

duty of each Fellow of this Academy to do his share, even more diligently than in the past, in the work of helping along in the struggle that is bound to effect such greatly needed health reforms, such valuable achievements for the benefit of mankind.

Here then is a great field in which we may work and do much good, and as our work can be best carried out where it can be focused as in this special health organization of our Medical Society I would appeal to the fellows to stand by this department and keep it alive in our Academy.

There are now in this Academy six factors or sections, and these divisions have been made in order that the fellows shall have opportunity in these special departments to devote undivided attention to the special lines of medical science in which they may be engaged or more particularly

interested, it being found that these sections with their own officers and interested members can deal more quickly and effectively with the special subjects than is possible at one general meeting of the society. By this means more is accomplished for the general good of the Academy, for its fellows and indeed for the general advancement of medicine.

We are here to-day members of the State Medicine Section and let us now clearly, see and realize the importance and necessity to this Academy of so useful a division as our own. And now I would make bold to state that if our members will remain to do duty and to stand by this department it will be found in the not very distant future that this now feeble section will surely become the strongest and most powerful factor in the life of the Toronto Academy of Medicine.

THE GREAT WAR

By HALL CAINE

Medical science makes no half measures now. Consumption is curable, it says, and in saying that it deals a death blow to the old theory of heredity.

I remember that in my youth we used to think consumption ran in families. We looked with dread at the closed doors of the farmhouse in which the pestilence had once appeared, and thought of the family within as of people living under an hereditary doom. The Angel of Death had passed their way and made his mark on their doorpost. "It's John now; it will be Jane next," we used to say, and the sense of hopeless subjection to a kind of curse so seized upon the sufferers themselves as to shorten the already abbreviated span of their lives.

"It's a fate, I tell thee; they cannot run away from it," people would whisper, as the members of the smitten family died off one after another, until the household was altogether gone, the house utterly empty, and the hearthstone cold. I recall the names of families whereof every member

was thus swept away, except such of them as had gone off to England, to Australia, and to Canada. It never occurred to any of us that it was perhaps the house, and not the family, that was accursed. If we had gone up after the closed doors had been opened for the bringing out of the dead, and put torches to the infected place, we should probably have been doing the best possible service to the family by burning their homestead to the ground. But, instead of doing that, we used to send for the witch-doctor, a venerable imposter, half-deceiving and half self-deceived, who gathered herbs for the afflicted ones by night, and mumbled charms over them during the day.

In better educated and less superstitious communities the same general ideas prevailed. I have met with them all over the world. Scores of times I have encountered them in London, where they still cling to life with a terrible tenacity. It must be five-and-twenty years since a remarkable report, published by the Brompton Hospi-