



## A SHEEPISH ARTICLE.

Before me lies a colored diagram of a leg of mutton, and my eye is at once attracted and charmed by the brilliancy and boldness of the coloring, in which vermilion-blue and greenery-yellow are the most striking hues. The diagram is entitled the Weekly Health Bulletin, and is apparently designed to show the unhealthiness of a leg of mutton, or rather the unhealthy state that a leg of mutton will throw a man's body into if he partakes thereof. The diagram is parcelled off into lots, or, from the size of the divisions, I suppose I should say townships, ten in number, these being again marked off into eligible building sites, horse-rings, and places suitable for starting saloons. The townships are beautifully colored, though the shading is hardly strong enough, and are numbered from 1 to 10, the knuckle end being styled No. 1, and so on to the extreme western end, which is No. 10. From what I can gather from a somewhat hurried examination of this parti-colored joint, it appears that some portions of it are more deleterious than others, and I had no idea, till I first saw this striking work of the new masters, that mutton was so unwholesome. Now, for instance, No. 7, which is located on the little bit of meat on which the joint rests in the dish, seems to be fraught with intermittent fever, the chances, as specified, being 26 to 6 that anyone devouring this portion will fall a victim to this fell disease, while a man who gnaws at the knuckle end stands a good chance of having his system charged with 14 cents worth of internal pain, or so I understand my diagram to say.

No 2 township appears to be the most salubrious (at least, for the week ending Sept. 29—for it seems that the different portions of a leg of mutton vary in their death-dealing qualities at different times), and as this is the choicest portion of the joint, it is well that such is the case, the consequence most likely to ensue from partaking of No. 2 being a 7x9 (I quote the diagram's own figures) goitre, or swelling in the throat. No. 5 section has been carefully cut out, and, as far as I can make out, thrown into the Georgian Bay, though this portion does not seem to be extremely lethal, as the figures do not impute anything more serious to it than several minor ills from a 3x3 goitre to a ten per cent (apparently a misprint for 10 for a cent) uneasy sensation inside. It is well that we have, in our midst, gentlemen who are able and willing to help us to regulate our diet, but why, week after week, we should have this leg of mutton thrown at our heads I fail to see, and if the Provincial Board of Health, the artists of the diagram of which I have been speaking, would vary the monotony of the thing by parcelling off a string of sausages or a pork roast by way of a change, they would confer a boon on all who are weary of sheep.

I have banished legs of mutton from my table—they had been rare, as it was, since I entered the journalistic arena—after seeing this diagram, and I am glad to learn that they are so horribly unwholesome, as they are expensive, and the members of my family are very fond of them.

If the Board of Health would but go to work and show the insidious diseases lurking

in sealskinsacs, twenty-buttoned kid gloves, Gainsborough hats, and so forth, that estimable body would confer a boon on hard-up gentlemen with fashionable wives and daughters, and the publication of the results of their researches would, like every new paper that makes its appearance, fill a long-felt want.

S.

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## A TALE OF GRUESOME GRAMMARYE.

