



"And so the world wags."

Some "unoo guid" folks will say that the following little story is naughty, but if the reverend gentleman who narrates it (Rev. Mr. Seymour, of Chicago), does not see anything wrong about it, and as it is perfectly true, I don't see why I should. I certainly cannot profess to be any better than Mr. Seymour, and I don't think it is wrong either. So have at ye.

HE WAS WILLING TO BET ON HIS CHANCES.

A boy being so full of old Nick that his mother became exhausted in trying to reason with him, she decided to punish him, and accordingly procured a rod with which to warm his jacket. The boy belonged to the Sunday-school, and when his mother came for him he fell upon his knees, raised his hands as he had been told to do when he prayed, and said, as quick as he could, "O Lord, please don't let her hit me. But I'll bet a dollar you will." The elder does not say what the mother did in the emergency, but if she let up, and put the rod away, that child will believe in the efficacy of prayer, until some day when it fails to work, and he gets trounced.

Another little story somewhat similar will bear repeating, though many of my readers may have already heard it. It gives an instance of the possession of Faith, though of a nature which I fancy must be extremely prevalent. A certain old lady had occasion to make a journey twice or thrice every week into the country, her road lying up a very steep mountain; as she always performed her trip on foot, she found this hill exceedingly troublesome, and often wished that it was out of the way altogether. She read in the Good Book that implicit faith would remove mountains, and being really a very good old lady, she fancied that she possessed the necessary amount of the article mentioned; or, I should rather say, she was not quite sure about it. However she determined to try what effect her prayers would have, and accordingly she knelt down one evening and prayed long and fervently that the mountain might be removed during the coming night. In the morning she arose and going to her window, drew up the blind: "Ay, ay," she muttered, on seeing the mountain in its usual position, "just as I thought: it's there still." A good number of us possess this kind of faith. I do.

A PROPHET INDEED.

NOT WITHOUT HONOR IN MANY COUNTRIES.

"Good day, sir, take a chair," we said to an intelligent-looking man who advanced to our desk and spit on our boot, at the same time proffering his hand. "To what circumstance are we indebted for this honor?" "I will not detain you long, sir," replied the visitor, glancing his eye over to the corner where a heap of human bones was piled up under a placard inscribed, "Bones who have

annoyed us," "but I am a weather prophet and—" he paused as we started and grabbed our hip pocket, "I am going to get my almanac published at your office," he continued more cheerfully as the baleful light died out of our eye; "Certainly, sir, certainly," we said encouragingly, "your name is—?" "Professor de Bebonnette," he answered, L.L.D., F.R.O.R.D., and letterer." "Just so, professor, well, we will hear you," and we assumed a Czar of all the Russias attitude and signed him to proceed. "You have, I perceive, one of my almanacs for last year in your bookcase: I beg to state that every prediction I made in that volume was fulfilled to the letter, sir," continued the professor. "Ha, 'tis well" we said, in our most autocratic manner, getting up and reaching down the book: "and now you mention it, sir, we carefully noted all your predictions and are sorry to say that we beg to differ with you as to their panning out." "Prythee, hold, good sir, let me explain," he said. "Proceed," we replied, "now here I turn to January 7th: you prophesied warm and sultry days; our notes show us that a blizzard struck this city on that day of intense coldness: several people were frozen to death, and the corresponding agent of the *Universe* lost five inches off one of his ears; ha! you tremble: Expound." "My prophecy for January the 7th, applied to the centre of Australia, sir; I believe I am justified in stating that the day there was warm, nay even decidedly sultry; am I right?" he asked. "We were not in Australia on that day, professor, but probably you are right;" we answered, "however, here you say, February the 4th will come in accompanied by fearful rain and wind storms which will sweep over the country for several days; by again referring to our notes we perceive the thermometer registered 33° below zero for a week just at that date, during which there was not sufficient wind raised to enable us to hoist the mortgage off our woodshed, and we injured our spine by sitting down unthinkingly on the icy steps of the post office: Divulge, professor, divulge." "My prediction sir," responded the prophet, "was intended for Ceylon, where the monsoons devastate that island from December to March: I have here the Ceylon *Observer* which assures me that I was correct in every particular; I am no ordinary slouch of a weather forecaster, sir, and I—" "Well, well," we continued, "here is June the ninth: You predict with certainty that snow may be looked for—" "Precisely, precisely—" he broke in, "and what was to prevent anyone looking for it? answer me that sir, answer me that: I would not commit myself by saying positively that snow would fall on that day, but tell me sir, in all friendliness and good feeling, was I not perfectly justified in saying that people might look for it? What was to prevent 'em?" and he rolled up our cartoon for the week and lit his pipe with it. "I do not go these things blind, sir, as Viggins and Wendor do, but I observe the natural symposia of thermometric transmigrations—" "Oh! let up," we shouted, assuming the majestic air of a barkeeper, and silently drawing the *jemur* of Jenkins, deceased bore, towards us, "Now look here; here's where you were out altogether: read this, July 2. Very dry, and intense drought throughout Canada: I fancy you slipped that time as you have specified Canada; why, man, it poured with rain on the 2nd and 3rd of July, how do you dodge that." "Why, my good sir," replied the professor, "that's a bull's eye, hit the mark fair: July 2, day after Dominion Day: very dry: now come, were you not very dry on that day? and I'll venture to wager that a general drought did prevail throughout this loyal Dominion, sir; that's the way that prediction was fulfilled, what's next?" "Well, you're a beauty:" we said: "but

what's this? how do you account for those burning, broiling, frying, frizzling, hadesian days towards the end of the same month, which you had down on your programme for a cold snap. Ha! ha: a cold snap in July, you were away off there, professor." "Yes, sir," he replied—"way off indeed; the North Pole and Arctic regions were the territories allotted to that cold snap. It came about precisely as I intimated it would. The skating at Reikjavik that month is said to have been unsurpassed." "Well, you're a caution," we said, half admiringly, "but we've got you now: Look here, August 9 to 12, very wet. Why it was scorching, sir. The rivers dried up and we had to drink beer instead of water, and got banged out of the I.O.G.T. You made a mistake there, anyhow, eh?" "Not a bit, sir, not a bit," replied the ever ready professor. "At that precise time of the year I was crossing the Atlantic ocean, and, happening to fall overboard one day, the moisture of that noble sea assured me that the words 'very wet' hit the case to a knock down: no sir, you cannot bluff me: I am here to refute everything that would make me out a false prophet; and now sir, how much will it cost to get my Almanac printed?" "Not a cent, sir, not a cent in this office, for we would not do it for all the whiskey in the country. What!" and we stood up and assumed a Napoleonic-Washingtonian-George-Francis-Train rolled into one demeanor, "lend ourselves to the publication of a quibbling, prevaricating—begone, sir, begone or"—and we pointed to the specimens of anatomy in the corner, "you spot will be your sepulchre." Professor de Bebonnette had fled.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night-sweats and the early stages of Consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

They say that this notice was posted on the doors of an Iowa bank, after the sudden disappearance of its cashier: "Another pioneer of American civilization lights out for Polynesia."

A girl was recently arrested for being disguised as an old woman. If all the old women who appear in the disguise of girls were arrested, the jails would have the appearance of sardine boxes.

"Wake me up, darling, to-night, and give me a toddy," said an Austin inebriate to his wife, as they were about to retire to their couch. "But how will I know when you want one?" "You can't make a mistake. I am always thirsty when I am woken up.—*Texas Sisters.*

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Montreal, March 2nd, 1883.