

particulars were necessary, not only for the health of his own patient, but for the sake of his other employes. Her troubles shortly disappeared as a result of these changes, and I was able, subsequently, to bear witness to the correctness of the doctor's diagnosis, for on examining his patient's eyes I found them in every respect normal.

A PLAIN TALK ON THE TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

By A. D. STEVENS, M.D., DUNHAM, QUE.

Such is the mortality from phthisis in all the civilized nations with which I am acquainted, and such is the depth of the interest and attention that is being given to its prevention and treatment, that anyone who has anything to say, any contribution to our literature upon the subject, whether clinical or otherwise, any light that can be let in upon it, no matter how feeble the effort or humble the source, should be, and *is* given a hearing and a welcome. At all events, such thoughts and meditations as these furnish the cover or excuse I have to render for presuming to tread in the over-worn paths of the many who have preceded me—suggest, I repeat, the apology I have to make for attempting to follow, if not to lead, where men of better opportunities have had to acknowledge disaster and defeat—to rise again, it may be, with a renewal of energy, to beat back somehow, somewhere, or some time, the matchless destroyer.

Having said thus much in justification of a doubtful position, or, better perhaps, as a sort of preliminary skirmishing, I will endeavor to get down to work—to turn back some of the pages of my “book of remembrances” in treating consumption, such as they are.

Early in my professional career—it was in my first year—I was a witness to the treatment of a couple of cases of phthisis that made a lasting impression upon my mind. The one I was called to attend professionally, the other I saw simply as a spectator, but each was attended by a medical man of more than ordinary natural ability,—in fact, there were none who stood higher in the estimation of the public than the two medical gentlemen I refer to. Well nigh a generation and a half has since passed, and Time, the great leveller, has wrought its work, its changes in men,