THE TORONTO WORLD

NO. 83 YONGE-STREET, TORONTO.

TELEPHONES:
Business Office 1734.
Editorial Rooms 523.

ONE CENT PUBLISHING PAPER.

SUBSCRIPTIONS:

Daily (without Sunday) by the year	$3 00
Daily (without Sunday) by the month	25
Sunday Edition, by the year	2 00
Sunday Edition by the month	20
Daily (Sunday included) by the year	5 00
Daily (Sunday included) by the month	45

WHOLESALE NEWSDEALERS:
F. W. Beebe, 391 Spadina-avenue.
George Messer, 707 Yonge-street.
Mrs. Moriarity, 1426 Queen-street west.
H. Ebbage, 655 Dundas.
E. W. Duggan, 362 King-street east.
G. R. Ezzard, 767 Queen-street east.

HAMILTON OFFICE:
No. 13 Arcade, James-street north.
H. E. SAYERS, District Agent.

ARTISTIC CULTURE IN TORONTO.

The decision of the Toronto Club to hold early in January a loan exhibition of valuable paintings has led the observer to consider two points, first, the paucity of any really good pictures in Toronto, and second, the role of a club. That Toronto for a city of its size and educational advantages is wofully lacking in rich men of culture is painfully evident, when a comparison is made with the sister city of Montreal. Our millionaires have done nothing which can add to the reputation of the city as an abode of the greater graces of life, as the home of any refinement or culture. The coming loan exhibition at the Toronto Club will chiefly be composed of some forty examples kindly supplied from the collections of Sir William Van Horne, Messrs. R. B. Angus, James Ross and other wealthy amateurs of paintings. In Montreal we see a university endowed and equipped by the liberality of one or two men of wealth who have not hesitated to spend some of their fortunes in the cause of learning and advancement. Is there any similar picture presented to the view in Toronto? Neither in our letters nor in our art. There have been a few gifts to the Provincial University, but they are not the bounties of rich men. There is not a picture in Toronto deemed worthy of a place beside the famous paintings from Montreal which will shortly be here on exhibition. Even in the new world the progress of civilization in recent years has been measured not by the material success of a city as a centre of industrial enterprise but by its advance in art. No city is now adjudged famous by reason of its factories, but rather by its literary and artistic forces. Better two good pictures of fame and note than twenty distilleries or pork packeries. Toronto, judged by the standard of art, is lacking in all that goes to ennoble a city. It is to be hoped that the forthcoming exhibition may have its results, and if it instils into any of our wealthy citizens a desire for what is beautiful and educative its lesson will indeed not be in vain.

Likewise it is pleasant to see the members of the club ready to admit that the business of a club is not merely eating and drinking and the catering of the material comforts of appetite. The old idea that a club is merely a place for a man to eat, drink and be merry apart from his family is fast being removed. It may have been all right in the drinking, dicing days, when the measure of a man was taken by the number of bottles he could drink, when it was considered unmanly to play the violin, when it was a disgrace to a gentleman to know anything about art beyond his family portraits. Those times are past. It is pleasant to see the premier club of the Province taking a step which cannot fail to assist the culture and refinement of the city where it occupies so honorable a place.

VIVISECTION AND THE NEW WOMAN.

Vivisection is a venerable topic. Though for the past fifty years the practice of operating on live animals has been attacked, it still flourishes and is of great use in surgical science. The discussion has lately broken out anew in a portion of the New York press. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll writes "Vivisection is a shame and a disgrace to science." The spectacle of a class of women students watching the dismemberment of a living cat is mentioned with horror by the sentimentalists and the New Woman has her part in the discussion, as she appears to have in most things at present. It is claimed, however, by the surgeons that the recent advances in their science have deprived vivisection of all its cruelty.

A well-known American surgeon says that there is nothing cruel in vivisection as it is now practised. Vivisection as it was in the last century was horrid and brutal. But there is a difference between vivisection under the present system and that employed a hundred years ago. Now the vivisection of a frog is not cruel. The animal is placed in a small bag and his web foot stretched out, when a student is able to see the circulation of the blood. When you are lecturing to a class of students it is difficult. The frog is chloroformed or etherized and cut open. The skin is stretched before the lens of a microscope and the blood corpuscles are shown the size of a ginger cake. But the frog is dead. He does not feel it. After having been killed, if the heart of a frog is taken out and a few drops of water placed upon it, it will continue to beat for an hour. The frog is dead, but the action of the heart still goes on. It is different in the mammalian animals. The cat that has been given chloroform is rendered unconscious and the muscular action of the organs continues.

