

Jonah." Asked what the whale said he replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Another inspector asked a class: "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" As no one answered he prompted them by tapping his own cheek when the whole class instantly shouted: "The jawbone of an ass."

Women, who are either widows or spinsters, have now the right to vote at municipal elections in this province. This was given them by the law for the first time last session of the Ontario Legislature, and as the assessment on which the voters' list used at the late municipal elections was based had been made before the Act was passed, there were no women entitled to vote. In one western town they turned out in large numbers where the mayoralty was the object of a close contest and the women did not all vote on one side. All women, who are assessed for property in their own right, have the school franchise on the same terms as men have it in Ontario, and in Toronto and other places some went to the polls. It is to be regretted that more did not do so and that women do not become candidates for membership in school boards. They are in many respects even better qualified than men to deal with practical school management and every board would be the better for an admixture of sexes in its membership. If women voters generally, will in Toronto, prepare during 1885, for taking an active part in the municipal and school elections for 1886, there will be some chance of obtaining certain reforms which are exceedingly desirable, but which cannot be secured under existing conditions. If women will show by using well the franchises they have that they may be trusted with others of greater importance, they will soon get them from the legislature.

The question of municipal reform is attracting some attention from the public, but nothing like so much as it should receive. It is one of the most important practical questions of the day, and as there will be an effort to secure from the Legislature during the approaching session some changes in the constitution of this city, every one who is interested in the better administration of our civic affairs should watch closely all that is said and done in the matter. We have arrived at a crisis in the city's history, and on the action taken during the next few months may hinge the municipal future of Toronto and also her commercial and industrial prosperity. On this subject the ONLOOKER will have something to say from time to time as passing events seem to call for notice.

Prof. Flint, of New York, a physician of the very highest standing, has in a recent address some remarks that must tend to relieve the gloom of the dyspeptic. He tells the sufferer from this distressing disease, amongst other things, not to adopt the rule of eating only at stated periods, but to eat whenever there is a desire for food; that sleeplessness is often caused by hunger, and may be removed by eating at bed-time if food is desired; that food may be taken in variety, both animal and vegetable, as the taste may prompt, but that it should in all cases be well cooked; that nature's direction, the sense of thirst, should be the guide as to the amount of drink; that the appetite should be satisfied before leaving the table; and that the dyspeptic should be in no hurry to suppose that he is separated from the rest of mankind by dietetic idiosyncrasies. It is worthy of note that Prof. Flint does not expressly mention alcoholic liquors as allowable in cases of dyspepsia, and the natural and unstrained interpretation of his language is in favor of the view that he does not include them amongst the articles of diet to which his remarks apply.

The question of the cost of secondary education has for some time past been a subject of warm discussion in Hamilton. That city has long prided herself on one of the best educational systems in the Province. The cost of maintaining a first-class Collegiate Institute has of course been considerable, and the result was the development of a certain amount of philistinism at the recent election of members of the school board. The course of liberal education has, however, triumphed, and as the previous discussion of the subject was exhaustive it may be taken as the settled policy of the ratepayers of Hamilton to maintain a high standard of secondary education. This decision is a fortunate one for the city as well as

for the cause of secondary education generally. Hamilton, owing to her nearness to Toronto, can never become a great university city, but there is no reason why she should not continue to be, what she has been for a generation, an important educational centre. Moreover, it would be well to bear in mind, in these days of educational movement, that the Colleges may be found incapable of doing all the more elementary work now thrown on them, and that the city which maintains a school capable of doing first year University honor work, may yet find it a profitable investment. There is good reason to believe that work of this kind can be done more effectively in a good High School than in any of our Colleges, where the lecture system has almost driven out tutorial class work. ONLOOKER.

## Tales and Sketches.

### A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANDFORD.

"You know nothing about intemperance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you."

"Write one," I said.

"It would be a breach of honor. A physician, like a Romish priest, may not betray the confessional." After a moment he added: "Our profession takes us into homes. And lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"There must be some scenes that it would be proper for you to tell me," I urged; "please think of some."

"I was called to the wife of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed fanning her, and a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. The little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a charming picture of love and devotion."

"My wife fell down-stairs," said her husband "and I fear has hurt herself seriously."

"I examined her shoulder. It was swollen almost black, and one rib was broken."

"How do you find her?" asked her husband, anxiously.

"I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?"

"I fell on the stairway."

"I hesitated. I was not in a paddy shanty, but in the house of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side."

"When did she fall?" I asked.

"Last night," he said, after a second's pause and glance at her.

"My resolve was taken."

"Please show me the place on the stairs where she struck?" I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me.

"I was not with her when she fell," he said.

"The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor."

"She begged me not to tell you the truth."

"Then get another physician," I said.

"I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner."

"I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine-inspired?"

"Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are to a degree. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom, and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me up-stairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone, and I pounded her, and left her. She tried to follow me, but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, up-stairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and woke with a fierce headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge you my honor I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering; but she would not permit a physician should be sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself, more or less, when she fell." And with an honest quiver of the chin he added, "She is an angel, and wine is a devil."

"What are wine-bibbers?"

"Own children of their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?"

"I cannot tell yet. I fear she is."

"More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she lived and suffered. When her noble, true, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and that Providence had so afflicted him was called 'strange' in a tone of semi-censure! On her tomb is cut the 'beloved wife!' He has gone to her now, in that land of no license."

"No one but myself ever knew the truth."—*Nat. Temp. Advocate.*