

VICARIOUS SYMPTOMS.—The Wife :—“There is a prescription that the doctor left for you to-day when he called and found you out.”

The Husband :—“How did he know what to give me?”

The Wife :—“He said that from my appearance and symptoms he knew you were suffering from chronic dyspepsia.”

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LAST year much joy was given to the Parisians by a man with a musical anus. This year medicine supplies the curiosity. At the close of the Congress for the Advancement of Science the members of the Section of Medicine had a banquet. At dessert the “venerable Dr. Schiff, of Geneva, who presided,” entertained the company by playing the “Marseillaise” with the abductor muscles of his feet. Strong rhythmic contractions produced a sound audible for two or three metres. He is said to be the only possessor of this accomplishment in society, which, however, does not prevent him from being a gallant gentleman and a scholar—*Au contraire!*—*Cor. Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.*

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COUNCIL FINAL EXAMINATION.—The following candidates have passed the final examination of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario held in September, 1893: N. Anderson, Toronto; J. M. Armstrong, Walton; W. J. Arnott, Toronto; J. J. P. Armstrong, Moore; H. H. Alger, Colborne; A. N. Barker, Seeley's Bay; W. E. Brown, Rush, N.Y., U.S.A.; R. T. Corbett, Toronto; C. Carter, Toronto; Annie E. Carveth, Toronto; D. J. Dunn, Rosemont; J. R. Ferguson, Toronto; G. S. Glassco, Hamilton; E. W. Goode, Toronto; F. E. Grant, Richmond Hill; M. Haight, New Durham; J. P. Hubbard, Thamesford; J. E. King, Elder's Mills; James King, St. Thomas; S. H. Large, King City; L. Lapp, Toronto; R. B. Mackay, Toronto; J. A. Mitchell, Caistorville; J. A. McNaughton, Cornwall; W. F. Park, Chatham; F. G. E. Pearson, Weston; F. S. Ruttan, Sydenham; Eva J. Ryan, Trafalgar; W. P. Thompson, Toronto; P. B. Wood, London.

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THE OLD COUNTRY DOCTOR.—The following pen picture is taken from *The Christian Herald*, the journal edited by the Rev. Dr. Talmage. It is not signed with his name, but it bears an exceedingly close resemblance to his writing. Especially worthy of the eloquent divine is his peroration, where he says of the overworked old country doctor: “He deserves every kindness at our hands.”

“Our country physicians,” says he, “have so many hardships, so many interruptions, so many annoyances, that I am glad they have so many encouragements. All doors open to them. They are welcome to mansion and to cot. Little children shout when they see them coming down the road, and the aged, recognizing the step, look up and say, ‘Doctor, is that you?’ They stand between our families and the grave, fighting back the troops of disorder that come up from their encampment by the cold river. No one hears such thanks, as the doctor hears. They are eyes to the blind, they are feet to the lame, their path is strewn with the benedictions of those whom they have befriended. One day there was a dreadful foreboding in our house. All hope was gone.