

DENTAL.

A. A. HICKS, D. D. S.—Honor graduate of Philadelphia Dental College and Hospital of Oral Surgery Philadelphia, Pa., also honor graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons, Toronto. Office over Turner's drug store, 28 Rutherford Block.

LODGES.

WELLINGTON Lodge No. 46, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Fifth St., at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.

MEDICAL.

DR. GEORGE MUSSON. HOMOEOPATHIST, FIFTH ST., CHATHAM

DRS. HALL & BELL. Wm. R. Hall, M. D. Chas. C. Bell, M.A., M.B. Tel. residence, 73. Office—Sixth St., next to fire hall. Tel. 280.

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A. B. SELVEY

The Vacillations of Phyllis.

"Mrs. Smith has offered me a seat for the Lord Mayor's procession," announced Phyllis at lunch. "It's very sweet of her, but I can't make up my mind whether to go or not."

"Don't you want to see it?" I asked. "I don't know that I do," she said doubtfully, "and yet it would be rather nice in a way. Do you think I ought to go?" When she asks my opinion thus, I know that she inclines to the other side of the question. But as yet I was not quite sure which it was.

"I should like to go," she murmured, looking pensively at the claret decanter, "but I don't think I will after all."

"Why not?" I asked, not so much that I thought her answer would be of importance, as that I like to hear her discussing a knotty point.

"There'll be such a crowd," she said, "and I'm sure I don't know how to get there."

"Where is 'there'?" I enquired. "The Temple, I think it's called," said Phyllis, much as if she had mentioned Valparaiso or Timbuctoo.

"Have you got to get there all by yourself?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "I'm to meet the Smiths at Baker Street, and we go by Underground."

"Then that disposes of the difficulty of getting there," I observed.

"Do you think Mr. Smith knows the way?" she asked.

"Probably," he is a barrister," I returned. Phyllis moved back to her next trench.

"But there will be a crowd all the same," she objected.

"There may be something of a crowd," I admitted, "but that will not matter if you start early." She considered the point.

"I don't think the Smiths are the sort of people who would start very early," she said meditatively.

"Well, if you feel at all nervous I shouldn't go," I advised.

"All the same it seems a pity to miss the opportunity," she continued. "And it isn't as though I should have to start at five in the morning," she went on; "it doesn't begin till eleven."

Her brow became slightly contracted. "Do you think it will be worth seeing?" she asked.

"I think you would enjoy it," I said. Her face became more doubtful.

"It seems a lot of trouble to take just for a procession," she said, thoughtfully, "and it isn't as though I had never seen one before."

"You have certainly seen others," I agreed.

"Much better ones," she continued. "And Mrs. Rogers won't have sent home my new frock by then?" She shook her head with decision.

"Of course, if you have really nothing to wear"—I borrowed a phrase of her own—"you can't go. But as you don't want to go it doesn't matter, does it?"

"I shouldn't like to seem ungrateful to Mrs. Smith," she went on, disregarding me. "Still, if I write at once she will have plenty of time to get someone else to go. Besides, I should not like to feel that I was depriving another person of pleasure."

Phyllis's unselfish scruples are so curiously interwoven with her system of reasoning that I uttered no comment on this aspect of the case.

"And I don't think Mrs. Rogers could possibly have it done in time. No, I think I will send a pretty little note to Mrs. Smith, to thank her and tell her how sorry I am I can't come."

"Glad you've made up your mind," I said.

She looked at me innocently. "I think I'm deciding rightly, don't you?" she questioned.

"Without doubt," I answered.

Phyllis tells me that they found their seats without difficulty, and that she has seldom enjoyed a Procession more.

