

C H A P T E R I I I

TORONTO MEDICAL SCHOOL

1890-1894

CHAPTER III

In the fall of 1890, Tom Fitcher, Jim King and I boarded the C.P.R. train for Toronto to take up our studies in medicine. Peter Stewart was the conductor on that train. Sam Day, who had studied three years at the Western Medical School in London, came to the Toronto Medical School to take his final year. The four of us stayed at 210 Carlton St. where Tom and Jim had roomed the previous year. Jim King and I took the front room and Tom and Sam took the next room back of us. John Amyot roomed behind them. John came from St. Thomas also. His home was at the corner of Miller and Redan Streets. Our room had a bed and small coal stove and cost us ten dollars a month, five apiece. Our board cost us two dollars a week but was not worth it.

The Medical School was on Gerrard St. east of Parliament St. The subjects we took the first year were Anatomy, Physiology, Biology, Chemistry, Physics and Zoology. Dr. Moses Aiken was professor of Anatomy and gave lectures. Dr. John Ferguson and Dr. Primrose were demonstrators of Anatomy. Dr. A. B. McCallum was professor of Physiology and Dr. Ramsay Wright of Zoology. Each student was required to dissect the human body, once the first year and once the second year. The human body was divided into five parts for dissection. These bodies were called subs, I suppose for subject. When a person died with no friends or money, his or her body was sent to a medical school where it was kept in alcohol and used as required. I signed up for a part with Dick Lipsey and Hugh Cuthbertson, whose father once preached at Knox Presbyterian Church in St. Thomas. One of the three would dissect and the other two would read out of Gray's Anatomy. We finished two parts by Christmas.

When we were not dissecting, we were taking lectures up at the University. I think we did our dissecting in the morning and then walked in a body, about seventy of us, in twos, sometimes keeping in step by singing. If a nice looking girl came in our direction, we separated and made her walk between us. One of the students was a good singer and often led us in the classroom before the lecturer arrived. We sang such songs as Old Black Joe; My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean and many others found in the University Song Book. Saturday nights we went to the Grand Opera House where we saw the best plays of the day. We sat in the "gods" costing us twenty-five cents, and between acts we sang our favorite songs. Most of the people below did not seem to mind. The police were rather tolerant, provided we did no damage.

Hallowe'en was a night for student hilarity. We carried very heavy canes and serenaded the girls' college residences, singing our College songs. If a few of the girls came out and waved at us, we were satisfied.

We took our lecture in physics over at the University. Some of the University students and the first year Meds took the lecture together. The University students of course went into the lecture room and occupied all the front seats. When we arrived, we had to sit at the back. This did not fit, as we had to pay a much larger fee than the University students, so one day before the lecturer arrived, a medical student grabbed a University student and passed

him back to us and he landed at the back of the room. Then the battle began and we sent for the second year Meds to come and help. When it was all over, all the University students (boys) had been thrown or forced out of the lecture room. Sir Daniel Wilson, the President of the University pleaded with us but to no avail. I think our class became rather unpopular with the officials of the University.

One day, the first and second year Medical students were taking a lecture together at the old school lecture room. This room had elevated seats like a theatre and we came in from the top while the lecturer entered from below. The second year Meds occupied the lower seats and we the upper. On this occasion, we noticed that the second year men were talking among themselves and looking up at us. They were not paying any attention to the lecturer, Dr. Moses Aiken. We realized that the dreaded "elevation" or hazing was about to take place. We did not have long to wait. With an Indian warcry they rushed at us. We were dragged down to the pit of the theatre and then dragged up to the top and out of the door. We were not organized and behaved like lambs. However a few days later, they tried it again and this time we gave them as much as they gave us. I think the "elevation" or hazing probably had some merit if carried out sanely. We had greater respect for many of the men in our class such as Tom Agnew who was a match for the leader of the second year men; Harry McKendrick, Jack Alway and many others. I did my part so was not "elevated" a second time.

Most of the medical students did not have much money so they stayed in the cheapest boarding houses which was not always satisfactory. Someone in our class had a bright idea. We hired a woman to do our cooking at her house and we bought the food. We paid her fifty cents each, a week, for cooking and serving. We took turns in buying the food each week. Now we had good meals costing us about two dollars a week and everybody was happy. About the end of April, we wrote our examinations. I was second in Anatomy in a class of seventy. Hugh Johnson, son of a famous preacher, was first.

During the long summer holidays I worked on the farm at home and also for Hughie McAlpine and my Uncle Richard. When the fall medical term began, I was thus fit for the strenuous second year. This year all of the work was at the University. After I arrived in Toronto, I left my trunk at the station and came up to the University to hunt for a room. I came to a house on McCaul St., a few doors south of College St. and was shown a front room upstairs. I was told that a medical student would take the room if he could get another student to share it with him. They said that they expected him back any time. In a few minutes, who should walk in but Byron Campbell, a classmate of the previous year. We engaged the room at a moderate rent and were able to get our meals at a place almost across the street from where we were staying.

