

The Democratic Platform, we are told by *The Medical Council*, and *American Medicine*, contains the following strong plank: "We advocate the organization of all existing national health agencies into a national bureau of public health, with such power over sanitary conditions connected with factories, mines, tenements, child labor and other subjects, as are properly within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, and do not interfere with the power of the State's controlling public health agencies." When one of the great political parties of that great commonwealth to the south of us, considers a public health bureau of sufficient importance to help construct its platform, it shows progressiveness of a distinct character. Surely in another Dominion general election this factor will figure in the practical politics of either political party. The medical profession and Parliament need a man to espouse this cause and to carry on an educative and convincing campaign in its behalf.

It will come sooner or later, as Sir Wilfrid said to the Canadian Medical Association at Ottawa: "It is only by knocking at the door that the door will be eventually opened."

Congratulations to the Ontario Government, or probably properly to the Honorable, the Provincial Secretary. The doctor-politician has got the bump at last—a member of the staff of the Hamilton Provincial Hospital has been installed in succession to the late Dr. Hickey, of the Cobourg provincial institution. Although the public press says "temporarily," surely if it is not made permanent it will be owing to the fact that some one else is slated for promotion. The medical profession, but the patients particularly, may exclaim: Thank God! the day is going or gone, when the best qualification for practising psychiatries in this province was political activity and pull.

A Western Newspaper finds fault with one of Toronto's most able and respected specialists because he did not jump and run with his stomach tube and antidotes to a case of poisoning when vehemently urged to do so. Apparently, the epicurean editor does not believe in specialists. He would have a nose and throat specialist do Whitehead's operation on a moment's notice; an eye and ear man a prostatectomy; a gynecologist, tracheotomy; every one with an M.D. treat everything from the pip to the pox, great or small. He is over twenty-three years behind the times in medical knowledge—but, skiddo. If D. McG's house were on