

DRS. J. D. THORBURN and C. A. Temple will shortly be joined in wedlock to two of Toronto's fairest belles.

DR. D. A. DOBIE has once more returned to Toronto, and has settled at his old address, 116 McCaul St.

SIR J. R. REYNOLDS has been elected President of the Royal College of Physicians, London.

DR. CRAWFORD SCADDING leaves shortly for England, where he will remain some months.

DR. NORMAN WALKER has taken a down-town office on Queen St. west, near McCaul St.

DR. W. T. PARRY, of this city, intends removing to Spadina Ave. in the near future.

DR. F. P. COWAN has returned to Toronto after an absence of some months.

DR. HARRIS, late of Toronto Junction, has taken up house at 82 McCaul Street.

DR. TAYLOR has settled in practice on Spadina Ave., south of King St.

WE are pleased to hear that Dr. Spilbury has recovered from his recent illness.

Obituary.

ANOTHER lamented death in the ranks of our profession is that of Dr. Nash, of Newmarket. His death took place on March 19th. The doctor was an Englishman by birth, and was educated at Oxford University. He settled about sixty years ago in Bridgeport, Conn. After practising there a few years, he moved to Toronto, but soon after settled finally in Newmarket. He was a man very highly respected.

WE very much regret to have to record the death, on May 11th, of Dr. J. Barker Peters, Superintendent of General Hospital at Medicine Hat, N.W.T., late of Toronto General Hospital. He was a brother of Dr. George A. Peters, of College Street, city.

DR. KENNETH H. L. CAMERON died April 8th last at Cayuga, at the early age of forty. He graduated from Toronto University in 1875, and up till the time of his death enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice. He was also an active politician.

In dengue, Prof. Wilson says, in very many cases the eruption first shows itself upon the palms of the hands and the soles of the feet, and from these points it spreads itself over almost the entire surface of the body.

WISDOM FROM A LUNATIC.—There is a place near Glasgow, Scotland, where a railway track runs for some distance beside the fence of a lunatic asylum. Not long ago some workmen were busy repairing the bed of the railroad when an inmate of the asylum approached one of the laborers, and, from his position on the inner side of the enclosure, began a somewhat personal conversation: Inmate—"Hard work, that!" Laborer—"Troth, an' it is." Inmate—"Whit pay dae ye get?" Laborer—"Sixteen bob a week." Inmate—"Are ye mairrit?" Laborer—"I am, worse luck!—and have six children." A pause, then: "Inmate—"I'm thinking, ma man, ye're on the wrang side o' the fence."—*Berlin Budget.*