

to any debatable points in connection with the question; but I may, perhaps, be allowed to refer to one phase respecting which there will be no difference of opinion. We all appreciate, now better than before, the fact that while we are physicians of Ontario we are citizens of Greater Britain, and we would like to have our professional status as broad as our citizenship. The little Englander of Canada is dead. We have buried him, and we are glad to have been at his funeral. *R. I. P.* These three letters represent Latin words. I don't give the words in full because I do not wish to put too much Latin into one address. Something—call it imperialism if you like—has heated our blood. We feel bigger than we did a few months ago. We are sometimes seized with a delirium which is very peculiar from a psychological point of view. Take, for instance, that cyclone of good-natured lunacy which struck Toronto last Wednesday night and raged furiously for something like thirty hours.

In connection with these remarkable phenomena we, the profession of Ontario, feel that we are getting too large to be bounded by the Ottawa River on the east and the Lake of the Woods on the west. We want our Medical Parliament to do all in its power to set in motion the machinery to give our graduates a Dominion degree which will carry with it a license to practise in any part of the great empire of Greater Britain.

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CANADIAN RED CROSS COMMISSIONER.—From a cable recently received we learn that Dr. George Sterling Ryerson, who has been doing such noble work in South Africa, not only for the Canadian heroes but for the British troops as well, will sail from Cape Town, July 4th, for England on his way home. His work has been of late most arduous owing to his attachment to Headquarters Staff and his appointment as Acting British Red Cross Commissioner. He has performed his allotted task with signal ability and in a manner to elicit words of warmest praise from all ranks, from the drummer boy up to "Bobs."