

dual and affords us little comfort in the matter. Until further experience teaches us otherwise we are bound to go on, and not only secure the life, when we can, but also prolong the existence, if nothing more is possible, of the weakling, even if he, in the meantime, reproduces his kind and spreads abroad his doubtful influence.

Still, those of us who incline to the belief that it is better for the community that there should be a weeding out of the sickly may find good examples of the desired *end* even if we revolt at the means employed for its attainment. These might be styled cases of "artificial selection," and it reaches its highest state of perfection in old Laconia, where only sound, vigorous children were allowed to live. When a Spartan woman was found to be pregnant, they hung up pictures of the handsomest men about town in her bed-chamber so as to produce a favourable effect upon the fruit of her womb. It is upon this principle, we presume, that we so often find a more or less artistic representation of the three Graces in many modern rooms sacred to the goddess Lucina. I have not yet learned, however, whether that picture is intended to "impress" the expectant father or the mother.

If we really must have Asiatic cholera here next summer, or the following one, shall it find us prepared or unprepared? If the latter, will the consequent widows and orphans have a claim upon our city government? If a man trips over a deficient sidewalk or falls upon an icy pavement to the detriment of his long bones, he has good grounds for an action at law against the party whose duty it is to keep the pathways in proper order—why is it not then allowed to proceed against a corporation who wilfully and criminally poisons the people under its care by dirty lanes and deficient sewers, and by allowing them to live in reeking man-traps, facetiously termed tenement houses? As soon as the various officials and others connected with our local Health Office, get through squabbling among themselves, perhaps they will turn their gigantic intellects upon these questions, and consider them.

In Cable's "Dr. Sevier," the doctor is asked to subscribe towards an asylum overcrowded with orphans in consequence of a late epidemic of yellow fever, and while putting down his name for

a large amount delivers himself thus: "In old times we used to go into monasteries, now we subscribe to orphan asylums. Nine months ago I warned this community that if it did not take the necessary precautions against the foul contagion that has since swept over us, it would pay for its wicked folly in the lives of thousands and the increase of fatherless and helpless children—We deserved it!"

Then he reads the heading of the subscription list: "God in his mysterious providence—oh, sir!—what a foul, false charge! There's nothing mysterious about it! We've trampled the book of Nature's laws in the mire of our streets, and dragged her penalties down upon our heads!

A community has got to know these laws and keep them or take the consequences—and take them here and now, on this globe—*presently*."

Who has run away with the Protestant Insane Asylum? I wish somebody would clear out with the sectional differences that makes it impossible in this Province for Protestant and Catholic citizens to unite in supporting at least one good insane asylum near the city of Montreal. Let the local legislature give a *per capita* grant and the co-religionists of the patient make up the balance necessary for his proper treatment.

Looking at the Longue Pointe Asylum one is impelled to wish for a little less religion and a little more medical science in its internal economy.

Just what religion has to do with an Insane Asylum would puzzle most theologians to declare. I have always myself been under the impression that the various churches preferred their adherents in the sane condition and did not hold them responsible (after the legal style) when *non compos mentis*.

Miss Jewett's "A Country Doctor" is quite worth reading. There are many passages in it which remind one—at a respectable distance however—of the musings about our profession which dot the pages of "Elsie Venner." I actually came across a doctor the other day, and he was no mean representative of our Art, who had never read the latter book. I begged him, in view of the