

The afternoon brought more reading aloud, more darning of pillow cases, more rain drops pattering against the window, more half-suppressed yawns from Rosa, more longings for some change to break the dull monotony.

"If only someone would come in," she said to herself; but callers were few at the best of times, and none could be expected on this wet day. The old ladies' acquaintance was necessarily limited, for Westwood was only a quiet country village on the sea coast, where there were but few residents beyond the villagers, and though a sprinkling of visitors came in summer, it was too early in the year to look for them yet.

As five o'clock drew near, the rattle of cups and saucers, showing that preparations for tea were being made in the sitting room below, was a very welcome sound in Rosa's ears, and she gladly laid aside her work to go down and make the tea. She carried up two cups and some thin bread and butter, which she had carefully cut herself, to her aunts, and then descended again to her own meal.

The rain appeared to have ceased at last, and before she had finished her tea the clouds parted, while a sudden gleam of sunshine, the

more beautiful, perhaps, because so unexpected, brightened the dull little room. Rosa started up and went to the window to survey the state of things out of doors. The shrubs and trees were covered with rain drops, which, catching the slant sunbeams, glistened and sparkled like gems. A change seemed to have come over the whole face of nature; the grey leaden hue was gone, and every leaf and blade of grass had assumed a fresher tint through the drenching it had received.

Rosa, with a more animated look than she had worn all day, ran upstairs, putting her head in at the door of her aunts' room as she said, "It is clearing up so beautifully I should like to go out for a turn while it keeps fine. You won't want anything for a little while, will you?"

"No, dear," returned Miss Scott, "and if it continues to hold up don't hurry back. Some fresh air will do the child good," she added, turning to her sister, "for she has been looking pale to-day."

"But won't she get very wet?" remonstrated Mrs. Dunn. "The ground must be soaking."

"I can put on good thick boots, and it will

be dry down on the beach, which is where I thought of going," said Rosa, and a few minutes later she sallied forth in hat and waterproof, taking the turn which led down to the sea.

There was a pleasant sense of freedom as she stood on the shore looking out over the vast expanse of waters, and watching the waves come rolling in at her feet. But the bright gleam soon faded, and again all nature assumed a dull, sombre aspect. *Once more* Rosa's thoughts assumed that aspect too.

She stood gazing at the tossing sea, with its white-crested waves advancing and then breaking, followed by others in swift succession. It was a scene of turmoil and unrest. There was something gloomy looking in this mass of dark waters, which appeared so different when sparkling in the sunlight.

As she stood looking absently across the expanse of ocean her face wore a wistful, sad expression, which did not escape the notice of a lady who was advancing to the spot where Rosa stood, but unobserved by the latter, who seemed wrapped in her own thoughts.

(To be continued.)

TONICS: HOW TO USE THEM BENEFICIALLY.

By MEDICUS.



ought to, and do, begin by saying that this paper is not meant to be read by, and not written for, what I may call my child-girls, and I number among these all "lassies" under the age of fifteen. But for all that, though

older girls will assuredly profit by its perusal, our decidedly

young folks may not only scan it, but commit it to

memory for aught "Medicus" cares. Only he deems it fit to give this short preface, because no one probably knows better than he does the mischief that may, and often does, occur from too much self-doctoring.

It may seem a strange thing for a medical man to say, but it is nevertheless a fact, that there is even in these enlightened days, in the latter end of the century, too much faith put in medicine *alone*. I have italicised the word "alone," because I would not have it thought that medicine is not of the most intrinsic value. But it must not be medicine *alone*, it must not be medicine all by itself. The medicine, the therapeutic agent, must be carefully and judiciously prescribed to begin with, but along with this, diet, and exercise if it can be taken, must be regulated, else the medicine itself has little or no chance.

Now, the very title of my paper, "Tonics," may tell you that my sermon of to-day applies only to those who are chronically ill, or mayhap convalescent, for tonics, you know, are seldom given in even sub-acute diseases.

(I notice that I have already used bigger words and more technical terms than I had at first intended. Never mind, it will scare away my child-girls. The little folks may leave the hall, and we, the big people, will have it all to ourselves.)

To resume. I happen to know that among the millions of toiling women and girlfolks in this busy work-a-day little island of ours there are whole armies of the only-middling class, people who are never very well, never very ill, but who just go on from day to day—probably they have to—working away and living in hope that some day or other things may take a turn for the better, and that they will find themselves as well and hearty as many they see around them. That they will then be happy and strong and able to laugh, not only with the face but with the whole heart. Ah! well, such things do happen, but, alas! not very often. And I'll tell you why, lest I should be deemed guilty of depriving any poor young creature of hope. The reason is this: they live on this wish-to-be-well alone, and if they do take medicine, they do not at the same time apply to themselves personally all the golden rules of hygiene.

It is this hard-working, only-middling class that fly so often to physic, and come away more tired than ever, and more disappointed and heartless; and being heartless they are all the more likely to succumb to any one of the numerous ailments that are ever around us. In the very midst of life we are in death, you know; but care of our health is a duty that is incumbent on us all. Did it ever strike you, by the way, that personal hygiene was really a duty, and that the neglect or avoidance of a duty is a sin—a sin against ourselves and against our neighbours? Why against our neighbours, you ask? Why, because the very sight of human sorrow or suffering, injures and depresses to some extent even the most healthy, happy-minded person who may witness it.

