

at sixpence a head less than you had announced as your minimum. Others of you having gathered around you a comfortable practice, can remember how a practitioner from a neighbouring village planted in a house close to you one of those wretched Helots of medicine, known as unqualified assistants, to whom he acted as "cover," while his slave sweated for him in the pleasant task of undermining your practice by underselling you. Thank God! the Medical Council has pretty well succeeded in stamping out such proceedings, well stigmatised by them "infamous" from a professional point of view. And still there is a lower depth; for in every big city you will find qualified men sitting in shops of, and openly abetting, those pests of society, the dealers in mysterious remedies for venereal diseases, whose advertisements, with singular appropriateness, adorn the walls of the public urinals.

If you ask, gentlemen, how these miserable things can be done by educated gentlemen, the members of a liberal profession, I reply that these are not educated gentlemen. They are men who should never have been in the ranks of our profession at all. They are, I admit, sorely tempted. Mostly they have wives and children depending on them, and clamouring for bread. Practice does not seem to come their way, and still the butcher and the baker must be paid; and so they naturally say to themselves,—if we cannot live honestly, we must live as best we can. I am charitable enough to believe that this is the case in the majority of instances, but there are not a few men who have simply the instincts of small shop-keepers. Their point of view of practice is identical with the point of view of a small grocer or third-rate chemist as regards his "takings." They adopt, positively by choice, the mean and sordid part of their profession. One of these men frankly told me, some years ago, that he did not care a fig for his profession, nor for the respect of his professional brethren. He wanted to get hold of money, and money he would have, however he got it.

I need not dwell further upon this very painful side of professional life. You are all too well acquainted with it."

Another evil of this overcrowding to which, however, Mitchell Banks does not allude, is an undue growth of Specialists. Young men entering the Profession—oftentimes men of enterprise and ability,—finding the general-practice avenues to employment and emolument thronged by a jostling crowd, seek by-paths to the attainment of their goal and speedily blossom out into full-grown specialists whose opportunities of attracting attention (not to say advertisement) are so much greater, whose fees are so much larger, and whose lives are made up of so much less-laborious days and nights of uninterrupted ease and enjoyment. The temptation, indeed, is great!

But I would not be misunderstood as decrying a proper specialism in