

treated at home, or if not at home, certainly with results equally cheering at a score of less renowned places within easy hail of their home and friends. The success of a very large number of both mineral water and climatic resorts is based in a spirit of unmitigated professional charlatanism, as Guy de Maupassant has pointed out with such inimitable derision in *Mont Oriol*.

The Province of Ontario alone offers within its confines all the geographical variety that any physician really needs; and while destined possibly to furnish acceptable summer resorts to less favored portions of the continent, may in the hands of the conscientious and sane physician, be studied to a more philanthropic purpose—I mean as a salubrious region for the treatment of the sick.

Convinced of this, and in a laudable spirit of inquiry, I lately decided to occupy my "studious leisure" with a scientific reconnaissance of some of the wilder regions of this province, and with the happy result that I can now authoritatively put forward the following itinerary as a satisfactory equivalent to the most delightfully remote and gravely expensive resorts known to fame, for one who feels ill enough to long for such healing (and aristocratic) haunts, but lacks time, and perhaps something else, for the experiment. Conscious that I am conferring a great benefit upon the human race, I have hastened in rather untechnical language, and with many idle digressions, I fear, to set down in writing a careful statement of the itinerary referred to. I regret to say that in my description of the regions explored it was not possible to retain the ponderous dignity usually observed by scientific writers upon this subject. This fault was not, however, so much mine as that of the subject.

*Imprimis*, I shall always be glad that I decided to wheel to the port of departure, rather than use the railway ticket which had been provided, for the long ride through the summer fields in the moonlight was a very pleasant experience, and it was on the highway, moreover, that I chanced to meet a friend who was afterwards my companion through the whole voyage. He was an unfortunate youth, and was having a good deal of trouble all by himself with the tires of his wheel.

I believe people have been known to be speechless with rage upon such occasions, but in the present instance I did not notice this phenomenon. In fact, I heard what he said. He did not want to be speechless. Having given him (though much shocked by the violence of his language) considerable aid, in the form of advice and cement, the grateful young man clove to me out of sheer gratitude, and the tire having been repaired, we rode away in the early morning dusk together. His name was Johan.

I was destined presently to succor him for a second time. It seems that he had (without medical advice) partaken of a large number of apples in that stage of maturity usually noticed early in July; and he began to complain straightway of a second complication, nearer home than the tire. I began to think that he was