

who depend for chances of healing upon these acts of mercy. In an effort to save life, our late beloved friend lost his own, and we shall always think of him as one who died honorably upon the open field of battle. These poor words and others from worthier lips that have preceded them, must take the place of the laurel wreath which was so fairly won. As former President of this Society, Dr. McFarlane was deservedly popular, and through all the years of our co-operation as fellow-members, we have all felt, I am sure, that his ready tact and genial manner, and kind and trustworthy nature have gained him the esteem, nay, the love, of us all. To speak of his surgical skill, well known to all, were out of place here. This is not an eulogium of the surgeon, but a tribute of affection to a man and a friend who has left us a bright example of self-sacrifice on the path of duty.

Dr. Cook, of Simcoe Street, died only a few days ago after a short illness of an incurable and very painful nature, bravely borne. His loss is keenly felt by all his patients, who were attached to him, not only in the character of physician but in that of a household friend whose sympathy was ever ready, both for the sufferer and the anxious watchers. We have placed this tribute of our esteem upon the newly made graves, and, turning back to life and work, synonymous words in our profession, I will, in conclusion, express the earnest hope that next year the same goodly number may meet as are present with us to-night.

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THE PASSION FOR PRESCRIBING.—Gonelle, a jester at the court of the Duke of Ferrara, insisted that the trade which had the most followers was that of doctor. To prove his assertion, he left home one morning wearing his nightcap and with jaws wrapped up, pretending to suffer from a toothache. Every person he met had some advice to give. When the jester entered the presence of the prince, the latter declared that he knew something that would "take his pain right away." Gonelle instantly threw up his kerchief and remarked: "And you too, Monseigneur, are a doctor; I have only passed through one street in coming from my house, and have counted more than two hundred of them. I believe I could find ten thousand in the city." Whether the story is true or false, it could find practical basis in this day. There is probably no one who has not permitted himself to give medical advice to an ailing person in passing. It is a common affair to remark that a person was "cured" by such and such a remedy—"Try it!"—and to jeer at the doctors who know nothing about the affair.—*Popular Science Monthly*.