

an extensive practice, and his opinion was much sought after by the members of the profession. He was a bold and dexterous operator, but believed in the supreme importance of after treatment. As a lecturer and teacher he was greatly esteemed by the students, his lectures being well and carefully put together, and delivered in a pleasant yet impressive style. Possessed of a fine presence and pleasing address, though sometimes, decided, even brusque in manner, he was withal exceedingly generous and kind-hearted, and reminded one of the surgeons of the Abernethian time. The writer has personal knowledge of several acts of touching kindness towards patients done, quietly and unostentatiously, that the right hand might not know what the left hand did. Born and raised a gentleman, he had all those honourable instincts and finer feelings which render a man incapable of performing petty acts, or of resorting to subterfuge of any kind.

The naval experiences of his boyhood embued him with a strong love for aquatic sports, and it was mainly owing to his exertions that the Royal Canadian Yacht Club was founded, over which as Commodore, he presided for many years. His hospitality was of a kind which appears to be passing away, and many who may happen to read these words will recall to mind pleasant gatherings at his own house or the Yacht club.

For some months past he had been ailing, and when the writer of the present sketch saw him at Christmas last, an evident change had come; his step was no longer elastic, his eye had lost its fire, and there were indications, as he himself knew only too well, of cerebral degeneration. Though nothing definite could be ascertained, yet he felt, indeed stated, that it was the beginning of the end. Two weeks later he was seized with paralysis of speech and deglutition, with rigidity of the right arm. From this he partially recovered and was able to get about the house, remaining however aphasic. He became gradually, weaker, and died comatose.

Amid the cares and worries of practice few men have superfluous energy enough to devote time to literary work. In the files of Canadian Journals we find comparatively few papers