

SOME ASPECTS OF HEART DISEASE.

Age, Hate, All Excess Forbidden to This Man—The Dread of Death.

A lawyer was talking with a friend when a sudden pallor came over his face. Thrusting his hand quickly into a waistcoat pocket he drew out a small phial from which he poured two or three pellets into the palm of his hand and swallowed them. He was a stout, robust man, having every appearance of health. His friend exclaimed:

'Why, Jack, what's the matter? What are you taking those pills for?'

Jack smiled grimly.

'There is something the matter with my heart,' he replied. 'Now and then the machine gets out of order. Some of the wheels don't work, or a cog slips. If, at those periods, I can get those little pellets of strychnine down quick enough, the difficulty is fixed up for the time being. But one of these days the poison will get in its work too late and then—'

The elipsis was supplied by a look more eloquent than words.

'What is the nature of your heart affection? Have you been examined?'

'Yes, I presume that in twenty five years I have been examined by fifty physicians. But no two of them ever agreed as to the exact nature of my disease.'

'What are your symptoms?'

'The first and most prominent symptom is the fact that I am constantly made aware that I have a heart. Either it is beating so slowly that I can scarcely feel it or else it is racing like a corliss engine at full speed. At night I can hear it creaking and straining like an old schooner off Point Judith in a storm. I have often smiled to myself in the dark hours just before dawn when I have been awakened by some frightful struggle on the part of my heart to keep up its natural rhythm, to think how some strong man, a baseball player or an athlete, who never knew he had a heart, would act if such an attack came upon him suddenly.'

'Oh, it is only a case of dyspepsia,' said his friend. 'I often have green feelings around the heart myself.'

'Yes, that's what all your friends tell you,' said the lawyer, 'they want to cheer you up. It's a good thing that they do. Heart disease is naturally depressing. Consumptives always believe they are going to get well, but a man whose heart is affected is positive that he won't live a week.'

'I suppose the condition of your heart prevents you from running?'

'Yes, and any form of severe physical exercise. I wouldn't run a block for \$50,000 I am never in a hurry to catch a car.'

'What effect does heart trouble have upon the mind?'

'Well, I suppose that depends upon the man. If he be of the highly imaginative type the consciousness that his heart is diseased is always depressing. There are times when he is perfectly quiet, or when the heart is gently stimulated by poisons such as strychnine or alcohol, that he is comparatively free from distressing symptoms. But the knowledge that his heart is weak never wholly leaves him. It follows him everywhere. He dare not drink because he is afraid of over-stimulation and consequent palpitation. He must not use tobacco, because the weed has a depressing influence upon his life pump. He dares not permit his temper to get the better of his judgment. The heart is peculiarly susceptible to anger. Should a man grossly insult him he must grin and bear it, for both the passion of resentment and the physical effort required to place a blow would result in more injury to the man himself than to his enemy.'

I can see from your remarks that heart disease has some moral advantages.'

'Yes, it certainly is a deterrent so far as alcohol, tobacco and anger are concerned. In fact a heart physically bad is opposed to vice of any kind. It kicks up a row even if a man tries to do a little loving.'

'Is there any pain?'

'Not in the sense that the word is generally understood. If your finger is caught in a door crack there is a vivid sense of suffering, but no tear. With heart trouble there is no acute pain, but plenty of uneasiness and an awful sense of weakness. Anguish is the better word to describe it.'

'I have been walking along a street, feeling in my normal condition, when a chasm has opened in the sidewalk a thousand feet deep and I have stood on the brink trembling and sweating with apprehension. A feeling of such awful weakness and apprehension has come over me that I have been paralyzed, speechless. There was absolutely no physical indication that anything had happened, but the mental appreciation was frightfully appalling.'

At such times my heart had telegraphed to my brain that it was tired. It had been pumping away in my breast ever since I was born never stopping. And now, in

some inscrutable manner, which the wisest of doctors can give no rational explanation of it has stopped beating for the fraction of a second. But in that brief space of time all the organs of the body have been notified that something is the matter with the engine.

'You stand hesitating on the brink of another existence of annihilation, listening to see if the engine will resume its old time beat. Then is the time that your clammy fingers reach for your waistcoat pocket. In your haste you take a double dose. Slowly the noble organ responds to the stimulus and you are saved for the time.'

