

and injury caused by the operation. The truth seems to be that some lymph is good, and some is middling and some is bad, but which kind one gets from his family doctor is largely a matter of chance.

As I retain a distinguished medical light to look after my health, at I-forget-how-many-dollars per annum, I suppose the lymph he injected into my veins was pure, but I am quite prepared to believe that had I been an ordinary citizen, and not a special contributor to the most influential journal in the Province, rather less care might be taken, and I might have been even now one of the noble army of martyrs.

In any case there has been nothing advanced to give grounds for the compulsory infliction of vaccination on anybody. If it protects me, well and good; I can go about my business with the serene consciousness that nothing can hurt me, while if my good friends, Messrs. Pope and Greig are anxious to catch the small-pox I would not be so unkind as to stand in their way. This is a free country, or rather it used to be, before what my other esteemed contemporary calls Davieism came to the fore.

As my readers may have already surmised, in matters theological I am somewhat heterodox, it will therefore not surprise them to learn that in matters medical I am equally heterodox. I was once, it was in Egypt to be sure, given up for dead; I was told on the best of medical authority that I had only a few hours to live, and that if I had not already willed away my vast estate, I had better do it quickly. Yet here I am, hale and hearty. I cannot forget, too, the experience of my old friend Gil Blas, he is little read nowadays, more the pity, who fell mortally sick of a fever, but "by the Grace of God, and the fact of there being no doctor in the place" he speedily got well.

I respect the medical faculty, as men, but I remember that in their time they have vouched for, and forced upon people who did not agree with them, inoculation, blood-letting and the use of mercury, just as strongly as they do vaccination, yet each of these articles of faith they have had to withdraw, with the onward march of science, and as medicine is one of the inexact sciences, it is quite likely that after the lapse of a year or two, they will have to withdraw vaccination also.

All of which is perhaps a rather imperfect preparation for the opinion that if the anti-vaccinators have really so little warrant for their opinions, the *Colonist* would have been better advised if it had reported them more fully instead of suppressing their evidence. Suppression always gives rise to suspicion, and as the *Colonist* has certainly not given the anti-vaccinators fair play, a good many of those unpleasant persons who are always wanting to know, you know, are saying that it was because the case was too strong, and

not because it was too weak, that our local thunderer crowded it out.

This reminds me of a little story. When the late C. S. Parnell was on his trial, the *London Times*, to which the issue was a matter almost of life or death, had to report the proceedings. What course did it pursue? Its report in the news columns was as scrupulously exact and fair as if it had never heard of Parnell before, while in the editorial columns it went for the distinguished patriot in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Let the *Colonist* follow the example of its great contemporary. The function of a newspaper is to give the news. Only in the editorial columns is it at liberty to expound its private opinions, or cater to the fads and prejudices of its friends.

I have been somewhat amused at the attempt of one or two single-tax men to pick holes in the remarks of Mr. Munroe Miller, respecting the tax on improvements. It may not be generally known that Mr. Miller was once associated in the newspaper business with Mr. Henry George, in fact during the time the great single-tax apostle was writing his world-famed work, "Progress and Poverty." Mr. Miller was at that time and is still an admirer of the George doctrines, but he does not altogether agree with those who have misinterpreted the real meaning of the great American philosopher. The fact of the matter is the candidate for the North Ward could give some of the men who believe they know everything about single-tax pointers on the doctrine which is now becoming so universally adopted throughout the entire civilized world.

A good joke is being told of a well known citizen. He is handsome, polished, and something of a dandy. For a year or so he has been devoted to a well-known young society woman. Not a week has ever passed that he has not been at least twice to see her. About a month ago he proposed and was excepted. About two weeks ago the engagement was broken, only to be patched up again shortly afterward. The cause of the engagement being broken was that the young man made his accustomed visit. He was shown into the drawing-room. While sitting there he heard his betrothed coming down stairs. He stepped to the door and as she passed by he leaped out and printed a kiss upon her lips. A faint scream above startled him. He looked up and saw his sweetheart at the head of the stairs. He looked down and saw that he had the housemaid in his arms. He tried to explain matters, but his sweetheart would not have it and the engagement was broken. She afterward accepted his explanation and reinstated him.

Utah Heep was a pretty mean kind of a chap, but sorry to say, there is a man in this city who lives in James Bay, who is just a few shades meaner. Recently a few servant girls, who had been friends in England, thought they would celebrate the Christmas as they used to in the old country, with a tree and all the access

ories and so forth. So the girl who lived with the individual over the bridge, got permission to have the tree in his kitchen and informed her friends that everything was all right and that they could come and tear things wide open on Christmas eve. And they came. But the beautiful tree which they had bedecked and adorned and bedizened was conspicuously absent. The guests of the evening were of course surprised, not to find their hyperborean maypole, and asked where it was. The hostess then answered: "I'm awfully sorry, but the master couldn't make his tree stand up and so he took ours." The poor girl was afraid to make a demand for the tree, and so one of the girls, braver than the rest, went upstairs and asked the mistress of the house where the tree was. "Why, it is down in the parlor," she said. "Won't you come down and look at it?" And that is all the satisfaction the poor girls got for decorating the tree and for their expense in purchasing it. Now, if there is any meaner man than this particular resident of James Bay, he is entitled to the blue ribbon.

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