

who literally gave his life for others. Father Damien died a few weeks ago in the leper colony of Hawaii, a victim to the horrible disease. He leaves behind him—marked for the same doom inevitably—two priests, two lay brethren and three Franciscan sisters, who were his fellow-laborers, and whose names (as yet unknown to the world) are equally worthy of everlasting honor.

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"Then Sir John referred to the charges made against him of having gerrymandered the constituencies. Only to spite them he would live until 1891, to gerrymander again the constituencies, and if he were right then, as he had been in 1871, he would be satisfied. He would gerrymander them so much that the Grits would be nowhere."—*Sir John at the Taillon banquet.*

NOBLE sentiment! The heart of the Canadian school-boy will swell with admiration at the moral heroism suggested in it, and he will hasten to imitate the illustrious example. The next time he has to fight a battle with one of his school-mates he will see to it that the fellow's hands and feet are firmly tied, and then he will score a brilliant victory. But he will probably feel to much ashamed of himself afterwards to boast of it. This is where he will fall short of the John A. standard.

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A CORRESPONDENT of the *London Advertiser* suggests that the temperance forces should now concentrate on the abolition of bar-rooms. Such a measure, he says, would receive the support of the drinking public. The easiest and simplest way to abolish bar-rooms would be to prohibit treating, and to enforce the removal of all screens, shades, curtains, and other devices which now seclude the tipplers. But what is the use of abolishing bar-rooms while the breweries and distilleries are left in full running order?

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THEY call it the Orange Order, but considering the amount of squeezing Mr. Bowell and the other machine politicians had to do at Goderich the other day, it appeared to be more of the lemon variety.

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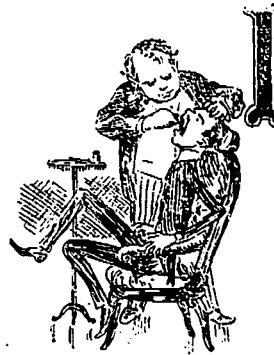
NOW that the funds have been duly voted by the *vox populi*, as Ald. Baxter would remark, for the construction of the new Court House, the burning question in municipal circles is, Who shall have the expenditure thereof? Is it to be a commission or a committee is the hefty problem with which the civic fathers and the municipal editors of the dailies are wrestling. The impression which the discussion will be apt to leave on the minds of most readers may be expressed in the words of a familiar couplet slightly altered to suit the occasion—as thus:

"Strange that such differences should be
Twixt commission and committee."

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TORONTO is in for a "big time" next week. In addition to the convention called by the Citizens' Committee, and the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, we are to have the annual gathering of the Dominion W.C.T.U. in connection with which Miss Frances Willard and other highly distinguished members of the fair sex will be seen and heard. For the benefit of the men folks we may mention that the subjects to be discussed do not pertain to millinery and plaque-painting, but are such as are worthy even of male brains. It will be interesting, of course, for us superior creatures to observe the efforts of the women; with their limited mental outfit, struggling with matters so much beyond their grasp. It will be real fun, so let us all be on hand.

ODONTOLOGICAL EXORCISM.



IHAVE oftentimes wondered and tried to imagine what must have been the feelings of the wretched man out of whom the legion of evil spirits was cast. How empty he must have felt, and yet how relieved! How curious must have been the sudden transition from a devilish hurly-burly to a heavenly calm!

My curiosity has at last, I truly think, been fully satisfied. But a few hours ago I was wandering pain-full over the face of this earth, doing my best to summon up sufficient courage to enter a dentist's surgery and have a tooth drawn; now I feel as if literally a mountain had been taken, if not off my mind, at least out of my mouth. I think I feel very much like that bedevilled individual whose name was Legion—not only because of the relief I feel, not only, either, from the huge and gaping hole left behind, but chiefly because in my case, also, the exorcism required a gigantic, I thought at the time a super-human, operation.

It was a big tooth; a wisdom tooth, which grew far back in the dark and all but unreachable caverns of my mouth. Indeed, it seemed nearer the back of my neck than anywhere else. It felt like a house, a house with windows in it, through which all sorts of things entered and tortured a fearfully sensitive nerve inside—a nerve which seemed to have no end, and connected itself with every other part of me, from the hair of my head to my toe nails.

If dentists drew teeth as bar-tenders (so I am told) draw corks, going to a dentist would not be so bad. But they don't. You ring a bell, you are ushered into a waiting-room, you are asked your name, you hear strange sounds going on in the chamber of horrors, a person comes out with tearful eyes, a swollen face, and a bloody handkerchief. Now it is your turn. A guileless man, who looks as if he would not ruffle the feathers of a sparrow, conducts you to a gory-hued throne of torture. Beside it are numberless cold, shiny, pitiless steel instruments. Which of them will he use? is your thought. Presently he picks out one of them—the biggest. Ugh! you feel sure he could wring any sparrow's neck, this man.

The cold steel thing goes into your mouth, stretched to splitting. It feels its way mercilessly amongst your teeth, and feels huge and very nasty. Presently it finds its quarry. It grips it, and fixes itself upon it, incidentally slicing some sections off your gums in its determination to get a good hold. Great Scott, what is coming now? Whew! what a twinge! Stop, man, stop! you have got hold of my very brain, you are in amongst the foundations of my whole nervous system; stop! for one moment, stop and consider what you are doing; you are stamping me out of existence, life itself is rocking on its throne! All at once you feel as if you were beheaded, and you are very much surprised to see, instead of a gory head rolling on the floor, a hideous-looking thing with two ugly fangs being held before you in a pair of forceps.

"Is it all over, doctor?" you ask, and then you fall to wondering how such a tooth could be so tenderly and deftly drawn. All the same, you hope there are no more wanting to come—at least not just yet. H.