Those, then, who are well ought to take care of the blessing, health. Those who are only middling should endeavour to get it. Many a bright and happy face will be bent over the columns I am now writing, and many a wan and sickly one. Far be it from me to bring the tiniest cloud to the brow of the former, even by so much as a word. And yet, though this article is written chiefly for the ailing reader, a line or two of good advice to the healthy may do no harm.

A simile then: It has been raining heavily all the morning—the rain settling down upon the wooden roof of my garden study, and making such a noise that I could not hear my little clock ticking. All at once it has left off, and the sun shines out now bright and clearly; the wet leaves on the trees glitter so that one can hardly look at them.

I lay down my pen, and go out for a turn to ease my neck. Walking through the garden I come to the rose-tree-covered walls of my stable. The horses hear my footsteps, and neigh "Welcome," but I'm not going in. I cannot keep my girl-audience waiting even for the sake of a horse. But here is a large water-vat or tank, and the stream from the spout is still pouring into it. Ha! this will suit for a simile very well, although, to tell you the truth, I was trying to find one among fading leaves and flowers.

But this is better. The rush of water, then, from the roof not only keeps the whole surface of the vat in motion, but raises large and most lovely bell-like bubbles that go floating here, there, and everywhere.

Here is a particularly large and exceedingly bright one. I cannot help gazing in admiration on it. It is a little mirror in itself; for in it, or from it, is reflected all the garden and trees around. Look! there the giant poplars nod and wave; there also is the dark and solemn yew-tree, the apple trees and cherry trees, with their now sombre and yellow leaves, my blue-roofed wigwam, the green bank on which it stands, and, brighter still, the vases near it, flowing over with a crimson wealth of the dwarf nasturtiums, all mirrored in that bright bubble, and mirrored in miniature. What a thing of beauty it is. Surely it will be a joy for—Gone!

That is my simile, Miss Bright Eyes. Do you understand it? That is my riddle. Can you read it?

And now, then, to be dry and practical again. Here, then, are some truths about that class of medicines called tonics, which those who go in for self-doctoring had better bear in mind. In imagination I can see some ladies in the body of the hall listening to my lecture, who are very much older than fifteen;

and I can assure everybody that "Medicus" is more than pleased to know that among its readers THE GIRL'S OWN PAPER numbers many, many thousands of such.

Tonics used to be called corroborants, and, more latterly and in plainer language, strengthening medicines. In a certain sense of the word they are stimulants; but they are not, if well prescribed, of an exciting character. A stimulant is. It rouses up far more vital energy for a time than is at all necessary, and the succeeding depression is correspondingly deep. This is a law of nature. Those people who take stimulants or cordials, except under medical advice, do err most grievously. They are down at the bottom of Glen Despair at one moment and on the mountain-tops of Hope the next. Their pathway through life is a very rutty one, and life's car does not well to be driven over a rutty road. There comes one rut one day deeper than the rest, and the car never comes up again.

But tonics are different. Their action is mild; their effects are permanent.

Only do not make this mistake: do not imagine that they partake of the nature of food. By themselves they can do nothing. They but rouse that degree of vital or life energy which enables the body to turn for sustenance elsewhere. A tonic might be compared to a rope held out to a drowning man—he clutches it, and is saved. But how is he saved? Not certainly by simply keeping hold of the bit of rope. No; but because he is drawn by its aid on board the vessel, or clammers by it into his ship.

So long, therefore, as you look upon a tonic as a mere auxiliary, and food and fresh air as the mainstays of life, you are safe. When you believe tonics, or medicine of any kind for that matter, to be capable in themselves of saving life, or regaining health, you make a very great, and even dangerous, mistake.

Another fact I wish you to remember is this: tonics taken when a person is in a state of good health act as stimulants, and do positive injury instead of good. This should be a warning to those who make too frequent visits to the medicine chest or cupboard.

It is in cases where the strength has been diminished by some strain on the body or on the mind, where the vital force is below its normal standard, that tonics do the greatest good.

Tonics do good, then, when the muscles or the nerves are below tone.

Tonics do harm—remember this—if taken when there is much excitability or irritability, either of brain or of stomach.

Tonics do harm if taken when the stomach is in any way inclined to over acidity.

Tonics do harm when the system is in any way irritably out of order.

Tonics should not be taken in cases where there is fullness of blood and a probable tendency to inflammations of any kind connected with the organs of digestion.

Some tonics, notably quinine, had better be avoided if there be any tendency to disagreeable head symptoms, such as headache, swimming in the head, ringing in the ears, etc.

I shall now mention a few of the more safe tonics—tonics that one might cautiously prescribe for themselves.

