

**Civic** *Suffer no uncleanness in body, clothes or Housewives. habitation.*—Benj. Franklin.

To think of Montreal, with its admirable supply of water, with the ingenious contrivances and means for disposing of garbage, and all the inducements to cleanliness right at hand, falling into disrepute and becoming known abroad as a dirty city is bad enough; but our latest advertisement is calculated to bring a blush to the face of a graven image. The men of Montreal have good reason to feel ashamed of themselves when their countrymen all over the Dominion, and their friends in the neighbouring States, learn that the women of the city (despairing of convincing us of our dirty condition by any other means) had to wait upon the civic rulers and petition and entreat them to believe that scrupulous attention to cleanliness is the surest means of restoring health to those who are sick and securing it to those who are well. It is now time to seriously consider the wisdom of turning over the civic housecleaning to our wives and daughters. Their recent action is conclusive evidence of the incapacity of the men of Montreal to govern the civic house.

**The Virtue of Vaccination.** The Medical and Surgical Society of Maryland, Virginia, recently listened to a lecture by Dr. Samuel C. Chew, in which the lecturer made a striking reference to the achievements of his profession in recent years. He very justly claimed that no century can compare with the present in the strides made both in the practice and study of medicine. He said that, if a citizen of our own times could be carried backwards and dropped down in the streets of London of a century ago, nothing that he could see would so greatly surprise him as the large number of faces marked with small-pox. There were then over five thousand deaths from that dread disease to each million people.

And yet, despite such testimony, there are thousands of present day people, and among them physicians, who deride the practice of vaccination not only as useless but injurious.

**Insuring the Queen's Life.** A very interesting subject of discussion has been set at rest by a correspondent of the "Daily Graphic" (Eng.). It appears that, during the progress of a recent poisoning case, the prisoner's counsel stated that the Queen's life was freely insured by her subjects. The statement was apparently made for the purpose of showing that the mere insurance of another person's life would not warrant suspicion of the applicant's motives. However, to clear up the confusion caused by the promulgation of the idea that any Briton could invest in a policy on the life of his Queen, the enquiring newspaper man called at the Prudential office for information. He found that the clever lawyer was correct, although his statement, without the explanation given by the insurance company, was well calculated to cause sur-

prise. It seems that there are hundreds of cases of people holding policies on the lives of the Queen and of the Prince of Wales. These privileged policyholders are not speculators, but have an insurable interest in the lives of the royal personages mentioned—the interest being leases of land or property expiring on the death of the Queen or the heir apparent.

**Fighting Funston.** The stories that are being told of **Editor, Botanist and Soldier.** the war in the Philippines, through the private letters of American soldiers, may not be pleasant reading; and many of President McKinley's countrymen may well be excused for openly opposing his policy of forcing upon the Filipinos, at the point of the bayonet, the advantages he desires to confer upon them. But it can, at least, be claimed for the campaign that Kipling's

*first-class fightin' man*

has had splendid opportunities for proving the truth of the saying that the best way for a soldier to gain promotion is to try to get killed, which is apparently what Colonel Funston, of Kansas, has been trying to do ever since he first found delight 'mid red tongues of flame and white flashes of steel. For his last feat of swimming a river under fire, Funston, who is hardly thirty-three, has been made a Brigadier General.

In 1887 Funston was city editor of a paper in Fort Smith, Arkansas. It was a Democratic sheet, and Funston, we are told, was a Republican. There was not enough in the work to fill his yearning for excitement. The editor went away for a couple of days and left him in charge. Next day the paper appeared as a Republican organ. The editor, summoned by telegraph, arrived in time to save his property from destruction at the hands of a mob.

"I didn't like my job, and I didn't like the town," said Funston, when explaining his conduct to his friends, "but I thought that I might as well let them know that I had been there before I quit."

The sketches of his life now appearing show him to be a modern soldier of fortune and a free-lance, finding the chief charm of life in fighting and dangerous adventure. After abandoning the editorial chair, Funston joined a government botanical expedition through Death Valley, and suffered fearful hardships; he next went to Alaska, was nearly lost in a blizzard in Chilcoot Pass, and was capsized in some dangerous rapids. In 1896 he joined a filibustering expedition to Cuba, and for two years Gomez gave the man from Kansas all the fighting he could find. Funston returned to New York in January, 1898, a physical wreck, and weighing only ninety pounds.

But, when war was declared, this ex-editor, botanist, free-booter and "first-class fightin' man" felt fit for further feats of valour, and as colonel of the 20th Kansas he has shown himself to be a perfect hero of romance.