

motto "sans reproche" was brought into close connection with the name of Bayard more than four centuries ago, but I question if it applied more fittingly and justly to the gallant Chevalier than it does to the venerable doctor upon whom his Alma Mater now rejoices to bestow her highest honor." (Applause).

Dr. Bayard was asked to kindly contribute something to the MARITIME MEDICAL NEWS on the happy occasion of his seventieth anniversary of graduation, and he has thereupon written two case reports:

REPORT OF CASES.

By DR. WM. BAYARD.

Now in his Seventieth year of Practice.

I.

I was called on the 28th September, 1887, to see Mrs. W., whom it was said had cut her throat. She lived about three miles from here.

I found her in bed suffering from a ghastly wound in her throat, five inches long, cutting through all the tissues from the surface to the vertebrae of the neck; the cut when a little above the vocal cords, so she could speak, but very indistinctly. How she escaped cutting the carotids on either side is a mystery.

There were about three pints of blood in the bath tub where she went to commit the deed. The blood had ceased flowing when I got there.

When the head was elevated from the chest, the wound was a ghastly one.

When I proceeded to dress the wound, she was restless. I put five stitches in the gullet, leaving the larynx in its position which increased the difficulty of applying the stitches. When the head was in position and the finger in the wound, I found the parts kept their natural position, and

I concluded to leave them so. I cut the hair off, and had a cap made to fit the head firmly, and with adhesive straps applied to the waist and fixed so that she could not move the head from one side to the other. She was fed with peptogenic milk by a tube passed through the nose into the stomach. I had no difficulty in passing the tube through the nose until ten days had elapsed. After that it became so difficult to insert that I hesitated about withdrawing it, and with whatever medicine I had to give her, it was always mixed with milk.

During one of the last visits I paid her she smelled a partridge pie baking in the kitchen, and asked if it might be brought up to her to smell. She looked into my face and asked me if she could have a piece of it? I said yes, if she could swallow it.

While I was considering the answer I should give her, she put up her hand to her nose and withdrew the tube from the nose, and threw it to the other side of the room.

She was under my hands for three months, and could swallow any sized mouthful when I left off attendance.

II.

I had a tumour half an inch below my right eye. It gave me no inconvenience except from its growth, which caused me to be anxious about it, and fearing the knife I concluded to try the X-ray. A portion of the tumour was sent to Dr. Adami, professor at McGill, who supported the diagnosis (epithelioma).

It took eight years to arrive at the size of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter.

One application of X-ray for ten minutes every other day for six weeks was all that was required. There was no scar left of any kind, nor discoloration of the skin.