

would allow eight members to present original communications at each meeting, this would be altogether too many for the limited time at our disposal, consequently, if four members would undertake to supply the material for each meeting only one half of the Society would have an opportunity of being heard from in communications. It is my intention, with the acquiescence of the Society, to devote at least four of these nights to symposia dealing with the several aspects of selected subjects, conducted by gentlemen who have paid particular attention to the various branches discussed. I think that by doing this we will be able to increase the quality of the papers produced and the interest of the general members. This method has been tried in some of the large societies on the other side of the line, also in the old country, with great success. I am aware that it is more difficult in a Clinical Society to have these symposia than in other medical societies. I feel that if the Fellows will interest themselves in the matter that they can make their communications all have a purely clinical basis. It is my painful duty to refer to the great loss this Society has sustained in the death of Dr. Bertram Spencer, one of its oldest members and most regular attendants. He was a gentleman whose personality was exceedingly pronounced, whose enthusiasm in his profession was great, and whose interest in the Clinical Society was always apparent. The Society has lost a valuable member, and the profession in general has lost a faithful and upright worker.

In looking about me for a subject on which to make some remarks at this opening meeting, I was at a great loss to find one that would be of general interest to everybody, and still not one that had been over-worked. While I was contemplating this matter I received from a physician on whom I had operated a year before, for the removal of a prostatic obstruction, the following communication which caused my thoughts to drift towards the prostate:

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—A year ago last night I entered St. Michael's, and a year ago either to-day or to-morrow I was on the operating table. I am sending you this line to report results. Probably the best way I can do so is to give in detail my work on Monday last. I commenced at 5 a.m., and attended two confinements—one a breech presentation, drove in all during the day forty miles over rough roads, attended to three other patients, and wound up at 10 p.m. with two life insurance examinations. A pretty good day's work for any man I think. Slept the sleep of the just that night, and except feeling properly tired was all right the next day. I am really very well, and except that I have to take things slowly, feel as well as I have any time this last five years. When my