

"This is a pretty time of day for a respectable man to come home, isn't it?" she said with concentrated scorn. "A nice name we shall get in the neighborhood."

"Maria," I replied, "I was home seven hours ago, and have been chasing Clincher round the garden ever since to chain him up, and I had to mend his chain into the bargain."

The look that woman gave me! In vain I threw all my mesmerico-electro-biological magnetism into my eye. She quailed not one tittle.

"I did not loose him," she said in cold, freezing tones, "I knew you would return in your usual disgraceful condition and that he would attack you. I never let him loose."

"Woman," I retorted, "he broke his chain and I had a terrific struggle before I could master and secure him. I broke my umbrella to pieces over him—but I quelled him at last with the power of my eye."

"Faugh!" was her reply, "get to bed and never, never let me hear of your going to another political meeting. You hear me."

I did. Magnetism with such a female was useless; mesmerism futile. I took off my garments and got into bed, and was not awaked till a late hour, when my wife aroused me by remarking, "Mr. Gooseby, you should really go into the repairing business. You have mended Clincher's chain so neatly that I really can't discover where it was broken."

As I have discarded politics, anyone requiring a faithful watch-dog can be accommodated on applying to me.

THE MEDS. AND THE LADIES.

General Hospital, Toronto, Oct., 1884.

Thomas Tough, Medico, Montreal.

DEAR TOM,—Just a line to tell you about the gay old times we had here to day. It was killing in every sense of the word. A couple of girls came in, you know, and the moment we clapt eyes on them we began roaring all sorts of things, singing every species of doggerel we could mention. Evidently they were not surprised, for, on the whole, they kept rather cool until we got pretty smutty, when, like good little girls, they left. Of course we don't pretend to say that it is good for patients who are in a low nervous state, to be startled with our rough music, but so long as these women fools will come, the programme has got to be kept up. I tell you the subjects didn't like it a bit, but as Dr. — didn't interfere (he knew better), the fun grew fast and furious. Yes sir, we are bound to emulate your noble example in Montreal, and if nothing will drive them out but smut, then, by Jove, smut they will get *ad infinitum*.

Oh, by the way, I met your old flame Miss B—, she was looking charming as usual, but, whew! didn't she give me fits; told me we were a set of unprincipled raffians, not fit to be allowed in decent company, and that all our conduct went to show the necessity of a better class than we were taking up the medical profession; that folks who were capable of wilfully insulting ladies, by singing these things in their presence—or out of it, for that matter—were unfit to be consulted by women, or the daughters of women, etc., etc. Oh, I tell you I caught it, and though, of course, I presented an unflinching front to her, I tell you I felt mean enough to crawl into a knot hole. She wanted to know what we expected to gain by disgracing our profession by such exhibitions of flippant and unfeeling rowdiness. I told her we wanted to drive the girls out of that, when she said our impudence was only equalled by our vulgarity. It would have one good effect, she said, it would open the eyes of people to the kind of puppies young doctors were made of—to wit, fellows who had no respect for women. If we only knew it, we were, by our folly (she called it) strengthening the

hands of the women. But, by Jove, you know, we must go on, till they cry *Peccavi*. As for the patients, they are getting free board, lodging and attendance of us fellows free gratis, all for nothing, so they must expect to put up with the echoes of "Litoria" ringing along the corridors, even if it should startle them out of a life and death sleep, and send their souls to hades and their bodies to the dissecting room, where, I assure you, old fellow, we need them badly. More anon; will keep you posted, never fear. Litoria!!! Litoria!!!

Yours eternally, as the sinner said to the devil.
SAM SADDUCK.



Not a drum was heard, nor a bugle toot,
As the Dufferins on Sunday paraded,
For the stern little Doctor had strangled each note
That the silence of Sabbath invaded.

As of yore, he came down like a thousand of brick
On the clanging of bells out of season;
So now he protests 'gainst this solidly trick
Which he vows is without rhyme or reason.

