

him how he must alter his habits, and tell him he doesn't require physic. He has no sooner got on to your doorstep than he proclaims you a fool, and proceeds to dose himself with Elliman's Little Kidney Pills, or Beecham's Embrocation, or Siegel's Gore Mixture. Both in his religion and in his medicine the average man doesn't want to hear common sense; he wants to have something that will cure his soul or his body at once, by some supernatural means; and if you can lie hardily enough to him, he will swallow any dogma or any pill you like to stuff down his throat,—and pay handsomely for it, too. I cannot be accused of exaggerating, when one considers the vast numbers of persons who have voluntarily paid for Harness' Electric Belts and Count Mattei's Cure for Cancer. But the result of all this to us, as a profession, is very serious, for it is a direct inducement to us to prey upon the credulity of our patients, and I do not believe there is another body of men to be found anywhere which makes such strenuous efforts to be honest as we do, in spite of very great temptations to the contrary. If any man among us chooses to cut himself clean adrift from the society of his honest brethren, and to set up as an out-and-out daring charlatan, he is at any rate sure of making plenty of money, if only he will take for his motto, "*L'audace, toujours l'audace.*" Let us pursue the argument a stage further. Let us suppose a condition where, owing to there being more men than there is work for them to do, a certain number see no prospect of earning a decent living before them. What are they to do? It is all very well for Monsieur Talleyrand to tell the poor devil who said that he had to live, that he saw no necessity for it. The poor devils insist on living in spite of Monsieur Talleyrand; and if they cannot live honestly, well, then, they will live the other way. Go down any big street in the north end of Liverpool, and before you have gone far you will come on a shabby-looking shop, which has evidently remained empty for a long time till occupied by the present tenants. The window is blackened, but its dullness is relieved by gold letters which inform you that this is a Dispensary; that Dr. Dosem, Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur is in attendance from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., that medicine and advice are given for the moderate sum of sixpence, or even threepence, and that vaccination is performed at a phenomenally low figure. If you come back in a month or two you will find that the Dispensary has been let to a greengrocer, but Dr. Dosem has transferred his large and lucrative practice to another shop in a back slum of Manchester. Many of you are medical officers to clubs, and have been waited upon by the representatives of these clubs to know what is the very lowest figure at which you will take them. In the course of a week you learn that a neighbouring practitioner, two streets off, has been entertaining these gentlemen to pipes and whisky-and-water in his best sittingroom, and that he has agreed to take them