



The Toronto College of Music gave their fifth annual concert on Thursday evening, when, amongst other items of the programme, Mr. Davenport Kerrison's symphony overture, "Canada" was performed. Jas. Beaty, Jr., Q.C., presented the diplomas to the graduates.

The new Irish drama, "The Shaugan," is being performed at the Royal this week by an excellent company. Go and see the rollicking "Con."

St. Nicholas for July contains a very interesting article on "Amateur Journalism." It will be news to most people to learn that in America there are some six hundred "news-papers" edited and published by young boys and girls. The little folks have gone further; they have organized a regular National Amateur Press Association, the annual meeting of which takes place this year in Detroit during July. The election of officers in this organization is accompanied with an amount of wire-pulling, ballot-box-stuffing, and general crookedness almost sufficient to make the grown-up politicians envious, and the amateur papers, as a rule, are equal to the professional journals in all the bad elements. There are, of course, noble exceptions—a distinguished one being that of *Young Nova Scotia*, a little sheet edited by Master Grant, of New Glasgow, N.S., who has had the honor of filling the proud position of official editor of the National Association for the past year.

The Joker Club.

"The Pen is mightier than the Sword."

BRO. GARDNER'S IDEAS.

"When I shake hands wid a stranger," said Brother Gardner as silence fell upon the members, "I doan' keer two cents wheder his great-gran'fader was a Cabinet officer or a cobler; wheder his own gran'fader sold silks or kaliker; wheder his fader was a cooper or a statesman. De man I have to deal wid am de man befo' me, an' not de dust an' bones, an' coffins of his predecessors. He may size up well, or he may run to remnants; he may be squar' or he may be a bilk; he may be honest, or he may have de right-bower up his sleeve—dat am fur me to find out.

"I doan' propose to jine hands wid a stranger becase his gran'fader cum ober wid de Pilgrims. Neither shall I lend five dollars to one o' my color on de ground dat his uncle weighed a ton an' shook hands wid three different Presidents. What a man he am, an' wheder his fader was a poet or a blacksmith won't make him better or wuss. Size up your man on his own personal shape. It doan' matter to you what sort of a head his fader had, or how big his uncle's feet war', he am de man you am doin' bizness wid. De pusson who travels from dis kentry on nothing but de record made by some relative half a century since will land in jail as soon as in good society. When I have any plug tobacco to spare de man who's fader didn't do anything but mind his own bizness an' purvide fur his family will get it quite as soon as de man whos' fader diskivered a comet or predicted airthquake.

"I want each an' ebery member of dis club to stan' on his own shape. If he am fast-colors dat's all we want to know. If he crocks or fades in de washin' he must step down an' out. De fact dat Samuel Shim's fader was 'lected to de South Carolina Legislator' doan' prove dat Samuel hisself knows beans from loss-barns. Likewise, de fact dat Giveadam Jones had an uncle hung fur stealin' co'n doan' go to prove dat it wouldn't be safe to leave our brudder in a grocery sto' fur half an hour while de clerk went out arter change. When a man boasts dat one of de fam'ly signed de Declarashun of Independence, doan' you take his note widout a good indorser. People who lay back on nothing but de glory of de dead or de statesmanship of some onc who sat in Congress a hun'erd yars ago am jist as apt to work off a bogus dollar on a sore-eyed railroad conductor as de man whose geological tree has a baker hangin' to ebery limb."

A THEORY ON SPANKING.

BY BILL NYE.

An Eastern exchange, edited by an old maid, says:

"Never whip children just before they retire to rest. Let the father's caress, the mother's kiss be the last link between the day's pain or pleasure and the night's sleep. Send the children to bed happy. If there is sorrow, punishment or disgrace, let them meet it in daytime, and have hours of play and thought in which to recover happiness. Let the weary feet, the busy brain, rest in bed happy."

That's all right, of course, to some extent. We used to talk that way before we were a parent. We knew a great deal more about children anyhow before we had to grapple with them than we do now. We used to be a greater stickler for moral suasion and love and parental gush than we are now.

Our theory now in relation to children is changed from what it was formerly. We maintain now, after several years' study of the primary biped, that there is a style of child that cannot go to sleep at night unless spanked.

We have in our mind a little child of the masculine style of architecture, who will lie and sob, and kick the clothes off and be mean and restless for two hours if you forget about him, but if you go and turn down the coverlid and fan his person with an overshoe he will quiet down and be asleep in five minutes.

He is not to blame for being the victim of this habit, but he is that way, and he can't help it. He is tied to his spank just as you, gentle reader, are tied to your maturer habits.

Strange freaks do often grow into confirmed habits that are almost impossible to shake off. Children are often the victims of strange and unnatural customs like older people.

This child, for instance, did not at first apparently care whether he had his spanking at 8 p.m. or earlier, but later he was so regular in his demand for corporal punishment that you could set your watch by him. He was also so attached to a certain style of arctic overshoe that you couldn't accomplish anything by padding him with any other style of chastisement. Love is a good thing, and we often wish that more of it had been lavished on us during our past life, but after all there are children who do not yearn for affection half as much as they do for armed aggression. Of course your conscience smites you at intervals when you go past the little bed after the conflict is over and peace and slumber are victors. Something may come up in your throat when you see the little rebel lying with his feet on the pillow and his head down at the foot of the cot, and a little tear on his eyelashes. You feel, perhaps, as though it looked like taking

an undue advantage for a 200-pound man to catch a 6-year old boy when he is unprepared and paddle him with an overshoe, and yet sometimes it has to be done.

We know that in our own case corporal punishment was resorted to while all the other boys in the family escaped with moral suasion. The result is just what might have been expected. We are the only one of all that promising collection of boys whose promissory notes have gained a world-wide circulation today. While the other boys were contented to plod along and run up little petty accounts at the store, we struck out boldly toward fame and insolvency.

You can encourage a child with a press-board sometimes and thus give him an impetus which will aid him through all his life.

"The parting gives me pain." as the man said when he had a troublesome tooth extracted.

Mummies are the only well behaved persons who are now left in Egypt.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Yes, women are generally adepts at sowing, but the sailmaker takes the palm.—*Boston Transcript*.

The fact that Patti owns up to being 39 indicates that she doesn't know her business yet.—*Boston Post*.

THE "TIN KING" TALKS.

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