

**AN UNEXPECTED HITCH.**

Recent young couple at breakfast.  
*She* (after looking puzzled for a few moments):  
 "Dearest, I *can't* recollect if I put any sugar in your coffee."  
*He* (absently, forgetting to taste, after a pause):  
 "Well, dear, I can't remember either."

**THEY SHOULD PURCHASE THEM.**

In order to make the Normal School Museum more complete, the Minister of Education should purchase the following articles—of course, paying Dr. May the usual commission—to wit: Mr. Wilfred Laurier's musket; the Young Liberals' club; a copy of Mr. Blake's policy; a volume of Mr. Edgar's campaign poetry; a couple of Mare's nests discovered by the same gentleman; the Deacon's bloody shirt; a portrait of "the mysterious stranger;" and one of M. C. Cameron's whoppers. It would probably be found necessary to enlarge the building to accommodate the last named article, but it would be worth the additional expense, as a horrible example to the young.

**WIRE PULLING.**

Young Liberal, young Liberal,  
 Be early on the scene,  
 Get in your work, before they jerk  
 Your wig upon the green;  
 For Edgar gay, and bold Jaffray,  
 The slippery thing will do,  
 And Barney Lynch, when at the pinch,  
 They'll pull the wires for you.

To pull the wire is your desire,  
 I know, dear Barney Lynch;  
 The oldsters' pull is strong and full—  
 They do it with a winch—  
 A windlass they will use, they say,  
 A pulley and a block!  
 They'll get you fine pulled into line,  
 As solid as a rock.

J. A. F.

**REMINISCENCES OF A NORMAL SCHOOL STUDENT.**

**FIT THE THIRD.**

Algebra! yes, it *was* a rich joke,  
 For 'twas mangled and torn by a petrified poke,  
 Who wandered, got lost, mixed, muddled, confused,  
 Whereat we, accordingly, felt quite amused!  
 'Twas a shocking bad sell,  
 And but for old Snell,  
 Who gave his assistance  
 With kindly persistence,  
 We'd never have found  
 To this day, I'll be bound,  
 Except by mere chance, sir,  
 A single true answer.

Attempted solutions proved always a tummux.  
 Result—metaphorical turning of stomachs.  
 He made us feel tired with his jaundiced palaver,  
 And his smile was the grin of a ghastly cadaver.  
 Our normal directions to do so and so  
 He bokily informed us were clearly "no go."

I often wonder,  
 How in thunder  
 The people of this far off countree  
 Did not donate him the grand g. b.:  
 Perhaps some day they will open their eyes  
 To discover the fraud they legalize.

CARADOC.

AT B—, in New South Wales, some of the aspiring residents resolved to get up a grand amateur dramatic performance, and, with that modesty characteristic of stage stricken crowds, selected "Hamlet." The piece was duly rehearsed, and at the last moment the amateurs secured the services of Johnny Hall, who happened to be in the town, to supervise the night's performance. Now, it so happened that the First Actor was played by the local green-grocer, and the Second Actor by the butcher of the town, between which two worthy tradesmen there was considerable ill feeling. It should be further added that the local green-grocer had a glass eye. On the night of the performance "Hamlet" went on in a manner unusually smooth for amateurs, and Hall was getting quite elated with its success, until the famous play-scene arrived. When the First Actor, as Hamlet's father, sank to sleep in the orchard,

"My custom always of an afternoon,"

Hall, to his horror, observed that one of the green-grocer's eyes was open, and apparently glaring with a *nunquam dormio* expression at the audience. "Sleep, man," hissed Johnny from the side, "sleep with both eyes, can't you?" But the green-grocer heeded not. So far as *he* knew, his curtain-lids were down, and he was quite oblivious to the fact that the majesty of Denmark was taking its afternoon nap with one eye open—fearfully and wonderfully wide awake in its unwinking openness. Hall was in despair and the audience in delight, for rude boys commenced to chaff the sleepless eye most unmercifully. Hall thought it best to hurry on and get the scene through, when, to increase his dismay, it was found that the Second Actor had forgotten the phial from which he is supposed to pour the poison into the sleeping king's ear. "For Heaven's sake," screamed Johnny Hall, "get a small bottle of some kind, and go on before that terrible eye kills the piece right out." The flustered butcher seized a small ink bottle from the prompter's table, rushed on, and, in his excitement, poured the ink into the green-grocer's ear. Flesh and blood couldn't stand this. The green-grocer put up his hand hastily to save his ear, and smeared the ink all over his face. The audience shrieked with delight, and the green-grocer, assuming that the butcher was venting his spite by a practical joke, opened his good eye and "went for" his assassin in such a determined manner that he knocked the scene down and exposed the professional comedian, J. L. Hall, frantically tearing his hair out by handfuls. The audience were cheering, applauding, and screaming with laughter. The curtain was dropped, and the performance came to an abrupt termination. "I never thought," said Hall pathetically, "to see the bottom thoroughly knocked out of Shakespeare by a green-grocer's glass eye and a penny bottle of ink."

Hic! Hæc! Hoc!  
 B stands for Blake and Block,  
 Pronoun and noun;  
 One bores, one paves the town.

**CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS AND HAY FEVER.**

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free, on receipt of stamp, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American*.