

cal profession. Early and late, rain or sunshine, without a murmur we are expected to answer every demand made upon us for professional assistance. We must not even stop to inquire whether our services are to be remunerated, without being put down as worse than brutes, and our names threatened to be published broadcast over the land. No class of men, therefore, stand more in need of relaxation than we do, and yet how begrudgingly a holiday is granted. Who is to blame for this? We can but answer that we think it is ourselves. In Canada at least, the physician, until the last few years, has toiled on year after year, until his hair has turned gray in the service, and never thought of seeking that relaxation which he so often prescribes for others, who in reality need it less than himself. Educated therefore as it were, to have the physician never away from his work, patients are apt to, and do grumble if we absent ourselves, only for a few days. This is wrong, nay, more, it is unjust, and if it should continue we have ourselves to blame. It may be a satisfaction to our patients to be able to find us day after day, and year in and year out whenever our services are required, but to our families it is far from a satisfaction to see our health failing simply from the want of a little relaxation. A little courtesy amongst the profession, and all could without the slightest difficulty get a holiday every year or two.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. PHILIP, PLATTSVILLE, ONTARIO.—Your letter of 4th August with list of new subscribers and their subscriptions in advance, has been received. Receipts will be enclosed to each. We only wish a few others of our subscribers would imitate your zeal, and obtain for us new subscribers. You have our thanks. We hope you will continue to use your influence in our favour.

DR. A. BETHUNE, GLANFORD, ONT.—Your communication is to hand, and will appear in the September number.

A GOOD JOKE.

The "retired physician whose sands of life are nearly run out," and who was recently spoken of among the "Swindlers of New York," in the *Evening Post*, had a clever practical joke played upon him some time ago. A wag sent him a bag of sand to replenish his wasted store. Those who have had the benefit of his prescriptions may be glad to know of this pleasant assistance rendered the benevolent old gentleman, to enable him so easily to prolong his life and labours.

[The re-invigorated physician has since been married!]
—*Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter.*