

further, these types of black and white mortals are really alive and arouse our sympathy in a manner in which of late years we have been led to believe only grey people (that is people whose moral natures are an interesting and subtle compound of black and white), have the power to do.

"The Prisoner of Zenda" should be a splendid book for boys and girls, and will, we fancy, almost replace Mr. Haggard's "She" in their affections. Boys and girls, if not corrupted young by having a literary critic among the elder members of their family, are sensible people, and care very little if a story is probable or not, if it amuses or interests them, Mr. Hope is to be congratulated on having freed himself from the realistic mania, which in these degenerate days spoils all our tales. The tone of thought that occasionally crops up among the paragraphs of adventures, is unusually healthy and robust, and should be most nourishing reading for young expanding minds; and for older minds also, if they have any healthy power of expansion left within them. I permit myself one quotation as a sample of what I mean:—

Then I was false to all that I should have held by. For I caught her in my arms and prayed her, in words that I will not write, to come with me, daring all Ruritania to take her from me. And for a while she listened, with wondering, dazzled eyes. But as her eyes looked on me, I grew ashamed, and my voice died away in broken murmurs and stammerings, and at last I was silent. She drew herself away from me and stood against the wall, while I sat on the edge of the sofa, trembling in every limb, knowing what I had done, loathing it, obstinate not to undo it. . . . "Is love the *only* thing?" she asked, in low, sweet tones, that seemed to bring a calm even to my wrung heart. "If love were the only thing, I would follow you—in rags if need be—to the world's end; for you hold my heart in the hollow of your hand! But is love the *only* thing?" I made no answer. It gives me shame now to think that I would not help her. She came near me and laid her hand on my shoulder. I put my hand up and held hers. "I know people write and talk as if it were. Perhaps for some, Fate lets it be. Ah! if I were one of them! But if love had been the only thing, you would have let the king die in his cell. . . . Honour binds a woman too, Rudolph. My honour lies in being true to my Country and my House. I don't know why God has let me love you, but I know that I must stay."

Now, is there not a true wholesome tone about that conversation, and a genuine patriotism of which great virtue we hear far too little in the present day? I trust my quotation has not revealed any of the story. What lead to this meeting between the hero and heroine, and how their love affairs ended the reader must seek for himself among the pleasant pages of this pleasant book.
A. M. G.

Reviews.

We have received from Dr. Rentoul his pamphlet "On the proposed formation of an inferior order of midwifery practitioners," to which attention has recently been so strongly directed. The case against midwives is put very clearly, and the *brochure* contains a valuable series of exact copies of certificates and diplomas now granted by various hospitals and lying-in institutions to monthly Nurses and Midwives. These show very conclusively the dangers

to which the public as well as medical men would be exposed, if legal authority was given to recognise such diplomas. Dr. Rentoul's statements are very strong, and as we take it for granted that he could prove each one of these, it must be admitted that his arguments against legislation are extremely weighty.

"On the Care of the Dying." By Dr. Oswald Browne. This is a small pamphlet of some thirty-nine pages. The subject is reverently and excellently discussed; quotations being freely made from doctors of the greatest eminence. The question of whether it is justifiable or not to tell a patient that he is afflicted with a mortal disease is discussed at considerable length, and the author arrives at the conclusion to which most medical men have come, that no one has a right to tell falsehoods to a patient concerning a matter which is of more importance to himself than almost to anybody else. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that there is both a wise and an unwise method of conveying the information to a patient that he is stricken with a mortal disease. The matter must, therefore, always remain one of duty and responsibility on the part of the medical adviser.

Inventions, Preparations, &c.

SULPHUGATORS.

The Sanitas Company have achieved a high and well deserved reputation for the excellent anti-septic preparations which they have, during the last few years, introduced into hospitals and private houses. One of the most ingenious, most simple, and most effective of these is in the form of the patent sulphugators which Mr. Kingzett has recently introduced to our notice. These consist of a combustible fabric coated with sulphur, and are intended, chiefly, for fumigating small spaces such as bird cages, rabbit hutches, dog kennels, stables, and cellars. In the larger forms, however, these will act very well for fumigating ordinary dwelling rooms. A holder or cage is provided with each box of the sulphugators, to hold these while burning, but they can be burnt in any other vessel.

THE NIBESTOS FILTER.

One of the most recent and by no means the least valuable of modern filters has been recently patented under this name. It is so constructed that it can be easily and thoroughly cleaned, the old filtering medium being taken out, thrown away, and replaced by new, with facility, rapidity, and at a trifling cost. The tests to which this filter has been subjected have been very thorough, and it has been found to fulfil admirably the essential requirements of a perfect filter.

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