

VERACIOUS.

THE TRUE CHRONICLE OF THE WONDERFUL PHYSICIAN WITH A WONDERFUL KNACK.

In a certain city not far away
From the placid waters of Burlington Bay
A doctor dwelt, and does, they say,
To this day.

He numbered his patients by the score,
For he was A 1 in the medical corps,
And wherever he went some craps the door
Wore.

Not everywhere, for sometimes that duck
Called Chance went round with this medical buck.
And, once in a while, a streak of luck
He struck.

He professed to tell by a glance at the tongue,
And a feel of the pulse, what might be wrong.
Whether a liver or gizzard was sprung—
Or lung.

One day came a ring at the doctor's bell:
A man walked in his tale to tell,
One could see at a glance he wasn't well—
Hades!

'The physician spake, "My man, I see,
You suffer from what it is plain to me
Is a wonderful lack of energy."
(Te-he)

I can tell by a look at your bilious eyes
That your liver has grown to prodigious size,
And you suffer from want of exercise—
I surmise.

Now what you require, and what you must do,
Is to take some calomel, called pil-blue,
And also take plenty of exercise to;
Do you

Not feel, without further professional talk,
That you're sadly in need of a good long walk
To give you an appetite just like a hawk
Or a stork?"

The patient replied, with a kind of a leer,
"You read my case like the Bond Street seer,
But my cure I hardly imagine you're near."
The idea!

Why! I am a postman! every day
I walk some twenty miles away,
So your advice I can scarce obey,
Eh?"

The physician's face looked uncommonly black
As the letter-carrier turned his back—
Oh! this wonderful "doc." with his wonderful knack—
Quack!

Swiz.



THE PARLIAMENTARY SYMPOSIUM.

"I find," said the Symposiarch, on assuming his *fauteuil* at the head of the table, "that it is not unfrequently the practice of members of this gathering, when called upon for impromptu jokes, to foist upon the public well-worn and time-honored jests such as everybody knows by heart. Now this is not a circus nor a minstrel show, and with a view to securing a greater amount of paranoimastic originality and stimulating the jestive faculties, I have prepared an Index Expurgatorius of prohibited jokes and had it hung up on the wall yonder. I would advise you all to give it your most serious consideration, as any infringement will subject the perpetrator to the customary penalties."

All eyes were turned in the direction in-

dicated, where a large card was displayed which read as follows:

"INDEX EXPURGATORIUS.

"Jokes on the undermentioned subjects are strictly prohibited—

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|--------------------|-----------------------|
| Boundary Award. | 'Mowat must go.' |
| Cat, Thomas. | N. P. |
| Devil, printers'. | Oates, Moses. |
| Ears, size of. | Picnic, accidents at. |
| Feet, " " | Pi, printers'. |
| Goat, voracity of. | Plumb, J. Burr. |
| Globe. | Rag Baby. |
| Hardy, Hon. A. S. | Streams' Bill. |
| Langtry, Mrs. | Surplus. |
| License question. | World. |
| Mail. | Wilde, Oscar. |
| Mule. | Wild, Rev. Dr. |
| Mother-in-law. | Wood, Hon. S. C. |

"Further additions will be made to the above list from time to time as may appear necessary.

"By order."

The perusal of this list was attended by murmurs and groans of dissatisfaction.

"Why, it gives us no show at all," said Deroche. "If it was in force in the comic newspaper offices it would bust 'em all inside of two weeks. How in thunder could a humorist be expected to get along without the mule and the mother-in-law and his rivals' feet and ears to work on?"

"Oh, it won't do at all," said Monk. "I had a first-class joke on Oscar Wilde ready, and now I can't get it off."

"Pull it down! We won't stand it!" cried Ferris.

"Now I tell you what it is, gents," said the Symposiarch, "I'm bound to carry this reform through. If you won't submit to the ruling of the chair I'll resign."

This threat quieted all open opposition, and the malcontents subsided into a state of passive disgrumblement.

