

by a body of men, the majority of whom who could not now, and never could, have passed an examination, one-half as difficult as the matriculation examinations they ignore.

The action of the Council seems to be in the direction of making the matriculation examinations, and all the circumstances surrounding registration, more and more difficult and arbitrary. It is now almost prohibitive for our best class of men. No one will deny that the cream of our profession to day consists of men who have worked their own way.

This class is, under present regulations, practically excluded. Why should this be? To make a close corporation—a guild of the medical profession?

Certainly the sons of our most wealthy citizens may attain after years, to the required standard, with the especial certificates insisted upon. But everyone knows that in Canada our best men are self-made men, not only in medicine but in all walks of life. Prohibition, we believe, was actually discussed at the Council last June, from the fact that the ground taken was, that an effectual check must be put to the yearly influx of young men into the profession.

Our young men, and many of the best of them, are forced out of the province for their professional training. Witness, one American college where a large proportion—nearly half the students—are this year from Ontario. Are we in a position to afford such a drainage of brain power?

It seems certain that the regulations will have to be re-arranged, and it would be much better that this should be done by the Council than that the Legislature should be obliged to take the matter in hand.

#### MORAL DEGENERATION.

It is a well-known fact that the health and strength of a community may be judged by the conditions of its morals, and the morals of the literature of the period. For the mind to be healthy, a like condition of body is necessary, the old maxim, *mens sana in corpore sano*, being a trite recognition of this fact.

When a moral degeneration sets in, the existence, individual and national, is endangered.

As long as ancient Rome had a virtuous and hardy population to draw upon for her legions, her arms were ever victorious and wealth flowed into her coffers; but wealth brought luxury, and luxury in a few generations was followed by effeminacy and moral degeneration, and Rome succumbed to the hardy warriors of the north.

History ever repeats itself, and cautious observant scientists of the present day are viewing with alarm the obvious signs of degeneration so pointed out so skilfully by Max Nordau.

Nowhere is this better seen than in the meretricious, erotic and hysterical literature so fashionable in the larger centres of civilization, going hand-in-hand with the use of narcotic stimulants, and the vice of secret drinking—especially among ladies of the highest station—as every medical man knows.

On every side we see books written by men and women evidently the victims of sexual aberration, demanding in exalted, bombastic language, so ominous to alienists, the withdrawal of the barriers hampering “down-trodden woman,” making pleas, not for the elevation of man’s morals to a higher standard, but licence for woman to lower hers to the man’s.

The “woman who did” smiles brazenly at the “picture of Dorian Gray”; and “Dodo” wearing a “yellow aster” upon her manly breast, looks with pity upon Madame Sarah Grand’s “Cow-woman,” who has the bad taste to bear children.

There can be no doubt that literature of such a variety is capable of doing untold harm, especially to weak-willed hysterical subjects, already tending to “degeneration.”

The remedy must be drastic, and ridicule promises to be most successful.

Cervantes in “Don Quixote” struck a death-blow at knight-errantry, by his delicious wit and cutting satire. Dean Swift in “Gulliver’s Travels” also materially benefited his generation.

There are some writers at the present day endeavoring to stem the tide, “A Green Carnation” doing much to overcome the yellow aster. While “The Woman in Lilac,” by Lincoln Hunter, a Canadian writer rapidly coming to the front, will undoubtedly, if as widely read as it deserves to be, bring the “shrieking sisterhood” to their senses, if satire, and clever caricature of