

In the meantime a cold north-east wind arose and the air was full of frost and fog; small particles of frost seemed to make the air thick, and objects were indiscernible till they were right before you, then they seemed distorted beyond recognition. I had to cross a stretch of open prairie; the trail was almost impossible to negotiate, and I was facing this biting, stinging wind. I trusted to the horses, but they failed to keep the trail, and although I knew I wasn't far from town, yet I was completely lost. Nothing to guide me, the horses floundered around in the drifts until they pulled up in a barnyard some four miles out of my course. It was bitter cold, but we plodded on through the snow. I got out occasionally and lit matches looking for a trail. After ploughing through the drifts for over an hour we struck a trail and the horses were as delighted as I. I gave them their heads and it was with difficulty that I was able to restrain them from running away. They covered the distance in no time and came into the barn covered with frost and looking like ghosts. It was 35 degrees below zero. That was only one of many experiences I have had, which go to make up the life of a country doctor. I tell you, a man must be thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit to practise medicine out here at times. Then, so often you are in doubt whether you will ever be paid for the trip." These are the men who are making life possible for emigrants to the West, and they, when the "boom" comes, will see to it that cities and houses are built upon sound sanitary principles.—*The Sanitary Record*.

CENTRES OF INFECTION

Those who like to study coincidences were recently given food for thought by Sir Thomas Oliver, Professor of Medicine at Durham University. Dealing principally with cancer, Sir Thomas referred to places and districts where this disease appeared to centre itself. As illustrating the theory he was suggesting, various circumstances were quoted. In Norway there is a village with eight hundred inhabitants, and until a few years ago, when eight cancer cases were reported, there was never known to be more than one case per year. The eight "grouped themselves round a particular sufferer." Another instance quoted was that of a French village of four hundred inhabitants. Here eleven deaths occurred in seven years, all being located in the same block of houses. Three years later there were seventeen cancer patients in these houses.