

through which the light passes on the duller days, and the canvas sides consist of several blinds, the canvas used being of such a mesh as to prevent the pores being closed when the canvas becomes wet. If the canvas screens are properly manipulated it is impossible for the patient to be in a draught; these tents are consequently a great advance on verandahs and fixed shelters, where at times a draught cannot be avoided, and even in a wooden shelter working on a pivot it is very difficult to keep pace with the vagaries of the wind.

The great advantage of the canvas tent above described is that even if it is entirely closed it

tuberculosis is a dissemination of knowledge in regard to the disease, its dangers, and the methods of its prevention. The book in question tells simply and attractively the story of the cleansing of one home in Ireland, in which the White Demon is rampant. The teaching is given in the form of a fairy tale, and told in language so simple that a child can understand it, and indeed the book is used as a class book in the schools in Ireland, so that every child will in time learn something of the cause and cure of tuberculosis.

At the outset of the story we are introduced to Sheila Murphy, sitting in the door of her



A Tent Wide Open, as it Should be Whenever Possible.

will still be flooded with light, nor can the air be excluded.

Treatment in these shelters is suitable for all cases likely to benefit by rest in the open air with general hygienic treatment; such as convalescents from surgical operations and severe illnesses, neurasthenia, dyspepsia, etc., and special tents are set apart for such cases at Merivale. Only ten cases in all received, so that they can have the same close attention and comfort as in a private nursing home.

Have any of our readers read that charming book, "The White Demon, and How to Fight Him," by Mrs. F. E. Eaton? If not, they should do so at once. The great hope of the future in the war with the white demon of

mother's cottage at Ballyknock. "By her side sat an Irish terrier, who every now and then thrust his moist nose into the child's face. The dog somehow felt that his mistress was not in the best of spirits, and required comforting, and that sooner or later she would pour all the trouble into his faithful ears.

"Listen," she said at last, "and I will tell you. Rover, I'm afeard, that's what I am. Mary Kate is after telling me the queerest news. Whisper. She says the ugly 'White Demon' can be seen at nights, creeping along in the mist and the shadows. He carries a bag on his back filled with 'demon dust,' full of microbes, which he throws into the houses and yards. She says there is hardly a cottage in

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