

its sharp summons, calling him to hours of waking and anxiety. To the best-natured Doctor in the world this is hardly a pleasant sound, especially if the day's work has made him limb and body sore. Has the reader never met, when on the way to business in the morning, some well-known Physician, wending his way homeward—his step slow, and his face wearied. While the rest of the world slept his mind has been active. He has perhaps heard every hour strike, since midnight, and night is so long. No one who has not sat by the side of suffering humanity can imagine how wearily the hours seem to pass, and how one longs for the sun to rise, and busy, bustling humanity once more set the world in motion. Hours of rest lost by a Physician are seldom regained. If he returns about the time his daily duty commences he goes to work just as if he had had his seven hours of refreshing sleep. Patients seldom think how difficult at times it is for a Physician to suppress a yawn, or keep his eye-lids from closing while listening to the unfolding of some thrice-told tale, and if perchance he fails, and sins, how ungenerous, to call him hard-hearted and unsympathetic. Winter is particularly a hard time for Doctors. Just fancy a night with the thermometer 15 below zero outside, with a sharp wind; inside 70 above zero, a difference of 85 degrees. A hardly pleasant kind of a night this on which to turn the Physician out of his warm bed. Again—a heavy snow storm is raging—the wind is travelling at 40 to 50 miles an hour and is cold and biting—not a pleasant companion to face—abroad, there is the sign of but one human being,—he who is in search of the Doctor—his foot prints in the deep snow mark the road he came. Tramp back both he and the Doctor must, for the streets are like the fields, level with unbroken snow, and no living creature is abroad save themselves. Many a night like this have our Montreal Physicians to meet. To those who toil thus—a good yearly holiday is due. Mind and body both require it, and the Montreal public cheerfully accord it. The *entente cordiale* which I have said exists induces, them willingly to attend the patients of absent friends—the attendance being as if made by the regular family Physician. I know of no other profession in which such generous treatment is accorded to its members, and no city in which it is more generously done than in our own fair city of Montreal. A brief sketch of a few of our leading medical men, may not prove uninteresting, so to the task,

First on the list stands :—

ROBERT PALMER HOWARD, M.D., L.R.C.S.E.

This gentleman has been about thirty-four years in practice. His first office was on McGill Street, near the corner of St. James St., and was very unpretentious. He has made three distinctive moves—as regard location,—First, to Bonaventure Street, then to Beaver Hall Hill, and lastly to the fine residence he at present occupies on Union Avenue. Almost from the time he began practice he has been connected with the Medical Faculty of McGill University—first as Demonstrator of Anatomy, and now, he occupies the position of Dean, and Professor of Practice of Medicine. He is a hard worker, and an enthusiast in his profession. Some think him stern, but those who hold this opinion do not know him, for beneath the professional air there is a genial soul, which enjoys the socialities of the world. His dinner parties, presided over by his amiable and accomplished wife, are said to be models of what such parties should be, and when the profession in Montreal are called upon to show their social side, he is always to the front. As a medical politician he can hardly, however, be called a success. He makes some good moves at times, but as a rule is apt to do too much, and herein lies his weakness. Take him all in all, however, he is a Physician of whom Montreal may well feel proud.

WILLIAM H. HINGSTON, M.D., L.R.C.S.E., D.C.L.

The manly, erect form of this gentleman is well known in the streets of Montreal. He is a good horseman, looks well in the saddle, and is a prominent member of the Montreal Hunt. For many years he had a large family practice, but of late has drifted almost entirely into Surgical work. He is a fine operator, and said to be a most excellent lecturer on clinical surgery—when he holds forth at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, of which institution he is one of the Surgeons. He was too long a bachelor, but is now a Benedict, with an excellent and charming wife. His social qualities are splendid, and no better chairman for a large public dinner party could be selected. He is a polished speaker—when put to the test, can round his sentences so that they sound well and read admirably. He has never taken a very active part in medical politics, and is hardly calculated to make a good politician. His course has perhaps therefore been