

cannot help it, nor can Mr. Costley, who compiled the statistics. Everybody, including belles and politicians, must contribute sometime or other to the column of deaths. Among the Bluenoses, the contribution was made as light as possible, amounting only to 12 in the 1,000. The number actually registered, amounted to 4,518; but allowance must be made for omissions. Poor little babies under three months old, contributed 447 to this total: 18 out of every 100 born, died before reaching the end of the first year. This seems appalling. There is no such mortality among the young of other animals. Dr. Wiseman assures me that much of the "slaughter of the innocents" is owing to what is called "bottle-feeding." The little one is deprived of his natural food, and then he has no choice but to droop and die, or to struggle up to a weak and diseased manhood. Like a shrewd little soul as he is, he prefers to give up the struggle in babyhood, and so he drops out of the race of life. Herod was never half as murderous and cruel as Mrs. Winslow, and the bottle-makers. It seems that in England, matters are worse than with us. We lose 18 babies out of every 100: the English lose 25 out of the 100. In England, 41 in each 100 deaths are of children under 5 years of age; in Nova Scotia, the proportion is only 28 in each 100.

The age at which death strike least frequently is from five to fifteen. This period of ten years gives only 7 per cent. of our aggregate mortality. Only 3 in each 1,000 of our population complete their century. In 1871, no fewer than 14 persons died in Nova Scotia, aged 100 years or upwards. Of these, 9 were women and 5 men. One of the men was a bachelor: and one of the women was a spinster. All the rest had been married, some of them three times. I need not suggest the elements of poetry, of comedy or tragedy that lie hidden under the last few figures. "The days of the years of our pilgrimage are few and evil," even when they reach 100. That poor old bachelor, and that dear old spinster were no doubt intended for each other's comfort and consolation. But the whole range of the Cobequid Mountains towered up between them, and there were no railways in the "days that they went gypsying, a long time ago." Think of the aching void in the heart of John Ross while he waited for the coming of Dorcas Hall. (I should have put it the other way; but no matter: it is all one now.) Nevermore need such life-long separations occur among us; for Leander may go to his Hero——John to Dorcas by rail.