

The most marked change, however, is to be found in the red blood globules. When the protonuclein was first ordered, there were not quite 1,000,000 to the cubic millimetre. Now there are 3,500,000. This is a remarkable increase when the condition at starting is borne in mind.

The progress of the patient is one of daily improvement. He will leave the hospital in two or three days, when the same line of treatment will be maintained, with the addition of a mild course of massage to assist in the development of the muscles.

It ought to be mentioned that the preparations of arsenic and iron had been fairly tried in this case, and could not be tolerated in any form. During the past three days arsenic has been tentatively prescribed, and so far has caused no disturbance, indicating an improved state of assimilation.

Since the above was written the patient has been out of the hospital for a short time, and the improvement still continues. The sleep and digestion are now good, and the muscles are gaining rapidly in tone and size.

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A NOBLE PROFESSION.—Physicians know the fearful risks they incur in operating for the relief of patients suffering from certain diseases. Danger never deters a doctor from the duty of alleviating human suffering or prolonging human life. It is not a question of money. The two most notable Canadian victims of blood poisoning this year, Dr. Fenwick, of Kingston, and Dr. McFarlane, of Toronto, got their death by operating upon patients in hospitals. To relieve suffering or save human life these physicians did their duty calmly and open eyed, and death came to them, not through carelessness, but by unavoidable mischance. The chivalry which glorified the age about which the poets sing was poor in its standards compared to the ideals which guide the noble profession of medicine and surgery. There are heroes to-day whose bodies are not armor-clad, but whose souls are uplifted with that high sense of duty which makes them willing to venture in a battle where all they can win is the life or comfort of some unfortunate they do not know, and where they may lose their lives. A selfish age this may be, and greed of gain is corroding the souls of men. There is one profession which puts no price on many of its services to humanity, but which day by day supplies heroes who risk life at the call of duty—heroes whose heroism is unknown, save when one falls as Laughlin McFarlane fell. — *The Toronto Evening Telegram, March 3.*