

their income. It makes no odds who makes light of the facts. They are facts that stare us in the face and touch us in the pocket, as well as in our professional self-respect. If any man will rise to deny them, the reasons for his disclaimer can be personally and selfishly explained.

However, it seems to be accepted, that if young men insist upon crowding into the already over-crowded profession, they must be provided for. It is true that when a given space of room is "full," it can hold more—if new-comers are allowed to stand on the heads and shoulders of those already in. One needs but little atmospheric knowledge to understand that this condition means that only the fittest can survive. But there should be no need in our great Dominion, with its small population, why any man should obtain his living by destroying that of his neighbor. It can be seen then, that the Dental profession and their representatives, have inaugurated an educational policy in Ontario of the purest unselfishness.

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### WORK AND PLAY.

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Very few practising dentists realize the amount of time and thought, which an editor of a monthly journal has to devote to its interests. Even if every page was scissored from our contemporaries, it would be considerable work. Dr. Geo. S. Martin, in his "Abstracts," condenses every article, and makes a careful search through all the exchanges. The editor monthly looks over every page and item of every dental journal, and several medical and educational, besides keeping up a fire of correspondence for information, etc., which every day gives him work to do. Of course all the labor is supposed to be done in one's leisure, but when the task is congenial, it is quite certain to encroach upon the most valuable hours of one's legitimate work. We have succeeded by a great deal of personal effort in getting a good deal more original matter than most of our contemporaries. Sometimes we have metaphorically had to go on our knees to get it. There are an awful lot of lazy fellows in the Canadian profession, who would rather go duck or deer hunting, or trout fishing, than stay over hours in their office, or sit down to write an article for the JOURNAL. We are built exactly that way, and there is no memory of the greatest professional success in operating, which can rival that of a week among the Laurentian Hills, where the cobwebs and the rust of daily toil disappear like the mist before the sun. Thank God for not having included the shooting of game in the ten commandments.