

The fact that the revenue in this country derives more than two hundred thousand pounds per annum from the stamps for the sale of patent medicines deserves more than a passing mention, and more than a passing thought. England is the best quacked country in the world, and the colossal fortunes that have been and are being amassed by the vendors of pills, and ointments, and blood mixtures, surpass all belief. When men can afford to spend many thousands per annum in advertising alone, their profits must be immense indeed. The endowment of hospitals, &c., &c., in latter life from some of the huge sums made carries one back in thought to the times of and prior to the middle ages, when the robber barons of those days, after during nearly their whole existence leading a life of robbery, murder, violation, and of committing every vile thing they could do on the face of this beautiful earth, would on their deathbeds think to make their peace with Heaven by building a church! or endowing a monastery. Verily "History repeats itself, and there is nothing new under the sun." English Physicians and Surgeons are, it is universally admitted, second to none; the examinations they have to pass are as, if not more, stringent than any under the sun. The expense of acquiring their diplomas is very great, and when they have obtained them, what does a munificent state and a beneficent country do for them? Mulcts them in a fee of five guineas for a registration sham, sneers and jeers and ridicules them (even the Poet Laureate has no better taste than to have a fling, and state what a moment's consideration must have shown him to be a monstrous untruth), allows any fool who can scrape a few coppers together to flood the country with advertisements of his wretched nostrums, which when they do any good are, as in one notable instance, filched from a physician's prescription. The munificent state also allows any booby (either with or without a bogus diploma), who can get a qualified man (and I am sorry to say there are many unscrupulous enough to do so) to "cover" him, to drench the unfortunate gulls, and trust to luck to carry them through. Within a few yards of where I am writing, there are two of these so-called Dispensaries doing a flourishing business. London is full of quacks and impostors, who openly and unblushingly carry on their nefarious trades. The public suffer equally or more so than regularly qualified and registered practitioners, and the law

seems powerless to protect either the one or the other. Truly they "manage these things better in France." There neither nostrum nor quack, nor unqualified practitioner is allowed to flourish.

We are as far off as ever apparently from finding a specific for the cure of cancer. The much-vaunted chian turpentine, which was introduced with such a flourish of trumpets, appears to have most ignominiously failed, after having been given a fair and lengthened trial in several cases. I am sorry to confess that in my practice it has completely failed to do what it was asserted so confidently it would do—cure cancer.

LONDON, 8th December, 1880.

THE MIDWINTER (FEBRUARY) *Scribner* has always been a special number, as rich as the choicest literary matter and the most beautiful wood engravings can make it. Of last year's midwinter number the London *Times* said: "It is a really magnificent triumph of American pictorial art and literary genius." The English publisher of *Scribner* has telegraphed for 17,000 copies of the present number,—an advance of 6,000 upon his orders last year, and the largest edition of an American magazine ever sent to England:—in fact, it is said to be larger than the monthly sales of *any English Magazine*. The American edition of *Scribner* has grown during 1880 about 20,000 copies.

Since 1878 the sales of Wyeth's Beef, Iron and Wine have quite doubled in amount, owing to the appreciation by Physicians of its claim that the preparation really deserves the preference on account of the Purity of the Wine, the Fresh Beef used, together with the fact that the Iron is held in solution, a condition to insure ready assimilation. If Physicians will test it by simple taste, they will find an entire freedom from the mawkishness that must characterize it if made from Extract of Beef, resulting in a disagreement with the delicate and sensitive stomachs of the class of patients for whom this combination is specially indicated.

We have no hesitation in stating that, as a Tonic, Stimulant and Roborant, Beef, Iron and Wine, properly prepared, has proven more uniformly beneficial than any combination.