

to her that the husband, whose loss had caused her to seek death's Lethe, had been a traitor and a hypocrite. He had come to his terrible death even while in the act of eloping from her with the wife of another man! She struggled back to life. Her heart seemed dead within her. Dead and hard, thoroughly turned to stone. Months passed. Time, the omnipotent, brought friends, charitable instincts, altruistic interest—finally more than friendship—love. Another man cared for her—cared to call her wife. They were married. Happiness was their's, happiness and perfect trust for half a dozen years. Then again the shadow, crueler, even more inexorable than before. The faithful, the patient, the tender husband was stricken down with mortal illness. He died with his hand in hers—her own to the end. She did not go mad; did not attempt to follow rashly into the unknown, which to him was now the known. She had loved him a thousand fold more than the other. But she was content to wait. She patiently put her affairs and his in shape. Days passed. A change seemed working in her. She had no specific disease, yet she was different. After a time she could no longer walk her daily way. One morning she did not rise from her bed. The next day she died. Easily, painlessly, contentedly, she let go and drifted out. The moorings that once she had not been able to sever with violence seemed quietly untied for her—perhaps by some Mightier Hand!

Do drug clerks ever make mistakes? If they do, ordinary people are not aware of it, and they keep the facts very dark, for, considering the thousands of prescriptions put up every day, it is rarely that a mistake is chronicled in the newspapers or made public in any other manner. In the course of a brief conversation with Mr. Chas. E. Jones, the well known Government street druggist, THE HOME JOURNAL learned of many mistakes made by members of the fraternity in Canada and the United States.

Mr. Jones related an instance of an error which happened in an eastern city: A physician sent in a prescription calling for a number of different medicines, and, among the number,

was a poison very deadly in its effect. The prescription called for an ounce of this, but the clerk knew the amount specified was out of all proportion to the amount necessary, and, without saying a word, on his own responsibility, changed it to a drachm. When the customer had left the store, he slipped up to the physician's office, near at hand, and told him that he received the prescription and asked him if it was not a mistake. The doctor was thunderstruck, and he rushed around for coat, hat and medicine case preparatory to saving his patient from poisoning. He was much relieved to learn that the drug clerk had overstepped his prerogative and had altered the prescription.

Here is another incident: A gentleman went into a drug store for a prescription containing a drachm of poison and asked to have it filled. When it had been put up, he asked the young drug clerk to copy the prescription for him, stating that he intended to have it filled at some future time. When the man had left the store, the thought struck the clerk that he had made a mistake in copying the sign of quantity before the poison and had made it read one ounce instead of a drachm. The thought was horrifying, and that accompanying it, that perhaps the man would have the prescription filled and the person filling it would not know the difference but would put up the entire amount of poison called for. If such a mistake was made, it meant death to the patient. With these thoughts, the young clerk was tortured all the evening, and he scarcely slept all night thinking of it. He called upon the prescribing physician the next day and stated that he desired to learn the address of the person purchasing the prescription. Receiving it, he next called upon his customer of the day before and asked to see the copy, learning to his own satisfaction that the mistake did not exist at all.

It is rarely that a mistake occurs with Victoria druggists, and the reason of this is the physicians here write their prescriptions legibly. In the United States, the old manner of writing a prescription is fast going out of use, and, in its place, the metric system is being adopted. Unless the doctor is hurried, he is not nearly as likely to

make mistakes in using the latter. The only indication of the quantity to be used is that given by the location of the decimal point, and mistakes are not nearly as likely to occur, or, if they do, they are so evident the clerk will note them at once. Drug clerks very seldom use the wrong ingredients in mixing their prescriptions. The most common mistake is in confounding morphine and quinine. Both are of the same color, are nearly the same in taste and in general appearance. The only difference is in the formation. One is flaky and soft, and the other is more brittle and solid, but to the person inexperienced it is almost impossible to distinguish them.

The average drug clerk must be a man of considerable experience and knowledge. He should have a fair knowledge of medicine and the treatment of disease; must read and write Latin, and must be familiar with the names of all the drugs that are under his care—something like a thousand varieties. He must know the strength of certain drugs and besides having his own special branch to learn, must possess, in a general way the knowledge of physicians of all schools. It is a fact little known, but it is true, that of all the prescriptions put up nearly one-quarter contain poison of some sort and the clerk literally takes a life in his own hands every fourth time that he puts up a prescription, for one mistake may mean the death of one or more patients. When the clerk puts up a prescription a common rule, supposed to be in force, but not always observed, is that he shall look at the label when he takes the medicine down and again when he returns the bottle to the shelf or to its place after using that required. Many clerks always observe this rule, but after a year or two of work they are likely to become careless in this respect.

The visit of Vice-President Stevenson afforded Victorians an opportunity of extending international courtesies to the second citizen of the great nation over the way, and they did so in a royal manner. Mayor Beaven looked every inch a mayor, and must have impressed the vice-president with respect for the municipal institutions which flourish under our monarchical form of government. The citizens were spon-