

Unfortunately, anybody in the States once could, without any matriculation examination, get medical and dental degrees, long before Canadian students were admitted to their primary, and it was once safe when you were in a crowd, to shout "doctor," or "colonel," and almost every head would turn in response. Now, any one with half an eye could see that no first-class man would come to Canada to practise unless he had to leave his country for his country's good, or unless he thought we were a people more susceptible than our neighbors to humbug. It has been common for some of our best men to go to the States, because there is greater scope among a large population, and Canadian degrees justly obtain respect there. A graduate of any of the Toronto medical colleges, and also of McGill, at Montreal, carry with their parchments a claim to professional respect. The world knows and respects the many eminent men who have done honor to the professions in the United States; but these men do not choose Canada as a preferred place to practice. Look at the medical quacks who organize "Institutes," and travel through the land on the strength of a Canadian license. In dentistry, too, have we not men whose every instinct is that of humbug? the men who make use of the Church and the Sunday-school, lodges, and every possible means of making the public believe that they are "superior," or that they possess some infallible prescription brought down from the skies specially for themselves. Is it not disgusting and degrading to see the base use some of these men make, for business purposes, of the holiest things; bringing "shop" into the very communion, and the Bible they ostentatiously carry, containing a lot of their cards for distribution to children in their Sunday-school class? I have seen him with his Bible in his Sunday class with five or six cards projecting at texts he wanted. He would, perhaps half a dozen times a year, use these cards to write texts upon, which he would then give to his class, and tell them to get their parents to look up and explain those texts! I knew one who was very fond of addressing the school, and he never failed to begin a story as follows: "My dear children, in my office, yesterday," or "last week, a little boy came into my office with a toothache," etc. He made his children carry his cards in their pockets, and "toot" in the day schools, by getting them to bring the boys into the office to show them "all the wonderful things that pa has, *and no other dentist has.*"