

But to return to Prof. Edes: "When observation as to the effect of new drugs in the cure of disease is to be considered, the first thing wanted is a diagnosis. The great feats of therapeutics are performed by those who trouble themselves little about this trivial point. Witness the results of sulphate of copper in cases of croup, supposed to have been "membranous"; or of sulphate of mercury in the same disease "if the doctor be called early enough." Anybody can make wonderful cures if he can have the naming of the disease without criticism, but if enquiries be pushed far enough the diagnosis may be found even more wonderful than the cure.

Think of the success of homœopathy in "diphtheria," of the cures of Bright's disease diagnosed by pain in the back and a deposit of urates in a cold chamber-pot. See the certificates of clergymen in the religious papers. Count the cancers cured by *condurango*."

A patient of mine, after having been treated for some months without success by a graduate (Heaven save the mark!) of the Christian Science College of Boston, proposed to the Spiritualistic medico that he shall offer himself up as an acceptable sacrifice upon the altar of a science which is not exclusively Christian, and allow a pin to be thrust under his thumb-nail so that she might, seeing him suffer no pain, have increased her faith in the curative powers of mind! This modern disciple of Gautama (for Christian Science is, in my opinion, but a poor attempt to revive some of the most objectionable parts of Buddhism) declined to allow this *experimentation crucis* to be made upon his vile body, and his visits abruptly terminated.

How true are the following sentences: "The earliest observation (of a new remedy) are almost certain to be favorable." "We all know the sanguine man whose therapeutics are those of the advertising pages, and who considers himself wide-awake and progressive on that account; and we know the other man who never believes anything as long as he can help it." "Accept the opinions of each, and print them both—if we have room enough—but give cases, too, that we may know which to believe next time."

In the above-mentioned article I fear Prof. Edes has not sufficiently considered the busy practitioner who endeavors at odd moments of leisure

to extract the grains of wheat from the bushels of therapeutic chaff that fill the store-house of every medical periodical. On the whole, I would say: let the enthusiastic optimist and the sceptical pessimist fight the battle, while the cool-brained independent sits on the fence and watches the conflict; and when the smoke of battle has cleared away he will find that probably neither was exactly right; that the truth lay somewhere *between* them, if perchance there were any truth really worth contending for.

The excision of a hard glioma from the upper part of the fissure of Rolando by Mr. R. J. Godlee, is a grand clinical and physiological triumph, and although the patient has since died his death has not been in vain. The operation was suggested by Dr. Hughes Bennett, and was followed by relief from the lancinating pains in the head, vomiting and convulsions affecting the limbs—the most annoying of the symptoms—which indicated disturbances of the hand, leg and eyelid centres.

This case proves with what accuracy diagnosis of obscure cerebral lesions, thanks to vivisection, may now be made. Whether we shall ever be able to follow up our increased diagnostic powers by corresponding contributions to surgery of the brain remains to be seen.

In the meantime it is not to be expected that when medical remedies have failed we shall sit with folded arms and allow a cerebral tumor to make life intolerable when it is possible to gain even temporary relieve from the symptoms by the removal of the cause.

I have often heard the question of the ownership of the prescription discussed, but I never knew it to be so practically considered as lately when an order for a pint of gin given by a Connecticut doctor was retained by the patient (?) who had it duplicated many times.

Our "separated brethren" in Halton might take a leaf from this man's book, and so do away with the necessity of getting an order for their daily drink repeated.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "In War Time" is out, and is well worth reading. It is quite a different sort of book from Miss Jewett's "A Country Doctor," inasmuch as it deals more particularly with a wayward specimen of the male M.D., and does not touch the question of female practitioners.