

each year suffering from or nursing those sick with typhoid fever. Supposing that the time of the sick man and his attendant is worth only 50 cents per day each, then the actual money loss to the Province in time each year from this disease is not less than \$140,000. Add to this \$1,000 for each death from this disease and you will see that this disease is costing the people of Ontario not less than \$640,000 per year. An expensive luxury, is it not? But we have been looking at this matter only from the financial standpoint. Look at it from the humane standpoint and it becomes more appalling still. Statisticians coolly calculate the value of each adult to the state at \$1,000. But ask the mother whose son, just coming into a bright and vigorous manhood, has been stricken down with this disease, the value of that life, which has just been lost to her, and through her tears, she will look upon you as a madman. That life was worth to her more than all the gold which has ever been washed from the glittering sands of California, more than all the diamonds of Brazil—that life to her was beyond and above all financial consideration. Then typhoid fever strikes down those yet in the early morning of manhood and womanhood. If the value of the average human life is \$1,000, that of the average life which is cut short by typhoid fever is much greater. The young man has just ceased to be only a consumer, he is now a producer. He has been raised with care through infancy, his time and his father's money and his mother's labor have secured for him an education. Twenty years have been spent in the preparation for life, and now just as he promises to be a support and solace to his parents, as he prepares to make for himself a home, he is cut down by this disease, which owes its existence to man's ignorance and carelessness, a disease which in the great sanitary millenium which is coming will be no more known than is the black plague to-day. People of Toronto, how much are you paying to maintain this disease in your midst? how many lives are you sacrificing each year to this demon? The average death-rate in Toronto from this disease is about 8 per 10,000, and with a population of 150,000, which all of you will say is altogether too low, 120 of your men and women die each year from this disease. This alone is a money loss of \$120,000, and we will say nothing of the loss from sickness, of the many who are left

partial invalids for years and some of them for life. But you are ready to say that Toronto is a healthy city and its death-rate compares favorably with that of almost any other city as large as Toronto. Let us see about that. The death-rate from typhoid fever in Munich, which was in 1859 about 30 per 10,000, has been cut down, mainly by following the advice of Pettenkofer founded upon researches made by himself and his students in the famous laboratory of hygiene, to less than one per 10,000. The same results obtained in Toronto would save not less than 100 lives per year and prevent not less than 1,000 cases of illness. Is not this a work that is worth doing? Should it not appeal to the philanthropist, to the humanitarian, to the christians, to all the people, to the Government? It will appeal to all and, I predict, not in vain. The historian of 1887 will record to our shame that the death-rate from that dreaded, filth disease in Toronto in 1887 was as high as a 8 per 10,000. How is this great work to be done? Can it be done by following the advice of Pettenkofer to the citizens of Munich? In fact that advice can be followed. But typhoid fever depends upon local conditions and these local conditions must be investigated. The drinking water-supply must be investigated by the chemist and by the bacteriologist. The organic matter in the soil and in the air must be studied in the same way. Do as Munich did. Build and equip a laboratory of Hygiene. Furnish your Provincial Board of Health with the facilities, and a Canadian Pettenkofer will appear, whom the present generation will bless and whose name will be honored by the generations of the future.

In the past, the world has always given more honor to him who destroyed than to him who saved life. The pages of history are covered with the names of the heroes of battles, but have failed to mention, or have barely mentioned, the names of those who have walked in the pestilence in order to save life. Masters in art have spread upon the canvas the features of the tyrant and have left to the tyro to portray the saviors of mankind. The multitude cried, "great is Cæsar," and "to the cross" with Him who healed the sick and raised the dead. The London laryngologist might have removed a hundred tumors from the throats of as many plebeians and he would have been plain Dr. Mackenzie yet, but after he performed the