It is a subject the surgeon goes on to say, that the layman cannot discuss as well as the physiologist. If one wanted an opinion on law one would be right in consulting a lawyer, or upon theology one would consult a theologian, and so the person best qualified to speak upon vivisection is a physiologist who is constantly experimenting.

The trouble is that the old method of vivisection is still talked of, and it is to the old system that the opponents refer. They simply do not understand it when they speak of it as brutality. They speak about holes in a dog's stomach. The surgeon instances the case of a dog that had had a hole cut in his stomach and was corked up. He gambolled about just as other dogs, and when he was needed to illustrate the action of the gastric juices all the physiologist had to do was to whistle for him and he would jump up on the table to have the cork removed and the gastric juices extracted. Of course, before he was to be used he was fed on a little boiled beef to excite the gastric fluids, and about fifteen minutes later was ready to be used. When the cork was replaced in the aperture in his stomach he would jump off the table and run around just as happy as any dog. Now, his case was the result of a similar case in a man who was hurt in a wreck, or some way, in Canada. He had a hole in his stomach and was living. He was exhibited in clinics and was well and hearty. The dog was cut open, and in this way science was greatly benefited. The action of the gastric juices and the acids of which they are composed become known. Students must learn, and if women are going to follow the sciences they must witness vivisection and attend clinics. But there is nothing cruel about it at all, when the subject has been chloroformed to insensibility, and where the subject is not virtually dead before there is any cutting done.

THE CAMILLES OF SOCIETY.

The passing of Alexander Dumas fils causes one to look back on the social conditions of Paris, which he so frequently portrayed. His death removes the most distinctive Parisian in the modern field of letters. Catulle Mendes, following in the footsteps of Theophile Gautier (his father-in-law), and Alphonse Daudet, with his later novels such as "Sappho," have given the world a strange insight into that peculiar Parisian underlife which has won for that gay capital a unique but unenviable fame. Undoubtedly, says a contemporaneous writer, Daudet has given us a truer picture of that life in "Sappho" than Dumas had in "Camille," despite Dumas' assertion that he was a realist, while his father was a romanticist. Daudet uses a more cruel realism than did Dumas. Camille is a half-transfigured courtesan. Dumas himself, Parisian in temper and ideas as he was, realized what a liaison with such a woman meant. The advent of the elder Germont into Camille's country home was inevitable. The situation becomes pathetic, but Fate is inexorable.

Dumas may be said to have discovered that lower world to which he gave the name of "demi-monde." In a certain sense, he may be said to have been the father of the New Woman of the modern drama. Of course, in one sense the New Woman is as old as the hills; but in the sense of the latter-day play, Pinero, Arthur Jones and Grundy have simply followed in the footsteps of the author of the "Dame aux Camelias." Despite the ephemeral success of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," the popularity of none of these later stage creations have equalled that of "Camille." Yet it is only the great emotionality of such actresses as Bernhardt that has caused the play of Dumas to survive as long as this day. The novel is scarcely any longer read. The fact is that, however much pity we may have in our hearts for the Magdalens of modern society, we have no real place for them in our lives. The social evil is not to be cured through sentimental literature, but through long and patient effort in the attempt to solve the industrial and sociological problems which underlie the whole question.

It is hard, indeed, to shut the door of charity in the face of the fallen woman, especially when her betrayer is welcomed over its threshold. That is no reason for her admission, however; the betrayer himself should be excluded as well. Forgiveness does not preclude distrust, and the skirts of pure maidenhood must be kept clean at all costs. The sanctity of the home must be walled about most inexorably. Sentiment must halt without the gates. When the laws shall have been made uniformly effective in the various States, when employers shall be forced by public sentiment to pay decent living wages to their young women employes, and when mothers learn the true care of homes, the question will be in a fair way toward settlement—and not until then.

In Defence of Christian Science.

