

HEALING ART OR METHOD.

Medical Council to Seek Legislation Against Quackery.

Practitioners Must be Registered, and Stick to Medicine, Surgery and Midwifery.

Toronto, July 8.—"It shall not be lawful for any person not registered to practice medicine, surgery, midwifery or any other method of healing, or attempt to heal, attend upon or treat any person the subject of supposed to be subject of disease, for hire, gain or the hope of reward."

These are the phrases submitted by the Legislative Committee of the Ontario Medical Council recently to amend the present regulations. The report of the committee was read by Dr. Robertson, who said that both the solicitor of the council and of the committee were out of the city, and no further reference to them could be had at present. Dr. Britton desired to refer the whole matter back for legal advice as he feared more harm might be done by going hastily to the legislature than by delay. He was as anxious as anyone to stop the fraud.

Some difficulty was experienced in finding the phrase "method of healing." Art of healing had been suggested by the committee, but the council did not wish to admit that Christian Science, Viavism and such treatment were arts.

"If we don't call it an art when these people use osteopathy, theosophy and other things, what power would we have to stop it?" asked Dr. Ryan.

"How are you going to get at the Christian Scientists if you don't use the word Art?" asked Senator Sullivan.

Two separate clauses were dealt with, one applying to registered and

the other to unregistered practitioners, and Dr. Johnson objected to change the ancient formula in the former case.

"We are satisfied with medicine, surgery and midwifery. We don't want any other art of healing," he remarked.

"Is there any other art of healing?" inquired Dr. Britton. "Is Christian Science a reality? The wording would indicate that it is."

It was pointed out that the judges held that the practice of medicine implied the giving of drugs when the suggestion was made to adopt a rule defining what is meant by the practice of medicine.

Dr. Robertson stated that the solicitor had advised them not to make any attempt to define it. By doing so they would fall into the error they wished to avoid.

The penalty only applies to those who practice for hire, gain or hope of reward, and an amendment to omit this clause was defeated.

Dr. Johnson said he had no objection to people trying to do good if they thought themselves able. The evil lay in doing it for the hope of reward, when the public were liable to fraud. It was the law that these people were after, and if there was no reward for it the fake treatments would soon die out.

Anyone who advertises to give advice or gives advice will be dealt with in another clause of the bill, which will be drawn up for submission to the next Legislature.

Desert Water Trails.

Countless men and women have perished in the deserts of the southwest for lack of rain. Yet had they known how to find the water was there, often so close that a shallow well would have brought it, says the author of "The Land of Little Rain." There were numberless living things all about them, night traveling creatures, whose well worn trails would have led them to it. The trails begin far back in the scattering sands and hills and converge in a one span broad, white, hard trodden way in the gully of the spring, and why trails if there are no travelers in that direction?

The land is scarred by these thin, far roadways of rabbits and what not of furry folk that run in them. Venture to look for some seldom touched water hole, and so long as the trails run with your general direction you can be sure you are right. But if they begin to cross your path at never so slight an angle to converge toward a point to the left or right of your objective, no matter what the sign says or your memory tells you, trust the trails. Their makers know.

"Tips" in the Land of Tips.

Hundreds of men who are fond of sport are compelled, says the London Mail, to refuse tempting invitations to country houses because of the "tipping terror" which is in them.

Here is the little "bill" which confronts the English country house visitor:

The coachman or chauffeur.....20 10
The butler who smiles at him.....1 0
The man who valets him.....1 0
The head keeper who "places" him.....1 0
The under keeper who looks at him.....0 10
Total (\$20).....24 0

The above items are based on a three or four days' shoot. For a fortnight's stay the figures would be nearly trebled.

In one large house a collection box is placed in the room of each guest. Into this box the guest places a general offering to indoor servants.

The hostess holds the keys of the boxes, and these are opened at the end of the season, when the contents are divided equally among servants.

How Balzac Worked.