An Argument for Vivisection. Midshipman Aiken of the United States Navy was kicked on the head in a football game last fall, and took it so ill that it was feared that he would die. The case excited great interest and anxiety, the more so because for some days it made it uncertain whether the army and navy football game would be played. Mr. Aiken's life was saved by an operation done by Dr. Keen of Philadelphia, who took out a piece of the young man's skull and removed a huge clot of blood which was pressing upon the brain. That relieved the patient, who at last accounts was fast recovering. Dr. Keen is a professor of surgery in Jefferson Medical College in Philadelphia. He has taken advantage of the unusual public interest in Midshipman Aiken's case to write a letter about anti-vivisection. He has addressed it to Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, who has repeatedly introduced into Congress bills to regulate (virtually to prohibit) experiments on live animals in the District of Columbia. At considerable length and with many interesting details Dr. Keen disclosed to Mr. Gallinger that but for knowledge slowly derived from experiments on animals he could not have located the clot on Mr. Aiken's brain, and could not have saved his life. At the spot where he opened the skull there was no exterior bruise. He was guided to it by convulsions in the patient's arm. Since 1885 surgeons had learned what those particular convulsions meant, and precisely where to look for the seat of trouble. They could never have found it out, Dr. Keen says, except by experiments in vivisection. Senator Gallinger may retort that Midshipman Aiken would not have got hurt if he had exercised common prudence and eschewed football, but the general public will consider Dr. Keen's letter a strong document. Vivisection is on its defence everywhere, and doubtless ought to be, for it is a pretty harrowing practice. But it is so easy to argue and excite public sentiment against it that it is a public service to make a strong point in its favor when, as in Aiken's case, one can be made.

Johnsoniana. Dr. Johnson—"Sir, you are wrong! Boswell—But surely, sir, a poetical drama must be the same thing as a dramatic poem?"

Dr. Johnson—"Not at all, sir. A man may like rum in his milk, but may not care for milk in his rum."

Boswell—"But suppose it is half and half, sir?"

Dr. Johnson—"Sir, you are an ass! Let us take a walk down Fleet street."

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Every man ought to air his opinions. If he doesn't they are apt to get musty.

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The Existence of "Martians" Scouted.

Can it be that Mars is inhabited? The question, though not discussed very seriously of late, has doubtless been suggested again to many Torontonians by the play, "A Message from Mars," recently produced at one of the city theaters. Quite apropos, an article appears in the "Youth's Companion," by Professor Simon Newcomb, the celebrated astronomer, entitled, "Are Other Worlds Inhabited?" Speaking of Mars, Professor Newcomb, says:

"It was long supposed that the surface of this planet resembled our earth in every feature that we could discern with the telescope. The most curious analogy, and one of the first to be noticed, was in the existence of a brilliant white region round each pole of the planet, looking like a white cap. When the sun shone on the north pole the cap diminished, the north almost disappearing; when the pole was turned away from the sun the cap increased in extent. There would seem to be no doubt of the snow and ice are deposited in winter on the poles of Mars, as on the poles of the earth, and in summer these deposits melt away under the heat of the sun. Supposing this to be the case, it would seem that there must be an atmosphere on the planet with clouds and vapor, as there is around our globe. But the most recent observations, both by the telescope and spectroscopic, fail to show any well-marked signs of an atmosphere round the planet, or of any clouds or vapor obscuring the surface. If an inhabitant of Mars should look on our earth with a telescope, he would frequently find large portions of the surface hidden from his sight by bright white clouds. Only when the clouds disappear here and there would he see the outlines of oceans and continents. But it seems that in Mars the outlines of its surface are always visible. Sometimes they appear more distinct than they do at other times, but this is probably due to the varying clearness of our own atmosphere. If there are no air and no clouds on Mars, how can there be any vapors to condense round the poles? The answer is very simple. If there is any water on the surface of the planet, it would still evaporate very slowly, whether there was any air or not. This vapor would condense again on the colder portions round the poles. There could, however, be so little of the vapor that we could hardly suppose a great snowfall. Very likely the condensation may be little more than hoar frost. With our telescopes we can tell nothing about the thickness of the coat; the thinnest layer of frost on the surface would present the same appearance as the thickest ice-caps. It has also been suggested that some other substance than water might produce the white caps, carbonic acid, for example, which condenses into flakes like those of snow under very great cold. What we know of the subject may then be condensed into the simple statement that if Mars has any atmosphere at all, it is much rarer than that of our earth, and that if there is water on the planet, which is very likely, there is not enough of it to form extensive clouds in its very thin atmosphere. Every reader of astronomical literature has heard of the supposed canals on Mars. But these are not canals at all, but simply long streaks stretching from point to point on the planet, slightly darker than the rest of its surface. They must be at least a hundred miles in breadth to be visible as they are. They cannot possibly be the work of the inhabitants. At best they can only be darker regions on the surface."