First comes iron. It is generally used by girl-folks in the shape of the tincture. It is, I am sorry to say, often used in a most dangerously indiscriminate manner. Well, for example, Miss A., who is a pale-gummed lass, who does not make blood fast enough, and often complains of backache and general weariness, takes ten or fifteen of these steel drops three times daily in a little water after her food, and after a fortnight finds herself double the individual, in a manner of speaking, that she was before. She wisely gives them up now, or continues them but a week or so longer. But by-and-bye Miss A. meets Miss Z.—right away at the other end of the alphabet, you see. Miss Z. tells Miss A. she suffers just as she used to, and Miss A. replies in these words: "Take steel drops; they cured me."

But Miss Z., instead of being pale-gummed and wan, is rosy and round. She takes the drops, and lo! they are followed by headaches and all kind of troubles. Probably aperients for a time, followed by some simple bitter vegetable infusion, with a few drops of the diluted nitric, or nitro-hydrochloric acid would have suited Miss Z. far better, and brought her back to a joyous, happy health.

But, sometimes, those steel drops are not the most suitable form in which to administer iron, even when iron is needed, as they may irritate the stomach. Half an ounce thrice daily of the aromatic mixture of iron, procurable at any chemist's, is a good tonic; so are the pills of reduced iron, or iron wine.

Quinine and iron where it can be borne without disagreeable head feelings, is an excellent tonic.

Arsenic is a nervine tonic, which must be prescribed by a medical man.

Zinc is another. The oxide: half to one-and-a-half grains made into a pill, with one grain of extract of rhubarb, and, perhaps, a little taraxacum, thrice daily for a month.

In biliary complaints taraxacum or dandelion is excellent. The juice should be asked for, and the chemist will state the dose.

Then there are a whole host of bitter root

and bark tonics, which do excellently well either taken alone or in conjunction with dilute nitric acid, or dilute phosphoric. The latter if nerves are below par; the former if liver be out of sorts.

I must not forget to say that during a course of tonics, an occasional (say once in five days) mild aperient does good, an antibilious pill, or morning dose of Pulina Water, or a rhubarb and aloes, or compound aloes pill.

Now let me tell my readers that debility, headache, backache, and all kinds of weary, exhausted feelings are often caused from that species of indigestion which is brought on by hurry in eating food. It cannot be too well known that the first part of the digestion of our food takes place in the mouth. If it be hurried therefrom it is impossible that the food can do us the amount of good it ought to.

For this species of indigestion there is nothing better than Kepler's extract of malt. It supplies just what was wanted, and what hurry prevented the food from acquiring in the mouth.

Pray do not mistake. It is not altogether because the food should be perfectly masticated that I recommend time to be taken to meals, but that it may be perfectly mingled with the salivary juices.

Kepler's extract of malt, with cod liver oil, is a most beneficial tonic to pale, nervous girls. I believe many will have to thank "Medicus" for recommending it.

In conclusion, as I said before, medicine alone will not cure. You must eat, eat in reason, eat regularly, and eat that which agrees. Before you can do this you must determine to take proper exercise in the open air, wet days or dry days, and plenty of it.

Nor must a bracing bath be forgotten. And this should be water as cold as you can use it, mixed with a good handful or two of Tidman's or anybody else's sea-salt.

Cod-liver oil by itself will do good in a thousand cases of debility. And here is a hint worth making a note of. Do not take it just after the food, but two hours after. Begin with a tea-spoonful twice a day, and increase gradually till in six weeks time you can take a dessert-spoonful.

A tiny drop of orange wine will aid its digestion.

Cod-liver oil is often called a tonic, but in reality it is a food, a medicinal food if you like, but one of the most valuable we possess. The word food brings to my memory that excellent syrup of the phosphates called Parrish's Chemical Food. It is a safe and truly excellent tonic.

VARIETIES.

OUR RULING PASSIONS.

In man we various ruling passions find;
In women two almost divide the kind;
Those only fixed, they first or last obey—
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.
—Pope.

DOMESTIC PEACE.—A man was boasting that he had been married twenty years and had never given his wife a cross word. Those who knew him said he did not dare to.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.—A sweet disposition, a lovely soul, an affectionate nature, will speak in the eyes, the lips, the brow, and become the cause of beauty.—Bulwer.

THOUGHTS, ACTIONS, AND WORDS.—A woman's thought runs before her actions, not before her words.—Shakespeare.

THE HAPPY LIFE.

If happiness has not her seat and centre in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great, but never can be blessed.
—Burns.

THE JUDGMENTS OF OUR ENEMIES.—Our enemies come nearer the truth in their judgments of us than we do in our judgments of ourselves.—La Rochefoucauld.

INDISCREET.—No one is more dangerous than a friend without discretion.—La Fontaine.

FAITH AND WORKS.—Faith and works are as necessary to our spiritual life as Christians as soul and body are to our natural life as human beings; for faith is the soul of religion and works the body.

A GUIDE TO HEALTH.

The surest guide to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;
Most of those evils, we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
—Churchill.

THE PLAGUE OF SERVANTS.—What is called the plague of servants would be speedily abated if the coldness and neglect of too many heads of families did not set up a bar of separation between the payers and the receivers of wages. It is the common mistake to believe that there is not a reciprocity of obligation.—Charles Knight.

WHICH ONE?—In marriage it is all very well to say that "the two are made one"—the question is, which one?