

We are glad to know that the cloud had its silver lining, and that now they are rather to be congratulated on the near prospect of a magnificent new building than consoled with on the loss of the old one, good as it was. We know that, "Phoenixlike," the institution would rise from its ashes, and be greater than ever. As we sorrowed with them so will we all now rejoice with them. We wish them "God-speed."

During the past year several members of this Association have gone "to the bourne whence no traveller returns." Among these were three of the most eminent in the Canadian profession, men of world-wide repute, to whose memory a brief reference is permissible. In this bereavement this city has to deplore the loss of Sir William Hingston and James Stewart, and Toronto, that of George A. Peters. All three had the common experience of being reared in a hard school, so that success could be attained only by living laborious days and practising the most rigid economy, conditions which often develop, as nothing else can, the best that is in a man. Each was a master in his own sphere, each possessed in an eminent degree "the genius for taking pains." Of each it may with truth be said that he was "the noblest work of God, an honest man."

Sir William Hingston was a distinguished type of the surgeon of the old school, a school in which it was essential to possess courage, decision and dexterity. Those of us who were not in close touch with his surgical work were attracted to him chiefly as the man. He was the embodiment of refined courtesy and of frank kindness. He was intolerant only of what was unworthy. We miss the tall, erect, courtly man whom we all loved, and among whose graces there was always such a charm. Canada, in these her yet salad and hoydenish days, can ill spare men of such culture.

James Stewart stood for all that is best in medicine. He was of such singularly quiet and unobtrusive nature that it was only those with whom he was closely associated who knew the riches of both mind and heart that lay hidden behind the simple and unassuming manner. His knowledge of medicine was deep and clear, such knowledge as comes only by living laborious day of self-sacrificing devotion to our Art.

George A. Peters was a type of the best in the modern school of surgery. Among Canadian surgeons, at least, he had no superior and few peers. Who could desire higher praise? He was a man of sterling character and rugged honesty, and fearless in his condemnation of whatever was unworthy of the highest traditions of his profession. His was a spirit that no difficulties or danger could make quail or deviate from the path of rectitude. How vividly in recalling his career we are impressed with the truth of the aphorism of the Father of Medicine, "Art is long and time is fleeting."