

[Markdale (Ont.) Standard.]

**Fooled Once More.**

MR. EDITOR:—



HE most of people relish a good story, provided it be a truthful one. Tales of adventures, daring, heroism, dangers of the deep, battles, &c., all have their charms. Who amongst us could read the adventures of Robinson Crusoe half wry through, and not have a desire to know the end of it. We confess being of this class. Now, the first thing we do when we receive our weekly newspaper is to hurriedly glance through it and pick out what we consider the most important items. These are generally distinguished by their headings; but you don't catch us trusting any longer to these glaring impositions. We could laugh at being fooled at once or twice, but to get caught a third time is our reason for remonstrating. Two or three weeks since we got to reading what we thought was a very nice story in one of our Toronto weeklies and toward the end it informed us about St. Jacobs Oil; we only laughed and said humbug. The week following we noticed another heading, "How Mark Twain Entertained a Visitor." Well, thinking we might learn a little etiquette, in case Mark should take a fancy to send us an invitation, we read it, but by St. Patrick, if they didn't finish by making Mark introduce St. Jacobs Oil. Well, confound it, we exclaimed, but they have got another dose of that St. Jacobs Oil on us again, determined not to be caught so simple next time; but now, sir, I admit the corn; along comes our *Toronto Mail* on Thursday, down we sat, and almost the first thing that caught our eye was the adventures of Captain Paul Boynton; it appeared quite interesting; it told how he had bumped against sharks, etc. At this point we began to feel a little incredulous, because, from our knowledge of these gentry, they would relish the captain alive or dead, all the same. However, determined to learn some more of his exploits, we read a little further, when—O, well, it don't matter what we said, you can't find it in any of the dictionaries. I'm dashed if the captain wasn't oiling himself all over with St. Jacobs Oil, it may be, the more easily to evade the sharks, for we made no further search, our curiosity was satisfied. Now, Mr. Editor, in order to fool us again, it will require to be printed wrong end up. We have made up our mind to look out for anything and everything in the shape of St. or Saint attached to their name.

We are sorry for the readers of any journal to be thus "taken in," so to phrase it, but what can they expect when we editors are caught in the same storm without any protection. Whilst sympathizing with them, we can only admire the ability shown in any enterprise which can thus compel, as it were, the attention of the people. When it is considered that only a short time ago St. Jacobs Oil was scarcely known in Canada, and now has so commended itself to the people of the Dominion as to become the household remedy for rheumatism, neuralgia, pains, bruises, chilblains, etc., and all because of its surprising efficacy in these ailments, we think it will be regarded by everybody as a matter of congratulation that we possess, so easily attainable, such a reliable means for the cure of disease. Such is our view of the matter, although we are "fooled," on an average, about five times a week. If St. Jacob can stand it, we've made up our minds to "fight it out on that line, if it takes all Winter."

**The Joker Club.**

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

**A Half Column of Humor.**

Our foreman has just put his head in the door and asked for a half column of humor. There was no more ceremony about it, and no more thought of a refusal from us, than if he had requested a chew of tobacco or the loan of a dime, indeed not so much, for we do run out of tobacco occasionally, and there have been times, when an embarrassment has been ours, not wholly unconnected with an absence of money; but a demand upon us for humor we always honor at sight.

It is a pleasant thing to be able to promptly respond to such calls, and it is a source of constant pride to us that we are able to do so. Every week we purposely refrain from supplying the printers with enough copy so that we may have our whole being thrilled with the exquisite satisfaction afforded us by some such request as the above.

Occasionally, too, there is an addition to our pleasure by the fact of the request being overheard by some admiring friend who may happen to be visiting us. At such times we are afforded an admirable pretext for excusing ourselves to a long-winded friend; if he is a good sitter and waits for us we fire our fun into him when we have finished; and that never fails to fetch 'em.

It is a good thing to be funny, for the world is good to funny people. Many people are born that way, and when they are so funny as to be unable to take care of themselves they are placed in magnificent houses built and maintained especially for them by the State.—*Griswold, Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

If the wind were wisdom we'd all be philosophers.—Who ever saw a rich young lady that was not beautiful?—*Bowen, Oil City Derrick.*

Climb as high, young man, as a worthy ambition will let you; but never despise the ladder which assisted you upward.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Debt is man's grim shadow.—Right is the best end of an argument.—School-houses are the watch towers of civilization.—*Whitchell Times.*

You can always tell the fastidious man by his sending twenty-seven cuffs and collars to the laundry accompanied by a single shirt.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"Fall overcoats" is a frequent sign just now And many a poor fellow would like to fall over one or have it fall over him.—*Stevens (Ind.) Republican.*

The speaker is he who does not speak, and the President he who does not preside. What a beautifully simple language it is to be sure.—*Boston Transcript.*

Telephone is a mighty handy thing to have in the family when you want to order something and have not the cheek to ask the man to his face to give you more credit. Yes, it is.—*Bowen, Oil City Derrick.*

Gilded Youth: Can you judge of a man's character by his eyes? Sometimes. If he has a black eye you can infer that he is a conceited rooster and thinks he knows more about fighting than he does.—*Boston Post.*

A dog is valued according to his scents, a rich man by cents, and a wise man according to his sense, but a paragrapher and a poor man, alas, according to their non cents.—*Greenbush (N. Y.) Gazette.*

The mouth is the keyhole by which the devil unlocks a man's heart with a whisk.—The world accords more room and greater respect to a lively donkey's heels than it does to a lazy man's head.—*Whitehall Times.*

When a man tells you that he lies, believe him.—The dumber a man is naturally, the more he naturally thinks he knows.—Some men gain quite a reputation by using the originality of other people.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.*

Mr. L.— writes to inform us that his son has a taste for poetry, and asks, "What should he do?" Send him to us—he's the very young man we've been looking for! We have two baskets of sprung poetry; we will let him eat the whole of it!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A man deposited \$53 in one of the Hartford savings banks, left it there and died. The bank paid the executor last week \$479 or \$426 for the use of the \$53, more than nine times the amount of the original deposits. The lesson this teaches to be frugal and die should be treasured by many.—*Danbury News.*

To the humorist who is also a sentimentalist it must be pleasant to reflect that his witticisms have caused red lips to smile with delight, and white throats to swell with laughter that begets no sorrow. And, by the way, land is fifteen cents a pound.—*E. R. Wick, Danbury News.*

W., the lawyer, did not like visitors. One day, being "annoyed" oftener than usual, he determined to insult the next man who entered his room. In came D., and with his usual cheerful manner said, "How are you, old boy," and sat down. W. was boiling over. "What is the difference," he asked, looking savagely at D., "between that stove and a jackass?" D. saw something was wrong, so he got up and walked towards the door. "Can't you answer?" said W. "Not positively," said D., "because I have not a foot-rule with me. I'm going to get one, to give you fair measurement! Please don't move until I return!" And he shut the door with a bang that made W. jump in his chair!—*Philadelphia Sun.*

**TENDERS.****CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**

Bridge over the Fraser River, B. Columbia.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned will be received on or before the 10th day of FEBRUARY, 1882, for furnishing and erecting a Bridge of Steel or Iron over the Fraser River, on Contract 61, C. P. R.

Specifications and particulars, together with plan of site, may be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer, at Ottawa, on or after the 10th of January, inst.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms. An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$500.00 must accompany the tender, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into contract for the work, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

For the due fulfilment of the contract, satisfactory security will be required by the deposit of money to the amount of five per cent. on the bulk sum of the contract, of which the sum sent in with the tender will be considered a part.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

(Signed,) F. BRAUN,  
Secretary.Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, January 5, 1882.