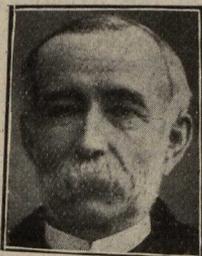


our profession and also in the participation of all the promises and illimitable possibilities which our great prairie Provinces present us—are still before us and have to be faced and overcome. Canada is certainly not for Canadians—it really is the dumping ground for the Japanese, who, each week, are landing on our shores more than one thousand souls. During the early part of, in fact all through the seventies—and even through the early years of the eighties—no State of the American Union had any medical license laws, and as a result hundreds of our duly qualified men and holders of Canadian degrees, found homes and peaceful enjoyment in their practice there, even under a foreign flag. These self-expatriated young men were the



James S. Sprague.

And if at times beside the evening fire
You see my face among the other faces,
Let it not be regarded as a ghost
That haunts your house, but as a guest who loves you.

—*Longfellow.*

stated, were regularly graduated in medicine, and were well received, and recognized for their worth. Yes, easily separated from the quack, who had equal rights for a season.

These lines are written with a thorough knowledge of medical life and interests, confirmed by long residence in a trans-Mississippi State, in which, and in neighbor States and territories many fellow-graduates were in active practice. When I reflect upon the average worth and wealth to every community, of an average citizen, and think how much our Province has lost and will lose, in fact is losing—and that our prairie Provinces are losing good citizens—young doctors—by their unjust medical legislation in regard to licenses, I grieve to think that there are none to arise to champion the rights of our young men