

Almighty has so amply endowed us, the stimulation under proper laws of our native industries, will have the effect of creating employment for every graduate of our Canadian Universities, and I am sanguine enough to believe that the time is not far distant when the condition of the past will be reversed, and American physicians will gravitate towards this country as naturally as many Canadians at the present day gravitate towards the United States.

When I consider the practically limitless possibilities of Canada, surely it is reasonable for me to predict that very soon this country will be able to levy an export duty on our boys and girls, and the measure of that duty will be the ability of Canada to provide for her children employment and remuneration sufficient to enable those sons and daughters to live out their natural lives on their own soil.

Sink provincialism, the warring and clashing of creeds, avoid secret societies, which are the bane of modern college life, do everything to develop our national resources, learn how the strength of our neighbours has been acquired, and profit by that knowledge. Remember, Resemble, Persevere, and under God you need have no fear for the future.

To the toast of "Our Guests," Dr. W. Grant Stewart responded, as follows:—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:

The onerous but pleasant duty of proposing the toast to our guests devolves upon me. I would the task had fallen on more worthy shoulders. After-dinner speakers like poets are born, not made, but I am sure they will accept the will for the deed. In the far west, better known as the wild and woolly west, stands a little church, unpretentious in appearance, claiming no architectural charms, plain without, and if possible more plain within. The seats few and far between, because the worshippers are like the seats, few in number. The aesthetic part of the service has not been neglected, for away in one corner stands an ancient organ, in keeping with the surroundings of the church. Above, hung upon the bare wall, is a placard, on which is printed in large bold letters, the following polite request:

"Please don't shoot the organist; he is doing his best." The moral of the story I leave to my hearers.