

# FOR IDLE MOMENTS.

## ON THE HIGH SEAS.

The despair of the family had shipped as a sailor, but he knew little of the sea. The first night he was on the look-out he saw three lights, red, green and white (the port, starboard and masthead), of a vessel approaching "full-on." "Ahoj there," yelled the officer on deck, "What's that coming ahead of us?" "I am not quite sure," replied the landlubber, "but I think it's a chemist shop."—Chemist and Druggist.

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"The doctor administered an anecdote," said a policeman in giving evidence at Richmond Police Court.

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"Why, the last time I had this prescription filled here, in this very same bottle, it was only sixty-five cents, and now you want a dollar!" "Yes; but this is coloured pink, and you can't get cochineal for nothing."—Puck.

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"After taking off my winter clothing," says Dr. Hammond, of New York, "I wouldn't appear on the street for a while." Not immediately, we hope—certainly not. — Western Druggist.

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## AN EXPENSIVE CURE.

Mr. Smith was waiting for Bobby's papa, and Bobby had been deputed to entertain him. "Do you know," he began pleasantly, "my gran'pa had lumbago a little while ago." "Is that so?" said the visitor. "And what was done for him?" "Oh," said Bobby, "pa and ma used the old-fashioned remedies for him. They soaked his feet in a tub, and put ten home-made plasters and poultices on him.

Then they dosed him with herb-tea until his face was as red as a beet-root." "And did that cure him?" asked the visitor. "Well," answered Bobby, "his lumbago went off all right; but he had to go to bed and send for a doctor." "Good gracious!" ejaculated Mr. Smith. "Yes," the child went on, "it was to cure him of the effects of the old-fashioned remedies."

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## THE USEFUL CHEMIST.

A man walked into a chemist's shop and handed the assistant a paper containing a white powder. "What do you think it is?" said the "customer." The assistant tasted it and said, "It is soda." "That's just what I said," was the reply, "but they said at home that it was rat-poison. Try it again. to make sure!"—Chemist and Druggist.

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## CAUSE FOR GRIEF,

Visitor (running into chemist's shop): "You know that poor joiner who swallowed a foot rule, he's dying by inches." Chemist: "Oh, that's nothing. I know a man who swallowed a thermometer, he's dying by degrees this long-time past."

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"Halloa, Rivers! You seem to have a bad cold." "Worst I ever had, Banks." "I'm sorry for you, old fellow. Wish I knew of something that would cure you, but I don't." "Give me your hand, Banks"—with tears in his eyes. "You're the only man I've seen for three days that hadn't a certain cure."—Leeds Hosp. Gazette.