

problems must confer lasting benefit on the human family as such discoveries tend to relieve suffering or avert the ravages of disease.

The surgeon conceives the possibility of performing some surgical operation, (not hitherto performed,) but before submitting his patient to the risk of a doubtful operation, he experiments on a living animal. This he does purely in the interests of suffering humanity and with a view of curing some malady which has baffled his skill under other treatment. The medical jurist or toxicologist experiments on living animals to prove the action of certain poisonous substances with a view to the detection of crime or the saving of life by the administration of a proper antidote. Again, it may be desirable to ascertain the living functions of certain organs. How can this knowledge be obtained without experiment on a living animal. The vivisector can not employ one of his own kind for the purposes of research so that he turns to a living animal belonging to some other species. In the whole controversy, if controversy it can be called, there is, on the side of those who condemn vivisection an expression of excessive harshness almost amounting to rankling hate, at what they regard as the horrible and unnecessary cruelty of the experimentalists. On the side of the vivisectionists there is silence, firm and persistent. The opponents not only decry these acts, but endeavour by moral suasion to improve the perceptions of those who perpetrate them, indeed they go a step farther and would legislate against vivisection and check it by the lash and other inflictions, so that the looker on becomes bewildered, and wonders whether the dark ages are dawning once more on the world. As an illustration we copy the following amusing story from the *British and Foreign Medico Chirurgical Review* for April.

A lady who is ardently opposed to vivisection, and who would like to have the letter V branded on the right hand of every vivisectionist, was about to have a dinner party of ladies and gentlemen of her own opinion. The night preceding this great occasion she ordered of her intelligent fishmonger a crimped skate, and in the afternoon of the important day was astounded by the announcement of the cook that the fishmonger, Mr. Donald (his further name we have pledged ourselves not to divulge), had failed to send in the fish. In dudgeon our philanthropic lady, whose impulses were always ahead of her