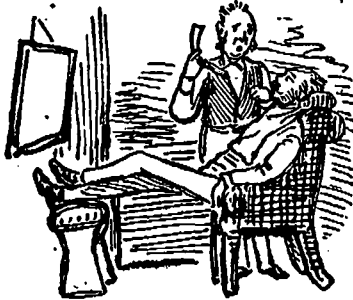


Magic's Wonders.

"While in London, England, a short time ago," said the professor, "our Oxford-street waiter was made the victim of a practical joke. One morning, as this tonsorial artist sat reading his newspaper, he was startled by seeing a young man enter in a very excited manner who throwing, rather than seating, himself on the chair, demanded a shave *instantly*. The



barber, who was a ready fellow, at once set about obeying the commands of this excited and hurried guest. With a rapidity that surprised himself, he shaved the right side of his customer's face, and then immediately turned to the left. That side he also shaved with cleanliness and dispatch, but, judge of his surprise, when his customer demanded to know in tones anything but pleased why he did not shave the right side. The poor bewildered barber was almost certain that he had done so, but perceived to his surprise that the side in question was covered with jet-black hair. Again he shaved it, but while he did so, to his surprise and horror, the hair was growing on the other side. Thus continued for an hour. While he shaved one side, he could actually see the hair growing on the other side. Terrified beyond expression, he stood motionless; hereupon the young man leaped from the chair, and, snatching the razor, drew it across his throat, and fell to the floor covered with blood. The barber flew into the street hallooing 'Murder!' at the top of his voice. A crowd soon gathered, and, with the affrighted barber, beheld the supposed corpse quietly arranging his tie before the mirror—turning very pleasantly, he paid the barber and departed. A theatrical gentleman among the lookers-on soon gave it out that it was Professor Hermann the Great American Magician. I went to my hotel and awoke next day to find myself the talk of London," concluded the Professor, for it was I who did it. I gave the poor barber fits. "Did you ever hear how I gave a friend of mine the



snakes?" asked the Professor. On receiving an answer in the negative, he said; "A friend of mine, who was as great a drunkard as an actor, and that is saying a great deal, was one morning seen by me to enter a drinking-saloon when he was almost on the verge of delirium-tremens, and knowing his horror of 'snakes,' as *mania-a-potu* is vulgarly carried, I resolved to save him. I entered just as he raised a glass of

whiskey to his lips, and rushing forward I snatched the glass from his hand, crying at the same time: 'Hold, S., until I take this fly out.' Pretending to take the fly out, I held up a serpent. C. cried out: 'That is a snake!' 'Not at all,' said I; 'it is a simple house-fly. See? you are covered with them,' saying which I approached, and from his sleeves, and hair, etc., I proceeded to pull snakes, protesting all the time that they were flies. 'They are snakes!' cried C. again. 'That is a snake; I tell you, Hermann, they are snakes!' "Nonsense," said I, 'they are but flies.' 'Then,' said he, 'I have the snakes myself!' and he rushed from the saloon. He was not seen for more than a week after; but when next seen he was sober, and has been so since." "Professor," asked the interviewer, "were you, who are so fond of surprising others, even surprised yourself?" "Once," was the answer: "then the surprise was a very great and agreeable one, I assure you. It came about in this way: I was for years a sufferer from cramps in my left side, immediately under the heart. I suffered regularly at the close of each performance, and very often was compelled to cancel engagements which I had made, owing to my inability to fill them, being prostrated by cramps, and being in a very weak condition. I entertained very serious thoughts of giving up my profession and spending some years in travel, and would have done so but for an attendant of mine, whose head I had cut off occasionally while performing my wonderful decapitation act. The individual to whom I complained of the pains and the cramps in my side on one occasion said it was curious—that I, who could decapitate another and replace the head at will, ought certainly be able to cure myself. I told him how some of the best doctors in Europe and America had failed. He laughed at me, and said he could cure me in a week. That night he presented me with a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, saying that its use would produce an effect more magical than I could readily believe. I laughed at the idea of St. Jacobs Oil doing what had baffled the greatest doctors, but said that I would try it, simply to convince him that trying it would do no good. That night, on retiring I rubbed my side with the Oil, and, sure enough, its good effect was instantaneous—magical, in fact; I felt relief at once. I slept better that night than I had done for a long time before. Again in the morning I rubbed with the Oil, and at the close of the afternoon performance I noticed a great diminution of the cramps. Was I surprised? Well, I was very much surprised, and I told my attendant so. In less than a week, and before I had finished using my third bottle, I was entirely and permanently cured. The effect of St. Jacobs Oil was indeed magical, so much so that I could scarcely believe my senses. I have never felt a cramp since—nor is there prophet, seer, soothsayer or magician who can perform such wonders as St. Jacobs Oil."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Items from Pieton, N.S.