Sunday as a Social Holiday.

In all the larger cities of the United States there is nowadays no other social holiday equal to Sunday. There are some sorts of diversion that are still forbidden on Sunday by social conventions. Nobody ever heard, for instance, of a cotillion on Sunday or a tea to introduce a debutante. But there are galas of informal tea poured in drawing-rooms every Sunday afternoon, and there are dinners on Sunday night, formal dinners at home and dinners at fashionable restaurants. Many hostesses prefer the latter, and as a result Sunday night is the most difficult time of any to find tables at a popular restaurant. In New York the vogue of the restaurant is even more pronounced, and it is very difficult for people to get tables at Sherry's, Delmonico's, or the Waldorf-Astoria. At these places a certain number of tables are always kept for guests who agree to come there to dinner every Sunday during the winter, or let the waiter know during the afternoon that they will be there. Then, on Monday, one manager informed a New York "Star" writer, "the orders for tables for the next Sunday begin to come in. If there happens to be a large party—six or eight—we sometimes get word two or three weeks in advance. That is necessary. Then, throughout the week the orders come in until by Saturday the two dining-rooms are filled, and we could seat twice as many persons. The orders continue to come in all day on Sunday, and we set tables in the hall. That leaves no place for the casual guests who are certain to come without taking the trouble to telephone in advance. They make up almost half the attendance, and there must be room for them. So we bring down tables and chairs from the ball-room upstairs and spread tables in the men's cafe. Then, with only room enough to pass between the tables, every inch of available space is taken. This continues from the middle of October until May. And during the past five years that I have been in this restaurant, I have noticed the Sunday night crowd getting bigger every winter."

French Divorce.

The newspapers of Paris are devoting much space to discussion of the contemplated reform of the French divorce laws. It consists of three distinct propositions—first, that incompatibility of temperament be recognized as ground for divorce; second, that mutual consent be deemed sufficient; and, third, that under certain conditions the formal and repeated demands of one of the parties be valid cause for dissolution of the marriage contract. As the law now stands the only grounds for legal divorce are (1) adultery, which must be established by direct evidence, or else (2) conviction by the tribunals for heinous or infamous crimes, which carries with it in France the loss of civil rights. Twenty-six years of investigation made since the present divorce laws, of 1876, came into operation show that seventy-five per cent. of the cases of conjugal separation are due to incompatibility of temperament, or, as the French put it, to "incompatibilité d'humeur." This, however, not being legally recognized as ground for divorce, the French lawyers have beaten the devil around the stump by a stratagem at once vulgar, metecopious, and immoral. This is what usually happens: A couple who live unhappily together, owing to un congenial character or dispositions, and who both agree to unravel their matrimonial chains, come to an understanding, and arrange a little comedy in which the leading parts are played by the husband and wife, by the commissary of police, by a municipal constable, by an obliging innkeeper, and, above all, by a complacent spinster or Bohemian rhetor, who makes a pretense of fulfilling the functions that in the United States would be equivalent to those of the correspondent. There are hundreds of men and women in Paris whose names are kept on the lists of the divorce lawyers who are only too eager to earn the customary fee of thirty francs, or six dollars, by assuming the ignoble role required of them. Several well-known influential United Statesers, by common consent with their wives or husbands, have utilized in Paris this device for securing divorces. The scandal of this procedure, which complies with the letter of the law, but which eludes its spirit, and is contrary to the intention of the legislature, has at last become so flagrant that enlightened opinion in France demands that it be suppressed.

