



IN this Dominion it is only in Halifax that one comes in contact with the imperial services. But there, as in other garrison towns, the new titles of army medical officers (Surgeon-Colonel, Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel, Surgeon-Major, Surgeon-Captain, etc.) have caused some social perplexities and misunderstandings. Some medical officers object to being addressed as "Doctor," a few because they have never taken doctor's degrees, and a large number because they prefer the title indicating their military rank. The aspirations of these knights of the lancet, it is gossiped, is not for the unwieldy and mongrel style of "Surgeon-Lieutenant-Colonel" or "Surgeon-Major-General," but for the neat and martial "Colonel" or "General" or "Captain." "Surgeon-Major" sounds so like "Sergeant-Major" that it can hardly be coveted by these would-be warriors. Many army medical officers, it is fair to say, have no sympathy with these sticklers for etiquette, and are quite content with being called doctors, as they are likely to be, until people generally take the time to look up their proper but ponderous titles. Following suit, the veterinary surgeons in the army, I am told, have pressed for and obtained the martial titles of "Veterinary-Surgeon-Lieutenant," "Veterinary-Surgeon-Captain," etc. It is a compensation that the authorities have abolished the former lengthy titles of commissariat officers, such as "Deputy-Assistant-Commissary-General"—a rank so sonorous and imposing that Sam Slick "allowed" it would capture any girl in Onion County.

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At the beginning of the century army doctors had legitimate complaints to make regarding their status and titles. Dr. Henry, author of a pleasant anonymous

book, entitled, "Trifles from My Portfolio," has this note upon his first commission (in the time of the Peninsular war):—"I was in due course gazetted 'Hospital Mate' for general service in His Majesty's forces. The title grated in my ear at first, as cacophonous to the last degree; but one gets accustomed to disagreeable sounds. It has sunk since beneath the growing intelligence of the age, like any other barbarism of the middle ages." Dr. Henry had very varied and interesting experiences in the Peninsula and France during the war, at St. Helena (where he was present at the autopsy on Napoleon), in the East Indies, in Upper and Lower Canada during the rebellion, and in Nova Scotia. He had many friends all over British North America; his book was first published in Quebec in 1839, and the copy from which I quote was presented by the author to a Halifax lady.

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The last census returns show that the Roman Catholic Church is still growing in Canada and the United States. A character in one of Haliburton's works long ago declared it probable that Roman Catholicism would some day be the *established* church in America, judging from the figures of successive censuses. Quite independent of the merits or demerits of this great Christian church, its growth, especially among persons of the highest intelligence, is not surprising to me. Reasoning and inquiring minds, in their eager quest for religious or philosophic truth, are likely to drift temporarily into many creeds. These they may abandon one after another, as Socrates did in his time, disillusioned by some fallacy or contradiction. But once embracing a faith which asserts the infallibility of its high priest, which discourages doubt and bans disbelief, the active seeker after truth is fain to rest there and to welcome its re-