

a symptom of change for the better. I was up against it. It really seemed to me that I was commanded to stand still and see the glory of God. And thus I stood for a number of minutes, hands in my breeches pockets, powerless. All at once, like a flash of lightning, I saw the remedy. I seized my hat, called for a lantern and umbrella, and started for my office on a run. I snatched Herring's condensed materia medica from the shelf, and turned to *cinchona officinalis*, I found the case perfectly covered by that remedy. I immediately returned to my patient with a vial of the thirtieth of the drug just mentioned. No change had occurred during my few minutes absence, and I hastened to place a single minim of *cinchona officinalis* 30x upon her tongue. That was not much of a thing to do, was it? But the result! I would to God that every physician upon earth could have seen it. About three minutes after taking that most potent drop, she threw her hands above her head and cried out, "My God! what have you given me?" fell back upon her pillow and immediately began to snore. Of course, everybody in the room was alarmed and sprang forward to help her to a sitting posture. But I stopped them, commanded them all to leave the room but the nurse, assuring them that the storm was over, everything was all right, and she would recover if not awakened from this sleep. She slept several hours, and in two weeks was walking in her garden. Not many months later she died from organic lesions of the heart.

Such miraculous demonstrations of medicinal power are not common in the practice of the best prescribers: but they do occur with sufficient frequency in the experience of him who is working by the law to keep him in a state of expectancy, and we are very likely to find that for which we seek. There are many reasons why we cannot always attain to all that is desirable in the line of cure: but I

stoutly maintain that the man who recognizes the existence of a law of cure and is governed in his prescribing thereby, will be rewarded with a uniformity of success that he never knew before, and will see results that are absolutely impossible under any other method. This assertion I can substantiate by any reasonable amount of evidence, and if this too lengthy paper be received in the spirit in which it is written, I shall be too glad to do all I can to convince my brethren of any and all schools that God has given His children a law of cure for the ills of the body. This is the burden of my cry. I do not care a rap of the gavel for the name, homœopathy. Neither do I contend for high potency. If a man hew close to the line, prescribe the drug indicated by the symptoms, or the one capable of causing the symptoms found in a given case, he will learn very soon to dread said drug in the crude, and will be only too glad to climb the potency ladder.

So in this discussion I would be glad if we could drop the name of my own or any other school, and let us stick to the text: Is there a law of cure? I will close by stating, as intimated in my note in the last number of this journal, that since the bedside experience last related I have never doubted for a moment that there is a beautiful law of cure, and I endeavor to apply it in all cases coming into my hands. The past thirteen years of my professional life have been infinitely more satisfactory than those preceding them. I am not only willing but very anxious to help anyone into a knowledge of this truth: for I really think that the millenium in medicine will have dawned when the medical world shall have recognized the fact that there is a law of cure.

In cases of long continued cough, not of consumption, *Narcissus* 1 often acts brilliantly in lingering bronchitis, whooping or nervous coughs.

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