'I believe that I make no exaggeration in the statement that I have really to all intents and purposes, died a thousand deaths. But such is the wonderful elasticity of the mind, so buoyant is hope, that after the most severe of these attacks it leaves no lasting impression. But I naturally try to get the little bottle out quick.'

Women Growing More Gracelul.

'French women, as a rule, are more graceful than American women,' said a woman photographer, who, during the last fifteen years, has photographed almost every woman in New York society as well as scores of actresses.

'But American women are growing in gracefulness every year,' she added. 'The photographer has a better chance than any one else has to find that out. And yet anybody who can compare a dozen full-length photographs made twenty years ago with those made today will see that it is true.'

'How do you account for the growth in grace?'

'Oh, with a wise nod of the head, 'there are two or three things at the bottom of it. One cause I can give you is physical and another and perhaps equally potent one is mental. The physical cause is that women are learning to walk and stand properly. I may as well add that they are learning to sit properly, too.'

'Now, there's a queer thing. What is considered sitting properly nowadays would have been called improper in our grandmother's time. Women sat primly upright on straight chairs, scarcely daring to cross their feet. How could you expect good lines and grace in a society trained to such stiffness? With freedom has come ease and lack of self-consciousness.'

'As for standing properly, I can make half a dozen standing pictures now where formerly I would not have found more than one or two good subjects. The young girls fresh from boarding school have a poise and a carriage which people used to associate with the divine rights of queens. The older women are training themselves in the same lines. They can't get as perfect results, but they do wonders. I had one woman of perhaps sixty of whom I was making a full length picture and I asked her to try not to settle back, from the waist upward, as so many stout elderly women are inclined to do. She tried it, to correct it, but gave too much the impression of leaning forward. Finally she said:

'Well I can't do it by moving my body backward and forward, but I can do it by breathing.'

'She did it, too. Think of a woman of her age fighting the habits of years until she had at least partly effaced their results. But that is like the American woman.'

'The other thing which helps to make her more graceful is her increased savoir faire. You rarely see provincial women who are thoroughly graceful. Sometimes they have natural grace, but even natural grace can be effectually thrown out of gear by self-consciousness. Photographers have two kinds of self-consciousness to deal with. There is the self-consciousness of conceit or assurance, and the self-consciousness of timidity and embarrassment. It is hard to tell which is worse, but I almost think the former is. With timid or embarrassed sitters you have only to get them interested. Then they become natural.'

'It is hard to make satisfactory photographs of old people? Old ladies, that is, Men are not supposed to have any vanity.'

'Vanity!' exclaimed the photographer. 'They have more than the women have. But we're not talking of them now. As to old ladies, I don't think they are hard to please. Of course, the great cry always is: 'Don't let me look stout!'—which is a difficult command to carry out, as most American women having a dire habit of taking on flesh with years.'

Are professional people easier subjects than women in society?'

'No. Of course, they are in the habit of posing and have a certain facility about it which would make the work easy for a photographer who was satisfied with almost any old pose. But the subject with them as a general thing is that they are too theatrical. They want to be taken in some extraordinary attitude; generally in the one which marks the climax of a play

and nine times out of ten, would be ridiculous in a photograph.

'I made many pictures of Bernhardt this winter. She poses admirably. She is so slender and graceful and will follow one pose 'h another as easily and naturally as most people would simply move the hand. When I say, 'There—stop! that's what I want!' she's like a statue, but a living one. I said to her one time:

'Ah, Mme. Bernhardt, you are simply yourself on the stage. That is why you are so wonderful.'

'Not at all!' she said. 'I am never 'myself,' I am always acting off the stage as well as on.'

'Coquelin is a splendid sitter, Maude Adams is difficult, Julia Marlowe poses fairly well. Henrietta Crossman proved to be a good subject. But Bernhardt, with the personality of a woman of 30, in spite of her 50 plus, and the figure of a woman of 25, surpasses most of them in ease and grace.'

'Whose pictures have been selling best this winter?'

'Oh, Calve, Duse and Bernhardt. I think. People are pretty loyal to Calve and Duse. Men's pictures don't sell very well. I think most of the buyers are women, but a good many men make collections of photographs of professionals.'