A young man addicted to liquor,
Felt his life lamp beginning to sliquor,
He tried to "saw off,"
But a deuce of a coff
Coming on made him very much sliquor.

He then tried to live on hard biscuit.
Like the tragical end of Jim Fiscuit,
'Twas murder, he said,
To live on hard braid,
And he'd as soon be a drunkard as rascuit.

What is the difference between a member of the Young Men's Liberal-Conservative Association and Ben Nevis? None. They are both bald-headed and unproductive.

The Question Settled.

There's no use in arguing the question of the potency of some substances for special service in emergencies. They will do all they promise, and more, if judiciously used. The following from Mr. P. Murphy, of No. 1 Fire Station, Ottawa, bears upon the point stated



above. Mr. Murphy says: I had occasion to use St. Jacobs Oil recently, and must say that it is the best Liniment I ever saw used. I caught cold from getting wet at a fire, and it settled in my shoulder and down my back to my hip. I suffered a great deal from the pain. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and after the fourth application I was entirely free from pain. I cannot speak too highly of it, and advise others to use it.

No Hesitation.

Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, has used the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and endorses it highly. He writes about it as follows:—I am pleased to say that the use of St. Jacobs Oil has benefited me greatly, and I have no hesitation to recommend it to all as an excellent curative.

Ye Freshies Song.

Hoary Seniors, dear to hearts of maidens meek,
This is a tale of Freshman's cheek,
And of the leek which grows in classic glens
Where roaring Taddle crosses unknown fens.
'Twas a dark and blustering snowy night,
When there occurred this ever memorable sight,
Most woeful sight! Ah, I was very wrong
'Twas to begin my epic ode and song!
'Tis a tale of hoary Seniors' bravery,
And of cheeky Freshmans' knavery.
Four and twenty Seniors, awfully brave men—
Such Plutonic Odes will ne'er be written—
Seized a blooming Freshman in his gown,
And, alas, he was from St. Mary's town!
Him, with bravery unsung, they carry gagged,
Bound, as to his arms, and safely bagged.
Then they test their jolly old forty-eight,
And hie to meeting-place, for it was late.

The driver of ye chariot of the sun—
Now drives his steed who cuts a punny bun—
Whose jacket was red and whose breeches blue,
Dressed like a monkey he was, 'tis true,
He sported a cane and an eye-glass too,
With awful din he chattered "Warders, come,
Do not keep ye chariot of the sun."
Hark! the warders have cast their pris'ners down,
Hah, WELL DONE! comes from ye chariot of the sun!
Gee up. Now Holmes, now Duff, and Henderson,
Your doom is sealed, your cheek is foiled,
And for the warders' twenty-four, Hurrah!
For their terrible pluck on this awful day.
Three times three and a tiger for these brave men!
But never fret, you'll see that dreadful fen,
The judgment is cast. So hear the Three:—
"Taddle's roaring flood must mingle with your blood."
Shiver and shake, quiver and quake, you Three,
For they hold you bound beneath the tree.
Where, alas! judgment carried out must be.
But hark! Who now forbids the doom to them?
'Tis a message from the "The Immortal Ten"
To driver of ye chariot of the sun.
'They must sing the very, dreadful song,
And see that this latter takes not too long,
Or your *lager* today will all be gone.

Say! Say! show me that *Globe* reporter!
We drink forty bottles of forty rod?
Why! we were only forty odd,
And not a one but walked as straight that night
As that "verry perfight" knight
Who in his room was locked because he swore (!)
At cheek of Freshies young and very sore.
VERY CHEERFUL FRESH.