

The best way in which a city can dispose of sewage has long been a problem. The city of Worcester, Mass., is now making an experiment in this direction which is decidedly interesting. In the river valley below the city works have been constructed at a cost of about \$50,000 for the purification of the sewerage. They consist of a series of great open tanks of brick, and a mill to grind and mix the chemicals used in casting down or precipitating the impurities. The capacity of the works is about nine million gallons of sewage daily, which is much more than the present volume of sewage from that city. The annual cost is expected to be about \$20,000 a year, but the result will be the purification of the river so far as the sewage of that city is concerned.

The suggestion has been made that railway passengers should be charged for according to weight, like freight. A short consideration of the proposal is sufficient to convince one of its impracticability. A thin person will occupy a seat just as completely, if not as fully, as a fat person, since no one else can sit in it when the thin person is there. Then the process of weighing everyone who buys a ticket, and multiplying the weight by the distance would be rather exhaustive of time and temper on the part of the railway officials, and would have to be considered in the price charged. Some people, also, are touchy as to their avoirdupois, and would rather pay double fare than have their weight so much as alluded to. The present system has so many advantages over the proposed innovation that there is little fear that it will be changed.

The Royal Crown of Prussia, which dates from the time of King Frederic the First, is lined with velvet, contrary to all heraldic rules. This fact has led to several discrepancies, especially in matters of art. The painter, Professor Hildebrandt, a well-known authority on points of heraldry, some years ago sketched a banner for a veteran association, strictly adhering to the heraldic rule in drawing the royal crown without a lining. On the sketch being sent to the Minister of the Interior, the official objected, insisting upon the royal crown being lined, but finally yielded to the professor. It may be mentioned that the crown of 1701 can no longer be worn now-a-days. It was fitted at the time to be worn over a long ring, and therefore is far too large. The Emperor William, on the occasion of his coronation, had a new crown made for himself. When the court jeweller delivered it he requested the king to try it on, but the monarch declined, saying he could not possibly consent to "try on" a crown which he was first to place on his head on so solemn an occasion as a coronation.

Preservaline is the name given to a preparation recently invented and patented in the States for the purpose of keeping milk and cream fresh and sweet for a week without using ice. *Our Grand Holmes*, published in Boston, in response to inquiries of subscribers, describes Preservaline as "a white powder, having flattened hexahedral crystals, prismatic in form and terminated by the angular pyramids. It possesses a sweetish feebly alkaline taste and an alkaline reaction, dissolving in twelve times its weight of boiling water." The editor strongly recommends this preparation, declaring that it is indisputably all that it claims to be, and that it is not only perfectly harmless, but has also the property of destroying microscopic animal and vegetable organisms, upon which fermentation and putrefaction depend, therefore preventing these processes, and of arresting them if already commenced. If Preservaline is really what it is recommended to be, and we cannot for a moment doubt the testimony of so good an authority, it would certainly be a great boon to city housewives.

Women have little cause to be grateful to Dr. Bridges, who distinguished himself at the recent meeting of the New Brunswick Medical Association, held at Moncton, by reading a paper on "Women as Medical Practitioners," the apparent object of which was to make out that women are unfit to undertake any work requiring a grain of common sense. He quoted instances to prove that women have no originality or inventive power, and stated that the structure of a woman's brain unfits her to a large extent for man's occupation. He spoke of women's clinging tendril natures, sweet powers of sympathy, and such holy maternal longings, from which he concluded that nature had intended woman's sphere to be laid out in a direction other than that of a public professional life. The proven success of women in many walks of life requiring brains and a systematic use of them, ought to be evidence enough to those who would retard her progress, and consequently the progress of the whole race, that her "clinging tendril nature, holy maternal longings," etc., are not very serious obstacles in the way. The chief stumbling block in the way of the feminine advance is the shortsighted obstruction of men like Dr. Bridges and those who concurred with him. That there is not a crying need for women physicians in Canada is true, but Canada is not all the world. India, with its countless Zenemnas, is a fair field for women physicians, and there they will not interfere with the established rights of men as they threaten to do here. Many men have as plentiful a lack of originality as any women could be possessed of, and yet they are able to earn their living and do their duty to themselves and their neighbors, and nothing is said about it. Then again, the balance of power has been so long in the hands of men that in any profession they are able to conceal their mistakes better than women can. The latter are the targets for universal criticism when they undertake to enter any field heretofore considered the exclusive property of the male sex, and in spite of everything by which they are handicapped they are making no mean record in the race for success. It is narrow and ignorant in this age of advance to try and place obstructions in the way of the so called weaker sex. Whatever they can do, they should be allowed to do, and in order to see what they can do they must first have the opportunity given them.