After two or three weeks, we had two serious objections. The room had no heat and the landlord kept a parrot and a dog. The dog would bark at the parrot and the parrot would scold and swear at the dog. This interfered with our studies, so we found another place. The new place was at 210 Huron St. where we got board and a room on the third floor. The landlady was a Mrs. McConnell. She came from Bradford and was a widow with a large family. I think there were three girls and three boys. The McConnells were very nice people. The meals were good and Byron and I were well satisfied. Every Sunday, we had roast goose for dinner at noon. After dinner Byron and I would take a long walk to help digest the goose. Often Byron would belch and taste the goose, remarking "Damn that goose!" Mr. Smoke, a lawyer, was the only other boarder. He later married the eldest daughter.

The second year course was similar to the first year but more advanced. We faced two difficult examinations at the end of the year, our own and the Medical Council of Ontario, both written and oral. The new dissecting room was a great improvement on the old. It was on the top storey and lighted from above by skylights. It was considered a great breach of etiquette if any one entered the dissecting room without removing his hat. One day, about thirty students were dissecting, when three strange men came in without removing their hats. A shout arose of "Hats, hats!" The strangers ignored the warning until a large, well-aimed piece of fat hit one of them in the face. They quickly made for the door.

At last examination time came and although Byron and I had worked hard all year, we doubled our efforts for the coming tests. The lectures had stopped and we reviewed the work for the year. Before each examination we usually had a day and a night to prepare for it. One would ask questions for a while and then the other, taking turns using the book. This would last until about twelve o'clock midnight. Sometimes, when we became sleepy, we walked or ran around the block and then worked as long as we could. When the school examinations were over, we took the Ontario Council exams. After an anxious wait, the reports were published. Byron and I passed both examinations. The Council examiners had plucked about forty percent of our class. I took honors in Anatomy.

In connection with the Council examination, we had to try the Toxicology examination although we were not taught it at the school. Byron and I had Saturday and Sunday to prepare for it. We read the book on Toxicology through on Saturday and reviewed it on Sunday. We both passed with honors while Wickett who did not study on Sunday failed. It was a great relief to us to have those examinations over with. Now we would be studying more interesting subjects, such as disease and its cure in the coming year. Also our work would be in the old Toronto General Hospital on Temperance St.

In the fall of 1892, Byron and I rented a room on Gifford St. We were now studying medicine under Professor James E. Graham and lecturers, Dr. McPhedran and Caven; Surgery under Professor W. T. Aiken and lecturers, Drs. I. H. Cameron, George Peters, Lachlan McFarlane and Strange; Materia Medica and Therapeutics with

Drs. O. R. Avison and J. M. McCallum; Pathology with Dr. John Caven; Ophthalmology with Dr. Reeves; Nose and Throat with Dr. McDonough; Obstetrics with Dr. Adam Wright and Gynaecology with Dr. U. Ogden. We spent the morning watching operations and examining patients in the wards and writing their histories. In the afternoon there were clinical lectures. We had no examinations at the end of the session but took what was called a summer course which lasted about six weeks. This was all hospital work where we examined patients and took their histories.

To be nearer the hospital, in the fall of 1893, Byron and I rented the same room at 210 Carlton St. that Jim King had in my first year. Here we were very comfortable and settled down for our last year. Dr. W. T. Aiken, the professor of Surgery, impressed on us the idea of elevation for an injured part and a tea-cosy bandage for a fractured clavicle, both of which I used in after years. Mr. I. H. Cameron (he never used the title "Doctor") was another professor of Surgery. He was a son of the Chief Justice and a very polished gentleman. When he finished a lecture on a subject, there was nothing more known about that subject. Dr. George Peters was a F.R.C.S., London, the only man in Toronto who held that title. He was an excellent lecturer and very popular among the students.

About this time, appendicitis became recognized. The treatment recommended was to put the patient to bed on a light diet and give hot applications to the abdomen for three days and if no improvement by that time, then operate. Most of the patients died. Later, Dr. Murphy of Chicago, a noted surgeon, would say something to the effect, "Wait until an abscess forms, open the abdomen, quickly put in a drain, get out a damn sight quicker and remove the appendix later!"

Dr. Lachlan McFarlane was one of the surgeons in our final year. One day, we watched him remove a stone from the bladder. He put an instrument into the wound and drew out the stone and held it up for us to see. We all clapped our hands. Unfortunately the patient died the next day.

Dr. Strange, a genito-urinary specialist was a fine looking man, tall and erect. One day, he walked into the operating room wearing a Prince Albert coat. He was to operate for a stone in the bladder. He did not remove his coat but unbuttoned his coat sleeves, rolled up the cuffs, then washed his hands under the tap. He skilfully removed the stone, washed his hands, buttoned his coat sleeves and walked out.

