

been allowed to be used, it is even applied to any ordinary and honorable member of our profession by the illiterate and degenerate class, as well as by those who should have more respect for themselves. If you then, my *confrere*, can in broad daylight be saluted as "Doc.," and then tamely smile in the face of your personal and professional defamer, it is evident you have degenerated, and it requires but very little study to tell you that, with "Doc." stamped to your name, your best work is ended in Swamptown or Rouges Hollow.

As Jack-the-Ripper, Slippery Bill, or Two-faced Pete, you had better be called than "Doc.," as regards your professional standing, for when "Doc." gets common, you and the hostler, and Sam Jones, the bar-tender, as regards respectability, are a trinity. A post-graduate course will not reinstate you. For the sake of the profession it is advisable to move out of Swamptown, for starvation will rap on your door when you are in.

If lightning strike your home, or you meet with a hold-up in the Big Swamp, your wife's relations visit you too often, and any other ordinary affliction comes, you will survive. Do not worry. But when "Hello, Doc.," "That's all right, Doc.," "Say, Doc.," in fact, any kind of "Doc.," becomes thin, or too thick, it is best to move—even at once, for a tornado, such as they have out West, has struck, or will strike, you amidships, and soon you will be a derelict craft, and no one but yourself need mourn.

VERITAS.

S—, August 17th. 1905.