Last year there were published in the United States 942 books of fiction, and 363 books of theology and religion. In England in the same time there were printed 1,040 books of fiction and 630 of theology. Poetry in the United States reached 171 volumes, and in England 133. In both countries theological books have fallen off in number from the previous year and fiction has increased.

The thought that English peasants could ever be so debased as to murder their children in order to secure the insurance on their lives is one from which we shrink, but that there must be much that is wrong in the present state of affairs is evidenced by the bill introduced in the House of Lords by the Bishop of Peterborough. The bill has for its objects the limiting of the sum for which the life of a child can be insured, and to secure that the money shall not come into the hands of the parents. It is disgraceful that such legislation is needed. If, as seems to be the case, parents cannot be trusted not to murder their children when their lives are insured, it would be better to forbid the insurance by law, but as we understand the Bishop of Peterborough's bill provides that the money shall be paid to the conductor of the funeral, it is scarcely probable that parents will see the advantage of insuring the lives of their children for the benefit of the undertaker. Thus the terrible temptation to murder will be removed from those unnatural parents who are willing to sacrifice their own flesh and blood for the sake of a few pounds.

The *Canadian Presbyterian* will find many people to agree with it when it says:—"The season for short sermons has again come around. It stands to reason that services should not be as long when the mercury is away up in the nineties as when the weather is moderate. No matter how pious a hearer is he cannot keep his attention fixed as long on any subject in hot weather as at other times. In fact there is no question of piety involved. The problem is one of physical endurance. And apart altogether from the convenience of the hearer it may do a preacher good to change his methods a little during the hot season. Getting into ruts is one of the besetting sins of the pulpit. A stern resolution to lop off and condense for a time may be just as useful to the preacher as it is agreeable to the hearer." It is not often that the mercury is up in the nineties with us, but it is often warm enough to make a long service very exhausting. A short, hearty service, after which the congregation will go to their homes in a cheerful and Christian frame of mind, is surely to be preferred to a long harangue which does little good beyond trying the virtue of patience to its utmost endurance.

Dr. David D. Toal, of New York, claims to have discovered a remedy for hydrophobia. Dr. Toal has been practicing for twenty years, and says that he has in that time treated hundreds of cases where people have been bitten by rabid or cross animals, and has never had a death from hydrophobia after the remedy had been properly taken. The prescription used by Dr. Toal is composed of the following ingredients:—Iodide of potassium, four drachms; tincture of Peruvian bark, two ounces; simple syrup, four ounces. For hydrophobia, either before or after the symptoms have appeared, the dose in ordinary cases is a teaspoonful three times a day after each meal. This to be continued one week. In cases where the symptoms are somewhat developed a tablespoonful is to be taken. Should the patient be in such a condition as not to be able to swallow, the medicine can be given by injection, and produces similar results. Instead of cauterising the wounds from dog bites or other animals Dr. Toal prefers to use a salve which, he affirms, acts very powerfully in drawing out the poison, if any has found its way into the system. The salve is composed as follows:—Extract of belladonna, one scruple; resin ointment, 1½ ounces. This is to be applied to the wound every four hours during the period that the former medicine is taken. This sounds much more pleasant than M. Pasteur's operations, and if reports may be credited is far more efficacious.

An English exchange states that Mr. Otto Goldschmidt is going to write a life of his late wife, Jenny Lind. "The American chapters in it should be amusing," it says, "and may serve as a corrective to the tales of Mr. Phineas Barnum there ament. But, should Mr. Goldschmidt make known fully all the influences which caused the retirement of Jenny Lind from the operatic stage he will satisfy a great and long expectant curiosity." It is scarcely necessary to correct the tales of Mr. Barnum if his recent words on the subject are correctly reported. A reporter asked Mr. Barnum if it was true, as stated, that Jenny Lind's grave was unmarked and neglected. The great showman replied that there was not a word of truth in it. "Bless my soul," said he, "how do things get into print?" The grave is marked with a simple cross, and is strewn with fresh flowers every day, and the most of them are sent by the Goldschmidt family." The following loving tribute to the Swedish Nightingale needs no comment:—"How could any one say that Jenny Lind's grave is neglected, and how could any one say that she died broken-hearted? Her whole life was a song. Her last days were spent in singing for indigent clergymen. She was the most charitable woman ever lived. I could make her cry in two minutes by telling her a story of poverty, and she always backed her tears with a purse full of money. It is a mistake to say that the fame of Jenny Lind rests solely upon her ability to sing. She was a woman who would have been adored if she had had the voice of a crow. She was guileless, great hearted, and her heart beat for the poor. She would have been known and loved if she had never sung a note. Of all the people with whom I have had relations as showman I became most attached to her. It was in 1850 she came to me. I had never seen her until I met her on the vessel that brought her over. Dear Jenny Lind's name will live forever, and that she was not loved to her last breath and that her grave is not covered daily with flowers is not true. Not true, sir. I hope the contradiction will be emphatic."