At that time, the anaesthetic used was chloroform. Later, ether was used. The anaesthesia was given by interns. Carbolic acid was the antiseptic used. Rubber gloves were not worn at the time. The operating room was somewhat like a theatre and was entered from the top.

Another lecturer was Dr. James Richardson who specialized in Surgical Anatomy. As a student, he helped Dr. John Rolph to escape during the 1837 Rebellion. Dr. Jimmie, as we affectionately called him, was a strong temperance man. One day he told us that a "sub" in a barrel of alcohol was brought across Lake Ontario from Rochester, N.Y. by boat. On arrival the barrel was light. On investigation it was found that the barrel had several gimlet holes in it. The sailors had bored the holes and drunk the alcohol!

Dr. James Graham, the professor of Medicine, was very popular among the students. He divided our class into groups of ten or twelve for teaching purposes. When we came to a patient, the one who had taken the history the day before would read our reports. This was discussed by the other students, which had the effect of making us very careful in making our examination and diagnosis. Dr. Graham always had a pleasant word for each patient as we passed with him through the wards. One day he looked at a patient and said, "Psoriasis." "No," the patient replied, "my eyes are alright." He thought the doctor said, "Sore eyes, sir?"

An excellent teacher was Dr. McPhedran. He had been a high school teacher before taking up medicine. We enjoyed going with him through the wards. Another well-liked person was Dr. William Caven who lectured in medicine. He was the son of a famous Presbyterian minister. Some years later, I had Dr. Caven come to St. Thomas to see Mr. Gundy who was very sick. Dr. Caven's brother, Dr. John Caven was a famous pathologist and witness in Court cases.

The superintendent of the old Toronto General Hospital in those days was Dr. Charles O'Reilly who married a niece of the famous Dr. John Rolph. Charley, as we called him, but not to his face, was capable of pleasing the doctors, patients and public alike. Miss Snively was the lady superintendent. She was very capable and kept a watchful eye on the nurses, patients and students.

An old tradition of the Medical School was the graduating class dinner. This was held before Christmas at the Queen's Hotel. I had the honour of replying to the toast to our class.

At last, the time came to try our final examinations. Byron and I were successful in passing both the school and the Council examinations. I passed the Medical School with honors and also won the George Brown Scholarship.

After the last examination, four of us who had been bragging that we were going to get drunk, went to a hotel and ordered a glass of whiskey each. We sat and talked for a time and then went back to our rooms, feeling rather sad. We were parting after four years of fellowship for a future we did not know.

CHAPTER IV

EARLY YEARS IN PRACTICE IN ST. THOMAS

1894 - 1910

After I arrived home, I sent in an application for an internship in the Toronto General Hospital. A few days later, I received a letter from Dr. Tom Fitcher stating that two of the class obtained the position by influence and that I was out of it. Then I wrote an application for the George Brown Scholarship and was told that they were not giving it that year as the funds were low. This scholarship was given for a year in research work.

The next question was, where was I going to locate? After turning down several prospects, Dr. Samuel Dominion Day (born July 1st, 1867) who had earlier started practice in St. Thomas, suggested why not start in St. Thomas, so that is what I did. Billy Worth and I divided a store into two parts, one a tailor shop and the other a doctor's office. It was on Talbot St. opposite the M.C.R. station. I opened office on June 14, 1894. I slept in the back of the office and boarded at the Queen's Hotel, just down the street. My Uncle Richard bought a horse for me which we named Percy and my father bought the buggy. I took care of the horse and office the first year.

At first, my principal occupation was waiting for patients to come. To pass the time, I visited my neighbours. I often visited in the tailor shop. Here Miss Sally Huggard taught me how to make button holes with the needle and thread. John Locke, who kept a grocery store, Mr. Chant who kept Chant's Cheap Store and an insurance agent by the name of Sinclair and I often played checkers.

My first patient was a Miss T. I learned later that she made a practice of calling on each new doctor in town. The next patient I was called to see was a baby by the name of Carter on Yarwood St. It had a fever. I examined the baby as well as I knew how, but could not think of the name for the disease. I consulted old Dr. Cowan, whose office was on the corner of Curtis and Mary St. and explained the case to him. He advised me to give the baby a physic and to call and see it the next day. One night, I was called to see a family by the name of Armstrong on Hiawatha St. On my way I met a policeman who asked me where I was going. I said to Armstrong's. He laughed and said that I was the seventh man they have asked to call. Of course I did not get paid for my visit. Another night the doorbell rang. When I went to the door; it was a man who wanted to use the phone to call another doctor.

At that time, the charge was one dollar for a visit at the home and fifty cents for consultation and medicine at the office. At the end of June, my cash on hand was two dollars and fifty cents. July was a better month when several new patients came. Among them were Mrs. Peacock, Arthur Chamberlain, who was an old school-mate of mine at S.S. No. 14, Mrs. Baird, mother of Tom and Andy of Detroit, Baby Stinchcombe of Middlemarch, and Archie McColl. I did about sixty dollars work but only collected twelve.

