

*Unstimulating and Unexciting Diet.*—White kinds of meat, whiting, soles, fluke, whitebait and smelt are the most delicate and suitable for weak digestion, unless spoiled by the accessories used in cooking, or serving up; codfish, turbot, brill, haddock, flounder, chickens, fowls, or rabbits, boiled or fried tripe, beaten white of egg and milk.

The "Anti-congestive Diet" would also be something of a success in that, if persevered in long, the individual victim of the treatment would no longer exist, and therefore would not suffer from congestion.

*Anti-congestive Diet.*—White meats (codfish and haddock excepted), farinaceous food and young, tender, green vegetables (turnips, onions, and beet excepted), potatoes, rice, macaroni, and gravies free from fat. In serious cases of congestion, fruity drinks and barley gruel, only for a time.

A WRITER in the *Scotsman* expresses himself as follows in a letter to the editor of that paper:—

SHOULD NURSES ATTENDING INFECTIOUS DISEASES TRAVEL ON TRAMWAY CARS?

SIR,—It is right that Nurses in attendance on infectious cases should have two hours' daily relaxation in the open air.

It is right that they should have distinctive garments, in order that people may avoid them if they wish to. But—

Is it right that they should enter tramway cars, diffusing carbolised odour, and along with it the germs it is meant to destroy—but does not?

Perhaps some Nurse or Matron of a Nursing Home may kindly answer these queries.

I am, &c.,  
FITNESS OF THINGS.

THE Paris correspondent of a daily paper draws the following pathetic picture of the departure of the pilgrims' train for Lourdes, by which it would appear that faith is no means dead.

The correspondent went to the Orleans railway terminus, and this is what he saw:—"The floor was covered with all sorts of packages, while invalids were sitting about here and there, and other persons, in a most pitiable condition, were lying on stretchers. Some of them were covered with rugs, so that nothing could be seen but their pale faces and thin, bony hands. The expression in the eyes of many was really extraordinary. It seemed to indicate fervent belief and faith in a miraculous cure. The unfortunate victims of disease arrived to take their places for the long and painful journey, sur-

rounded and supported by their relatives, priests and volunteer male nurses. It is painful to think of the tortures that some of the patients will endure before they reach the shrine, and of the terrible disappointment which must inevitably await most—if not all—of them."

Another correspondent says:—"Altogether, it seems, a matter of 15,000 pilgrims are expected this year at Lourdes, coming from all parts of the world, many of them being rich and well-educated foreigners, who, finding neither relief nor cure for their diseases from medical treatment, are about to appeal as a supreme resource, to the Virgin.

Nine trains are placed at the disposal of the pilgrims, each of which carries its colours—blue, violet, yellow, green, or white. The white train is the longest of all, and, so to say, the saddest of all, it being reserved for the most serious cases. At intervals of half an hour they start these trains, laden with sick and suffering humanity, the wants of the unfortunate passengers being tenderly ministered to by the seminarists, the priests, the nuns, who organise everything admirably, neither needing nor asking any assistance whatever from the railway servants of the company, who look on with interest at the remarkable scene.

Long before the departure of the first train, carrying yellow colours, the terminus has become transformed into a species of hospital. Waiting rooms are placed at the disposal of the pilgrims and the priests or nuns attending to them. The floor is covered with stretchers, mattresses, thick railway rugs, on which, moaning with pain, in some instances writhing with agony, are laid the most dangerously sick pilgrims, on many of whose faces Death has already set his mark. In order to obviate any necessity to hurry these poor creatures in their removal to the train, the one specially reserved for them, carrying white as a distinctive mark, is drawn up at the platform, with its fifteen carriages, long before the starting time. Each carriage is under the care of Sister Madeleine, or Sister Mary, whose names are chalked on the doors.

Minute by minute, a long time prior to the departure, the sick and infirm arrive, accompanied by friends or relatives or priests and volunteer Nurses. Plaintive murmurs are heard on all sides; little talking goes on, the few words exchanged between the invalids and their friends being words of hope, faith, and encouragement. Whilst, little by little, the white train

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