Editor Sunday World:

Sir,—The comments on Mrs. Beers' case in The Daily World is suggestive of a threat from Detective Wasson to take further proceedings to harass that lady. No doubt Mr. Wasson is well meaning, but don't you think that he is worrying himself over something that has been proven over and over again by competent witnesses under oath to be what they considered their best refuge from sickness? Christian Science demonstrators do not seek after patients, the patients seek them, and very often their despairing cry is "Help me; for the doctors say they can do nothing for me." Would not one be worse than a coward were they to refuse such help because it was not on the line of materia medica? Yes, indeed they would, and not worthy of the name "Christian Scientist." It is said, and with more truth than poetry, that the ranks of Christian Science are recruited from the graveyards, and I would respectfully suggest to Mr. Wasson that he inquire more closely into the ways and means adopted by the medical profession and find out why there are so many death reports every month (and running into thousands in the year), although I presume each case was attended by some practitioner of materia medica. Let us have a few inquests on cases lost by medical men, and let us see if they are as successful healers as Mrs. Beers, who treated mentally with the result of each getting entirely well six members of the Beck family who were all suffering from diphtheria. She also treated mentally according to Christian Science the eldest daughter of this family, who was suffering from inflammatory rheumatism, and in a very short time she was perfectly well. These facts were sworn to, together with other testimonies of the healing power of Christian Science, and should Mr. Wasson decide to take further proceedings, as anticipated by your comment, hundreds of witnesses are willing and anxious to come forward and testify to their release from the bondage of sickness through Christian Science treatment.

We are mindful of the persecutions that attended all great reforms, religious or otherwise. The experiences of Galileo and of the abolitionists of slavery are indelibly written in history, and so will the persecutions of Christian Scientists, but we are patient under these things, and humbly wait for the light of Truth to dawn on those whom we would help if their embittered sense were softened sufficient to listen to our teachings.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

The Sidewalks Must be Cleaned.

Orders have been issued by the Police department to prosecute every citizen who fails to clean off the sidewalks in front of his premises, or sprinkle them with sand or ashes during the frosty weather. The Chief of Police states that his intention is to thoroughly enforce the law in this respect.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

