

near her muff, and she carried an ivory handled umbrella. Consequently the distinguished man of science replied as follows: "Madam, charity begins at home. When you have given up wearing ostrich feathers, which are plucked from the living bird, causing the most exquisite pain; and birds of paradise, which, in order to enhance their beauty and lustre, are skinned alive; when you have abjured the use of ivory, because you know that the tusks are cut out of the dying elephant's jaw—then, and then only, come and upbraid me with the cruelty of my operations. The difference between us is, madam, that I inflict pain in the pursuit of knowledge and for the ultimate benefit of my fellow creatures, you cause cruelty to be inflicted merely for your personal adornment."—*American Medical Weekly*.

THE USE OF NARCOTICS AND THE QUESTION OF RESPONSIBILITY.

The miserable but just fate of Lamson will not be altogether without its use if it convinces people who play with narcotics, whether alcohol or morphia, that they do so on their own responsibility. We may acknowledge the kindness of those who sought to found an argument for change of sentence on the abuse of morphia, but we cannot admire their wisdom. Where is such a doctrine to end? If it is to be accepted the law must take immediate charge of the thousands of people who are muddling their heads all day long with one poison or another—cocculus indicus, alcohol, morphia, bromides, chloral, and absinthe. The State will not at present forcibly compel the most incorrigible drunkard to abstain. Even some bishops prefer freedom to sobriety—if one can speak soberly of the freedom of an habitual drunkard. The clear doctrine for the present is—first, that men who use such things are responsible for using them, and for all that follows on their use; and, secondly, that in using them, the most predominant quality manifested is that of selfishness—a determination to have their sensations gratified, or their miseries drowned by what they know injures and impoverishes them, and all belonging to them.—*London Lancet*.

RIPE AND HEALTHY OLD AGE.—*Gaillard's Medical Journal*: A. Bronson Alcott has written all his poems since his eightieth birthday. Von Ranke, now eighty-six years of age, is writing his "History of the World." Whittier, over seventy, writes most of the morning, walks most of the afternoon, and often goes to a party in the evening. Longfellow, over seventy-five, read diligently, and collected material for future works! Oliver Wendell Holmes, over sixty, is bright, cheery, physically active, and mentally as strong and sprightly as ever. Walt Whitman, nearly sixty-four, the carpenter, printer and poet, the author of *The Leaves of Grass*, *Drum Taps*, and *The Two Rivulets*, is hard at work. Humboldt commenced the study of Hebrew at eighty. Victor Hugo, over eighty, is actively at work. Velpeau, clinician, teacher, practitioner, pathologist, working ten hours daily, made the time wherein to write and publish over eighty works, and died in harness. Von Graefe, whose clinic always lasted most of the day and on his practice far into the night, recorded his work every day. Sir James Y. Simpson, from whose doors the carriages of the nobility were turned away frequently, after vainly waiting to bring their occupants to the Doctor's door, wrote voluminously, held a daily Hospital Clinic, and lectured for an hour, three times weekly, etc., etc., and died in the midst of such labors, and yet many physicians, but little over fifty, say that they are too old to write, and are getting too old even to read. And many young men are too busy to write!!

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIED.

On Saturday, the 19th inst., at 169 Jarvis Street, by the Rev. A. H. Baldwin, Henry Going, M.D., to Frances Mary, daughter of the late Rev. D. E. Blake, rector of Thornhill.

On the 9th August, at the Central Presbyterian Church, Galt, by the Rev. J. A. R. Dixon, J. H. Radford, M.D., C.M., of Galt, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late J. R. Philip, M.D., M.R. C.S., England.

At Glencairn, Queenston, on the 9th August, by the Rev. Stewart Houston, R. J. Trimble, Esq., M.D., L. R. C. P., M. R. C. S. Ed., &c., to Maude Stuart, fifth daughter of the late W. A. Thomson, Esq.

At All Saints' Church, Whitby, on August 17th, by the Rev. — Fiddler, Dr. P. H. Bryce, M.A., L.R.C.P. and S., Edinburgh, Secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, Toronto, to Kate Lynde, second daughter of William Pardon, Esq., Whitby. No cards.

At the residence of the bride's father, 339 Church Street, Toronto, by the Rev. John M. King, M.A., D.D., John Ferguson, M.A., M.D., L.R.C.P.S., Edin., to Sarah Helen, eldest daughter of William M. Baird, Esq. All of Toronto.