'What do you think of American photography compared with that abroad?'

'I think it is crude. American photography seem to be on the lookout for sensational poses, something striking. Now you take Reutlingen in Paris. If you wanted just head and shoulders I think there are a hundred photographers in New York who could do as well as if not better than he. But in full length photographs of women he looks after the lines and he generally gets very beautiful and graceful ones. Still he has faults which the best American photographers do not have, so the balance of credit isn't all on that side of the ocean.'

Subscribers For 58 Newspapers.

Prof. W. H. Lynch of Mountain Grove Academy at Mountain Grove, Mo., is credited with reading more paid-for newspapers than any other man in the United States. He subscribes for fifty-eight newspapers, six of them dailies. The professor was in Kansas City yesterday, and in discussing newspapers, said:

'I use the newspapers in my classes. They are the best instrument in the world for teaching current history and geography. The real drama of life in its varied forms of commercial, political and social relations must be seen and learned through 'the mirror of the world,' the newspaper. Every Friday morning in the academy is devoted to the reading of newspapers.'

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Sold throughout the world. British Depot: 27-28 Charterhouse Sq., London. Forran Drive Coar, France.

COMFORT FOR POOR SLEEPERS.

The Mystery of Sleep—Insomnia a Warning of Overwork or Approaching Nervous Collapse Which is Not to be Lightly Disregarded,

Robbery of Sleep One of the Worst of Crimes—Dr. Chase's Nerve Food by building up Blood and Nerves Restores Restful Sleep.

'Sleep is the vacation of the soul; it is the mind gone into the playground of dreams; it is the relaxation of muscles, and the solace of the nerves; it is the calming of the pulse; it is a breathing, much deeper; it is a temporary oblivion of all carking cares: it is a doctor recognized by all schools of medicine. Lack of sleep puts patients on the rack of torture, or in the mad-house, or in the grave.'

Insomnia is a disease of our country and of our age. Where there is one man or woman with strong, healthy nerves, there are a dozen whose nervous systems are overwrought and unstrung. In vain they toss in beds of misery, longing for nature's great restorer, restful sleep. In hours of temptation they resort to opiates and narcotics, which produce temporary unconsciousness at an enormous expense to the human system.

In all occupations and professions there are times when a special draft is made upon nervous energy. Mothers, too, deprived of sleep and worn out by caring for their children and watching them through periods of sickness and disease, are left physical wrecks. Especially in the springtime do we all seem to require an unusual allowance of sleep to overcome the weakening and debilitating effects of winter and the trying changes of temperature.

Sleeplessness is a warning that the nervous force in the body is being exhausted more rapidly than it is being created, and points to ultimate physical bankruptcy. The nights do not repair the waste of the day. Some unusual effort must be made to overcome this state of affairs, or collapse is certain. Scientists have pointed out certain elements of nature as being peculiarly suited to the needs of an exhausted nervous system. Through the medium of the blood and nervous system these restoratives carry new life and vital energy to every nerve cell in the human anatomy.

While these elements of nature are combined in various proportions, it is now generally conceded by physicians that the prescription used by Dr. Chase with such marvellous success in his immense practice is the one which gives most general satisfaction. This preparation is now known as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and has come to have an enormous sale in every part of this continent, where nervous disorders and sleeplessness are so prevalent.

Each and every sufferer from nervous and physical exhaustion, thin, watery and impure blood, and the demon insomnia, can begin the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with positive assurance that the regular use of this famous food cure will gradually and thoroughly build up and reconstruct the nerve cells and bodily tissues, and permanently cure sleeplessness and irritability.

You must not confuse Dr. Chase's Nerve Food with sleep-producing drugs and opiates. It is different from any medicine you ever used, and instead of tearing down the tissues and deadening the nerves, it cures by filling every cell with new life, vigor and vitality. As a spring tonic and invigorator it is marvellous in its action, instilling into weak, worn, tired human bodies the strength, elasticity and buoyancy of perfect health; 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, by Edmonson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

The Chaplains to the King.

The most servile and abject worshippers of kingship have often shown themselves plus royalistes que le roi. This has happened once again over the question of the King's chaplains.