It is true that the stranger in Brantford now hears
The bells like a babel all clanging—
And we cherish the gravest of natural fears,
That the drums will again soon be banging!

CLARIBEL.

A LEGEND OF THE ORIENT.

Miss Claribel McCurdy
Lived down in Cabbagetown;
Her teeth were white, her eyes were blue.
Her flowing locks were brown.

Her father kept a grocery,
And retailed bottled beer;
And the boys from round the corners
Used to flock there far and near.

And many a bowl of beer they bought,
As tales of love they'd tell
To McCurdy's lovely daughter,
The charming Claribel.

Of all the fond admirers
Who would make the girl his own,
None was so ardent in his suit
As Marcellus P. McGlone.

He would sit upon a picket fence
For hours to see her pass,
And take his post just opposite
Across from where the gas

Would light up the lovely bonnet,
That Marcellus knew so well,
That adorned the lovely features
Of the charming Claribel.

Marcellus P. McGlone was thought
A youth of talents rare
By his parents; and the girls admired
His black and curly hair;

And many a maiden heaved a sigh,
A deep and longing sigh,
When'er she'd see the manly form
Of young McGlone step by.

But old McCurdy's daughter
Had o'er him cast a spell;
And day and night his sole delight
Was lovely Claribel.

Now among her numerous suitors was
One Michael James O'Toole,
Who thought himself a masher,
And Marcellus just a fool.

And he used to watch for Claribel
At the corner of the street;
But she always turned her small nose up
When'er they chanced to meet.

He used to buy his beer from her,
And groceries as well;
But still he couldn't win the heart
Of haughty Claribel.

Now Marcellus and Claribel
In time grew very thick,
And Michael J. O'Toole, of course,
Made up his mind to pick

A quarrel with Marcellus,
But Michael got knocked out,
And for the "cops" at number four,
Full loudly he did shout.

He vowed revenge, and after that,
He'd watch them after dark,
As they used to stroll together
Round the lovely eastern park

Of Riverside, where Marcellus
His tales of love would tell,
And pour into the pearly ear
Of his dear Claribel.

This diabolical O'Toole
Did now conceive a plan
That showed that Michael J. indeed
Was a vindictive man.

The idea was suggested
From the fact that he had seen
Marcellus and his Claribel
In trysting place so green,

That was nicely situated
On the side of a ravine;
And a hideous thought then struck him,
So wicked and so mean,—

Said he, "the pair to-night will have
Another tale to tell,
I will make a dizzy dancel
Of the haughty Claribel!"

And Michael J. O'Toole, the fiend,
Was not long at a loss;
And he held a consultation
With old Muldoon, his boss.

For Muldoon had a big contract
To keep the streets all clean;
And the refuse he would cart away,
And dump in a ravine

Which flanked the southern border
Of the gun-defended park,
Where Marcellus and his Claribel
Together used to spark.

So that night Mike got a green hand
To dump it down the dell,
The trysting place of Marcellus
And the beautiful Claribel.

That night the lovers sat them down
In their bower, hand in hand;
And Marcellus talked the nicest talk
He had at his command.

And Claribel responsive sat,
And gazed at the pale moon;
While the bull-frog on the marshy flats
Trilled out his cheerful tune.

When, gront Augustus Caesar!
There fell on them a shower
Of cats and dogs and other things
Like lead from a shot tower.

While Michael J. O'Toole, above,
Gave a triumphant yell,
That rose above the piercing screams
Of Marco and Claribel.

Now in a most unsightly plight
Were the once happy pair,
As Marcellus was shaking out
The thistles from his hair.

While Claribel lamented
At the sight of her new hat,
Which bore a deep impression
Of the form of someone's cat.

Her Mother Hubbard rent in twain,
Her jacket cut in two!
Her parents wouldn't know their child,
Were she held up to view.
While her beau with both eyes blackened
Lay down where he first fell.
Oh miserable Marcellus! unhappy Claribel.

MORAL.

If you've a jealous lover,
Sit where you can be seen,
And never make a trysting place
Down in a dark ravine.