

in to treat Atossa, the Queen, for a mammary ulcer, which he succeeded in curing. Such patients, however, as the Great King and his consort do not fall to every man's lot, though in quite modern times the high feudatory princes of India have paid comparable fees.

In the Middle Ages men were more mercenary, and Mr. Power gives an amusing quotation from John of Arderne (*circa*, 1370) as to the methods of bargaining with a patient. Arderne's highest fee for the cure of fistula in ano was £40 down, a suit of robes, and 100s. per annum during the life of the patient. Patients in the Middle Ages were no more ready to pay their fees than now, and Gilles de Corbeil, a celebrated twelfth century physician, points out in language which most surely would strike an answering chord in the heart of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the rich man must pay in accordance with his wealth, though he adds, as a saving clause, "if his mind is as wide as his purse" then—

"Aggravet hic medicina manum; sumptus onerosos
Exigat: hic positos debet transcendere fines."

In another place he remarks that it is as well for the physician to demand his fee before the patient is well—

"Tutius esse reor, quod certe novimus omnes,
Dum dolet accipere, vel munere posse carere."

Mr. Power concludes his paper with an account of eighteenth century fees. Physicians like Radcliffe and Mead charged a guinea; country apothecaries charged much less and made their money chiefly by the sale of medicine. Mixtures, as Mr. Power reminds us, were sent out as draughts in one-ounce phials, with a cork which sometimes had one pill in a box stuck on to it. Draught and pill cost 1s. 9d. As many of our readers will remember, the directions were written on a slip of paper attached to the neck of the bottle, and such a draught, in the half-light of a sick-room, bore a ludicrous resemblance to the human inhabitants of a Noah's Ark, as manufactured in about 1860, up to which time the custom of separate draughts endured. Readers of Swift will remember the story he tells of Stella: "A Quaker apothecary sent her a vial, corked; it had a broad brim and a label of paper about its neck. 'What is that,' said she, 'my apothecary's son?'"—*Lancet*.

ANIMAL EXPERIMENTATION AND TUBERCULOSIS.—E. L. Trudeau, Saranac Lake, N.Y. (*Journal A. M. A.*, January 1), shows how all our knowledge of everything bearing on the control and prevention