SINGLE TAX DEPARTMENT

Mr. Herman V. Hetzel of Philadelphia, who lectured in Association Hall recently, on "The Industrial Revolution," in the course of his remarks, said: That there is something coming is evident to every mind, and that that coming something may be peaceful is the wish of every man and woman living, and that something may come there is every evidence in the world, if there is not something put in the way of it. There are murmurings all over the world, and those murmurings do not come from the unintelligent men of the world. If you want to find discontent you go among the cultured people, you don't go among savages; there is no trouble among them, for they settle all disputes by war, it is his conscience that marks man in the advancing of civilization. The savage fights, one tribe against the other. The man in becoming more civilized becomes more individualized, and he has found that certain things hurt him individually, and, for this reason, discontented men are becoming more and more restless. We are getting more democratic, and I think it is good that we become more so. I think democracy leads to the brotherhood of men, is made up of men who love one another not through compulsion, but voluntarily loving one another, love that springs up in the heart of every man and woman for himself and for herself, with that love of mankind that is developed among civilized men. You have evidence of it all over the world. Education is becoming universal in civilized countries. From this education comes a desire to have the things that education demands. Men tell you you are better off than your great-grandfather. Is that so? My grandfather's grandfather was a savage in the wilds, and had for his home a tent; he did not need a chimney, the smoke went up through a hole; he had no window, I must have a window; he did not have a book, if he had been given one he would have burned it to help to cook his meals; he did not know the value of books, I must have books—education and culture has brought me to this; if you deprive men of these things it is to make them worse and worse; because their grandfathers would not have these things is no reason why they should be kept back. Look all over the world; where you find the hardest lot of man is not in the backwoods, where wealth is scarce; in the backwoods there is not much wealth; no, poor people do not find poverty in the backwoods; to find it, go where wealth is piled up by millions, you find it there. In the backwoods man is not worse off than any other man who has to labor where wealth is piled up highest; some men have much, the great mass very little. And the great masses have done the work that has made these millions, but they do not get much of it. They want to know why, in this world, where everything was made for man, and although the earth responds a thousandfold for what we put in it, why those who are willing to work have to put up with poverty—not where there is nothing, but where there is much—where the world is full of good things—that is where they grumble, and the people are looking for a remedy, for a way out. The slums of our big cities are evidences of the extreme poverty of the masses, and in Philadelphia, they want to wipe out the badness of the slums. Guess how they are setting about it! They go down there and make a raid on that portion of the city in which the so-called evil-minded—the bad men and women so-called—are congregated. We have a society formed to cure them; they make a raid on those poor men and women, and drive them out of that street; it is clear of them apparently; up goes a shout of victory; they say, "Look what we have done." (Hear, hear.) For a week there is no evidence of this class on that street, but they have gone into the next street just around the corner; the attention of the Reformers is called to them again; the people say—"Why, they are around in another alley;" they go again and drive them out; another victory, and so again the raids go on. When we come to the end of the year we find them in the same old place, with the exception of the street where the last raid was made. That will continue forever by such means; we are merely reformers, so-called; we do not go to the bottom we skim over the surface; we don't do anything except waste energy; this is what they are doing in Philadelphia and everywhere where they are trying that kind of reform, trying to better the condition of the poorer classes, to root out the vice and wickedness by going over the surface of these things only. They do not go down to the bottom to find out why men and women are so vicious. There are evidences of discontent all the world over, this impoverishment of the working class; not that all workers are impoverished; some get to the top of the ladder. I see that in our town, Philadelphia. (We are called a prosperous people, our workmen are considered prosperous.) I cannot call them prosperous; these men live from hand to mouth like the working men all over the world; they have nothing left after they have bought what is necessary for the needs of this life; there is no prosperity among them. They asked me to be treasurer of their association, and I found that they were poor indeed. The best evidence that they are not prosperous, is to go down there in the mornings and watch the streets from which they go to work: see the little children by the score, little boys and girls going to work at the mill to help the father provide enough for their needs, he cannot do it, and even now they are in poverty. This is the condition of things all over the United States, wherever I have been, I don't know what it is like in Toronto. In Pennsylvania they make laws forbidding the employment of children under 13 years of age. The inspector goes to the mills and sees a child which looks to be about 10 years of age, and enquires of the parents, "How old is this child?" and they take an oath that the child is 14; the father cannot provide for them, and thus this necessitates the child to work; the father cannot keep his end of the log up. He is going down continually; as the family grows up the need increases. If he has taxes it is a hard struggle to keep up and get wages corresponding, so I tell you discontent comes from the working classes. A great many remedies have been tried. I have friends in Philaphia who are prohibitionists, who say the remedy is plain, that the rum traffic is doing harm. They tell me of the millions of dollars spent in rum; then I look at Turkey, they have had prohibition for five hundred years, and the wages of the Turks is only 11 cents a day. Imagine that. It is right that men should be sober and not spend their money on rum. The workingmen can have all the good things if they will but co-operate; they need not compel any one to join them; it is wrong to compel. If a man says I do not wish to be your partner you have no more right to compel him than he has to compel you to go with him. Co-operation is best, but a man says I will not be compelled, I am not a slave. I think freedom is the highest end to which man can attain. Perfection of freedom is as the pleasure of heaven, pleasure, always to do right; man is a law unto himself, and heaven is the ultimate place for mankind. If men will not co-operate they will feel the effect; but they don't know till they get hurt. A child does not learn to keep its hands out of the fire till it has burned them. No matter how often you might say to that child, "Keep your hands out of the fire," it does not heed you, until the child burns itself; then it learns to keep away from the fire. So mankind has progressed over machinery and found out what is good; that is the reason you see men standing up for freedom; they have found slavery to be bad, and so anything that will bring a return of slavery in any form is bad for mankind; they like liberty and also the right and choice to vote for any politician they choose to support. Where Government evolves out of the interests of honest men, their rights must be protected. The Government should set a good example to the people. They are rising up in various parts of the country. Some countries do not set a good example. In one city, I see, all the little boys in the Sabbath school go into a room, and have murder weapons, guns, and so they are trained; they call this patriotism, call them followers of the Prince of Peace who came to save them; such a thing is hypocrisy; those things are of the devil. A Government that buys dynamite to blow up ships, etc., and the man who murders are the same. What I want to show is that all these things do not tend to better the condition of mankind; people change in their conception of religion; we are not considering the duty, as much as the belief. A brother said to me the other day, "I have broken almost every commandment, but, thank God, I have not lost my religion." That was a man who considered creed and not deeds as an evidence of goodness, I say deeds make men. I see the evidence all over the world, the change in the manner of men; they are regarding these things as concerning them individually. The man who works sees as a result that he does not make enough and cannot get enough to keep the family, and sees the wealth piled up in the big centres and he has so little. (Hear, hear.) The question is, How much ought he to get? What is true, everyone will admit, is that; he ought to get all he earns; and the man, who does nothing, ought to get all he earns—"nothing." (Loud and prolonged cheers.) If everybody believed that, the labor question would be settled inside of six months.