When I first opened office, I went to the Queen's Hotel for my meals, but found that I could get board a little cheaper at the International Hotel kept by Mr. Coffey. Here I met Bill Little who was the engineman at the M.C.R. One day he told me that he was going to get married and would I be best man? I told him I would be pleased to do so. We were very good friends for the rest of his life. Either Miss Huggard or Albert Snyder told me about Mrs. T. B. Wright who kept a boarding house at 46 Kains St., so I changed my boarding place again and went there. I found Mrs. Wright to be one of the finest women I had ever met. There were about six or seven boarders and she did the work herself. Her husband was retired and he may have helped her. Here I met John Brennan, a school teacher who became another good friend. At the end of one year in practice, I came out about even financially.

The Amasa Wood Hospital had been opened in 1892. Miss Amy Pollard was the first superintendent. While she was there, I was appointed lecturer to the nurses, in Materia Medica and Therapeutics. One of the nurses later became superintendent of a hospital at Port Arthur and was able to do the dispensing for the hospital there because of her training at the Amasa Wood. Miss Pollard was a good superintendent but strict. One day a doctor had been called to an accident case. When he started to dress the wound, she told him that he had not washed his hands. He replied that he had washed them before breakfast. Another doctor, Dr. J. H. Wilson, was called down for some misdemeanor and never entered the hospital again. Miss Pollard afterwards married Mr. J. B. Morford, the superintendent of the M.C.R. They later moved to New York. Miss Lottie Morford, R.N. of New York is their daughter and still visits St. Thomas from time to time.

About the same time that I settled in St. Thomas, Dr. F. O. Lawrence from Lawrence Station, Dr. R. M. Lipsey and Dr. McCrimmon also opened offices here. Dr. S. D. Day had opened office a few years earlier. Other doctors were Dr. J. H. Wilson, Drs. Duncan and Colin McLarty, Dr. Fulton, Drs. Truman and Charles Duncombe, Dr. Kains, Dr. Luton (a homeopath), Dr. Marlatt, Dr. W. E. Smith, Dr. A. D. McCrimmon, Dr. Cowan and Dr. VanBuskirk. Most of them were oldish doctors who continued to work until they passed away. In June 1895, a new doctor came to St. Thomas. He was Dr. Norbert J. Amyot. He opened his office on Mary St. He had just graduated from the University of Toronto Medical Faculty or the Toronto Med. as we called it. Bob lived with his parents on the corner of Redan and Miller Streets. He and I became close friends. Neither of us was overworked so we often visited each other. One evening we called on Dr. Lipsey who had opened an office in the Grand Central Block. He had installed an air tank which was pumped full of air under pressure. It was connected with an atomizer containing menthol and ephedren. When a patient came in with a "cold in the head" the doctor would use this spray in the nose. The patient almost at once felt relieved, paid a dollar and went away happy. Although the condition would return, the patient would come back the next day. After listening to the doctor telling us how busy he was and taking in so much money, Bob and I went home feeling rather depressed.

When Dr. Sam Day began practice in St. Thomas in 1891, his office was in a frame building where the East End Imperial Bank now stands (corner of Talbot and Princess Ave.). After my third year as a medical student, I spent my spare time in his office learning how to make powders and mix medicine. Later, the doctor's brother, Bert Day, built the Day Block on the south-east corner of Talbot and Elgin Streets, where the C.P.R. office stood in later years. Dr. Day occupied the front part and Mr. J. M. Glenn, the lawyer, occupied the back. One evening, I was visiting Dr. Day in his office when Bob (Dr. Amyot) who had just opened his office, rushed in and shouted "I have a patient!" Sam asked "Miss T---?" Bob's face dropped suddenly. Later, Bob and I were walking home together and he remarked, "I think Sam was jealous."

During the fall of 1895 Dr. Day developed a bad cough. It continued to get worse and tuberculosis was diagnosed. He left for the South about the first of February 1896. He died from the disease during the summer of 1898. When he left town, I took over his office and his practice. I paid the rent for the office and fifty percent of the money I received from his patients. That was how I became the family doctor for the Sloggetts, Vances, Murrys, Littles and DeLaceys. One could not have had nicer people. I inherited also from Sam an office boy, whose name I think was Elijah Baker.

One day in 1898 I had two confinements on my hands, Dr. Amyot's wife and Mrs. Charles Bull. Mrs. Amyot's home was on Redan St. and Mrs. Bull's on Chestnut St. - quite a distance apart. I rushed from one to the other by horse and buggy. At last, Mrs. Amyot won out. Shortly after, the Amyots moved to Belle River and later to Windsor.

