



THE COLONIZATION TARTUFFE ;

"THOU SHALT NOT PLOUGH WITH AN OX AND AN ASS TOGETHER

with a face on which impecuniosity was written. He had once been a high-toned gentleman of property. Rupert asked him to dine at the club, and handed him a box of cigarettes containing bills for a thousand dollars. He told his story. A former lover of the girl with the shot partridge eyes had persuaded him to write letters in Rupert's hand-writing, which he was skillful at imitating, as if to a well-known Ottawa beauty. He did this, being told that it was only a harmless joke. Rupert thus saw the artifice by which we both had suffered; the forged letters were identified by his friend, and we were married on a day recommended by GRIP'S ALMANAC.

The Dentist's Chair.

You hate it, I fear it, yet who can dare
To say we'll ne'er sit in the dentist's vile chair?
I've regarded it long with the greatest of dread,
While it, spectre-like, haunted me lying in bed,
Though made with good springs and a moveable back,
An hour in its arms resembles the rack,
Though there of good gold men get off their fill,
It makes them quiver and gives them a chill.

In childish days they waxed me there
And called the thing "a beautiful chair."
And shocking stories to me were told
About this fine chair where people get gold.
They said "the pull wouldn't hurt a bit."
If in the big chair I'd quite quiet sit;
But in the pain that I suffered there
I learned mistrust of friends and the chair.

I've sat and been tortured many a day
A raven-haired youth and a veteran grey,
With the beads on my forehead and hair clenched tight
I've opened my mouth for the instruments of bit
Which sought out my nerves with touches so keen,
They've dragged from my bosom an agonized scream.
I've endured horrid fillings, and lost teeth there,
No wonder I hate that vile old chair.

'Tis past, they're gone, but I gaze on it now
With quivering breath and throbbing brow,
'Twas there they plugged them and pulled them out last
(Though the pain is already a thing of the past.)
Say it is folly and deem me weak
As my porcelain grinders bite my cheek,
But I hate it, I fear it, and cannot bear
To pay for my hours in that vile old chair.

J. LOES.

"A body snatcher"—An angry nurse when
she picks up a child.
Is it possible to cultivate a good manner by
living at a manor house?

A Wonderful Substance.

The Chicago *Western Catholic* says, "It is indorsed by Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, and by some of our most honoured and respected priests throughout the country, who have used it for rheumatics with success where all other remedies failed." We refer here to St. Jacobs Oil. We know of several persons in our own circle who were suffering from that dreadful disease, rheumatism, who have tried everything and spent hundreds of dollars for medicine which proved of no benefit. We advised them to try St. Jacobs Oil. Some of them laughed at us for faith in the "patent stuff," they chose to call it. However, we induced them to give it a trial, and it accomplished its work with such a magic-like rapidity that the same people are now its strongest advocates, and will not be without it in their houses on any account.

Mr. Joel D. Harvey, U. S. Collector of Internal Revenue, of this city, has spent over two thousand dollars on medicine for his wife, who was suffering dreadfully from rheumatism, and without deriving any benefit whatever; yet two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what the most skilful medical men failed in doing. We could give the names of hundreds who have been cured by this wonderful remedy, did space permit us. The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

UNION CATHOLIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,
CHICAGO, Sept. 16, 1880.

I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remedy, I am cured. The statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest. Very respectfully,
JAMES A. CONLAN, Librarian.

A HARROWING TALE.

There was a young man named Sparrow,
Who followed the wake of a harrow;
He fell over a stump,
With a terrible thump,
And they carried him home in a barrow.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.



THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY.
FOR
RHEUMATISM,

*Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago,
Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout,
Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and
Sprains, Burns and Scalds,
General Bodily Pains,
Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet
and Ears, and all other Pains
and Aches.*

No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as
a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy.
A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay
of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain
can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN
MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
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