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The Dental Congress.*

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On boarding the Steamer *City of Collingwood*, en route to Chicago, I was glad to find so many of the fraternity from Ontario on board, bent on the same mission as myself, and willing to trust the staunch vessel to carry them over the treacherous waters of the upper lake, giving them the benefit of the fresh and bracing winds, a decided change from the ever-persistent odor of dental drugs, a perfume some dentists seem fond of.

The run to Mackinaw, and then to Chicago, was very pleasant and uneventful. On making port the customs officers took charge of the boat, who were evidently on a new job, for they left nothing unturned. Dentists, as a rule, are worth watching in more ways than one, and he must have known there were several on board. The examination was severe but felt that I had taken honors, but hoped we would not be so unfortunate to have such a fresh officer on our return.

On arriving at Chicago, my first business was to find the Columbia Dental Club, which to a stranger in a huge city without an address was no easy task. I spoke the Queen's English (I can hardly say the prevailing language in Chicago), and resolved to enquire. In passing along one of the most busy streets, I was attracted into the entrance of a theatre, when I saw that a dentist occupied an office on the sixteenth floor. Partially out of novelty I took the elevator and ascended into the heavens, a peculiar place for a dentist; nevertheless I found two of them and both Canadians, occupying a room

*Read before the Toronto Dental Society.