

THE MEDICINAL WAR.

THIS row among the doctors is at once unusual and unfortunate. Doctors have hitherto been so peaceably disposed towards each other, so ready to yield to each other's opinions, and so eager to consult those whose creeds were different, that the present agitation is a complete surprise. If the new code goes

read a psalm, throw a back somersault and read two verses from St. Paul and bid the sick man arise. If the sick man doesn't or can't, every one present will give him a pill, clap on a plaster, douse him or shock him out of his senses, and *then* the coroner will come.

This will be living in the true spirit of harmony and professional brotherhood. But what will become of the patient?

In the good old days of saddlebags, leeches and setons, consultations were never fashionable, and people lived to a more advanced age than they do now. Doctors were all of one school—and when they went to the patient's funeral they bore malice towards no one, unless the widow had inadvertently forgotten to pay the bill, which, of course, made trouble. Now all will be chaos. If the sufferer's constitution enables him to stand the strain of a joint treatment, each pill-mixer will swear that it was his own particular prescription that did the business, and will, of course, expect double pay for the same. If the patient dies, each will swear that it was the other that killed him, and then the police will have to get in some very fine

and prompt work to prevent trouble. There is only one way out of this. If a joint consultation is insisted on, let but one doctor's bill be allowed, and make him share it with the rest—that is, if the patient survives the ordeal. If he dies—hang *all* the doctors.

H. G. C.



DR. PODOPHYLLIN.



DR. TAFFEE.



DR. MIXER.



DR. CHILLEM.



DR. BUNKUM.



DR. TWISTEMUP.

Twistemup, the Electro-path, who will put the invalid through a series of ingenious contortions, and completely riddle him with thunderbolts and agony, with a view to shaming the disease into acknowledging that it cannot cause any pain worth mentioning.

Next will be summoned in a great hurry, Doctor Mixer, the Eclectic, who will administer to the happy sufferer a course of complicated sprouts of

all the schools of medicine together, and note the result. Finally will come Doctor Bunkum, who cures by laying on of hands. Doctor Bunkum will pray and sing and lay on hands, and stand on his head and