

Mr. Beauty regretted that
 Sir John A. Macdonald, with
 the Quebec Blues, was now
 ruling Ontario with an
 Iron Hand
 Speech at Meeting of
 Orange Brotherhood
 July 20



ET TU, BEATY!!

[Memorable words of Julius Cesar Macdonald.]

PHYSICIANS' PENMANSHIP.

A SUGGESTION THAT SEEMS TO BE A SENSIBLE ONE.

Grievous complaints have reached Mr. GRIP of the disastrous consequences which have arisen from illegible prescriptions. Ever anxious for the improvement of all bad writers, Mr. GRIP has been induced to offer his services to the medical men; and he has great pleasure in publishing the following testimonial to the efficacy of his system, which is simply that of writing medical prescriptions in words at length and in plain English.

Mr. GRIP is sorry he is unable to give the proper symbols for drachms, ounces, scruples, and so forth, as his meaning would be rendered clearer by introducing them. It is generally understood, however, that a thing like a figure '3' stands for a drachm—except at a refreshment bar, where a '5' at least is necessary for a dram—and a figure '3' with a mansard roof is allowed by druggists and physicians to represent an ounce.

Testimonial.

"This is the way I used to write a prescription before taking a dozen lessons from Mr. GRIP:

R.
 Acid: Hydrocyanic, m. x.
 Tr: Hyocy: dr. vss.
 Tr: Dig: dr. iss.
 Aq. Ment: Pip. oz. xivss--ft.
 Mist. cuj. str. oz. iss ter die.

The subjoined is a specimen of my new and improved style of writing since my dozen lessons:

Take ten drops of prussic acid, five drachms and a half of tincture of henbane, one drachm and a half of tincture of foxglove, and fourteen ounces and a half of peppermint water, to make a mixture, of which three tablespoonfuls are to be taken thrice a day.

PARACELUS DONNOBENS, M. D."

Of these prescriptions one is a literal translation of the other: and since all druggists' apprentices do not understand much more Latin than some of their masters, and a mistake as to a zigzag may occasion an ounce to be mistaken for a drachm, and vice versa, whereas such a mistake, in the case of such medicines as henbane and foxglove would cause the patient great annoyance and put his or her friends to much inconvenience in burying him or her, wherefor it is respectfully submitted to the faculty that they had much better write their orders in words at length, and in a language of which they understand something, say English, in preference to employing a tongue of which a great many of them know very little, and which, being dead, is better suited for the use of a large number of their patients, who it is feared will be in a similar predicament.

And Mr. GRIP would further suggest that, at the next medical convention or convocation or conference, or whatever term it is known by, the medical gentlemen present should discuss the question why a prescription should not be as intelligible as a recipe in a cookery book. There is now no occasion for concealing from patients what it is they have to swallow. Ignorance in this respect is no

longer bliss, and consequently it is not folly to be wise, for the time has gone by when doctors ordered spirit of earthworms, and powder of burnt toads, and concoction of Egyptian mummy for their patients.

PARENTAL AFFECTION;

OR, THE USE OF FORETHOUGHT.

Of all the pattern parents, no other e'er could be
 Such a pattern one as Jenkins, so it always seemed to
 me;
 He had a son, a charming boy, and, I assure you, ne'er
 Could you find another father of his offspring take such
 care.

Yet I looked on Mr. Jenkins as a very clever man,
 And in spite of any tricks of trade which I could ever
 plan,
 I never yet could match him; and I couldn't understand
 How still of me in everything he gained the upper hand.

He was a mighty traveler; by rail he always went,
 And he didn't, somehow, seem to care how much on fares
 he spent;
 He paid his money manfully, and seemed it to enjoy;
 I noticed that he always took with him his little boy.

Oh! it was quite affecting, the love he bore that child!
 And pleasing was the father's face as on the youth he
 smiled;

And to many an occasion back my memory quickly flies,
 When I saw him in refreshment rooms regaling him with
 pils.

One day there came an accident;—two trains met,
 crashed, and spilled,
 And Jenkins was a passenger, unhurt; his boy was
 killed!

Oh! sadly did the father mourn, and also wail and cry,
 But there seemed to be a lurking satisfaction in his eye.

He looked quite sad for many days, most mournfully he
 wept;
 But at length the puzzling secret no longer could be
 kept.

The life of that young son of his—mark well, my friends,
 what follows!

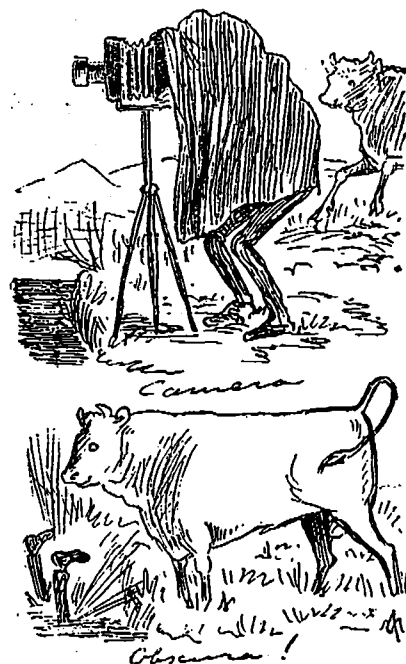
Was insured in th' "Accidental" for several thousand
 dollars!

I was in that very railway smash: and in it, too, my wife
 Got jammed amongst the debris, thus finishing her life;
 So, you see, I am a widower: but it nearly drives me
 wild

To think I'd not the forethought of that Jenkins with his
 child.

And now he's rich and scornful, and when we chance to
 meet,
 He's grown so consequential that he'll pass me on the
 street;

Which I behold reflectingly, and begin to understand
 How it was that Jenkins of me always got the upper hand



[From "Quiz," Glasgow.]