

**A Perfect Cure for Baldness.**

All ye who are bald-headed men,  
Come listen to my lay,  
It is the story true of one,  
They call Marcellus May:  
Now if you'll read,  
As you proceed,  
You'll find the very thing you need,  
So don't despair  
Of growing hair  
As easily as hay.

Marcellus is a handsome man,  
With figure tall and slight,  
With gorgeous whiskers and moustache;  
But on his life's a blight,  
For he is galled  
At being bald,  
The thought of it makes him appalled;  
It makes him swear,  
This loss of hair,  
Which, reader, is not right.

The other day he read the *News*,  
And saw a certain ad.  
Which cheered his heart and made him smile,  
With joy he felt so glad.  
"No quacking lies  
They advertize,  
Such business *News* men all despise.  
This must be true,  
By all that's blue  
I'll try it! Yes, by Gad!"

Now this advertisement ran thus—  
(Of course 'twas not in verse,  
'Twas only writ in common prose,  
In sentences right terse)  
"I have a cure,  
Both swift and sure,  
For baldness. I will send  
The recipe  
For 50 c.  
R. U. T. S. my friend.

"If my directions followed are,  
A cure I'll guarantee,  
Within three months a head of hair  
On baldest pate shall be;  
Box 29  
P. O. mine  
Address is, drop me there a line,  
And so.  
The whole expense;  
I'll send it postage free."

Marcellus wrote at once and mailed  
The soc. required,  
Next day he got the recipe  
Which he so much desired.  
And now 'tis well  
That I should tell  
What may proclaim a dreadful sell,  
But read and see  
If it should be  
Among the sells retired.

"Take water salt, and every night  
Before you go to bed,  
Rub carefully and well into  
The bare place on your head;  
The hairs will thirst,  
The skin they'll burst.  
And through they'll come, a few at first,  
To get a drink,  
Then quick as wink  
You seize each like a thread.

"Then to prevent them slipping back,  
You tie in each a knot,  
And after they are all secured,  
You water well the spot,  
And in this way,  
From day to day,  
Your hair increases, Mr. May;  
Salt freely use,  
And if you choose,  
The water may be hot."

JA. KASSE.

"They have got the drop on me," as the man said when he was about to be hanged.

Our Fanny Contributor, upon arriving home after a year's absence, received from the inhabitants of Lindsay a cordial welcome, especially from parties to whom he owed money, who never expected to see him again. Our Contributor, however, begs this last class of friends not to be too sanguine, as his ship is not in yet. The ship our contributor alludes to is courtship; as our Fanny Man is on the look-out for a rich wife, this opportunity to secure a first-class humorist is one not often met with in Canada. Heiresses are requested to take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

**Knuckle-Dusters.**

Although the Rule of Terror has been found to be an error,  
Yet we see it often practised with dismay,  
And the criminal disgraces of the people in high places  
Are overlooked provided they can pay.

Can we blame an honest tradesman whom we know is free  
from guile,  
When he asks for information,  
From the "Guardians of the Nation,"  
If an innocent appliance is a knuckle-duster vile?

Can we blame the shrewd detective for lurking in his store,  
When the order is completed,  
And the article secreted,  
And the stranger softly shadowed from the door?

"We must exercise our duty," oh! the words are very sweet;  
"The Act is so explicit,  
And the chance—we mustn't miss it,"  
Can we blame the wise detective for his action on the street?

No, we will not blame the tradesman, nor the culprit,  
nor the "Cob—"  
Tho' the victim long may languish in the jail—  
We will stop our ears alike to imprecation and to sob—  
For the lawyers may release him—upon bail.

"I owe de coal loans," remarked a St. John colored barber, when he borrowed a scuttle of coal from his next-door neighbor. "Yes, and I'd like to have it *scant* back immediately," replied the loaner.

**The Joker Club.****"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."**

It is a well-known fact that a grindstone sometimes explodes into fragments. Marble, we fear, is hardly safe for sculptors to use, as we noticed a placard in an art gallery, the other day, evidently intended to warn visitors of danger, which read: "Parian Marble Busts."  
—*Yavocob Strauss.*

When Straddle's wife asked him to buy a twenty-dollar hat, he somewhat emphatically said: "I think you are about as near a fool as you can get," and then did not know what in the world she meant when she came and put her arm around his neck and got as close to him as she could.—*Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.*

"The ha-ha-happiest, me-me-m-merriest three," said poor Mr. Sayistlow looking in on the sanctum, "the merriest tree that gug-gug-grows is the ha-ha-haw-haw!" And he dodged the paste-pot and scampered down stairs 'a great deal faster than he could talk.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

What is this coming? It is a doctor. Why does he smile? He smiles because he can afford to. He vaccinates with the pure virus only, at 50 cents a prod, and the work isn't half as hard as the bovine gets in inside of a week. Does the M. D. make much wealth? Well, we would smile—but we are not a Dr.—*Lockport Union.*

The cast iron bull dog, which will soon begin to do duty as a savings bank for the children, is more intelligent than a collection box. He refuses to operate upon anything else but solid coin, or to waste his gastric juice on a button, whereas a collection box can't tell the difference.—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

What is fame? Something that you can win by carrying a bunch of shingles up a ladder and tacking them on the roof, when you might have made just as much money by peeling shavings from a board on the work bench. The people who persist in walking and working in the upper strata of the world's industry have a harder time and no more pay, but then, they win fame, do you see?—*Springfield (Ill.) Register.*

**From Miss to Mistress.**

She who fails Mrs. to change from Miss,  
Has Mr. chance of wedding bliss.

But she who changes Miss to Mrs.  
Has solved the Mr.'y of kisses.

When a Miss Mrs. to kiss a Mr.y,  
A Miss is Maid in modern history.

Tho' a Miss, 'tis said, is as good as a mile,  
When a Miss misses Mrs. Mist'ers do smile.

**Unexpected Succor.**

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE OF SHIPWRECKED VOYAGERS.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 30th of last December, the steamer *Moravian*, of the Allan line, bound for Liverpool via Halifax, while on her way from Portland to the latter place, ran ashore on the southwest point of Mud Island, some fifteen miles from the town of Yarmouth, Nova Scotia. A stiff breeze was



blowing at the time and a heavy surf running, and the situation was one of peril. It was found that the forward compartments had filled with water, and orders were given to lighten cargo while preparations were made to land the passengers on the Island, with a supply of food and clothing. The landing was safely effected, but the cold was intense and some of the party were severely frostbitten. On the ship's manifest was a consignment of St. Jacobs Oil, which the Toronto House of A. Vogeler & Co., of Baltimore, Md., had just shipped to Francis Newberry & Sons, London, to fill English orders. The part it played in the catastrophe is described in the following article, which we quote from the Yarmouth (Nova Scotia) *Tribune* of January 18th:



"The passengers and crew of the wrecked steamer *Moravian*, during their brief encampment at Mud Island, suffered severely from exposure to the weather, and some of them were severely frostbitten. Fortunately, among the lading of the ship was a package of proprietary medicines; more fortunately still, the bulk of these consisted of St. Jacobs Oil, and by the prompt and liberal use of this invaluable remedy, the parties were speedily relieved and all unpleasant after consequences averted."

Says *Nomus*—

If Burnaby with his balloon  
Can roam the air at will,  
The man who lives up in the moon,  
May get a Cockle's pill.

The great bear and the little bear,  
And all the starry daughters,  
Will now look out for sandwiches  
With Apollinaris waters.

"I suppose you get up early to set a good example to the rising generation? Oh, no, not at all! The rising generation doesn't need any example. It's the generation that doesn't rise that I want to influence."—*Yonkers Gazette.*