CHRISTMAS IN SHOP WINDOWS.

New Ideas for Gifts—The Offerings of the Shops

That Christmas is coming, and comes but once a year, is evident from the new dress which the shop windows take on at this time.

In going through the stores on King and Yonge-streets, many and varied are the articles to be seen displayed on every hand. Silver bicycle tags are on exhibition on King-street, and make a very nice present to a devotee of the wheel. At the same store are to be seen Marlborough belts, which are something new this season. They are made of silver or gold wire, woven like cloth, and have ornamented buckles. In cutlery there are many new designs, especially in fruit forks, with sterling or enamelled handles. Another very pretty display is that of fancy cushions and art silk. The designs are innumerable, and the colors very attractive, if anything a little more pronounced in color than formerly. The most attractive displays of any are in china and cut glass. In one of the prominent stores on Yonge-street are many beautiful articles in this line. The ice cream sets, consisting of a dozen saucers and a large bowl for the cream, are also very fine. Comb and brush trays make a very useful and substantial gift. Many of them are in china, the decoration consisting of figures and landscapes, the latter being the more common. In all the decoration this year, gold, pink and blue are the favorite colors, and all are very faint. Cut glass, in the form of vases, decanters, rosebowls and other table ornaments, are very plentiful and as beautiful as ever. In several of the stores are many articles for the dresser in Japanese goods, which make very nice mementoes. Presents for gentlemen, such as shaving sets, tobacco sets, canes and the like, occupy their usual prominent positions, and are eagerly sought for by many of the fair sex. There is the usual array of lamps, most of them being of bronze and onyx. One very dainty lamp is modelled on the Moorish style. It has a globe of bronze fretwork, interspersed with colored ornaments, and inside this is the light, which has a very fine effect when lighted. It has no stand like our modern lamps, but hangs by bronze chains.

The display of toys is bttter than usual, and the new ideas in playthings are most ingenious. Many of them are very elaborate. Forts, with all the known means of defence, may be seen on King-street, including models of some of the Japanese forts of the late war. A new and very useful toy is "The Modeller," which consists of moulds of faces, busts and the like, and a box of plaster of paris, from which excellent models may be made.

Why the Snow Was Sent

The Galt Reformer.

God sent the snow because the roads
And rough concessions were at fault,
And now the farmers bring their loads
By easy stages up to Galt.

God sent the snow, because, they say,
He loves the world where music dwells,
And with the slipping of the sleigh
He hears the chorus of the bells.

God sent the snow to keep the trees,
The roses and the rabbits warm;
The bugs and bettles cannot freeze;
The snow will keep them all from harm.

God sends the snow, if, everywhere,
His wondrous deeds were understood,
The spring and frost, the earth and air,
Would teach us all that God is good.
—The Khan.

And still we wonder why Eugene
Field cast away the sponge.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little one.

A MEET OF THE CENTURY RUN BICYCLE CLUB.

In the Kit-Cat Club

Bobbie Blinkers lived on the Island last summer. Occasionally he had an engagement in town to play a little game or else an evening at the club which detained him. He would turn up at his summer home next day with apologies to his wife and explanations how he had missed the last boat. One evening it was noticed that the family pug was not at home and he did not materialize next morning. Bob and his wife were discussing doggie's disappearance. She called the servant.

"Mary, have you seen anything of Jewel this morning? He didn't come home last night."

