CONSERVATIVE SURGERY.*

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With little time for preparation on a theme hastily chosen, I have, at the request of our worthy Secretary, jotted down a few desultory observations on one of the most practical subjects which often confronts the medical practitioner.

This is especially applicable to the physician whose lot is cast in the near vicinity of the busy mill with its buzzing saws and revolving wheels, ever ready to allure the unwary to destruction of both limb and life.

Before proceeding further I ask the indulgence of the "Knights of the Scalpel" present, for presenting this subject from a surgical standpoint, and beg that they may overlook anything that may savour of presumption or egotism in thus entrenching upon the sacred domain of the specialist.

Indeed, no outlander need envy the city surgeon, or care to assume his great responsibility, with all the anxiety and heart aches, not to mention the sleepless nights spent on behalf of suffering humanity. Of a truth the poet says, "They weep each others woes!" The surgeon is both good and great, just in proportion as he possesses the finer feelings of our nature. In this connexion he is prone to mental distress as he realizes that upon his skill and attention depend the fate of a valuable citizen, perchance it may be a fond father, a doting mother, or a darling child. Little wonder that with so much worry the surgeon's life is short. Like a bright meteor he quickly disappears from the horizon. At the very zenith of a busy life he receives the summons "Friend, come up higher."

In the future of medicine, the success of the surgeon will be measured more and more by *results*. Based as he is upon the bedrock of common sense and a logical brain, the conserative surgeon will ultimately come to the fore-front, as only *results* which count come to be appreciated. At the present day he does not pocket the big fee which his more aggressive brother of the free lance commands,

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