"At least, Mr. Symposiarch," pleaded Hay, "spare us the mule. Any professional humorist will tell you that the mule is absolutely essential to the business. Why are there so few first-class humorists in Canada as compared with the States? Why, because of the relative scarcity of mules, of course. If the tariff were taken off of mules and their use encouraged, we should have original humorists writing in every rural weekly. I hope, sir, that the bureau of statistics will devote some attention to this matter, and give us figures showing the ratio between mules and jokes, which I feel sure would substantiate my position. Therefore, please, spare the mule."

The loud applause of the other members testified their concurrence in these sentiments, and the Symposiarch reluctantly consented to expunge the word "mule" from the list.

"I shall now call on Brother Hay," said the Symposiarch, "and of course that eloquent sympathizer with the mule will give us something more respecting his favorite animals."

"Why, certainly," said Hay. Conundrum—"Why is the mule not included in Monk's bill for the protection of game?"

They gave it up.

"Because" replied Hay, "he could not be classed as a *fur-bearing* animal. Don't you tumble? Forbearance is not one of his strong points."

"It is hardly necessary to remark," said Morris, "that the member for North Perth's affection for this humble quadruped is reciprocated. Mules are always fond of hay." (Groans.)

"Brother Creighton," said the Symposiarch, "we will now hear from you."

"No you won't," said the member addressed, sulkily, "you've spoiled a first-class Thomas cat joke with your Index Expurgatorius, so you may count me out."

"The waiter please circumferentiate around

the festal board, and disseminate the required beverages," said the Symposiarch, "and during their assimilation we will have the gratification of listening to an aria with accordeon accompaniment from Brother Merrick."

The gentleman indicated responded to the call by the following vocalization:

PULLING HARD AGAINST THE STREAM.

In this scene of strife and trouble,
Where the future's rife with doubt,
Fame oft proves an empty bubble,
Fortune's pets get counted out.
Thus our brilliant Opposition,
Howsoever we plot and scheme,
Still retain our old position,
Pulling hard against the stream.

Chorus—Do your best the Grits to scatter,
Fortune's sun perchance may gleam,
If we're lusted, that's no matter,
Pulling hard against the stream.

Grits may hold a big Convention,
Blake and Mowat rip and tear,
But despite of their intention,
Tory victory's in the air.
They may think it highly funny,
To depreciate our scheme,
When Sir John planks down the money,
They must pull against the stream.

Chorus—Do your best, &c.

Truce to useless retrospection,
Pride oft goes before a fall.
On the morrow of election,
They may yet be singsing small.
Let us not sit down despairing,
Nor indulge in hopes extreme,
Still upon our journey faring,
Pulling hard against the stream.

Chorus—Then do your best, &c.

"Mr. Metcalfe," said the Symposiarch, "we will now have a joke from you."

"I'm on deck every time," responded Metcalfe. "Why is the importation of a Maori into the prize-fighting circles of America likely to lead to the renovation of the manly art?"

Several of the members essayed to answer this conundrum, but all their replies were wide of the mark.

"Because," said Metcalfe, when called on for an answer, "he many be expected to infuse New Zealand energy into the business."

"Gibson," said the Symposiarch. "Set 'em up again. The Index Expurgatorius knocks me."

"We are evidently going to have more drinks than jokes under the new regime," said Fraser, "and I don't know that that is an undesirable consummation."

Balfour was the next called upon with the following result: "Why would Meredith be an undesirable customer for an insurance company?"

"I know, I know," shouted Baskerville, almost as soon as the conundrum was propounded.

"Well, why?"

"Because he would always be wanting to change his policy. Ask us a harder one."

"Correct," said the propounder.

Shortly afterwards the proceedings were closed by a parting glass all round, "which," as the Symposiarch observed, "serves to emphasize our esoteric amenities, and mitigate with the glow of geniality the tenebral sombreness of the parting hour, which, if otherwise, would be more so." The sentiment was good, if somewhat involved.

In a fizzle—The young man who tried hard to pop the question.

Owing to the excessive cold weather all the hogs are coming down dressed.

Would it be cat-egorical to term the feline race cream-haters because they love the first side?

Does it necessarily lighten the burden of the "burning" theory, in designating lamp-trimmers as wick-ed ones?