In twelve years Balzac wrote seventy-nine novels besides an abundance of tales and newspaper articles. When in full swing he led the life of a recluse, refusing to see even his most intimate friends. He usually went to bed at 8 o'clock, after a light dinner, and got up at 2 in the morning to resume writing. At 6 he took his tub, lying in the water one hour, after which he drank a cup of coffee. Werder, his editor, was then admitted to bring proofs, take away corrected ones and wrest, if possible, fresh manuscript from him. From 9 he wrote till noon, when he breakfasted on two boiled eggs and some bread. From 1 to 6 he continued his writing. For six weeks or so he would keep this up; then he would mysteriously disappear for months.

Bernier's Temptation.

Captain Bernier will have a Government ship in which to sail the Arctic Sea—but only to patrol the Canadian coast and put down smuggling. The captain will be under a terrible temptation to break away and make a dash for the Pole.—Hamilton Herald.

Whistling Women.

"It's a peculiar fact," remarked the observing youth, "that only one woman in a thousand can whistle." "Nothing peculiar about that," rejoined the man with the absent hair. "As long as a woman can talk she doesn't care to whistle."

BOUNDARY LINE STONES.

Canada-Maine Border Institution That Fools Authorities on Both Sides.

"Team to the boundary? Sure! Going over to take a look at Dewdrop Hollow, eh?"

The lively stable keeper at Houlton expressed a friendly interest by his tone, as he referred to the expedition in hand. He has let many a rig to go to the boundary. In fact, that branch of his business is important. The pilgrims to the boundary from Houlton are ever on the move. They go by day and by night. They include residents and strangers, rich and poor, young and old, white and Indian. The lodestone at the boundary never loses its drawing power, and many Maine men fly to it like steel filings to a magnet.

It is two and one-half miles from Houlton to the international line, out the broad, and rather rough and hilly military road. No road in Maine is traveled by such hosts of the thirsty as this stretch from Houlton to the line. It is worn down to the bed rock in places by the wagon wheels and shoe-taps of the pilgrims.

From the top of a high hill the vale in which lies the international line can be seen a mile off. The line here runs north and south, as it does for 75 miles in all on the eastern border of Maine. More than 60 years ago the United States and England came near getting into a war over the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick, but a compromise was reached by laying a ruler on the map, due north and south, from the head waters of the St. Croix River on the south, to the St. John River on the north. This line was marked with iron posts at frequent intervals for the whole 75 miles, thus enabling the smuggler and the illicit dealer in liquor to determine the location of the line to an inch, and govern themselves accordingly.

For 65 years the activities of both these gentry have made the boundary the scene of many a lively incident. Revenue collectors have grown grey dealing with the former, and reformers have wept with chagrin at their vain efforts to cope with the latter.

The smuggler in these parts in much like all smugglers. The liquor seller is a special product of a brand seen nowhere else. His medium of activity is the "line store," so-called, generally built partly in one country and partly in the other. There are not less than 17 of these establishments along the 75 miles of the straight line that forms the eastern boundary of Maine. Three of these are at Houlton.

The first evidence of the presence of the Houlton line store greets the traveler as he dips into the valley of the boundary. It is a large white sign, at the juncture of a rough woods road, with the main highway. On it are the words, "Boundary Line Store, J. Wise." A hand points down the woods road, on which no house can be seen.

For nearly half a mile, through solemn woods, dense and quiet, where the trees cast a twilight gloom even in early afternoon, the road must be followed before the establishment of Mr. Wise is reached.

THE BAND OF RONINS.

A Gory Story to Prove the Loyalty of Japanese Servants.

The other day I found amid a great wealth of old theological material, now dead, a curious little book printed in Tokyo in 1892 called "The Story of the Forty-seven Ronins" and purchased it at once for the love of the covers. The Ronins seemed to have been the servants of some noble of Japan who had been killed at the hands of another Japanese lord, and it had become their duty as faithful servants to kill their master's enemy. The way they went about it was the story.

Of course the party of the second part was not anxious to be killed and took every precaution. The forty-seven, knowing what he would do, took to drink and dissipation. They apparently gave up all purpose of revenge. They were often seen drunk on the streets of Tokyo or playing at blindmen's buff with geisha girls. Some of them even quarreled with their wives and divorced them. The noble lord, hearing through his spies what the Ronins were doing, settled down into fancied security and heaved a sigh of relief.

