

vide for our country a literature purely "Canayen" in character, had met with a partial degree of success.

It could not have been for any other reason. My name will probably never be found in medical text-books, attached for instance to some great medical or surgical discovery, but in conjunction with my good friend, Dr. Charlie Wilson, perhaps for a few years there may linger in the minds of those present to-night, memories (not altogether unpleasant I hope) of the Wilson-Drummond enunciation; for, gentlemen, I have no hesitation in saying that, so far at least as *you* are concerned, to Dr. Wilson belongs the major part of the *discovery*. For from the very first moment that the Doctor left his native fastnesses of Buckingham, P.Q., for, possibly, the more congenial atmosphere of Montreal, he patiently experimented and demonstrated, largely before medical audiences, until now the Wilson-Drummond enunciatory *r  le* is apparently accepted by some of the most distinguished men in the profession.

"There was a Duke of Buckingham, who never did a thing
But strut around the court, and keep the lasses on a string,
I believe His Excellenza was perhaps a trifle gay,
But the *present* Duke of Buckingham isn't built that way."

No, gentlemen, Doctor Wilson was the first to recognise the pre-monitory symptoms of the hitherto unknown Canadian disease. What did he do? Being of course a firm believer in the science of inoculation, he at once proceeded to infuse, cautiously perhaps at first, little by little, virus, supplied *not* from the laboratory of Merck, but from the Wilson-Drummond laboratory, into the systems of those who would consent to the operation, the Doctor, naturally, hoping by this means to stay the threatened march of the disease. Medical men are ever, in the interests of science, among the first to risk experiments, hazardous, not only to life, but also to reason, and many underwent the painful ordeal. The disease, however, continued to spread; the devoted Doctor laboured assiduously and the amount, especially of night work, which he was compelled to undergo, threatened seriously to undermine his health.

New centres of contagion sprang up, and the disease, which at first was purely *endemic*, at last became *epidemic*, and the unfortunate enthusiast of inoculation was reduced to despair.

Finally, one never-to-be-forgotten evening, while the Doctor and myself were closeted together in the sacred recesses of my most private boudoir (garnished with the usual accompaniments) he, my friend, Dr. Wilson, broke the Sabbath stillness of the surrounding air by exclaiming, "Billy, for God's sake what is to be done? You will have to write a text-book, a kind of *vade mecum*, paying particular