

MRS. MARY HOPKINS, M.R.B.N.A. :—

Place a piece of wood or some other hard substance between the teeth. Loosen the clothing about the chest. Put a pillow, hassock, or coat under the head. Apply hot-water bottle to the feet, and cold cloths to the head. Darken the room. Do not hold the patient firmly, but keep him from injuring himself. If he wishes to go to sleep after the fit, let him do so. Send for medical aid, of course.

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**INVENTIONS,
NOTICES OF PREPARATIONS, &c.**

PARKER'S WARD SHOES.—There is nothing more irritating or annoying to invalids than noisy creaking boots or shoes, and we regret to say that in spite of the general knowledge of this, many Nurses still persist in wearing such boots or shoes. Messrs. Parker and Co., of 145, Oxford Street, W., have designed a special shoe, which is perfectly noiseless and at the same time neat and well fitting. The upper leather is soft and durable, and the soles are thick, sensible and pliable, whilst the heels have layers of india-rubber inserted which prevent slipping, besides ensuring their noiseless qualities. With these shoes Nurses and all attending the sick have no possible excuse for further continuing to wear articles that emit strange and peculiar sounds with each step taken. The prices are moderate—six shillings and six-pence to nine and sixpence per pair.

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"CYCLONE" WHEAT MEAL.—With reference to this newly discovered method of milling whole meal—an advertisement regarding which recently appeared in these columns—we are pleased to hear the meal has met with a gratifying amount of success, both in London and the provinces, the sales increasing daily. We are not surprised at this, seeing bread made of the meal is so readily assimilated by the human stomach, on account of the bran having been finely pulverised by means of air, and not ground by either stones or rollers. Says Dr. G. D. Sutherland, F.E.I.S.; "When a 'cyclone' has passed over it (the bran) it is changed as if by magic; it can no longer exercise its malign influence, it is converted from an irritating and worthless commodity to the most valuable constituent of our food." "It is decidedly superior to anything that I have ever seen in the way of whole meal." Bread being so important an element in our food supply, we are glad to note these facts.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.*

An Autobiographical Story:

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D.,

Author of "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Within and Without," "Malcolm," &c.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

I HAVE recorded this much of the conversation chiefly for the sake of introducing Miss Clare, who now spoke.

"Don't you think, sir," she asked, addressing my father, "that the help one can give to another must always depend on the measure in which one is free oneself?"

My father was silent—thinking. We were all silent. I said to myself, "There, papa! that is something after your own heart." With marked deference and solemnity he answered at length—

"I have little doubt you are right, Miss Clare. That puts the question upon its own eternal foundation. The mode used must be of infinitely less importance than the person who uses it."

As he spoke, he looked at her with a far more attentive regard than hitherto. Indeed the eyes of all the company seemed to be scanning the small woman; but she bore the scrutiny well, if indeed she was not unconscious of it; and my husband began to find out my reasons for asking her, which was simply that he might see her face. At this moment, it was in one of its higher phases. It was, at its best, a grand face—at its worst, a suffering face; a little too large, perhaps, for the small body which it crowned with a flame of soul; but while you saw her face you never thought of the rest of her, and her attire seemed to court an escape from all observation.

"But," my father went on, looking at Mr. Blackstone, "I am anxious, from the clergyman's point of view, to know what my friend here thinks he must try to do in his very difficult position."

"I think the best thing I could do," returned Mr. Blackstone, laughing, "would be to go to school to Miss Clare."

"I shouldn't wonder," my father responded.

"But, in the meantime, I should prefer the chaplaincy of a suburban cemetery."

"Certainly your charge would be a less troublesome one. Your congregation would be quiet enough, at least," said Roger.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet," said my father, as if unconsciously uttering his own reflections. But he was a little cunning, and would say things like that when, fearful of

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