

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.*

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IT is supposed by some that the general practitioner will soon become extinct. Although that seemed possible or probable a few years ago in some cities, such as New York, Chicago, etc., it appears that the pendulum is swinging the other way, and the family physician is now considered a necessity in most homes. There is perhaps no member of an ordinary community who comes more prominently into view than the doctor. He must run the gauntlet of criticisms very varied in character. Sometimes these criticisms are harsh and unjust, but on the whole we have no cause to complain. One of the finest characters ever described was Dr. McClure. How many such there are we know not: but there are a few—perhaps many. We might name one—Gawn Shaw Cleland of Toronto, who “crossed the bar” last January. The *Toronto Globe*, in an obituary article, said respecting Cleland: “He was loved and respected by his patients and was looked upon throughout the community as another Dr. McClure.”

He it was or such as he that Sir Luke Fildes had in view when he painted that great picture, “The Doctor,” nineteen years ago. Mitchell Banks, of Liverpool, England, made the following reference to it in 1892: “Of the hundreds of medical men who have stood before that picture I am sure there was not one whose pulses it did not quicken with pleasurable pride, or who left it without thinking that it already had been, and again would be his privilege to fight against pain and suffering and death like his colleague on the canvas. Note where the scene of the picture is laid, not in some rich man’s mansion, but in a workman’s cottage. With admirable skill the painter has pitched on the early hour of morning for the time. . . . The sick child, worn with the raging fever, lies spent and exhausted. Till then the parents have been fighting on with their nursing: soothing, caressing, encouraging their little one, and hoping against hope seems all that is left to them. And there sits their friend—the gentle doctor—watching with them, and still puzzling his brains to think what more he can devise to stay the lamp of life from flickering out. He is no courtly physician, no London specialist, that man (thank God!). He is only a country doctor. But his somewhat rugged face tells of honesty and common sense, and self-reliance, and gentleness. What more do we want? The men that look like that man, whatever be their business or trade or profession. what-

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