After about two years in Dr. Day's office, I had the opportunity to buy the house and office of Dr. Penwarden at 17 Elgin St. This was in 1898. Dr. Penwarden, who had a large practice in Fingal, moved to St. Thomas in 1883 with his family. He opened an office at 17 Elgin St. It was a frame building detached from the house. In 1892, the doctor died rather suddenly, leaving a family of three girls and two boys. Dr. Mason took over the practice and lived with the Penwarden family. Later, in 1898, he married one of the Penwarden girls, Ina, and they moved to Toronto. The property was up for sale so I bought it and moved in. The arrangement was that Mrs. Penwarden pay no rent and I receive bed and board. She had two others living with her, Miss Molly Hannah and Miss Salina McQueen. The arrangement worked out well and everyone was satisfied. Mrs. Penwarden was, by the way, a daughter of Colonel McQueen, who took a prominent part in the War of 1812-1814.

It was about this time also that I wished to join the Ancient Loyal and Accepted Masons. My friend, John Brennan who taught at Balaclava Street School came after school hours to instruct me. He later married Eva Stacey and they moved to Toronto.

In those days we did not have radio or television. We entertained ourselves with parties and dancing. People who had a large house often had parties in their homes. I belonged to a whist club,

(later bridge) which met at the homes of the ladies who were members. The men of this club were R. M. Anderson, Dr. Lawrence, John McCance, George Davey, Bert Spencer and two others. The ladies were Sally King, Hattie Perry, Kate Wegg, Bertha Scarff, Katie Findlay and Clara Moore. We came in full dress and played whist until eleven o'clock, when lunch was served and afterwards we danced about two hours. Once a year, during the Christmas holidays, to show our appreciation for the hospitality given, the men put on a Grand Ball at the Grand Central Hotel. We took care to dance with all the ladies who had entertained us. The Ball opened with the Grand March, followed by the Lancers, waltzes, two-steps, the schottische, Jerseys, Rye, finally ending with the men singing, "Good Night, Ladies ". All went home happy. At these dances there was no liquor served. I remember two who came who showed signs of intoxication. They were not invited again.

In my early days in practice, there were many cases of infectious diseases. Diphtheria would sometimes wipe out a whole family. Scarlet Fever often left a permanent disability, such as loss of hearing from infection in the ears. When I started practice, diphtheria anti-toxin was not on the market but it came shortly after. About that time, I was called to see a little girl about ten years old named Louise Batiste. Her throat was covered with a thick, dark membrane and she had been sick for three or four days. I used all the ordinary treatment in use at that time but to no avail. She died. This was the year 1896. When I first saw Louise and diagnosed diphtheria, we sent her sister Mary to a neighbour, hoping that she would not contract the disease. I asked them to notify me at once if Mary had any signs of sore throat. One morning they telephoned that Mary had a sore throat. When I visited her, her tonsils had a diphtheritic patch. At once I gave her 2,000 units of antitoxin. When I saw her the next morning, her throat was almost clear. This was the first time diphtheria antitoxin had been used in St. Thomas. Some of the older doctors were suspicious of the antitoxin for diphtheria and would not use it. Because of this, they lost many patients to the disease. Much was learned at this time about antitoxin. It must be used early in the disease. It was many years before I lost a case of diphtheria. In later years I had two patients die, due to antitoxin that had lost its strength.

When diphtheria involved the vocal cords, it was called diphtheritic croup and was fatal. My first case of diphtheritic croup was May Venning on Balaclava Street. Another doctor and I opened her windpipe (trachea) and put in a tube. She recovered. The second case was Jack Clark. Dr. Tufford helped me to do a tracheotomy. He is living today and is married to a nurse. At a much later date I was called to see a man with diphtheritic croup. I gave him 20,000 units of antitoxin at once. The next day he was much improved. With another 10,000 units, he recovered.

The poison produced by diphtheritic croup affects the heart and sometimes the patient died suddenly. Some blamed this on the antitoxin. This was disproved years ago.

One morning several years ago, as I stepped off the elevator on the third floor of the Memorial Hospital, I heard the familiar sound of diphtheritic croup. At once I said to the nurse, "Do you treat diphtheritic croup here?" She replied that they did not. I said that there was a case in a certain room. "Oh no," she replied, "that's tonsillitis!" Later, the laboratory reported diphtheria. A tracheotomy was performed on the patient and he recovered.

Typhoid fever was another infectious disease. It was caused by infected water, milk or food containing the *Bacillus Typhosis*. The symptoms were loss of appetite, headache, fever and weakness. There was an ulceration of the bowels. Sometimes an ulcer would rupture, causing peritonitis with death. Sometimes death was due to the poison in the body causing severe prostration. The disease took about six weeks to run its course, with the fever lasting about three weeks. The patient was just "skin and bones" by the time he started to recover.

