

opinion from coroners all over the country is that the suicide acts without any thought of the suicide clause being left out of his policy, which goes to make him out more honest than wise. When one gets into the condition in which he has no regard for his own life, he is not likely to consider very much the welfare or happiness of others, no matter how near they may be to him by the ties of nature. It is a very good thing that those who are able to judge best of the inner workings of the suicide's mind, viz., the coroners who have to investigate each case, speak so definitely upon the point, otherwise we might be having the suicide clause again inserted into life policies, which would be, if not a great injustice, at least a great hardship to the friends of the unfortunate one.

TESTIMONIAL TO SIR JOSEPH LISTER FROM FORMER COLLEAGUES AND PUPILS AND WELL WISHERS.

To the Editor of the CANADA LANCET :

DEAR SIR,—Sir Joseph Lister having recently retired from active hospital and teaching work, the occasion has been thought appropriate for presenting him with a testimonial of the esteem in which he is held by his former colleagues and pupils, and Committees have, therefore, been formed in Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London for the purpose of raising the necessary funds.

It is proposed that the testimonial shall take the form of a portrait. Subscriptions have been limited to two guineas, and it is hoped that sufficient funds will be collected to permit of some memento of the occasion being presented to each subscriber of that amount.

As there are probably many surgeons in Canada who may wish to join in the movement, but whose names and exact addresses it has been difficult to ascertain, I should be glad if you would permit me to state that subscriptions may be sent to me at 29 Weymouth Street, Portland Place W., London, England, or to one or other of the following gentlemen who have kindly consented to act as Treasurers, viz. :—Dr. James Finlayson, 4 Woodside Place, Glasgow; Professor Chiene, 26 Charlotte Square, Edinburgh; Professor William Rose, 17 Harley Street, London W., England; Dr. Malloch, 124 James St. South, Hamilton,

Ont., or Mr. J. Stewart, M.B., Pictou, Nova Scotia.

I have the honour to remain, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

J. FRED. W. SILK,

Honorary Secretary.

P. S.—Two guineas are about \$10.23.

THE DECLINE OF MARRIAGE.—Mr. Grant Allen has undertaken to explain why marriage is less common than it was a century ago: "Thirty or forty years ago young men used to rush by blind instinct into the toils of matrimony—because they couldn't help themselves. To-day they shilly-shally, they pick and choose, they discuss, they criticize, they say foolish things about the club and the flat and the cost of living. They believe in Malthus! Fancy a young man who believes in Malthus! But they don't marry, and it is because they are less of young men than formerly. Wild animals in confinement seldom propagate their kind. Only a few caged birds will continue their species. Whatever upsets the balance of the organism in an individual or a race, tends first of all to affect the rate of reproduction. Civilize a red man and he begins to decrease at once in numbers. Is not the same thing true of us? Civilization and its works have come too quickly upon us. The strain and stress of correlating and co-ordinating the world we live in are getting too much for us. Railways, telegraph, the latest edition, has played havoc at last with our nervous system. We are always on the stretch, rushing and tearing perpetually. We bolt our breakfast, we catch the train or 'bus by the skin of our teeth. The tape clicks perpetually in our ears the last quotation in Eries, the telephone rings us up at inconvenient moments. Something is always happening somewhere to disturb our equanimity. Life is one turmoil of excitement and bustle. Financially, 'tis a series of dissolving views; personally, 'tis a rush; socially, 'tis a mosaic of deftly fitted engagements. Drop out one piece and you can never replace it. You are full next week from Monday to Saturday—business all day, what calls itself pleasure (save the mark!) all evening. Poor old leisure is dead. We hurry and scurry and flurry eternally. One whirl of work from morning till night; then dress and dine; one whirl of excitement from night till