"No, mum. I expect he missed the last boat."

DAGO

A SAFE DELIVERY.

Old Mrs. Peoples—Well, doctor, how's your patient this evening?

Dr. Ferguson—All over; twins; boys.

Old Mrs. P.—Well, well, man, dear, just nine months. Have you a good nurse to take care of the little fellows, doctor?

Nurse Cuddy—I'll attend to that.

Newsboy Jimmy Murdoch—You will in a Horn, see.

A German student had been out until late one night a-roystering. He came home in a jagoiete state of mind and body. On arriving in his room and proceeding to undress, he attempted to pour some water out of his pitcher into the basin, reposing on the washstand near the window. With unsteady arm he missed his shot, and, instead, poured the water out of the open window. He heard a gentle "moan" from below, and, looking out, beheld an irate passer-by, whom he had liberally besprinkled. The student profusely apoligized in maudlin tones. On turning around, however, a new line of thought struck his befuddled brain, and, looking out again, he called after the passer-by. "I was wrong to take it all back and do you, sir, tell me what in thunder weather you were doing my basin. ANN FRITZ.

An editorial in The Sunday World has called forth a very interesting article from a well-known yachtsman and writer, who has recently been staying in Toronto, and who has the advantage of an acquaintance with Lord Dunraven. It will be remembered that The Sunday World, while paying a tribute, eminent qualities as a sportsman and statesman, took the ground that he had delayed too long in making explicit charges, and that it was foolish to bring forward an accusation, which could not be disproved, or proved, owing to the lapse of time. The World's correspondent, however, clears up many matters of which the outside public were ignorant, and his arguments are convincing that Lord Dunraven is not to be blamed for his recent course.

"Pat" Alexander, to whom "Shirley" makes reference in his memoirs, on one occasion met Dr. William Chambers on the North Bridge, Edinburgh, and asked him, excitedly: "Have you found her?" "Found whom?" "That woman you were advertising for." "Woman! I haven't been advertising for any woman." "Oh, yes; here it is," and from his waistcoat pocket he extracted a soiled advertisement clipped out of the Scotsman. The doctor took it and read: "Wanted a woman, to clean Chambers." When he looked for Alexander, that gentleman had disappeared—wisely perhaps. PIRATE.

Abraham Hayward, the famous quarterly reviewer, once thought that he would like to have some ancestors, so he walked straight to a picture-dealer's. Selecting a portrait of a cavalier in half armour, with features not quite unlike his own, Mr. Hayward made a bid for it, but deeming the price asked too high, he went his way. A few days later, Mr. Hayward went to dine with Lord Houghton, and was astonished to find the picture in the dining room. Seeing that it attracted his guest's attention, Lord Houghton said: "Very good picture that! Came into my hands in a curious way. Portrait of a Milnes of the Commonwealth period—an ancestor of mine." "Ah, indeed!" said Mr. Hayward; "he was very near being an ancestor of mine." CLIPPER.

When Eugene Field was city editor of The Kansas City Times, he found great amusement in annoying one of the characters employed on the paper. Ferguson was one of the "make-ups" on the paper, and in Wyandotte, where he resided, just over the line from Kansas City, he was the leader of a local temperance society. For over a year, Field, on coming down to the paper to go to work, would write a personal concerning Ferguson, the well-known 'make-up' of The Times composing-room, appeared for work yesterday evening in his usual beastly state of intoxication." This entertaining bit Field would send down in some bundle of copy, and the others of the composing room would set it up and say nothing. Poor Ferguson knew that this awful personal was in their midst, and every night would go carefully over every galley for the purpose of locating and killing it. It gave him vast trouble. Every now and then Field would not write his personal about Ferguson, and then the bedevilled Ferguson was worse off than ever. As long as he could not find it, it might still be there. It almost drove the poor man off the paper. Now and then it escaped his early eye and was printed. On such occasions Ferguson's burdens were beyond the power of even a Christian spirit to bear.

ARGONAUT.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

THE VARSITY MEDS.

Hold Their Ninth Annual Dinner—Some Excellent and Weighty Speeches.

