



DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

TOASTING THE PRESS.

FORASMUCH as the press considers itself licensed to toast individuals and institutions at its own sweet will, it is fitting that upon every banquet occasion the compliment should be returned, and the toast of the press "honored in full bumpers." (Just how honor is conferred upon any person or thing by the peculiar method of helping oneself to a drink is a question we may leave to the philosophers. It is probably in accordance with the mysterious law by which we acknowledge the Divine goodness on Thanksgiving Day, by treating ourselves to an extra good dinner.) But while the toast of the press is always in order at a public banquet, it was peculiarly appropriate on the occasion of the medical dinner at the Rossin House on Thursday evening, where it was duly proposed and responded to. In fact, doctors might very well recognize the press in connection with the toast to "Sister Institutions," for the editor may be fairly regarded as a Public Health Officer, with functions corresponding in many respects to those of medical practioners, his services being devoted to the body politic.

When you come to think of it, the parallel holds in a great many particulars. In the first place, the journalistic field is pretty fully occupied. We do not wish to discourage the young men of our medical schools by suggesting that there are already as many doctors as the country needs, for we suppose, of course, that most of them intend to settle in Toronto, and we believe there are still houses to be found in this city up around St. James' Square that are not now occupied by medical men. We are referring to the outlying districts, and it is known that they are well supplied with doctors as they are with newspapers. Again, the old adage

that "doctors differ"—which may be a mere libel in the case of the medical profession—certainly fits the journalist with great exactitude. The cordiality and vehemence with which Allopathy disapproves of Homeopathy and *vice versa*, is at least equalled by the vigor with which the Grit editor dissents from the Tory ditto, and on investigation we seem to detect a similarity in the nature of their feud. It is a fundamental difficulty. The systems are antagonistic. The Grit editor denounces his rival's theory and practice on the ground that the nauseous drugs he is in the habit of administering in the form of bribery, corruption, extravagance and bad legislation, etc., are simply poisonous; while the Tory editor declares the system of infinitesimal doses of purity, and twenty-fifth dilutions of truth an arrant humbug. When it comes to the treatment of any specific case the journalistic doctors invariably come to open and violent squabbles, while we believe this only occasionally happens in the medical ranks. Another point of resemblance is in the benevolent character of the professions. The physician's is certainly a noble task—the curing of sickness and disease; but scarcely less noble and useful is that of the editor who strives to eradicate the germs of error in the community and to build up a healthy and wholesome public opinion. And there is a further ground of sympathy in the fact that, being recognized as possessing a philanthropic spirit, both doctor and editor are expected to do a good deal for nothing, and both are regarded by the general public, with delicate flattery, as persons who care nothing for so sordid a thing as money. That is why it has passed into a proverb that everybody owes the editor for subscriptions. We suppose just as many are in arrears to the doctors, with an equally easy sense of responsibility. The parallel between these high and learned callings might be traced no doubt in many other points, but space forbids us to follow the subject further just now.



ACCOMMODATING.

WAYFARER—"Missie, will you jest run in and tell your mother there's a man here that hasn't had a bite to-day!"

MISSIE—"My ma ain't home, but I'll sic Carlo on you if you like."