

taking active part in one of the societies which are our workshops in literature.

Indeed, the societies scattered all over this grand country of ours are one of the best methods of elevating the literary standard of our people. As a rule they invite everyone to take part in them. It is in the lyceum, or debating society, of a community that its brightest and most intelligent minds are found.

A Slight Mistake.

A Canadian river steamer was the scene of an amusing blunder, which a Wisconsin paper describes as follows :

A lady passenger was taken ill in the night; a doctor's assistance was required, but the steamer did not carry a member of the profession. The list of passengers was read through, in order to discover if there was a medical man among them, and happily there was the name, James Thompson, M. D.

The steward quickly ran to Doctor Thompson's berth, and aroused the occupant by vigorous blows on the door.

"What's the matter? Is the boat sinking?" came from within, in a startled tone.

"There's a passenger ill, and we want your assistance, doctor," replied the steward.

"What are you playing at?" growled the voice. "I aint no doctor."

"Why, you have got 'M. D.' after your name."

"Well, I can put them letters after it if I like, can't I?" said the M. D. "That's my trade. I'm a mule-driver."

