

kidney, they were much more distinctly seen on cross section. There was nothing particular about this patient excepting that he had for some time been losing weight, suffering from hematuria, and had some dragging feeling and occasional pain in the left side. His right kidney, however, had been found perfectly well. He had a malignant cachexia and a very large varicocele on the left side (the largest he had ever seen). I mention this because the spermatic vein on the left side runs into the renal vein and tumors of the kidney on this side are liable to cause left-sided varicocele.

DR. LORD'S UNDERTAKING

By A. C. E.

They were a party of four—four physicians. In a retired corner of an up-town club to which one of the quartette had invited the others they sat four-square at a round table. Eight years before they had been classmates. Two were practitioners in the city; the others from the country; one, indeed, from the edge of civilization in the remote northland of New Ontario.

Their names were—oh, it doesn't matter who they were or what their names were, save one, Dr. Ferdinand Lord, of Scarth, New Ontario.

Reminiscences of college days had gone the rounds; stories had been told, some old, some new; and then, as frequently happens when medicos get together, the conversation drifted into "shop" talk.

"How on earth, Ferd," queried one, "did you with that name of yours ever strike for the wilds of New Ontario?"

"I'll tell you; but first give me a little more of that 'squirt,' " and Dr. Lord reached his glass over to the host.

"Sh-er-er-er!"

"When I was graduated," began Dr. Lord, "my people thought because I had taken the gold medal I should hang out my shingle in the city a few miles from father's farm, but I knew it would be slow going for three or four years. I had been to Scarth practising on my own hook in summer holidays of fourth year and liked the place and liked the people, and, I believe, the people liked me. Well, along about the first of August, when I was doing a land-