In the late Committee on the Civil List I moved for a reduction in the preposterous number of these functionaries. I did so not solely in the interests of economy, but also because it appeared to me that to assume that thirty-six chaplains were necessary to the King's spiritual welfare was the reverse of flattering to his Majesty, for it implies that he is spiritually in a very parlous plight. The committee would not listen to any proposal for reduction; but the king himself has now taken my view of the matter, and reduced his thirty-six chaplains to twelve. Such however, is my confidence in him that I believe the king might reduce his staff of spiritual advisers by another 75 per cent., without incurring any risk either in this world or the next.

Hitherto a Chaplain-in-Ordinary has received £30 a year, paid out of the Civil List, the only duty being to preach one sermon in the year at the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, and even this work could be evaded by payment of a fine of three guineas. The late Queen's Chaplains-in-Ordinary are to become Honorary Chaplains, and the new lot of Chaplains-in-Ordinary will be appointed by the king direct to that office.

The Bishop of London, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, is paid £200 a year, and the stipend of the Sub Dean is about £400 a year. The Bishop of Winchester receives £7 a year as Clerk of the Closet, and the emoluments of his three deputies are also nominal, as are their duties.—Labourchire in London Truth.

The Cause of Nervous Headache.

This most distressing and common malady doubtless has its origin in some unbalanced condition of the nervous system. Probably the simplest, safest and most efficient remedy is Polson's Nerviline. Twenty drops in sweetened water gives immediate relief, and this treatment should be supplemented by bathing the region of pain with Nerviline. To say it acts quickly fails to express the result. Sold everywhere in large 25c bottles.

Tom—I didn't know he had any children.

Dick—Oh, yes, he must have one' and I suppose it's at least a year old.

Tom—Ah! you've seen the kid' then.

Dick—No, but when I was in his office yesterday I asked if he had any ice water and he said absent mindedly:—'So 'im 'ants jinky 'ter, does 'ims?— Philadelphia ess.

A NEW SWINDLE.

Peddlers Offering Spurious Pills Representing Them to be the Same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—A Reward for Such Evidence as Will Lead to Conviction.

The latest device for swindling the public is now being operated in various parts of the Maritime Provinces, where a couple of peddlers are going from door to door selling a pink colored pill which they represent to be the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It is needless to say that this claim constitutes a swindle as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are made from a secret formula known only to the proprietors. We strongly advise readers of PROGRESS not to be duped by peddlers of this class, no matter what representations they may make, and also to remember that medicines of such sterling reputation Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never hawked from door to door by peddlers, are never sold in any form except in the Company's boxes, wrapped around which will be found directions for use, the whole enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full name 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.' It ought also to be borne in mind that imitations are always worthless, and in many cases positively harmful to those taking them. Your health is too precious to experiment with and peddlers of medicine should be promptly shown the door.

Offering an imitation pill and representing it to be the same as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills constitutes a felony under the Criminal Code, and the seller can be prosecuted for obtaining money under false pretences. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. have a standing offer of \$50.00 reward for such information as will lead to the conviction of persons who infringe their registered trade mark in any form. Such information can be addressed to the Company at Brockville, Ont.

A Point of Honor.

A story told of Dr. Paget, the new bishop of Oxford, Eng., illustrates the high sense of honor with which he was animated when dean at the university. A very serious riot had occurred, and the rooms of an undergraduate had been simply wrecked. Furniture had been destroyed, pictures smashed, windows broken, and the bed and bedding thrown out into the quads.

The next morning the victim was summoned to the dean. 'I believe, Mr.—your rooms were last night entered and considerable damage done,' said Dr. Paget. Do you know the names of those who were guilty of this outrage?' 'Yes, sir, I do,' 'Please, then, to give me their names.' 'I am afraid I cannot., The head of the college looked up severely. 'I must insist on the names; otherwise, I shall have to consider your refusal as very serious matter.' 'I can't give the names, sir, I really cannot,' said the young undergraduate firmly. And the story goes that the dean thereupon rose, and, holding out his hand kindly, shook his pupil's hand, saying, 'I was sure you would not give the names. I am glad you refuse. I think you do right to refuse.,'