

TOOTH PULLING ILLUSTRATED.

BEFORE the days of chloroform there was a quack who advertised tooth-drawing without pain.—The patient was placed in a chair, and the instrument applied to his tooth with a wrench, followed by a roar by the unpleasantly surprised sufferer. "Stop," cried the dentist, "compose yourself. I told you I would give you no pain, but I only just gave you that twinc as a specimen to show you Cartwright's method of operation." Again the instrument was applied, another tug, another roar. "Now don't be impatient, that is Dumerge's way; be seated and calm, you will now be sensible of the superiority of my method." Another application, another tug, another roar. "Now pray be quiet, that is Parkinson's mode, and you don't like it and no wonder." By this time the tooth hung by a thread; and whipping it out, he exaltingly exclaimed, "that is my mode of tooth-drawing without pain, and you are now enabled to compare it with the operations of Cartwright, Dumerge, and Parkinson."

NET BIG ENOUGH.—The following dialogue is represented to have taken place between a farmer and an Irish reaper, the latter being considerably under the common stature:

Irishman—D'ye want any body for the harvest?

Farmer—Yes.

Irishman—Will you take me?

Farmer—No; you're too little.

"Arrah, now, and do you cut your corn from the top?" said Pat, as he walked off indignantly.

NARROW SOULS.—It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles—the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters,
My 12, 8, 3, 15, 5, 1, is a mathematical line.
My 14, 3, 8, occasions rare sport for boys
in winter.
My 5, 2, 7, 5, is anything and everything.
My 14, 9, 8, 1, 4, 5, was an eminent general
in the time of Cromwell.
My 10, 15, 1, is a very troublesome little
animal.
My 13, 6, 11, 14, 10, 8, is a title generally
given to old gentlemen.
My whole is a great undertaking.

C. F. FRASER.

Montreal, August 7, 1855.

CHARADE.

Shapeless, colorless, and bright am I,
One moment gives me birth, and the next
I die;
My little course I run with silent haste,
And every trace of me is soon effaced,
When joy appears, I start to bring relief,
And run with speed at the approach of
grief.
Behold me, and you'll find that I'm possessed
By every little thing, both man and beast;
Curtail me, and a beverage I shall be,
Brought from a distant land beyond the
sea.

ANSWERS

To charades in August number—

1. Cross-bow.
But yet is found in all;
And when you address a neighbor
It is generally personal.
As *n* in good men has a place,
And sinful ones as well,
So Scotland is a name that cheers the fall
Of Curlers, I can tell.
An *ant* is a near relation,
Of which I have one or two,
And to find the name of a busy insect
Just leave out the letter *u*.

C. F. FRASER.

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