

in Toronto wished to retire to a country town to practice, and had a practice running anywhere from \$2,500 to \$3,500 per year, to exchange for one running anywhere from \$417.00 to \$425.00 per year, he would be glad to correspond with him. As a member of the profession in Ontario, he didn't like to say anything in the way of praise. He felt like the ward politician in Chicago, who was induced to stand for election, and had of course to make a speech. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, yez all know me: I'm not much of a hand at spaach-making, so I ain't, but for honesty and integrity, I bate the devil, so I do."

Before leaving the subject of the Ontario Profession, he wished to lay his tribute at the feet of one who, in his opinion, had done more than any other one to bring the profession to its present proud position. When we were students we thought the pastures over the fence were greener than our own, and other colleges were better than our own, but with riper years and judgment, and with the present beautifully appointed college building, and excellent faculty, he believed that it was only "distance that lent enchantment." During all these years, Dr. Willmott had labored with one high ideal in view, and he for one did not believe in waiting until after a person was in his grave before telling what he thought of him. Dr. Willmott's proud position as the acknowledged head of the profession in Ontario was not *chance* nor luck.

The heights by great men scaled and kept,
Are not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upwards in the night.

• (Prolonged cheers.)

The toastmaster, in proposing the toast, "Dental Literature," referred to the poor business management of our Dental Journal. Perhaps the management didn't need money, but they allowed subscriptions to lapse and made no effort to obtain subscribers.

Dr. G. S. Martin, in replying to this toast, disclaimed any responsibility for the way the DOMINION DENTAL JOURNAL is managed or mismanaged. With our sparsely settled country, labor in dental literature is largely a labor of love. We have become so accustomed to depend on the United States for dental materials and dental literature that a large proportion of our dentists refuse to believe that anything good can come out of Canada. He had expected that Dr. Beers, of Montreal, would have been on hand to answer to this toast, but on account of sickness in his family he was prevented. The philosopher Bacon, said he held "every man to be a debtor to his profession," and it