

we think, yet do not, if so, in a visionary manner and not as philosophers or careful thinkers, and too often are we influenced even, thoughtfully directed, in our insouciance in seeking the agenda et corrigenda.

Can each of us say, with Harvey: "My trust is in my love of truth and the candour of cultivated minds"? If so, do we observe these admonitions in our daily studies, when we accept as the classics the praises of a patented dope by an arch-enemy of medicine—even by one who treacherously states he is one of our flock, and his article appears in our journals?

This very day, even in five medical journals, I behold an attempt, an article, with carefully arranged words, entitled: "Another Phase of the Proprietary Question." Brother, if the four or five hundred medical journals of the United States and Canada were before you, you can read it, for it is evident the proprietary medicine companies' organization had the contract in its widespread publication. Read the article carefully, re-read it. It is needless to tell you that things in it are not as they seem, or really not as stated. Brother, such is the literature too often presented, and it is so seductive that, if you do not think, it catches you very badly and your pocket-book too, and, to give you fully the truth, we are evidently *easy marks* for the proprietary companies, and especially marked as such by druggists who chance to see our weakness in pharmacy. To be convinced, ask your druggist in reference to the last-named statements; ask him to give you his candid views, and if you are not too stubborn he will free your mind "from many silly notions," and you will regret you do not know pharmacy, for, if you did, few patent dopes would you prescribe, if not abandon. Read carefully the lines of Epectetus to confirm the worth, if worth there is, in this article, for these lines are *apologia mea*—the incentive. However, brother, if you are trying to enrich the proprietaries—who are no friends to honest medicine—you I have offended, and although demanding and wishing to extend all charity, and requesting the same in return, it is well, even advisable, for you to write in large letters the words of the old Roman, Epectetus, on the tablets of your memory, for "Rightly to aim in all these cases is the wise man's task" most assuredly.

*"Prudens advertit ad gressus suos stultas divertit ad dolor."*

With papers before me that announce the names of candidates for position as members of the Senate of Toronto University, I, only an adopted son, and really the possessor of no parchments to prove the fact of my enrollment among its lists of graduates, most painfully notice that of the fifty-two candidates only seventeen live outside the city of Toronto. It is gratifying, probably,