

**Preparations, Inventions, etc.****FLITWICK WATER.**

THIS English mineral water is by no means so well known as it deserves to be, for its powerful properties are most valuable in appropriate cases. It was discovered in the lower Green Sands of Bedfordshire, and yields a unique Chalybeate of the highest therapeutic value, which is not only far richer in iron than the celebrated Springs of the Continent, but possesses the invaluable quality of retaining the whole of its constituents in clear solution, and all its virtues intact for any length of time when bottled. Through the possession of this invaluable property, it is now brought within the reach of everyone at a trifling cost, and the benefits derivable from its invigorating properties can be obtained without the expense of residence at the Springs, an indispensable condition with all other Chalybeate Waters.

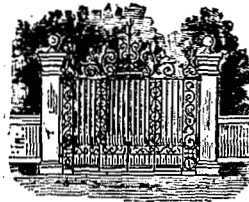
Analysis of the water has given the following results, expressed in grains per gallon:—

Persulphate of Iron .....	170.80
Sulphate of Alumina .....	28.00
Soda .....	14.00
Silica .....	traces.

Constituents of Peaty Matter undetermined.

The temperature of the water is 45° F. at the Spring at all times of the year, and from this it is inferred that it is derived from a deep source, leading up to a fissure in the underlying strata. The water is of a clear sherry colour and not unpleasantly acid to the taste, and it may be taken in a very palatable form with good lemonade. It does not deposit on standing, and therefore differs in one essential respect from the usual type of chalybeate waters, which commonly contain proto-carbonate of iron held in solution by carbonic acid.

Those who have tried this Water extensively in practice, state that it possesses advantages which should commend it to all medical men. Taken, as above suggested, with lemonade, it is palatable. It is an excellent tonic and pick-me-up for jaded and anæmic brain workers. It is easily assimilable, and, above all, does not either stain the teeth or produce the disturbing effects on the digestion or bowels that most of the ordinary preparations of iron exhibit. For these and other equally practical reasons, therefore, Flitwick Water should have a wide field of usefulness. The use of iron, in cases where it would undoubtedly be beneficial, is often precluded on account of its disturbing effects, and a chalybeate water which does not produce these is of much value.

**Outside the Gates.****THE INSURANCE FIEND.**

November the First—but much more like, say, July the thirty-first—an exquisite late afternoon, the air balmy and still, the deep blue sky already beginning to flush with the brilliant rose of the sun's setting.

At the door of the quaint old country house my bicycle is glittering, upheld by a little serving maiden whose round, rosy face, and frank eyes repeat the colours of the skies, "He looks fine, he do," she observes, appreciatively, as I emerge, "'spacially him (touching the bell, a new one). I allers gives he an extra shine!" thus demonstrating the correctness of the old maxim, "He that hath, to him shall be given."

After the long day's nursing what an unspeakable joy it is to skim, with a swallow's flight, over the short hill and in a moment swoop into the glories of the magnificent woods, woods of whose waving tops I have had snatched glimpses ever since the dawn widened slowly over them. The road is good, on each hand bush, bracken, and fern, flare in every shade of scarlet and gold, overhead the oaks and beeches meet in flaming arches, and the long "rides" are vistas alight with fire.

Tired as I was when I started, with half-an-hour of the delicious air, restored vitality sets in, and Life, that had drooped and wilted in the atmosphere of the sick-room, once more blooms, in the radiance of nature. I could sing for sheer lightness of heart, and add my quota to the chorus around—the crowing of the pheasants, the roulades of the robins—but that I fear the home-returning peasant, who might report, and such levity in a "noorse" might not be well received, therefore the poetry of motion alone must be my portion, and verily there is no sensation in the wide world that beats "riding easy on a light down grade," so on we speed, Yuch-he! over dead leaves and fallen fir spines, and the acorns "pop" beneath the wheel, and the rabbits scutter across the path, and it is all lovely, lovely and exhilarating, till I come in sight of the remote cottage I am making for, to inquire about the poor owner of it, who is gone to the hospital in the county town there to undergo a dangerous operation.

Here I catch up with the "trail of the serpent" again, for two other cyclists glide noiselessly on to the scene, dismount and swagger into the cottage, even as I greet the girl that came out. I say, "Who is that?" she gasps, "It's the Insurance man," and flies back, I wait a few minutes, bethink me of a few things and then saunter in myself. The men are sitting examining a ragged dirty little book the frightened girl with the chubby children hanging on her apron, is standing by, I realise that I have dropped upon one of the most fruitful sources of crime that our country fosters. They all jump guiltily as I enter, the biggest man mutters, "the account's square then," and with a furtive "good evening" to me, disappear hastily, while I pursue inquiries.

All the lives of this family of babies are, it appears, insured—at a penny a week each—sixpence the lot—

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