

12,500 out of the 50,000 'funeral marches to the grave' that take place in the gayest city every year.

Here, as in the olden lands of Europe and the unchanging East, tuberculosis is the 'ard-righ' or over-king of all the ills that flesh is heir to. Where bubonic plague, small-pox, scurvy, typhus, and relapsing fever slay their thousands, tuberculosis kills its tens of thousands. Those diseases were for a long time the pathological terrors of mankind; but they have been almost completely banished from the surface of the earth. Medical science and actual experience in Germany, have demonstrated not alone the possibility, but the probability of consumption and all its allied disorders being extirpated also. But the problem is too vast for voluntary effort. The melancholy figures published annually in our 'Year-Book' are sufficient proof that it is a matter of national importance to grapple with it. And the crusade might well fall within the many-sided activities of a Government which has one hand on the throttle-valve of an express engine, and with the other grades butter and cheese and slaughtered Dorkings for the Home market—like that wonderful limb, the elephant's trunk, which can at will pile a quarter-ton of lumber or pick a number six sewing needle from the ground. General contagious diseases hospitals are not sufficient. Particular wards or special attendance in a general hospital are equally worthless. Two years ago, at the Conference on Tuberculosis in Berlin, Professor Weber said: 'For the majority of cases, treatment in sanatoria should be preferred, but for the poor it is a necessity.' And he added: 'The erection of numerous sanatoria for the people is therefore a national requirement for the cure, the prevention, and the extermination of tuberculosis.'

In this, as in every branch of Christian charity, the Catholic Church has taken an early and prominent place. Among the first in the field with the new methods of combating tuberculosis were the Sisters of Marie-Auxiliatrice (Our Lady Help of Christians). A great consumptive sanatorium was erected by them, in the years 1878-80, at Villepinte, some twelve miles north-east from Paris, in the Department of Seine-et-Oise. Maxime du Camp described it as 'the most beautiful hospital in the world.' There are over 300 happy patients within its broad boundary—women, girls, and young children. They have another splendid establishment for consumptives at Hyeres, and, we believe, have thus far escaped the insane fury of M. Combes' policy of expulsion. France has altogether some fifteen public consumptive sanatoria, such as we need in New Zealand, with 1531 beds, and twelve private establishments with 412 beds. Scotland has moved to some purpose in the matter. Switzerland started, in 1893, a National Fund for Poor Consumptives, and (according to a recently-published medical work before us upon the subject), the little mid-European Republic 'bids fair to be the best equipped with institutions for the treatment of the disease among the less well-to-do.' The German Fatherland originated the now universal 'open-air cure' or 'Nordrach treatment' of consumption. It still leads the way, with close on forty sanatoria in which the poor are treated free, and (since 1900) with day sanatoria for workmen. In Prussia alone, the crusade against tuberculosis has had the happy result of diminishing the death rate from the burrowing bacillus from 31.4 per cent. before 1899 to 21.7 per cent. in 1897.

In this matter Germany furnishes an object lesson which the New Zealand Health Department might well take in more haste to follow. Several years ago, in advocating the establishment of public consumptive sanatoria in New Zealand, we said: 'Such a project would run small risk of suffering from lack of pence in New Zealand. The funds could be provided by (1) State aid, (2) by public subscriptions, (3) by the formation of associations working on the lines of the "Caisse Nationale," and of the German "Societies for Convalescent Institutions"; (4) by the contributions of benefit societies, trades unions, and life insurance companies, and (5) by the fees received from patients who are in a position to pay for treatment. Questions in the realm of "higher politics" presenting far greater practical difficulties have found a solution in our local Parliament. And this is one that, in the public interest, deserves and should receive immediate attention and a satisfactory and permanent settlement.' Yet, still we delay and dally.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL

VI.—THE THOUSAND ISLANDS OF THE WEST.

By the Editor.

'Round many Western islands I have been.'
—Keats.

It is April 15 as these lines are being chucked out at a merry rate on the flying keys of the type-composing machine. It is the first anniversary of the day when I sailed out, on the Canadian-Australian ship *Moana*, from Victoria, the island-capital of British Columbia, to Vancouver, where her human freight of over two hundred passengers was to bid her good-bye and set their feet upon the mainland of the American continent. It was a bright, pleasant northern spring day. The sun was shining like a blessing from heaven. In the gently-stirring clear air you could almost count the twigs upon the cedars and the firs up the slopes that stretched away behind Victoria. The sky was as fleckless a blue as you see in the early summer days in the Swiss Engadine, or above the green irrigated valleys that wind away to east and west from the lower slopes of Canigou, in the Eastern Pyrenees.

We took on board at Victoria a new and

Welcome Addition

to our numerical strength: baggage officers, ticket-agents, and a cloud of sturdy porters—all sent to our aid by the courteous and greatly appreciated forethought of the Canadian-Pacific Railway corporation. Customs officers also boarded the ship and accompanied us on our way—the most urbane that I had met in a tolerably wide experience of travel. The vessel had scarcely got well under way when they were busy chalking their strange hieroglyphics upon the passengers' luggage, on deck and in the cabins, almost as fast as it came under their indulgent eyes. Down in the saloons, the Canadian-Pacific ticket-agents were as busy as lamp-lighters giving ready information and kindly travel-hints, and issuing tickets to all parts of Canada, the United States, and Europe. In the meantime the baggage officials were fast emptying the luggage-hold and the cabins upon the upper deck. In the days when the footpad and the brigand infested the world's highways, it was a motto that he travelled safest who travelled lightest. Pugin, for dear comfort's sake, perambulated all central Europe, studying the glories of Gothic architecture, with no impedimenta save a sketching-block, an overcoat, and a Saigey Gump umbrella. Only the roving bicyclist enjoys such heroic simplicity of touring-attire nowadays. Your old and experienced tourist, however, whether by land or sea, will cut down his baggage to the irreducible minimum. *O si sic omnes!* A glance at the baggage-room of any ocean-going steamer, or at the littered upper-deck of the *Moana* on that April morning, reveals the fact that the average tourist, and especially ladies that go down to the sea in ships, encumber themselves with almost as many wraps, rolls, valises, portmanteaux, boxes, trunks, and heaven knows what besides, as if they were setting out on a three-years' cruise with Nansen to the Farthest North. For all, but in quite a special way for your cumbrous travellers, the courteous Canadian-Pacific baggage officials, and the system of dealing with

Passengers' Luggage

prevalent all over North America, are blessings of the highest order. On production of travelling tickets, luggage was checked on the *Moana*, labelled, taken over, and sorted out with swift and business-like decision according to its destination; and passengers were left free to enjoy to their fullest bent the moving panorama of beauty that lay along our route.

A few days' experience of the Canadian and American and Continental European systems of dealing with passengers' luggage leaves one plunged in a state of puzzled wonder that the travelling public should continue to tolerate the risky and haphazard method that is still permitted in Australia and New Zealand. Here, on arrival at one's destination, each individual passenger rushes, pushes, and struggles before a rough barrier in front of the luggage van, identifies his belongings as best he can amidst a long and tangled pile of boxes, valises, hat-cases, wraps, trunks, swags, perambulators, bonnet-cases, drummers' samples, and household furniture, and makes a dive to seize and hold his own before the festive 'crook' or 'magsman' can remove them to that bourne from which stolen goods do not return. On the Cana-

Hancock's "BISMARCK" LAGER BEER

NEW ZEALAND'S
NEW INDUSTRY.