

suggestive names of their special nostrums. Their literature arrives with every mail and is full of unwarranted statements loudly vaunting the virtues of their specifics; on every page flaunting ready-made prescriptions for the physician to copy, in which a valuable official drug is shown in combination with their wonderful elixir vitæ, thus salving the conscience of the physician, while the nostrum manufacturer exacts his heavy toll in the price paid.

May I ask this gathering whether they think a physician treats honestly a patient who consults him, when he prescribes a bottle of So-and-So's Compound Terpin Cough Mixture, or another So-and-So's Digestive Elixir, or a third quack's Wonderful Life Restoring Iron Tonic, when he knows little of what drugs are contained in them and nothing of the amount of the often powerful drugs he is actually giving when he prescribes such nostrums, and trusts implicitly in the statements of "Truthful James," the nostrum dealer? Can you afford me a better illustration of the blind physician leading the blind patient? You know the result.

All this nostrum and proprietary business depends upon secrecy, upon the zeal and assurance of the advertising proprietors, and upon the gullibility of the purchaser. Patent medicines, unless they contain some dope, are short-lived.

A very instructive story is that of Dr. Warburg, of Vienna. About the middle of last century Warburg's solution of quinine was very highly esteemed in many countries. The Austrian Imperial Health Board ordered it to be kept in all the pharmacies of the empire; English physicians in India averred that by it they effected cures they were unable to effect by the simple drug. But unfortunately for him sufficient pressure was brought to bear to induce him to divulge his recipe, and at once its sale fell off and shortly almost altogether ceased. Everybody said: "Oh, is that all—quinine with a little aloes and aromatics!" He died a comparatively poor man, and yet his combination had perhaps a certain amount of value. Compare him with Mr. Eno, of Eno's Fruit Salts, who died worth six million of dollars, or the self-dubbed Professor Holloway, vaunting the efficacy of his pills, and his ointment of turpentine and beeswax. He left money sufficient to found colleges for women and asylums for lunatics. Remember also Dr. Morrison and his pills of gamboge, colocynth, squills, cream of tartar and ginger—a pill such as my conscience and my knowledge of the action of drugs never would allow me to prescribe—and yet physicians, we are told, ordered them surreptitiously, and the English public swallowed them freely, believing his wild statement, "that all diseases arise from one cause