



ROMANTIC.

SHE—"Which do you prefer, Mr. Smirk—sunrise or sunset?"

HE (promptly)—"Which ever is honored by your presence, Miss Millicent."

HYPNOTIC EXPERIMENTS.

BY PROF. RHAMSIRVTE.

IN accordance with a resolution passed by the Senate of Toronto University, appropriating the sum of \$2,500,000 to investigate the phenomena of hypnotism, formerly, and now vulgarly, known as mesmerism, I addressed invitations to a few leading men of this Province, requesting a sitting from each.

Briefly, the following are some of the results, as my notes *in extenso* must be first published in my official report:—

July 6th.—Subject, Mr. —, a prominent politician. My assistant, Mr. Callem, used the krigliphomantioscope, and made the passes. Temperature of body, 98°. Action of heart, normal. No effect perceptible as the result of twenty-five passes. Subject explained that he was used to passes—held them, by the year from the railway companies. After gazing fixedly upon a bright object (in this case a \$20 gold coin), he went off. I requested him now to repeat to me the story of his life, as it would appear if written truthfully. He at once proceeded:— "I was born in Fergus when very young; as a boy I distinguished myself at school by getting other fellows into scrapes, and escaping myself. At sixteen I became clerk in a bank in Hamilton. Here, on \$2 a week, I managed to pay my board; \$3 a week, clothe myself like a gentleman, wear two gold rings, keep a bicycle, and consumed four ten-cent cigars daily. After four years was

promoted to an assistant managership in Galt, at \$500 a year. Saved a thousand dollars the first year, and at the end of that time came to Toronto and opened a real estate office. Cleared a million dollars in exactly two years and seven months. Bought a farm near —. Made myself conspicuous in county affairs. Joined the volunteers. Joined the church also. Taught a class in Sunday school. Was made a Mason, an Orangeman, an Odd-fellow and a Royal Templar of Temperance or something. Never cared a cent for anything of the sort, but did it to make myself popular, and that's just what it did. Got nominated for parliament when 'old stick-in-the-mud' died. Got in. Am in now. Like the job first-rate. Don't understand politics a bit, and don't need to. Always vote the way our side goes. Don't believe I ever made ten thousand dollars in my life for voting any particular way. I expect to be made a sheriff, or a registrar, or a prison warden some day, that's all."

Knowing that Mr. — would be totally oblivious to the seance when he "came round" again, I said, "on your honor now, do you consider yourself an honest man—a gentleman?" He replied, unhesitatingly, "On my honor (if I have any) I do not. I'm about as mean a man as they make now-a-days." "How then," I continued, "did you become so popular?" "Haven't I told you," said he, "why, all you have to do in this country to win popular favor, is just to do as I did. The people seem afraid of themselves—the average farmer is