It was a brilliant scene, taken on the whole, the dinner of the Toronto Faculty of Medicine, held at the Rossin House on Thursday evening last, and one that well merits a few words of commendation beyond those usually employed on such occasions. Not only were the adornments of the room of more than usual excellence and the long tables resplendent with floral decoration, but the after-dinner speeches, though perhaps a trifle lengthy, were for the most part admirable in the way they were delivered and still more admirable for the subject matter contained in them.

The chairman, Mr. Connolly, a 4th-year student, delivered a most carefully prepared address—creditable to him as a thinker and to those who had given him his instructions. Though a professedly extempore address, Mr. Connolly had evidently committed his remarks to memory and he manfully resisted the temptation to say anything more than he had made up his mind to say when he came into the room. Without any attempted "high falutinism," he was proud of what the Toronto Faculty had done, was prouder still of the progress it is making and still more hopeful of yet increased usefulness to the medical profession particularly, and to the Dominion generally.

The Lieut.-Governor, as he always is, was courteous and pleasant in the few words he had to say. He caused a roar of laughter by saying, in reference to his own college days elsewhere, that "in his time the medical students of the institution were—with the exception of the Divinity men—the most unruly members of the college." In dignified sentences His Honor advised the students to remember the high standard a professor of medicine should aim at, and to be true to themselves, their country and their university.

Mr. Landerkin was somewhat retrospective in the speech he made. Referring to old times, the honorable and learned gentleman said, "We have many things now that we had not then, such as—" Here a voice called out "The National Policy." This caused first a roar of laughter and then loud and long shouts of applause. No one enjoyed the apt interruption more than the doctor himself. He laughed as heartily as any one.

The doctor continued his remarks by saying he had not intended to touch on politics. His hearers could easily see for themselves the reason, and thus went on to show how medical science had progressed in his time. His words of advice to the students were in excellent taste and most feelingly delivered and were honored with hearty applause.

Mr. J. E. Klotz, on proposing the toast "Canada," said "it was bounded on the east and west by the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, on the north by the North Pole, and on the south by the Fellow who can't have it." This really brought the young "meds" to their feet; they cheered and cheered again. Klotz was a momentary hero.

Dr. Parkin, the principal of Upper Canada College, was the principal speaker in reply, Mr. Principal Loudon of the Varsity, contenting himself with only a few brief remarks. Dr. Parkin was slightly hesitating at first, but soon recovered himself and spoke on the present position of Canada and the possibilities of her future with an eloquence and vigor rarely heard in an after-dinner speech. He told how, with all his knowledge of Canada, he was constantly discovering regions of which he had hitherto been all but ignorant, and resources which had been unknown to him. Speaking of Australia, he said that a Canadian he had met there had told him that it might be true that "Australia was the place to make money, but Canada was the place to make men." The doctor was not afraid to speak out, and he told his hearers that the future of the country depended less on its material resources, which were almost indescribable in their value and extent, than on the character of the people. "The young men of to-day are the rulers of the future," said the speaker, and then he impressed upon them the duty of aiming at the highest ideal in their professional and public life. When the doctor resumed his seat he was warmly applauded, but he had done more than gained cheers, he had started many of his hearers thinking, and there were scores of subdued faces around the tables when the doctor had finished.

Many more speeches followed from Dr. Ryerson, Mr. O. A. Howland and others, and shortly after 1 o'clock on Friday morning the dinner of the Varsity Meds for 1895 was a matter of history. ION.

No Courtship in Jerusalem.

Of courtship as it is known in America or England, there is none whatever in Jerusalem, writes Edwin S. Wallace in November Ladies' Home Journal. A young Mohammedan never sees the face of the girl who is to become his wife until after marriage. His mother and sisters may see her and report their impression, but if it is a case where the union is by them considered a desirabel one, they arel ikely to accredit her with charms she does not possess. Among Jews and Christians there is a greater latitude in this respect, though the young people are never permitted to see each other without the presence of a third party. In every case the services of an intermediate are necessary. Brides at fourteen are not uncommon and at twelve occasion little remark, have known of one bride of ten years of age. She was a Moslem.

His Only Chance.

Goslin—I think I'll take a wife, dotcher know, Miss Flypp.

Miss Flypp—If you want to get married, that will be your proper plan. Don't suppose that any woman would ever take you.—Detroit Free Press.

