

(All Wrongs Deserved.)

THE MIND CURE.

A SUPREMELY RIDICULOUS FARGE OF THE MOST APPROVED NINETEENTH CENTURY FORM.

Scene—Sitting-room in Mr. Dumford Dicey's villa. As the curtain rises Mr. D. is discovered seated at G., his right leg wrapped in flannel and resting on stool.

Mr. D.—Darn this gout! Here I've been a prisoner seven weeks, with the delightful prospect of remaining so other seven weeks. Euh! (Takes up newspaper.) Hum! What's the news? Sir John—Blako—and the rest of them—all well—galvanic appliances—big fire—mind cure. Ah! what does it say about the mind cure? (Reads) "Many wonderful mind cures have been recorded of late, but it has been reserved for us to chronicle the most extraordinary cure yet heard of. A prominent merchant on Street had the misfortune some years ago to lose the sight of one of his eyes. As soon as convenient he had the useless optic removed and a glass eye put in its place. A short time ago the mind cure process came prominently before him, and he determined to test it upon his deficient eye. What was his surprise to find at the end of a few days that he could see as well with the glass eye as with the real one." (Loquitur) Great Scott! That is wonderful, very wonderful. I wonder how it would act on my gouty leg? (Reads) "Mr. Bunkem, a noted professor of the mind cure process is now at Swag's Hotel, where he can be consulted at any hour." I'll send for him. (Rings bell. Enter John.)

Mr. D.—John, there is a Professor Bunkem staying at Swag's Hotel—

John.—Glad to hear it. Hope he's enjoying himself.

Mr. D.—No insolence, John. I want you to go there and tell the professor I require his services, and bring him back with you. You understand?

John.—I tumble to the racket, sir. At once, in a cab. (Exit John whistling "The Cork Leg." Ten minutes elapse. Enter John with the professor.)

John.—Mr. Dicey, this is Professor Bunkem.

Mr. D.—Pleased to see you, Professor. I have sent for you to assist in curing this gouty leg.

Bunkem (passing over to Mr. D. and tapping leg).—Ah! an interesting case, (tap, tap) very.

Mr. D.—Sakes alive! Professor, don't do that—it goes through me like a knife.

Bunkem.—My dear sir, you can afford to smite. We shall soon have rid of this troublesome gout.

Mr. D.—Can you proceed at once?

Bunkem.—I have come for that purpose.

Mr. D.—That is well. John, you may go.

(Exit John.) Now, sir, I am ready.

Bunkem.—Hem! Now, Mr. Dicey—

Mr. D.—Dicey, sir, Dumford Dicey.

Bunkem.—I beg your pardon, Mr. Dicey; first you must banish from your mind all thoughts of earthly things. Have you money about you?

Mr. D.—Yes, but what has that to do with it?

Bunkem.—Well, you see, money is decidedly an earthly thing, and your thoughts might be drawn towards it. It must be removed.

Mr. D.—Oh! certainly. I will ring for John to—

Bunkem.—There is no need to do that. You may sit upon it. That will place you above pecuniary considerations. Allow me. (Mr. D. removes his purse and Bunkem places it under chair cushion.) Now, sir, we require two silver conductors; silver spoons will answer the purpose. You must understand that magnetism, that subtle and mysterious fluid, enters largely into the process, and good silver, such as you use, helps to assimilate the higher and lower degrees of mind magnetism.

Mr. D.—That seems very reasonable. I will send my man for two of my silver spoons.

Bunkem.—I regret to have to alarm you, but if you do so you will spoil everything. (Solennly) Already around us has begun to gather the grand ceruleum of mystic mind matter. Should any person, especially one of a common calibre of mind, enter within its pale, the grand ceruleum would vanish and our work would be in vain.

Mr. D.—It will be troubling you so much, Professor. Here is the key. John will show you the plate-chest.

Bunkem.—No trouble at all. Excuse me. (Exit Bunkem.)

Mr. D.—That professor is a well-informed gentleman. My leg feels much better already. Euh! What a twinge!! Such a statement was evidently premature. (Enter Bunkem with two silver spoons.)

