

THREE TO ONE.

If any reader of THE CRITIC would prefer a physician of three ideas to a physician of one, we can introduce him to a medical practitioner of this city, who limits his prescriptions to three; so that whether a man be suffering from jaundice, rheumatism, neuralgia, dropsy, dysentery, goat, croup, headache, epilepsy, erysipelas, smallpox, consumption, &c., &c., he may have the pleasure of receiving the "best advice," and one of the three prescriptions.

A certain doctor stepped on the front of a street car in this city, when it was somewhat more than a quarter of a mile from the terminus; he "guessed he was a dead-head;" the accommodating driver acquiesced in the suggestion, and as he was himself suffering from rheumatism, he thought he would improve the occasion by consulting his "dead-head"; dead-head replied that "he required medicine;" happily for the driver, he obtained it soon afterwards, in the form of three lemons, and was cured thereby.

"Doctor, I want you to tell me what's the matter with me—I ain't right, some how?"

"How am I to tell you? What are your symptoms?"

"Does a 'oss tell his symptoms, Doctor?"

The Doctor remains quiescent and meditative

The would be patient exhibits signs of *im* patience.

A doctor is called to attend the son of a business man. He writes a prescription that the family hasten to have filled. On the following day he returns to see his patient, and finds the family in tears. "Alas!" sighed the mother, "I did not believe the measles could kill my poor boy." "The measles!" exclaimed the doctor; "he had the measles and you didn't tell me."

Tordens, of Brussels, prescribed benzoate of soda in a number of cases of whooping cough, and in all cases the coughing fits began to diminish in force and frequency after one or two days of treatment. He gives four grains of the salt every hour to a child 2 or 3 years old.

A bill is before the Illinois legislature to suppress all specialists and advertising physicians. It is supported by the State Board of Health. Here is a wrinkle for the Ontario College of Physicians and Surgeons.

A lecturer discoursing on the subject of "Health," inquired—"What use can a man make of his time while waiting for a doctor?" Before he had time to answer his enquiry, one of the audience cried out—"He can make his will."

UPBRINGING.

No one need be long in a house without learning how the children of the family are brought up. The probability is considerable, that while a visitor is conversing with the head of the family, Master or Miss Hopeful will be standing agape, hard by, imbibing apparently through more than one organ, all that is being said; it is likewise probable that some half-dozen masters and mistresses will without the slightest apology, interrupt the conversation with some extraneous remarks. Perhaps nothing is more common, throughout the Dominion and the United States than similar illustrations of rudeness among children of a larger growth. "The untutored" Indian however knows better than this.

The Mail is not the only male who has disowned an illegitimate baby.

"SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS."

So far as we can judge from a report we have received from a victim of "a concert and lecture" which took place at the Adelaide Street Rink on the 31st ult.—The Sick Children's Home is in as much need as was the Pretender, of being "saved from its friends." Our informant was induced to buy four tickets and supposed that when he had paid his dollar for them, he had done all that was expected of him, on taking his seat, however, he discovered that in common with several others, the seats had developed into that order of seat styled "reserved," without any intimation on the ticket having warranted the expectation of such a development. A second dollar was demanded of this gentleman, and paid by him, on the strength of this invisible change.

Certain luckless children were brought from the Orphans' Home to sing, and doubtless did their best; but who would have supposed that any one having the care of such children would keep them from eight o'clock till eleven without anything of the nature of refreshment being offered them; one consequence of this was, that some of the children fell asleep, they however, had the satisfaction of looking on, while the audience were being regaled, for twenty minutes, in the midst of this interesting performance. But the most distressing part of this *entertainment*, as we understand, consisted in a lecture by the Rev. C. O. Johnson, of Yorkville, bearing the title of "Lessons from a Lost Life;" this is said to have consisted of antiquated stories of wicked fathers, and sons to match, which any diligent frequenter of a certain class of Methodist Churches would have heard a few dozen times; one of these wicked fathers had beaten his son so severely that he was the means of the boy's death; and when the countenances of the audience indicated their displeasure at having been brought from considerable distances to listen to such rubbish, the audacity of the lecturer interpreted their angry looks to express a consciousness of guilt with regard to their own children, corresponding to that of his imaginary "wicked father."

If Primitive Methodists choose to cherish such performances as those of this "reverend gentleman," it has a perfect right so to do, but in the interest of the Sick Children's Home, and of the victims of this pious fraud, we must protest against a repetition of such proceedings.

NINE TAILORS MAKE A MAN.

A correspondent of the London *Spectator* says that the expression, "Nine tailors make a man," has no sartorial reference. "From Queen Elizabeth, who is said to have acknowledged an address from eighteen tailors by saying, 'Thanks, gentlemen, both,' to Carlyle, the saying has been mistaken. The original word is 'taler,' and is connected with the 'tally' or 'tale' of Milton's shepherd; or it may be, 'tollers.' In some parts of England, on the death of a parishioner, the church bell is tolled, once, three times, etc., according to the age of the deceased person; say, once for an infant, three times for a girl, but always nine times for a man. So passers-by would say, when the bell had stopped, 'Nine talers make a man.'"

MEDITATIONS FOR MEAL-TIMES.

"Then comes the tug of war, when '—pig eats pig."

Swine, when herding together, occasionally pick a quarrel with one of their number, and settle it by reducing the ill-starred member of the community to a condition of sausage; so completely is the luckless member demolished, that they leave not so much as a bone of him to toll the tale; that tale is therefore told by members of another race, some of whose "untutored" members act in a similar fashion.