This was what the Ronins wanted. When a spy reported to them this state of affairs, they immediately prepared for action. One night they broke into the noble lord's palace, killed his guards and servants and appeared before him in his own apartments. Prostrating themselves, they said:

"We would beg your honorable lordship to commit harakiri."

When the honorable one could not see his way clear to this course, they killed him, took his head to their former master's tomb and offered it to him, with their regards.

But the shogun's officers of the law, hearing what had been done, now appeared on the scene and informed the forty-seven Ronins that, the law having been violated by the tumult, they were requested to commit harakiri.

The forty-seven, seeing the justice of the request, immediately disemboweled themselves and so honorably died. The tombs of these noble and faithful men at once became renowned and were visited by many pilgrims. One man who had insulted some of the Ronins while they were drunk and dissolute, seeing now the true state of the case, appeared at the tomb and disemboweled himself as a mark of his sorrow at his mistake and of his respect for their memories.

The writer of the story tells of a visit to the graves of the Ronins. Incidentally he mentions that just before his arrival there another Japanese, as a testimony to the faithfulness of these disinterested and noble servants, had been disemboweling himself at the graves, and the scene of his death struggles and the blood on the soil were pointed out by admiring natives.

This story shows something of the character of the loyal Japanese. Will they die for their country and die for their emperor?

With pleasure.—Minneapolis Tribune.

A DREADFUL PEST.

The Cape Sable Horsecy of the Lower Florida Swamps.

A dreadful pest of the lower Florida swamps is the Cape Sable horsecy. Specimens measure an inch and a quarter in length. Their bite draws blood like the thrust of a knife. Imagine a swarm of them darting around one like so many humming birds! Fortunately they are not, at least early in the season, particularly inclined to attack man. The only domestic animal that can live in this country is the mule, and even his tough hide requires a flyproof stable for his protection and a suit of armor when outdoors. One day I engaged a mule and tipcart to save several miles of weary lugging along the strip of prairie before we struck off into the interior to visit a great rookery. When the guide brought the animal, it presented a truly remarkable appearance, clad in a suit of burlap that would have afforded complete protection, save that the legs of the "trousers" had been slit down, as the animal could hardly have been induced to put them on. So the flaps hung dangling about the legs, the ears projected above, and the calm eyes gazed out through the loopholes, surveying the swarm of flies and the stranger. We left him tied to a palm tree for the day. At dusk when we returned the legs of the poor beast were dripping with blood, and he was fairly frantic with pain. We had a stormy experience in harnessing him, having to be very sly to avoid being killed by the flying hoofs.

A Brute.

Young husband—I dreamed last night that your mother was dying. His wife—Brute! I heard you laugh in your sleep.—New York Times.

A woman does a lot of thinking trying to figure out whether the baby is going to be a great man or a good man.—New York Press.

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That Consumers who take out Permits before the first of July and January in each year, will be allowed a rebate equal to the increase.

It is desirable that you take out Permits at once, as if postponed until the last of the month, it will be impossible then to attend to all.

ALEX. BURCHILL,

Superintendent

Fredericton, June 15, 1903.—dlr

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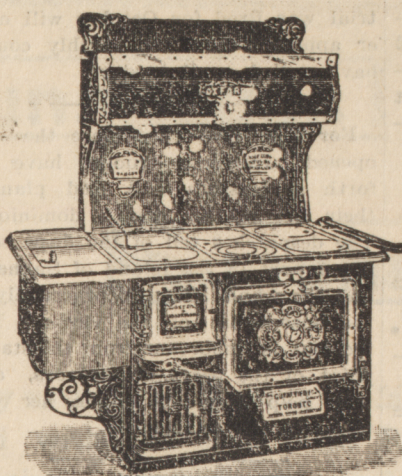
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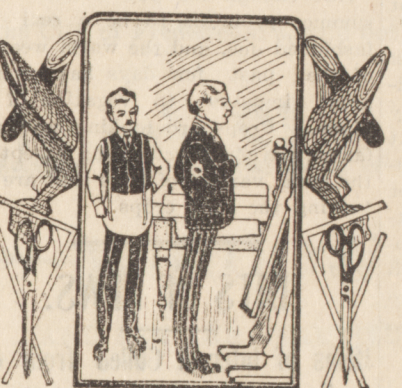
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