

SANATOGEN.

A VALUABLE NERVE FOOD.

When Sanatogen was first put upon the market in this country, it was prescribed for a nurse well known to us, who derived such wonderful benefit from its use that she was insistent in drawing our attention to it with the result that the proprietors used THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING as their advertising medium for bringing it to the notice of the nursing profession, and subsequently testified to the great use this journal was to them in accomplishing this.

Later, when war was declared, it became known that this valuable nerve food was a German product, and therefore unavailable for use by any patriotic person of British nationality. This was matter for regret, for Sanatogen—which is a combination of organic phosphorus and casein—had proved of great value in medical treatment, notably in cases of nerve exhaustion, and in anaemia in various forms, especially chlorosis. Research has proved that where anaemia results from impaired nutrition in the blood forming organs, we have in Sanatogen a means of flushing these organs with a blood of a high serum albumin content.

The recent announcement that a British company had taken over the business was received with great satisfaction, and it is a special pleasure to us that once again Sanatogen takes its place in the announcements in our advertisement pages.

As our readers are probably aware, Lord Rhondda became the Chairman of the British Company, the headquarters of which are at 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., but now that he has accepted office in the new Government, he has resigned the position, and his daughter, Lady Mackworth, has been elected by the directors to the vacant office. Her qualifications for the position are undoubted, as, during Lord Rhondda's absence in America, on important Government business, Lady Mackworth took entire charge of her father's great coal and shipping interests with very marked success.

We wish the company under its new Directorate the prosperous career that Sanatogen, on its merits, assuredly deserves, together with Formamint and other specialities of the firm.

Just now, when the strain and stress of war are causing so much acute neurasthenia amongst our troops, it should be invaluable in treating these most sad cases in the trenches and in hospitals.

PAPER SUPPLY RESTRICTIONS.

TREAT YOURSELF TO THE B.J.N. FOR 1917.

To ensure obtaining THE BRITISH JOURNAL OF NURSING every week (and you cannot keep in touch with events from a professional point of view without it) you must absolutely give a definite order to a newsagent. Price one penny weekly, or order it direct from the office, 43I, Oxford Street, London, W. (Price 1s. 9d. for three months, 3s. 6d. for six months, or 6s. 6d. for a year.

NOO YEAR'S EVE DOWN EAST.

Bein' as 'ow Noo Year's Eve fell on a Sunday this year, Bill took the kids out drivin' in his coster's cart down the Mile End towards Eppin', to see a bit of the country like. The moke was tied up with odd bits of ribbon and the remains of last night's sale of flowers was stuck behind her ears. The missus had made the three little girls bright blue frocks, and bein' as they were noo and it was Noo Year's Eve, they didn't seem to feel the need of anything warmer. His son and heir wore a terrific Scotch dress of red tartan surmounted by a "crocher" collar. Long greasy curls fell round his sallow little face from under the Scotch bonnet. Bill felt a thrill of fatherly pride and virtue when he stopped outside the pub (they had started in good time so as not to miss these now few and precious opportunities) and provided them each with a large stodgy biscuit. "And be good children and set still till daddy comes back." To do Bill justice, he wasn't very long, and he wasn't more than genial.

Bumpity bump went the little cart down the Mile End Road, almost as far as the "country," and then home to the missus and tea and winkles.

"Ole woman," says Bill, over that succulent repast, "what abart me and you goin' over to the church to night to see the Ole Year art? The pubs is all shet and it'll seem a bit dull like."

"I don't mind if we does," says Mrs. Bill. "The minister is a fair ole toff from all accounts, though *we* 'ave never asted for a crumb orf 'im. 'E oughter 'ave a bit of hencouragement."

At midnight Bill, still a shade more genial, and the missus, made their way to the church, which at the end of a long day's work once more threw out her net to catch this quaint and pathetic section of her children, for whom this service was the sole religious effort of the year. The priest surveyed the crowded church with an ache in his heart, but with kindly humour in his eye.

They sang a hymn about the uncertainty of life, which they much relished, and Mrs. Bill shed tears, though she couldn't have explained why.

"I wish you all a Happy New Year," said the Vicar, as the clock struck.

"The same to you, old sport," responded Bill from the back of the Church, and he went home to bed at peace with the world, himself included.

H. H.

WORD FOR THE WEEK.

"Actual evidence, I have none,
But my charwoman's sister's son
Heard a policeman on his beat
Say to a housemaid in Downing Street
That he had a brother who had a friend
Who knew when the war was going to end."

—From "All the Rumours,"
by Reginald Orbell.

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