

on platform, in pulpit. Run the church, if you can. Take up the collections. Teach a class. Blow! Blow!! Blow!!! Bluff! Bluff!! Bluff!!! At this magnificent peroration, the president imbibed a large glass of *whiskey blanc*, took out his upper and lower sets, waved them in the air and called for three cheers for Humbug, the guardian angel of the society. The whiskey-blanc was passed and re-passed, and for an hour the members forgot what they had met for, until the secretary rose to read his report. Steadying himself with one hand on an ink bottle, he huskily reported progress. The use of show-cases was increasing. They trapped the fools like fly-paper catches flies. It was true that there had been several sheriff sales, seizures and prosecutions of their number. The public press, too, had foolishly now and then given insertion to articles against the great principles of Dental Blow and Bluff, but members could counteract this by lots of advertising. The press prefers pay to principle. You can't buy new machinery with "principle." The press cannot pay the paper manufacturer with dental ethics. Gentlemen! You can tell dental lies by the column every day in the week in every paper in the Dominion if you just pay for them as advertising. He recommended the members to encourage discord among the ethical men. Get them to accuse one another of trickery and treachery. Sow seeds of dislike and jealousy and the society will get the profit. There would be a hard fight yet, as we understand that the Provincial societies meant to take active means to "educate the people," but we have the best chance, because people like "blow and bluff," and we can give them our stone teeth "away down below cost" (aside—this is bluff, we know). Didn't Burns say that the teeth were the hell of all inventions of nature. It was something like that. We are organized to wipe out this hell and give the peop'e a new heaven of cheap stone teeth, and no family should have anything else. At this point the secretary lifted the ink-bottle, and mistaking it for a glass of whiskey-blanc, swallowed a dose, which greatly rejoiced his friends. He was immediately elected permanent secretary for the rest of his life, having made his mark. A member then arose after some difficulty and read a paper on "The Gelorious Bird of Freedom," wherein he strained himself badly in showing that if some people defended the right to commit suicide, why not the right to get rid of their teeth. Let parents have the first teeth hauled out when they appear. The children will not want meat, candy or peanuts then, and we will be the consumers of our own great Manitoba and Ontario wheat. Let them gum it for twelve years.

Another member objected to this idea. He favored hauling the first teeth out and inserting sets for the kids as well as for their parents.