Bunkem (joyfully).—My dear sir, do you know I feel intuitively that you are a splendid specimen to work the mind cure upon; you possess such a massively organized brain, (aside) and a well-stocked plate-chest. I believe that within an hour's time you will be able to walk and even run—yes, sir, run. But now to business. Hold a spoon in each hand, so; let them touch, so; lay back your head, so; and now think, think, think. Concentrate all your thoughts upon your pain, and will its departure. Whatever you do, take no notice of anything that may happen around you. If you do, the continuity of the mind matter will break and the grand ceruleum vanish.

Mr. D.—How long must I remain in this state?

Bunkem (mysteriously).—Well, it depends upon circumstances. It is most probable that you will be able to use the gouty member within an hour. It will be necessary for me to leave you for a time to attend another patient. Now, compose yourself. Let nothing trouble you; (goes to door) that will come soon enough. (Exit Bunkem. Mr. D. closes his eyes. Half an hour elapses. Enter John, hastily.)

John.—Sir, (no answer). Mr. Dicey, (no answer). Has the professor poisoned him? (Shouts) Mr. Dicey!!

Mr. D. (raising his head and looking ferociously at John).—How dare you come here, sir, without my ringing for you? You must have a screw loose.

John.—Maybe I have, sir. The professor's all right; he's bolted.

Mr. D.—What mean you, scoundrel? Do you know you have broken up the grand ceruleum?

John.—Sorry for that, sir, but the professor has broken into your plate-chest.

Mr. D.—Nonsense, man. You know he had my leave to take out a couple of spoons.

John.—Did you give him leave to take away half the contents of your plate-chest?

Mr. D.—What!!!

John.—That's what he's done. He's bolted, scooted, skipped out with the best part of your silverware.

Mr. D. (passionately).—The devil he has! —! —! Let me go for him. (Jumps up and runs to the door. John seizes him as he falls and carries him to chair.) Euh! This leg ain't much better after all. I felt like running that time, John. Now I think of it, just look under my chair cushion for my purse. (John looks.)

John.—Not the least sign of it, sir.

Mr. D.—Then that villain of a professor has robbed me of my dollars as well as my plate. (Groans.) By gosh! John, if you are ever sick don't employ a mind cure man. The only true words he spoke were that within one hour's time I should be able to walk and even run. You saw me do that, John.

John.—I was an unwilling witness of that extraordinary piece of agility on your part, sir.

Mr. D.—That "piece of agility" as you call it has cost me fifty dollars and pickings from my plate-chest. (Falls back exhausted.)

John (aside).—Which ought to teach the old fool this lesson, which is a moral for all: (to audience) Have nothing to do with Professor Bunkem and the mind cure. (Tableau representing a man-servant's tender regard for a rich and deluded master.)

CURTAIN.

—TITUS A. DRUM.



THE TERRIBLE MONTREAL MAJOR.

The Major's Friend (after listening to the bold warrior's tale of wrong).—Why don't you challenge the scoundrel?

The Major.—Duelling is against the law; but I will assassinate him if I get a good chance!

DECIDED AT LAST.

A decision has at last been reached in regard to which is the cheapest place in the city to buy harness at. The name of the firm is the Canadian Harness Co., 104 Front Street, opposite Hay Market. You can buy a set of harness \$15 cheaper of them than any other firm in the city. They have the advantage over small dealers as they manufacture in large quantities; 200 sets to choose from, all hand-stitched.



GRIP'S GUIDE TO TORONTO.

XIV.—GOVERNMENT HOUSE—OSGOODE HALL.

We have not yet visited the house of His Honor the Lieut. Governor of the Province; a very grave omission, so let us proceed thither before one could say Jack, or Bev. Robinson.

Here we are, ringing at the front door of the Lieut. Governatorial residence on King Street West. Any stranger is sure of a hearty welcome, and if he be a pugilist, so much the heartier will be his reception, for His Honor is a well-known patron of the manly art, and is himself a direct lineal descendant of the celebrated Russian family of the Fistykovs. He is a very genial gentleman and, unless we provoke him very much indeed, will not strike