All the wells in St. Thomas at one time contained water infected with the Typhoid *Bacillus* which came from the sewage leaking into the wells. It was difficult to persuade the people to drink city water. Dr. McLarty told me that on one occasion, he tied his horse at the top of John St. and visited nine houses with typhoid. This was before my time. I treated forty cases one fall. The disease was most common in the fall. Screen doors were not used in many homes then and the houses became full of flies. The flies got on the food and caused the infection in many cases. Nurses sometimes contracted the disease. At one time when I was giving a lecture to the nurses on typhoid, I told them that a nurse contracting the disease from a patient had not been careful in washing her hands and actually put the germs in her mouth from her hands. We can give the Department of Health with the co-operation of the medical profession the credit for the almost complete elimination of these horrible diseases.

After four years of general practice, I decided that I was getting out of date so I sent an application to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore to take a post-graduate course in the clinical use of the microscope. This course gave one the privilege to attend all clinics in other subjects. It was accepted and I arrived in Baltimore in April 1899. Here I met my old friend Dr. Tom Futcher. He helped me get settled on North Broadway. I shared a room with Dr. McIlroy of Mississippi. Dr. Norman Gwyn, a nephew of Dr. Osler gave us the course with the microscope. We examined blood, fluids and tissues. A patient was brought in with malaria. This was a great opportunity for us to examine the blood for the germ causing the malaria. We took several samples of his blood. I think the poor man must have been fed up with us.

This class was composed of about twelve doctors. The highlights of this course were the clinics conducted by Dr. Osler. We went with him on his rounds twice a week. When we came to a patient, the intern read the history of the illness. Sometimes Dr. Osler would ask us questions and have us examine the patient. A man in one ward had a rash on his body that the interns could not diagnose.

When Dr. Osler came along with his class, everyone was excited. The first question was, "Where do you live?" "About twenty miles away," replied the patient. "Are you married?" "No, I live alone." "What do you eat?" "Bread and cheese." "What do you drink?" "Water." The doctor turned to the class and said, "This man has scurvy!" Once a week he gave a clinical lecture in the hospital theatre. Here ward patients were brought in during the lecture. The same system was used; observation, interrogation and examination.

Dr. Thayer was another doctor who gave fine clinics. Twice a week I attended his clinic on skin diseases. He was a prominent skin specialist. Many years after, I was still using some of Dr. Thayer's prescriptions. Dr. Halstead was the chief surgeon. When we had time, we watched him operate. Dr. Howard Kelly was the gynaecologist. He was only second to Osler. Here I met my old friend Dr. Norman McLeod Harris. He was an assistant to Dr. Welch in Pathology.

At the close of the course, we were entertained at the home of Dr. Osler. He was very kind and asked each one of us many questions. There was a large punch bowl from which we drank heartily. I still have the plug hat which I bought in Baltimore for ten dollars to go to the reception.

In December 1899, Mr. J. B. Morford telephoned me to go and see Dr. W. E. Smith, the M.C.R. surgeon and make arrangements to become his chief assistant. Dr. Smith was sixty years old but very stout, very hard-of-hearing and had poor eyesight. He was, however, a friendly and pleasant man to meet. His office was at 646 Talbot Street and he and his wife lived in the apartment above. The contract was that I pay no rent and that I sleep upstairs. Also, that I pay for half the drugs. I boarded at the Columbia Hotel. I gave up the office at 17 Elgin Street and settled at 646 Talbot Street. My salary was ten dollars a month. Soon I had more work than I could do. In those days, they did not know the meaning of the word safety on the railroad. Men were having serious injuries to their legs and arms, sometimes requiring amputation. Many were killed.

About this time, I had been making trips to Strathroy to see a young lady whom I had met at the Elson's. Several years previously, I called on Dr. Sam Day in his office. He told me that he had been out at the Elson's the night before and met the prettiest girl he had ever seen and that her name was Dora Ferguson. I met her later and decided that Sam had good judgement! When I went to see her at her home near Strathroy, I sometimes went by train from London. Thirty miles to drive a horse took several hours and by bicycle it was hard work. I suggested that she marry me and come to St. Thomas to live. After some persuasion she accepted me for better or worse and the marriage took place at her parents' home on June 5, 1901. Dr. Warner of Alma College performed the ceremony and Dr. Lawrence was the best man. For a short time, we lived in a house at 147 Wellington St. In the autumn of that year, we bought the property at 646 Talbot St. from Dr. Smith and moved in.

In 1902, Dr. Smith was retired on pension and Dr. James Fulton and I took over the work of M.C.R. surgeons.

In the spring of 1903, I went to New York to take a post graduate course at the University Hospital on 20th Street, and getting my board and room on 16th Street. After I had been there a few days, there was a notice on the bulletin board at the hospital asking for an interne at the Bellevue Hospital. When I saw it I went over to Bellevue and got the position as interne in the division composed of men's fracture ward, women's fracture ward, men's prison ward, women's prison ward and an alcoholic ward. Another interne and I had charge of all this under the direction of the chief. It was quite an experience. I enjoyed the fracture wards and received some valuable experience in that line. The other wards seemed to be made up of the dregs of humanity.

