18) on a plan of division of land between the late William Hazen, Esquire, and the late James White, Esquire, having a front on the Straight Shore (so called) of one hundred (100) feet or thereabouts, commencing at low water mark and extending back, preserving the same breadth, until it meets the line of lands owned by the heirs of the said William Hazen, Esquire, and further referred to and described in a certain Indenture of Release or Partition, dated the eighth day of February, A. D. 1860, registered in Book Q, No. 4 of Records, pages 205, 206, 207 and 208, for the City and County of Saint John, and made between John Howe, of the City aforesaid, Esquire, and Mary, his wife, of the one part, and Georgiana Wilson of the other part, as the land and premises recently in the tenancy of Messrs. Short and Estey, and afterwards occupied by Nathan S. Demill."

For terms of Sale and other particulars apply to Plaintiff's Solicitor, or to the undersigned Referee. Dated the 6th day of August, A. D. 1893. CHARLES DOHERTY, Referee in Equity. J. TWING HART, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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Reserve for Unadjusted Losses.....	293,831.17	GEO. H. BURDICK, Secretary.	
Reserve for Re-Insurance.....	1,812,903.88	CHAS. E. GALACAR, 2nd Vice-President.	
NET SURPLUS.....	1,617,079.68	CANADIAN BRANCH HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.	
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