

those who are both competent and conscientiously honest in all their dealings with their patients. The doctor who performs an operation, or gives medicine, or continues to keep his patient under treatment unnecessarily in order to gain reputation, or for pecuniary reward is, in my judgment, a more dangerous member of society than the green-goods man. Always put yourself in the other man's place, and before deciding on a surgical operation or on a line of treatment in a given case, make it a rule to ask yourself this question: If this patient were my wife, or my child, or my father, what would I do? And let the answer to this question be your guide and your court of last resort. The continual and scrupulous practice of truth and honesty in dealing with patients, is the only condition under which the power to discern what *is* truth and honesty will abide with the physician.

"This morning I attended the funeral of Dr. T. Gaillard Thomas. A great Metropolitan church scarcely accommodated the sad-hearted crowd of men and women of all classes who came to pay respect to the memory of this truly great man. Why? Because for nearly fifty years of his professional life he had added to transcendent ability, scrupulous honesty in the practice of medicine. Let the young man seeking a career in the healing art understand once for all that honesty is the only road to permanent success. And, let him also remember, that the widespread ignorance of disease, and its proper treatment, is an ever present temptation to practice deception on his patients."

JOHN H. GIRDNER.

MEDICAL NOTES.

The final year extend their deepest sympathy to Mr. John Kane, who is suffering from typhoid fever in the General, and hope for a speedy recovery.

The proximity of those dread destroyers, Exams, has almost caused the ink in the writer's pen to undergo coagulation necrosis. Let us hope that ere another JOURNAL has added to the enlightenment of the world at large, resolution will have set in, and that this essential adjunct to writing will be in good running order.

CLIPPINGS.

HIS SALARY TOO SMALL, FOR GOUT.

"May I enquire your occupation," asked the doctor.

"I am a clerk on a salary of \$47.50 a month."

"Your ailment sir," said the doctor with decision, "is not gout. It is simply an aggravated case of in-growing toe nail."—*Chicago Tribune*.

In a Scotch village where a young doctor had lately started practice, a workman happened to get his finger badly crushed in one of the mills. A doctor was sent for, and on properly dressing the finger the man nearly fainted. He was asked if he would take a little spirits to revive him. "Mon," he explained with feeling, "that wud just be the very life o' me." The doctor gave him a good glass, which he eagerly swallowed, and on recovering his breath his first words were: "Well, doctor, I ken unco' little aboot yer skill, but, mon, ye keep grand medicine."