

for her sake how many feats of wonderful alacrity did they not perform! how many difficult and ridiculous situations did they not accept with evident satisfaction and delight. Once, however, the binding knot tied, where are their eyes, when in the presence of the fair one?—On the newspapers. Where their hearts?—In the clubs. To whom do they now pay their respects and devotion?—To every other man's wife, never to their own. I contend, gentlemen, that the dissecting room is the proper refuge for creatures so lost; let their couch be the dissecting table, and their attendants our industrious and immaculate freshmen. The Press is a potent factor in fanning the embers of domestic discord and trouble. Now, should there be reporters in this room, I pray them favor me with their best attention. How often do we read in the papers that the medical students have been guilty of this and of that! Their simplest offense is magnified into what these charming scribes very generously designate *scandalous behaviour*; our innocent little amusements are depicted in the darkest and most revolting colors; poor uncomplaining martyrs, we are often held up to public scorn, public denunciation or public malediction! Why are we the victims of this unwarrantable persecution? Why? Because we happen to be the unflinching and generally successful friends of the fair descendants of Mother Eve! Now look at the doings of these fortresses of society, those guardians of the peace, in short, those reporters. A man cannot call his wife green fruit, because she never agrees with him, without the same appearing the following morning in the papers. Just imagine, if you can, for I cannot describe, the feelings of this frail and delicate female. The papers tell you it is a kind of curious a certain nice-looking girl never goes to the telephone to answer a ring without wondering if her hair is all right and her train in proper shape. What right have the reporters to publish such matters? Why not confine themselves to events more in keeping with their intellect, to facts for instance relative to Cetewayo, Jumbo or the Franco-Chinese war? Unfortunately, they will not. Is there a place sufficiently warm for these factors of mischief, these tormentors of the fair sex, these persecutors of good and peaceable medical students? If ever the duty of the Inspector of Anatomy was clear, it is in the present case: subjects of the Fourth Estate should be elevated to the Dissecting Room.

Bear in mind, gentlemen, that, though an humble medical student, I am an advocate of Women's Rights. The medical student, thanks to the tenderness of his feelings, the sweetness of his disposition, to his innocent ways, to his gaining, suave and fascinating manners, is peculiarly fitted for this lofty position. He can, with energy and certainty of ultimate success, promulgate this noble advocacy. Not so with the barren law-student, whose dreams are a mixture of Pothier and the Civil Code, whose repast consists of factums and affidavits, whose only ambition is to learn how to swell a bill of costs. We are the earnest and faithful friends of woman; and, with a view of more effectively assuring the ladies of our entire sympathy, let us here assert our pride in witnessing their achievements. Yes! We are proud to see them becoming doctors, lawyers and masculine citizens, and we only hope the glorious day may soon dawn when we shall see MacDonald and Blake forever banished from our Parliament, and our female members standing up in the House of Commons to address: "Mrs. Speaker." Then shall our political atmosphere be thoroughly disinfected and sweet woman will rule the land and waves! Then shall the heroes of Austerlitz, Waterloo and Tel-el-kebir sink into comparative insignificance before the glorious defenders and victorious champions of Women's Rights! Gentlemen, it would never do for me to resume my seat without referring in another and different strain to this subject which is, after all, the toast of the daughter, the wife and the mother. Woman's influence is felt in every sphere of life. Is she the wife? Then she is the very soul of the house and, according to her qualities of mind and heart, the brightest ornament of society. More than this: her charity knows no bounds; her self-sacrificing spirit is ever ready for work whenever the cause of humanity or christianity demands it to exert itself,—where man would be a complete failure, woman is an entire success. Indeed I know a politician who candidly admits that the great N. P. which secured his election was his accomplished and winning wife: nobody could refuse her a vote, and when she kissed the children the effect was even more electrical than when he slipped the almighty dollar into the honest voter's hand. At all events she is the best friend of man, whether exalted or humble his position, whether vast or limited his resources. How frequently