



AN ADAPTATION FROM MOTHER GOOSE.

FIRE WOULDN'T BURN STICKS—STICKS WOULDN'T BEAT DOG—DOG WOULDN'T BITE PIG—PIG WOULDN'T "GO!"

The Civil Service.

The Ontario Premier was called upon by a shabby genteel individual. The Premier, as his manner is, received him with effusion, and talked to him in a benign, good-natured, agreeable, jovial, edifying and instructive voice. "But," said Mr. Mowat, "if I were you I would, at this season, wear a warmer coat."

"I can't afford it, sir," said the visitor. "I am, you know, one of the Ontario Civil Servants, and our salaries, promised some years ago to be raised, never were. Everything is up, and all have to make one dollar do the work of three."

"But," said the Premier, with the air of a crusher, "the matter cannot be pressing, for I have settled it long ago."

"Indeed, sir," said the Civil Servant, "perhaps there is some mistake. The money may be ready for us if we apply for it."

"No," said the benign Premier, "not exactly that; in fact you cannot possibly get any money, not any actual matter of fact money, till I say so. But I have done the very next thing, so near as to be almost the thing itself, so near as to satisfy any reasonable man; in fact we have almost utterly anticipated and executed your wishes."

The Civil Servant smiled joyfully. It was so long since he had smiled that it almost cracked his mouth, and he clapped his hand to it. He could not speak. He waited in agonized happiness to hear more.

"Yea," said Mr. Mowat. He struck an attitude. "I have done all any one could ask. I have taken it into my consideration!!"

The Civil Servant's face had broadened with joy. A remarkable change occurred. It lengthened so suddenly that, being rather brittle with low diet, it almost cracked in a new place. "Yes, sir," he gasped, "I am very grateful. But still it does not exactly help us."

"Not help you!" said Mr. M. "What more could you desire? Are you not aware that that is the way I perform my functions; that I am celebrated for doing it, and not particularly for doing anything else? Everybody knows it, and all the meetings now pass resolutions complimenting me, and pledging candidates to support the Hon. Mr. Mowat, whose glorious stand in defence of the liberties of our noble Province, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. Read the *Globe*. I am afraid you do not read the *Globe*."

"But, sir," said the applicant, "we are very hard up. We were promised——"

"Of course you were," said Mr. M. "It was just, and proper, and Christian, and moral, and noble, and excellent, and worthy, and proper, and correct that you should get an advance. In fact, we got an advance. So did the Members. We did not, I believe, on that occasion take it into consideration. But with respect to you, we will do all we possibly can. We will take it into consideration at once, and in the course of a few years——"

"But, sir," said the Civil Servant, "we shall all be starved!" His face was now so long that you expected it every moment to form a sort of pillar from the floor to the ceiling.

"If that happens," said Mr. Mowat, "we will again take it into our best consideration. Good morning; good morning; good morning; I am very busy; I have several matters I want to take into my——Good morning."

Nonsense.

There were two old maids up in Kalamazoo, Whose friends didn't know what to give them to do. So they packed them off west with their ancient mammas, And they all three got husbands in Manitobah.

Do you know the latest craze,
Mary Ann, Mary Ann,
Do you know the latest craze,
Mary Ann?

It is to spend your days
'Neath a big sunflower's rays,
Or to sit up with a lily,
Mary Ann. —G. G. M.

Art and Oil.

The Norfolk (Va.) *Virginian* of Jan. 16, 1881, refers to the remarkable cure effected by St. Jacobs Oil in the case of Prof. Cromwell,—known the country over for his magnificent Art Illustrations—who had suffered excruciating torments from rheumatism, until he tried the Oil, whose effects were magical.

Better left unsaid: Fogg went into the carpet store of Brussels & Tapestry. He was shown several patterns, but none seemed to satisfy his taste until the dealer unrolled a beautiful Brussels, saying: "There is a carpet that will suit you. That carpet is hard to beat." Fogg said he didn't want it if that was the case, and walked out, leaving the dealer a sadder but wiser man.—*Boston Transcript*.

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