I am the manager of an immensely influential newspaper, but, somehow or other, the public seemed not long ago to become weary of being immensely influenced, and this fact they imparted to me in the most convincing manner possible, viz., they ceased to subscribe, and the circulation of my paper, (150,000 sworn to) had really dwindled down to about 7,000, so I began to be nervous and set what brains I could spare from their task of immensely influencing people, to work to think up some scheme by which my subscription list might be enlarged. At length I hit upon a plan: I would give a valuable watch with each copy of my paper; yes, I would offer a time-piece, full jewelled, copper-bottomed, pure silver, to each man, woman or child who would subscribe for one year for my paper. I felt that in making this move I was lowering the tone of my journal and that there was something of the "chickaleary fake" in the whole business, still I determined to put my scheme into practice, and accordingly telegraphed to Birmingham for several barrels of valuable watches, one of which, with my paper for a year, I offered to a guileless public for \$3.50. From that hour I knew no peace. My conscience upbraided me, and from the time that the first three fifty came into my coffers I had no mental or bodily rest. Ghosts of departed directors, spirits of by-gone managers of the journal over which I presided would appear to me at all hours of the day and night, and by their looks and gestures, upbraid me for the course I was pursuing. As each three fifty came in I felt as if some unseen hand had driven another nail into my coffin: voices whispered in my ears, chiding me for the undignified manner in which I was increasing the circulation of my paper; strange figures would stand at my bedside and gaze with sorrowful eyes upon me, and muttering the word "Fakir" would depart as they had come. I felt that I was going mad and that reason, never too firmly planted on her throne, was tottering there; maniac cries and shrieks of the lost spirits incessantly sounded in my ears, and I knew that ere long I should be an inmate of an insane asylum. Though I felt that the things I heard and saw were but warnings to me to desist from what I was doing, and that by smashing up my last consignment of barrels of watches, I could free myself from the hideous thralldom and become once more happy, honored and respected, still I persisted in my evil course and gradually became more and more imbecile. I fled from the city where my paper was published, leaving others, however, to conduct the watch and paper enterprise in my absence. I hoped thus to escape from the gruesome beings who forever haunted me, sleeping or waking; but go where I would, do what I would, my sin was ever before me. The very wheels of the railway car in which I travelled clicked out the sentence, "a week-o-ly paper a nickely watch, and all for the sum of three fifty." "Three-fifty" haunted me. If I went to enquire at what time a train left for such and such a place, the answer was invariably the same: "At 3.50, sir." The very air seemed filled with the sound of that number, and I felt that I was indeed an accursed thing, and I fled further and further away, till I halted in a city whose name I know not. I

went to a hotel and whilst registering my name saw that the date was Sunday, Dec. 16, and, horror! the number of the day of the year was also given 350! I swooned and was carried to my bedroom, but I could just hear the clerk give orders to have me conveyed to Room, No. 350, as I momentarily regained consciousness. I suppose I must have slept for several hours, for when I woke all was still in the hotel and my room was dark. I wondered what the time might be and, in turning my head in my effort to feel for a match, my eyes beheld a frightful object glaring at me from the wall, and my hair stood up as though galvanized, whilst a clammy perspiration started from every pore and my teeth chattered as though I were stricken with the palsy. From out the gloom I beheld the enlarged dial of a watch over which played a bright phosphorescent light: the hands I observed, as soon as my terror permitted me to see anything, pointed to the hour, ten minutes to four! Oh! heavens! in railway parlance, 3.50. After a long look at the illuminated dial, during which those figures wucceasingly glared at me, I fainted away. When I again came to my senses the ghostly watch was still there, the hands still pointing to the same figures, and with a wild shriek I once more relapsed into unconsciousness.

It was broad daylight when I next awoke. I cast my eyes around the room and beheld one of those small circular luminous dial clocks on the wall: the hands had stopped at ten minutes to four!

I felt that I had been warned enough, and dashing down to the telegraph office, despatched a message to my managers to bust up all the watches they had left. As soon as I had done this, a heavenly calm stole over me; seraphic beings floated round my head, and sinking on a luxurious sofa, I fell into a slumber, peaceful and calm as that of an infant. I was no longer a fakir.

—S.

"Let no man enter into business while he is ignorant of the manner of regulating books. Never let him imagine that any degree of natural ability will supply the deficiency or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion."—Day's Business College, 96 King St. W. Toronto.

## NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE SEEMED.

PROFESSOR (to dull student whom he has nearly driven distracted with his questions).—Well, I must say you are the stupidest fellow I ever saw. You talking of becoming a clergyman, indeed? Why, I don't believe you can repeat two sentences of scripture correct.

STUDENT.—Yes I can, sir.

PROFESSOR.—Well, let me hear you.

STUDENT (desperately).—"And he departed and went and hanged himself."

PROFESSOR.—Very good for one. Now—

STUDENT.—"Go thou and do likewise!"

"LITTLE PITCHERS," &c.—Auntie: "Will Bertie take his powder now if Auntie covers it with beautiful jam?" Bertie: "I'd raver take the boo'ful jam, Auntie, wivout the powder." Auntie: Oh, but the jam without the powder wouldn't do you any good, dear!" Bertie: "Well, Mr. Masher said oo' was real jam, Auntie, an' he said oo' would be nicer if oo' wasn't covered wiv powder."—Fun.

## STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

The Notman Pad Co's Remedies are certain cures for all troubles of the stomach and liver, constipation, diarrhoea, neuralgia, dropsies, sick headache, fever and ague, want of blood and many other troubles. They can harm no one, are cheaper than any internal medicine and are easily applied.