On my return home, everyone was looking forward to the Talbot Centennial celebrations commemorating Colonel Talbot's landing at Port Talbot in 1803. There were three regiments taking part in the festivities, including the 25th Regiment of which I was a member, having joined several years previously. Of course, there were band concerts, parades, sports and speeches. The soldiers camped on the fairgrounds where the Elmdale Memorial Park cemetery is now located. Colonel John Stacey was the commanding officer of the 25th Regiment at that time. Dr. Kains was the chief surgeon. I had charge of the stretcher-bearers. Colonel Stacey's brother, George, was a captain in this regiment. Captain George was taken ill with acute appendicitis. He had gone to his home on Drake Street. Apparently we did not have an ambulance at this time because my stretcher-bearers carried him to the hospital. Here he was put to bed on a light diet with rest and hot applications to the abdomen. After about two weeks he recovered and was able to return home. The operation for appendicitis at this time was not popular as a number of people had died after the operation. George was a popular fellow. He later went overseas in 1915 and remained in England.

On September 17th a baby girl arrived in our household whom we named Carolyn after her Grandmother Ferguson. Dr. F. O. Lawrence was the doctor in charge. During the next few years there was nothing of particular interest except the routine work of looking after the health of patients. On May 18th, 1906, another baby was born, a boy named John Ferguson Curtis. Dr. Lawrence was in attendance again.

In April 1907, I returned to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. This time it was to take a special course in surgery under Dr. Harvey Cushing. I roomed with a Dr. Brady of Worcester, Mass. We were in a class of about twelve which was divided into groups of three. One gave the dog ether, the other two either operated or assisted, with Dr. Cushing giving the instructions. The operations were much the same as those done on humans. When we were not operating, we attended other clinics in Surgery, Medicine and Skin. As the Johns Hopkins Hospital was a teaching hospital, we often attended clinical lectures with the medical students. At that time, Johns Hopkins, Harvard, Cornell and McGill were considered the top medical centres on the continent.

After returning home, I was asked by Dr. A. C. Campbell to see a Mr. Duval who was suffering from cancer of the stomach with obstruction and could not retain food or water in his stomach. I suggested a gastro-enterostomy. He looked at me and said, "How in hell do you do it?" I said that I had done the operation on dogs and thought that we could do it on his patient. Mr. Duval was brought to the Amasa Wood Hospital for the operation. I suggested that we rehearse on a dog the night before the operation. Miss Bertha Miller, the superintendent of the hospital and her assistant, Miss Stella Stewart came in that evening to Dr. A. C.'s office which was then across from the Grand Central Hotel. The office boy was sent out to get a dog. He brought in a rather nice bull terrier. Miss Miller gave the dog ether and Dr. A. C. and I together did the operation. The next morning we operated on Mr. Duval and it was a success. He was able to eat and drink with comfort. Of course he died a few months later of the cancer. The operation was for relief of the stomach obstruction. This was the first gastro-enterostomy done in St. Thomas. It was in the year 1907. We did several in the following years.

Dr. A. C. liked to play a joke on his friends, so I thought I would play one on him. I met Tom Keith one day and asked him to put an ad in the paper for a lost dog, describing the one we operated on. That night I called on A. C. and asked him if he had seen the ad. He got the paper and read the advertisement. He did not say anything. The next morning I asked him how the dog was doing. "He is dead," was the reply, and he would not say any more. Later after some time, I found out that he had given the dog a quick poison and taken it out to his brother's farm and buried it. I never told him the truth, that the ad was just a joke.

About this time, Dr. F. O. Lawrence, Dr. A. C. and I began doing our surgery together. One gave the anaesthetic (ether) and the other two either operated or assisted. The plan worked out very well. We were operating almost every day until about 1928, when Dr. A. C. passed away.

In 1908, Dr. A. C. was taking a patient to the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minn. and I went with him. Here we watched William and Charles Mayo operate from eight in the morning until one o'clock in the afternoon. We stayed two weeks. It was a wonderful experience. The doctors would explain the operation as they proceeded.

Dr. Fulton died the next year, (1909). I was asked by the superintendent of the Railroad Hospital whom I wanted for my associate. I replied, "A. C. Campbell". The R. R. H. Association was and is an organization of the employees of the Michigan Central Railroad. Its function was to supply medical and surgical and hospital care for its members. At this time, Mr. L. M. Miller was the R.R.H. superintendent. He was a very fine man and able to keep the organization running very smoothly.

Dr. A. C. and I decided to build a centrally-located joint office and chose a lot opposite the City Hall, with Neil Darrach as architect. A. C. preferred the back office, so I took the front one. Dr. A. C. and his wife lived upstairs and their three boys were born while they lived there. We moved in about 1910.

