

had fallen into debt and financial deadlock, and finally drifted into the ranks of the Mounted Police, that last resource of the unfortunate.

The ranch and its remnant of stock, some second-rate horses, cost £500, about double its value. Another £1,500 were spent in putting it in repair and increasing the stock of horses. The following year a glowing report of progress was accompanied by a request for another £500. Only £300 were sent, however, and more specific accounts asked for. Percy, seeing no trouble ahead, used this sum to extend his shack, improve its furnishings, and fulfil his engagement with his instructor's daughter. Notwithstanding his fine reports in general terms the losses on the ranch considerably surpassed the gains. But why trouble his father with these temporary misfortunes when all was bound to come right, once everything was in final shape. Unfortunately, he did not keep an accurate record of the various reports which he made to the senior partner, as he styled his father, and the natural consequences under the circumstances must be evident. The elder Briggs became suspicious, stopped further remittances after the third year, and became more insistent on having a detailed statement, which for one reason or another could not be got ready. For the past year and a half, pending a settlement of the difficulties, Percy has been living by the gradual disposal of the stock. As his method of living has been rather extravagant, and the prices to be had for horses are very low, his herd of horses is melting away. Meanwhile his friend Benson, becoming bankrupt, has been sold out, and begs to be employed in some capacity to keep him out of the police force, an appeal which Percy cannot resist, hence Benson's connection with the ranch.

At the time of our description of them they were returning from a fruitless search for a number of horses strayed or possibly stolen a month before. Entering the shack, which is found to be very comfortably furnished, and the walls ornamented with the weapons and spoils of the chase, Percy finds his infant son rolling in the midst of an immense grizzly skin, his mother watching him. He finds also a letter from England, left by a neighbour who has been to town. The letter simply states that the elder Briggs will leave for Canada in a couple of weeks to investigate for himself the affairs of the ranch. A hopeless sense of impending destruction takes possession of Percy. He explains the situation as well as he can to Benson, who grasps the essential features with sufficient clearness to cause him to go into Calgary the following day and apply for admission to the police force. Percy's wife makes no attempt to understand the details, she simply weeps and relapses more fully than ever into helplessness.

The father arrived, explanations were attempted, but the more the son explained the angrier grew the father, till in the end he seized everything saleable on the ranch and had it transferred to Calgary to be disposed of. While having the few remaining horses and cattle driven to town, he relented so far as to send back one of the men with a cow and calf for the benefit of his grand-child.

Thus the avenging angel came and went, leaving Percy no present refuge but the home of his father-in-law, where he well knew no rejoicing would greet his arrival. Borrowing a horse and buckboard from a neighbour, he bound the calf on behind, set his wife and child with a few traps in front, and started them off by the long wagon trail for a friend's ranch, where the night would be spent, while he led the cow by a shorter trail over the hills. Arrived at the friend's house it was found that the calf had broken loose and been lost on the way. Percy immediately conceived the bright idea of letting the cow loose to hunt up the calf, but in the growing darkness he soon lost track of the cow, and whether the cow found the calf or not he never knew.

The following day the buckboard resumed its journey down the trail, the united family on board. The rattle of the loose wheels died away in the distance, and the vehicle and its occupants became a mere moving speck upon the vast face of nature, so oppressively silent, so exasperatingly calm in the presence of human woe.

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY KNOWLEDGE AND PRACTICE OF MEDICINE AMONG THE GREEKS.

AN OUTLINE OF THE ANNUAL ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE A.M.S.

It is a difficult task to find the origin and sketch the growth of any science, but it is especially so in the case of medicine, which undoubtedly had its origin in some simple experimental practices which led to the formulation of general principles. The mythological theory of the origin of medical practice traces it to Egypt, whence it was carried to Greece by Chiron. Here we find a distinct history of medicine, and I propose to trace it through the work and writings of a few men.

According to the Greek idea of the incarnation of heavenly powers, the power of healing the sick and warding off death had been bestowed by Apollo on his son Æsculapius or Asclepius. Trained by Chiron, he acquired a wide reputation for curing all kinds of diseases and raising the dead to life, and was hailed as a long-looked-for saviour. But Pluto complained to Jove that Asclepius was robbing the lower world of its subjects, and as a result the first medical man was slain by Jove's thunderbolts. From Homer we learn that in the Trojan war the