

McDowell, Atlee, Peaslee, Sims, Lawrence, Watson and hundreds of others which have been blazoned on the scroll of Fame.

Ian Maclaren has with burning pen told of one who was, I am proud to say, but a type of the true physician. Then, as now, the family doctor rode through mire and mud, turned night into day and risked limb and life in efforts to succour the sick, heal the helpless, and aid the mother in her agony. What were his rewards? Were they, as in the days of Hippocrates, garlands, gifts and works of art sublime, such as the golden statue presented by the people of Argos? I trow not. In many cases, I am safe in saying, he was paid as now, with wood short in measure and *queer* in quality, or hay heavy with a night's rain, having been loaded the previous evening and left out to get the dust laid properly! But while the old family doctor had a wide field in which to practise, and the whole of the human anatomy to keep in repair, the practitioner of to-day not only has to contend with our crowded ranks, but has his share of the *corpus* (not corpse), so narrowed down by the eye and ear specialist, the nose and throat, the thoracic, the genito-urinary, the orthopedic, the nerve and rectal specialist, the gynecologist, and dermatologist, that nothing will shortly be left but the umbilicus, and even that may be claimed by the laparotomist.

We are to-day, to use a Darwinian phrase, "the victims of an untoward environment," a pauperizing paradox. The State calls upon us for statistics and gratuitous services in sanitary matters and preventive medicine, gives grants to hospitals instituted primarily for a charitable and noble purpose, but now affording free or nearly free medical and surgical aid to people, who, though well-to-do, are mean enough to claim the privileges of paupers.

Among the other leeches that suck the life-blood of the general practitioner are the patent medicine vendors, the manufacturing chemist, and, shall I say it, yes, the repeating and prescribing druggist or pharmacist as he now calls himself. When formerly each member of the family would, on some occasion, consult the doctor, now the old man either takes K. D. C. or Warner's Safe Cure, or hies away to a hospital and gets put to rights at the rate of \$14, \$12, \$8, \$6 or \$2.80 per week according to his ability to lie about his worldly circumstances. The old lady takes Celery Compound, or drops into the hands of the gynecologist, the son takes secret remedies for secret vices, G. and G. or Cr. and C. Capsules, while the daughter takes Pink Pills for Pale People, or perhaps sits at the feet of that princess of modern fakirs, the Christian Scientist, paying therefor the modest fee of \$100 for a brief term.

Instead of fees, he (the general practitioner) frequently gets