C H A P T E R V

ODDS AND ENDS

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In 1908 or 1909, I got the automobile fever and took a train to Detroit and bought a car. It was a Brush. It had a one-cylinder, seven horsepower engine. There was no top, no windshield, no door. The top speed was said to be 40 miles per hour. It arrived on a flat car at the M.C.R. station one Saturday morning. I took Jack Davidson who kept a bicycle shop on Talbot Street with me to the station. With the help of several men we got it off the train. Jack started the engine and away we went. We went down Talbot Street, turned at St. Catherine, down Curtis to East Street, thence back to Talbot Street to Jack's shop opposite Elgin Street. Here he left me and I took the wheel back to the office at 646 Talbot Street. The next day I took my wife and children down and up the Talbot St. hills to Middlemarch.

That winter I drove a horse until March, when one night about 12 o'clock, I had an emergency call to go to Payne's Mills. I had intended to hitch up the horse but when I saw that car, I thought, why not take the car. I gave the crank a turn and bang went the engine. I arrived at Payne's Mills in record time, delivered a baby and then started for home. There had been a thaw and then a freeze. The road was smooth and hard. There was also a strong west wind and I came down that road at about 40 miles an hour. It was very exhilarating and I said to myself, "This is the life!"

I received a good deal of ribbing at first. I was the first doctor to drive a car in St. Thomas. Soon everybody had the car fever. We had no trouble in the city but in the country, the horses would become frightened when a car came near. When we met a horse or horses on the road and they seemed to be frightened, the law was that we stop and help to get the horses past the car. Later, the horses got used to the automobiles and the farmers began to buy cars themselves, so the trouble soon ended.

While the flat over 646 Talbot Street was comfortable, my wife and I decided that Talbot Street was not suitable for bringing up children, so in 1910, we bought a white frame house at 34 Southwick Street for \$2,600 from Miss Elizabeth Day. We sold the house to Colin Walker for \$400 and engaged Neil Darrach as the architect for a new house, to be built on the lot. Mr. Darrach called for tenders. The foundation and brick work was done by Mr. James Belbin; Mr. Richard Sanders was given the contract for the carpentering; Mr. Williams, the plumbing; Sandham and Roberts, the electrical work and Hamilton and Stott, the heating, (hot water). The total cost was about \$8,000. We moved in, in July of 1911.

My wife and I had been brought up in the Methodist Church. When we were living at 646 Talbot Street we attended Central Methodist. When the children were old enough to go to Sunday School, we sent them to St. John's Anglican Church because they would have to cross the M.C.R. tracks if they went to Central. The Sunday School teacher at St. John's which the children had, was Mrs. James Farley, of whom they were very fond. When we moved to Southwick Street, the children were sent to Sunday School at First Methodist Church. John, who was five years old

at the time, complained that they did not teach him anything and that he was not going there again. The children then went to the Sunday School at Trinity Anglican Church, which was just a block down the street from our house. We heard no further complaints. One day, Archdeacon Hill of Trinity called. He remarked that he saw no reason why my wife and I should not go to Trinity since the children went to the Sunday School, so we joined the Anglican Church and were confirmed in due time.

C H A P T E R V I

On the Aldermanic Council - 1913

There had been complaints from citizens, printed in the city papers, regarding the dust and dirt on the streets, the disposal of garbage and the condition of what they called the pest house (isolation hospital), situated west of the cemetery. Apparently nothing was being done about it. For some reason I was elected an alderman in the civic elections in 1913 and appointed chairman of the Board of Health. The first thing we did was to introduce a garbage system. We hired a man who bought two wagons with large, high side boards. He was given \$8,000 a year to take charge. When he was ready, we passed a bylaw which made it unlawful to throw garbage or other rubbish in the backyards or the streets and required that all garbage and rubbish should be placed in proper receptacles and placed by the curb for the garbage men to pick up. The city was divided into sections as now. The garbage was taken out of town, put in a field and plowed under. At first people forgot to put their garbage out and were missed. The phone would ring about three or four times while I was having my dinner. I would have to call up the garbage men about it. This happened often.

Up to now, the streets which had macadam surfaces were sprinkled with water from a large tank on wheels. By the time the tank had sprinkled two streets, the dust began to fly on the first. I had heard of the use of oil, so we applied tar covered with sand. This stopped the dust but I was very unpopular. However, after a short time people in general became enthusiasts for street oiling.

The "pest house" was the next problem. Miss Bertha Miller, the superintendent of Amasa Wood Hospital and I made the plans for two cottages for infectious diseases, one for diphtheria and the other for scarlet fever. Mr. Reath built the cottages for \$2,000 each. The Board of Health made arrangements with Amasa Wood Hospital that when an infectious disease was taken to the isolation hospital, the superintendent would send two senior nurses to care for the patient or patients. The nurses were in training so the cost to the patient was the same as at the Amasa Wood. This worked out very satisfactorily.

At the end of the year I had had enough of municipal politics so did not run. It was 1919 before I became an alderman again.