Devery's Warm Vocabulary.

"Big Bill" Devery has succeeded in having the Superior Court issue an order restraining the executive committee of Tammany Hall from taking any action until the leader of the Ninth Ward has been admitted to its fold. When he was admitted to it last night at the organization of Tammany Hall's executive committee for 1903, because a protest was made that his election as district leader of the "Fighting Ninth" was secured by fraud and corruption at the primaries, Devery was enraged, and said: "Who threw me out? Why, the big fat fellows of the Grand Central Plunkitt, the truth about him would poison the air; Pennsylvania Charley (Murphy) who held up the tunnel; Dag, Dan, with his waxed moustaches (McMahon); and Big Tim, who tries to skin the New York Central and the Pennsylvania at the same time. Do they think they can put such a job on me? I'm no railroad to be held up, and no farmer to take the big mitt and slide home. Before I'm done with them I'll make them dance a Liverpool hompde. I'll go to court, and I'll win. They can't keep me out. These jumping-jacks are not grafting a franchise when they take hold of me. They've got a live one to deal with. I've got the law with me and I'll fight, fight, fight. I feel disgusted enough with the gang to start an independent Democratic labor party over my way. But I'm going to fight. I want to fight. I'll fight every minute."

Science on the Road.

Tramp—Say, mister, gimme a tanner. I want to get a drink. Person Accosted—Drink water, tramp. That's just it, yer honner. I want the tanner to buy a filter so as I can swallow the water without the risk of being poisoned by microbes.

Wife—I am going down town this morning to try to match a piece of silk. Husband—Very well, my dear, I'll tell you a good one to save some dimer for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself.

"How about references?" enquired the mistress. "Oh, I loike yer looks, mum," said the applicant for the position of housemaid, "an I won't ask yer fer references."

"Have you the same cook you had when I was here in the spring?" "Not by seventeen."—Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

"Does Mrs. Lee powder?" "Wonder! Why, to kiss her would be like eating a marsh-mallow!"

Two Lion Stories.

Sir Charles Warren, in his recently published "On the Veldt in the Seventies," tells two capital lion stories that he heard while surveying between the Orange and Vaal rivers. "A man," he writes, "was driving in his bullock wagon one dark night along a road in the interior, where there were big game, but he was not ferocious, because he had several large, fierce dogs with him that barked at everything they met. On a sudden the oxen stopped, and, whip them as he would, they would not go on, but as the dogs did not bark, he did not think of danger. His native 'leader' called out that there was a mule lying in the road in front, and he went forward and saw what he thought was a strange ox lying in front of them. Getting angry at finding his way stopped, he rushed at the beast and gave it a good kick, shouting 'Foot sook!' (get away). Then arose a majestic animal, which slunk with a roar into the bush. It was a lion, just deliberating how he could make his spring upon one of the oxen, but the sudden onslaught of the man so disconcerted him that off he went. When the driver went back to his wagon he found all his brave dogs lying skulking under the wagon; they could not bark for fear. The moral of this story is to put a bold front on matters and dangers will flee away. I rather distrust this story," adds Sir Charles, "as improperly told. Another version I have heard is that the driver did not go up and kick the lion, but gave it a good dash with his whip; that seems to me more probable."

The second story is as follows: "Some Korannas, when out hunting, came upon an elephant just as they were passing a lion's lair. The elephant, when he saw them, made after them, and they, in their alarm, ran close up to where the lion was, and he also was disturbed. Looking round they saw the lion running, also, but not after them; he was running with them, away from the elephant. After a time they all got into a narrow path, where there was little room, and by that time the Korannas had got so used to the lion that one of them was bold enough to give him a push, and say, 'Give me more room to run.'"

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