

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 kindliness. 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 days 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 dangers 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."

I have great pleasure in drawing attention to the fact that Dr. William Bayard, of St. John, N. B., a past president of this Association, completed seventy years in the practice of medicine on the 1st day of August last, and that he is still able, at the age of 93 years, to meet the wishes of many patients by ministering to their wants. His Alma Mater, the University of Edinburgh, on this 71st anniversary of his graduation, showed her appreciation of his character as a man and his work as a physician, by conferring on him the degree of LL.D. This circumstance is, perhaps, unprecedented in modern times; it is, at least, so I believe, in the annals of Canadian Medicine. I have already, in the name and behalf of the Association, extended to Dr. Bayard the greetings and best wishes of the Association. I would suggest that now in Annual Session you authorize me to telegraph the renewal of our high esteem for him and sincere hope that the "eventide" may be calm and without a cloud.

#### I. RE-ORGANIZATION.

It is just forty years since this Association was organized. The first meeting was held in Quebec under the Presidency of Sir Charles Tupper, one who has since attained such eminence as a statesman. It is