NO PERSONALITIES.

And Yet the Campaign Maintained a Certain Liveliness.

"To what am I indebted for the honor of this call?"

It was Mary Ellen Ricketts who spoke. She held in her hand the card of Mrs. Samantha Jenkinson, which had just been laid on her desk by the office girl, for the card was followed almost instantly by the the entrance of the person whose name it bore.

There was really no necessity for the use of the card, either, for the two had frequently met.

Mrs. Ricketts was the candidate for Congress on the Republican ticket, while Mrs. Jenkinson was the Democratic nominee. Under the circumstances it was natural for her to be surprised at receiving a call from her opponent.

"I came to see you on a small matter of business," replied the visitor.

"Pray proceed."

"I have learned from good authority that your managers are bent upon a campaign of personalities, and that they intend to give to the press certain slanderous gossip about me, intended to injure my candidacy."

The speaker paused, and Mrs. Ricketts said, interrogatively:

"Well?"

"Well," echoed Mrs. Jenkinson, "we must keep personalities out of the campaign."

"We must, must we?"

"We must."

Mrs. Ricketts sneered.

Mrs. Jenkinson waxed wroth.

"Look here, Mary Ellen Ricketts," she exclaimed, "don't you dare to turn up your snub nose at me, now."

"Samantha Jenkinson," retorted Mrs. Ricketts, "my nose is not a snub, and don't you dare to presume to dictate what my managers shall or shall not do in this campaign."

"We'll see about that, Mary Ellen Ricketts. You were engaged to my husband in your young days, a good many years ago."

"I'm not nearly as old as you, I'd have you to know."

"You are.

"I'm not."

"We will pass that point, but I want to say that when I married my husband all your love-letters were still in his possession, and I have them now."

"You spiteful thing!"

"Many a good laugh I've had over them. What a perfect goose you were!"

"I just hate you, so there!"

"And I merely wish to add that on the very first publication of a personality about me in your newspaper organs I shall print in the Daily Bugle every single one of your mushy-lachadaisical epistles. Do you understand?"

The two women glared at each other a half minute, and then Mrs. Samantha Jenkinson withdrew, leaving Mrs. Mary Ellen Ricketts deep in thought.

The campaign was conducted without any personalities.—Harper's Bazar.

A Self-Made Man.

The Bishop's Suggestion.

A friend of Bishop Wilmer of Alabama lost a dearly beloved wife, and, in his sorrow, caused these words to be inscribed on her tombstone: "The light of mine eyes has gone out." The bereaved married within a year. Shortly afterward the Bishop was walking through the graveyard with another gentleman. When they arrived at the tomb the latter asked the Bishop what he would say of the present state of affairs, in view of the words on the tombstone. "I think," said the Bishop, "the words, 'But I have struck another match' should be added."

A Story of Two Artists.

Probably no two artists ever criticised each other more severely than did Fuseli and Northcote; yet they remained fast friends. At one time Fuseli was looking at Northcote's painting of the angel meeting Balaam and his ass. "How do you like it?" asked Northcote, after a long silence. "Northcote," replied Fuseli, promptly, "you're an angel at an ass, but an ass at an angel!"

A Girton Girl's Letter.

One of the undergraduates of Girton College, the English Vassar, having inadvertently changed umbrellas with a fellow-student, is said to have evolved this note: "Miss —— presents her compliments to Miss —— and begs to say he has an umbrella which isn't mine; so if you have one which isn't hers, no doubt they are the ones."

A Last Hope.

First Lawyer—Both the law and the facts are clearly against us.

Second Lawyer—Ye'es. We'll have to use great care in selecting the jury.—Puck.

Bloor-Street West Cars.

The Street Railway Co. will run the Bloor-street west cars down Spadina-avenue, along College and McCaul to the Union Station, as soon as a curve can be put in at Spadina and College.

Strange, but True

The child that cannot digest milk can digest Cod-liver Oil as it is prepared in Scott's Emulsion. Careful scientific tests have proven it to be more easily digested than milk, butter, or any other fat. That is the reason why puny, sickly children, and thin, emaciated and anæmic persons grow fleshy so rapidly on Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites when their ordinary food does not nourish them.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.