

eminent degree by the chairmen of this section of the Association in the past, no doubt wished that justice should be done to all methods of treatment at present employed.

So strong is my own personal taste for surgery, especially of the abdomen, that I might have been tempted to disobey the chairman's command, but as I reflected upon my work during the past seven years, there passed before me the image of some fifty women whom I had treated for fibroids by electricity. First, as they appeared when I saw them, with faces anxious with pain and blanched with hæmorrhage, and then after their pain had been relieved, and their bleeding had been stopped by galvanism, and their cheeks had resumed a rosy hue, these fifty women's faces encourage me to do justice, though the heavens may fall, to the treatment which has cured them.

Then there pass before me the dying faces of *ten* women, who were treated by total extirpation, at two of which operations I was the executioner, at six of which I was the first or second assistant, and at two of which I was only a spectator. True, the majority of the ten operations were performed in the pre-antiseptic days, though by a great master in this department of our art; but four of them were performed within the last few years, under the most rigorous aseptic precautions, by men who have a low mortality in general for abdominal surgery.

The memory of those fifty women who have been cured by electricity—many of whom I could find if required, and many of whom to this day stop me in the street to thank me and it for their rosy cheeks—and the memory of these ten women who are now no more, all tell me that I would be a traitor to the cause of truth if I remained silent, not only out of season, but in the very hour when it most needed to be spoken.

True, I can quiet my conscience when

circumstances compel me to operate, by the reflexion that one woman died while under electrical treatment, not through electricity, but through an error of diagnosis (in mistaking a tense impacted liquid tumor for a fibroid), which would not have been made if the abdomen had been opened, or, in other words, if the treatment had been surgical instead of electrical. This is the one and only case in which, as far as my experience goes, I have ever had to seriously regret the use of electricity. I can still further soothe my conscience when I am compelled to operate, by remembering that I have operated on ten women, seven by abdominal hysterectomy, treating the stump by having it transfixed at the lower angle of the incision, and three by removal of the appendages tying the ovarian arteries low down, and of several others treated in the latter manner, at which I was first assistant, all of whom recovered and are now in good health.

When I visit the city of Brotherly Love, where the surgeons have declared war to the *knife* upon the *electrode*, I am often placed in an awkward predicament. When I tell my friend, Dr. Jos. Price, that I am going to spend a few hours at the electrical clinic with Dr. Massey, he is "surprised that a man of my intelligence can waste his time in such fiddle-faddling nonsense," and it is useless for me to assure him that I can show him many women in Canada, from Manitoba in the West to New Brunswick in the East, who are the picture of health and who have been cured by electricity.

On the other hand, when I tell my friend Dr. Massey that I am going to spend the morning with Dr. Jos. Price, extirpating fibroids, he looks with pity on my blood-thirsty taste and misguided energy. In vain I tell him that life is too short to treat all my fibroid cases by electricity.

In this somewhat peculiar position which I occupy, I have one consolation: