

## Obituary

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### WILLIAM SCOTT MUIR.

Little did any of us dream that Dr. Muir, the big, hearty, magnificent Nova Scotian, whom we met at Winnipeg last August, would so soon be numbered with the dead ; and none of us, who had the good fortune to be in his company on steamer and train from Montreal to the west, will ever forget the pleasant hours spent together, for Dr. Muir was distinctly a vivid personality, and we loved him for his strong, rugged virility, which at all times radiated from the man like the flashing of a precious stone under the beams of the morning sun.

Dr. Muir was a sentinel who seldom asked for exchange of guard ; a medical soldier who rarely deserted his post of duty, save to perfect himself still further in the art dear to him as the breathing of his life, that life, public and private, which all might read and reading approve ; therefore it is not surprising that to the people of Truro, his native town, Dr. Muir's death came as a veritable calamity, bowing every head in grief. Not a man, woman or child but felt the loss of a personal friend, a man to whom all could look up to for guidance or counsel, in joy or distress, a human oak, upon whose giant form the weak ones might fling their twining tendrils in full confidence of support. But the oak has tottered and fallen, seemingly long before its natural term of life, and Dr. Muir has passed away in the midst of a loyal and devoted people. Extraordinary it is in these prosaic days to witness such scenes of grief and lamentation as were exhibited in the town of Truro during the passage of the funeral cortege to the burial ground, every store, factory and place of business being closed, while the streets were filled with mourning citizens desirous of paying their last sad tribute of respect to the devoted physician, whom all had worshipped, and wondering if ever they might look upon his like again.

Dr. Muir died almost literally in harness. Only three days before his death and while suffering considerable abdominal pain, he was unwillingly deterred from a long professional drive by the wild spring weather and rough state of the country roads, but, at the solicitation of friends, he was finally compelled to retire to bed, where he remained until his life-long friend, Dr. John Stuart of Halifax, had been called in, who at once recognized the presence of appendicitis