

experts from all parts of England, it was decided to forward the following recommendation from the medical committee to the Home Office: "This Association feels that on general grounds the presence in public-houses of children under 14 years of age (particularly of children in arms) is highly objectionable, and should be prohibited. The imbibition of alcohol by such persons undoubtedly has a tendency to interfere with nutrition, particularly of the nervous system."

The executors of Mr. J. L. Toole have given the sum of £135 to the Maternity Charity and District Nurses' Home, Plaistow, from the residue left at their discretion for charitable institutions.

Lord Armstrong opened at Barrasford, Newcastle-on-Tyne, recently, the first consumption sanatorium erected by the local association. He gave £4,000 towards the total cost of £22,000. The building is to provide accommodation for 100 patients.

The Rural Midwives' Association.

The fourth Annual Meeting of the Rural Midwives' Association is to be held at 3, Grosvenor Place, S.W., on Tuesday, May 28th, when the chair will be taken by Mrs. Murdoch, and Miss St. John Wileman will give a short address on Hygiene. The meeting will be followed by a Discussion, at which Dr. Champneys, Chairman of the Central Midwives' Board, will preside, on "The Best Means to Prepare for an Adequate Supply of Midwives to the Rural Poor when the Midwives' Act comes into full force."

A Mohawk Physician

Some interesting details are given in the Life of Sir Henry Acland, by J. B. Atlay, of the late Dr. Oron-hya-tekha, of Toronto, a Mohawk chief, who was a regularly qualified physician. Sir Henry Acland first met him at Toronto in 1860, when he accompanied the King, as Prince of Wales, to Canada. The herculean painted Indian told him that his name was Oron-hya-tekha, or Burning Cloud, and that he had gone to Ohio, and lived on charity to attend the University. He apprenticed himself to a shoemaker to get maintenance, and then went back to his people, and taught them as much as he could. Dr. Acland, as he then was, offered to do anything he could for him, and soon after his return received a letter from Oron-hya-tekha announcing his intention of coming to Oxford. This was followed by his unexpected arrival, clad in moccasins and deerhide. He had worked his passage over, and he possessed 4s. Dr. Acland befriended him, and, though he left Oxford without a degree, he qualified as a doctor of medicine in Canada, and was appointed medical attendant in the Indian Reserves.

Custom's Slaves.

Miss Fitchett came out of her room on the top floor, and listened for a moment on the stairs. All seemed quiet below, and she began to descend, hesitating occasionally when she fancied she heard a noise of shuffling feet or whispering voices. There was sorrow and mourning below stairs, and the little milliner had no desire to assist in a scene of neighbourly condolence, though common decency demanded that she should offer her sympathy.

She knocked timidly at the door of her landlady's kitchen, and then entered. A disconsolate array of unwashed tea-things on the table showed that visits of condolence had been plentiful; the little kitchen was not quite so trim as usual, but the face of the mourning woman sitting by the fire bore an expression that Miss Fitchett could have declared was almost cheerful, or was it the effect of the flickering firelight?

"How are you now, Mrs. Beale?" queried the little milliner softly.

"Middling, Miss Fitchett, thank you. Come and sit down, and I'll make a fresh cup of tea. No, no, it's no trouble; an' I could do with one myself very well. I couldn't take me tea for them clatter-women, but you an' me'll 'ave a cup peaceable like."

Miss Fitchett took her usual seat on a stool at the fireside, and watched the busy movements of her hostess as she made a fresh brew of the un-failing comforter. She felt terribly nervous. Cut off as she was from all family ties, she felt at a loss when any of those joys or sorrows peculiar to home life occurred among her few acquaintances. What did other women do and say on these occasions? Miss Fitchett did not know, so wisely held her peace.

But as they began to drink their tea, even she could not help seeing that something unusual had happened since the awful event that had left eight children fatherless and their mother a widow. Something had put a little sparkle in tear-dimmed eyes, and tinged the thin cheeks with colour.

Mrs. Beale broke the news at last.

"My dear," she said, leaning forward and putting her hand on Miss Fitchett's knee, "My dear, they've gathered ten pound for 'im at the works."

Miss Fitchett's eyes glistened too, and her cheeks flushed. This was news indeed.

"I am very glad, Mrs. Beale; very glad indeed."

"Ay, my dear, I knew you would be. There's naught can fetch him back now, and I never thought I'd feel a bit o' comfort this many a day. But I don't deny as how this has heartened me up."

"Such a tribute to his worth," responded Miss Fitchett. And, besides, it will make all the difference."

"Ay, a world o' differ, Miss Fitchett, a world o' differ."

Miss Fitchett continued with enthusiasm, for

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