



A MELON-CHOLY REFLECTION.

(Scene at a fashionable Club.)

WAITER.—“Please, sir, they want the keys of the wine cellar.

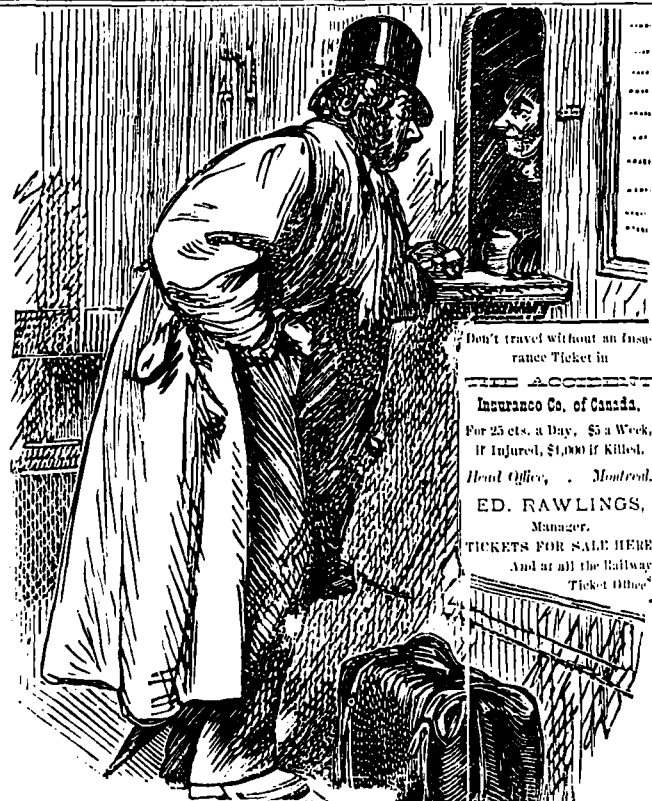
MANAGER (slightly inspired).—“It’s all right (hic.) Ain’t I look a’fer ‘em?”

AN ESSAY—UNDER THE SKIN.

Tibbs is an enquiring man and a reflective student, but Tibbs is baldheaded. He has a head so smooth that no mosquito has any chance of making a settlement. It was amusing to notice the malicious satisfaction Tibbs felt on feeling a mosquito trying to make his way to the top in the hope of drawing blood, but that mosquito in his sanguinary haste would hurry up too precipitately and losing his balance would suddenly keel over and break his neck. Tibbs, however, was not one of your vain men. Not he. On the contrary he knew and felt that a man’s strength ought to lay in his hair and like Sampson of old he did not comb his—because he had none to comb. He felt morally persuaded, however, that there must be the root somewhere so he resolved to find out whether he had any roots of his own wherewith he could launch out among the hair-breadth escapes of physiological enquiry. He resorted to all kinds of dodges. He tried pomades, cosmetics and numberless preparations—in vain. He bought expensive books and read them without feeling any better for the reading. Whenever he cut a page he sighed hugely and exclaimed “oh, what would I not give to cut a hair?” Business demanding his attention elsewhere. Tibbs went to Toronto, and while staying at a friend’s house he was persuaded to try an experiment. He tried it out of courtesy to his friend, for he had long ceased to have any faith in nostrums. But this was not a nostrum. “Try it, Tibbs,” said his friend, “and if it dont fetch them roots of yours under the skin I’ll eat the bottle. Pincers are nowhere alongside it.” Tibbs tried it, and the next morning his bald pate resembled a young gooseberry. He tried it again, and soon began to be able to count the hairs. He ordered a gross and bathed his newly fledged pate in the capillary pool. Tibbs was a changed man and he shot ahead like a young hare. He arrived home late at night; let himself in quietly and went to bed by the side of his spouse without disturbing her repose. In the morning she awoke and looked at Tibbs; gave forth a shriek and invoked the aid of the police. But the truth forced itself gradually upon her. It was her own Tibbs. “Why Tibbs, dear, how much you have changed. What a lovely auburn.” Then he told her how it had all come about, and asked her “why on earth Mary will you insist on wearing a wig? Try *Luby’s Parisian Hair Renewer* and be persuaded. She tried it and, reader, if you doubt the truthfulness of Tibbs’ experience, try it, too. The most remarkable part of the sequel is that the youngsters were all born bald-headed, with *Luby’s Parisian Hair Renewer* in Roman characters on their left arms. What a strength of conviction a bottle will sometimes convey.

COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.

Our depressed sugar refiners, if not too “crushed” down, will be glad to hear, according to the *Journal of Commerce*, that “a Minnesota inventor has succeeded in producing sugar from cornstalks.” But even cornstalks have this drawback they would form rather rough eating for the consumer. Cannot the Government devise some means of utilizing them for the benefit of boarding-house keepers?



“RISKS.”

Second Clerk (with an eye to his pocket).—“Take an Accident Insurance Ticket, Sir!”
 Passenger (carelessly).—“What for?”
 Clerk.—“Well, Sir, nothing has gone wrong on this line for the last fourteen months; and, by the averages, the next smash on the hap line is inevitable exactly six weeks and three days!”
 Old Gent looks out with alacrity. Adapted from Punch.

“Around Town.”

JAPANNED Ware—Forty-cent tea.

THE Stock of the Montreal, Ottawa and Occidental Railway is now considered legal tender.

WE hope the proprietor of the St. Lawrence Hall will find a way out out of his troubles. If any one can, Gerriken.

A CRUEL joke was played by Mr. Dunbar Brown in trying a quantity of adulterated methylated spirits intended for whiskey, whereby several undertakers have been done out of many profitable transactions.

CARLEY’S hose are not only far superior to the hose used by the Fire Department, but easier mended. This speaks well for the popularity which has attended his stocking trade.

“ARE you an Orangeman?” said Brown to Smith. “Are you?” replied Smith. “Come now, I ain’t a-going to criminate myself.” And they met at their lodge room the same evening, and again swore to support King William just the same as if nothing had happened.

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.—“I liked the appearance of the other girl better and told her I was sorry I could not afford her price.” “Well, Ma’am” said she, “yer can’t expect to have yer baby tuk proper care of for less than nine dollars, and if the girl at six, breaks his neck, it won’t be no saving.” From “Thos.” by George Graham.

WE are becoming an aristocratic as well as a tasteful people. England may boast of her Earls, and France of her Knights, but they cannot be compared to the substance contained in McNally’s Barons of Beef. They can be seen daily at the “Queens” dressed in becoming suits. N. B.—This is no barren joke.

“Abbreviated Notes.”

A BUTCHER may be able to corn beef, but it takes a house-builder to cornice.—N.Y. Sun. And a distiller to corn juice.

SAYS the *Elmira Gazette*: “Kind words can never die. Cats resemble kind words in that respect.” That is a feline remark.

A SUREWED man never blows his own horn when he can borrow his neighbor’s bellows.—N.Y. Sun. He only blows his own horn when it gets frothy.

“THE good is oft interred with their bones.”—[Shakespeare.] Yes, generally, unless the doctors get hold of the corpse, and then they utilize the osseous substance in the cause of science. *Boston Traveller*.