



WANTED—A REMEDY.

DR. HENDERSON.—“When a preacher or a lawyer disgraces his calling, he can be expelled; but against practitioners who degrade the noble profession of medicine we have no redress.”—*Vide President's Address at Convention of Ontario Medical Association.*

AN AMERICAN SEA SONG.

THE Scranton (Penn.) *Truth* offers a prize of \$100 for the words of an American sea-song that shall fittingly voice the patriotism of the sturdy Yankee tar.—*The Writer.*

[As the competition does not seem to be restricted to the boundaries of the Union, the following little gem is respectfully submitted. The \$100 may be sent by cheque, P.O. order, or express. Address this office.]

Come, messmates, stow your marlin spikes,
And reef the mizzen spar,
I'm going to fitly voice the soul
Of the sturdy Yankee tar.
Yo ho, yo ho, the wind may blow,
And eight bells go ding-dong—
We'll gather round the gib and sing
This hundred dollar song!

CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, the breezes blow
O'er the sturdy Yankee tar,
This here's a hundred dollar song,
So let 'er go Galla-gar!

Come, raise your voices high, my lads,
And shout your fond regards
For the big appropriations spent
On the U. S. navy yards!
Yo ho, yo ho, loud let us crow,
And let our cannons roar;
But if there's fighting to be done
We'd better hug the shore!

CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, etc.

Come, toot your horns about our ships,
(We've only got a few—
So let us toot 'em all the more,
Oh, sturdy Yankee crew!)

Yo ho, yo ho, I 'spose you know
Scarce any ships we build,
For by our silly tariff laws
The industry's been killed!

CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, etc.

Hurrah, my lads, for James G. Blaine,
That hero tried and true;
He's going to raise a little row
To give us work to do—
Yo ho, yo ho,—J. G. go slow,
Don't send our shaky navy
Against a third or fourth rate power,
Or we'll be in the gravy!

CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, etc.

But, messmates, let us have some sense,
Sea-fights and naval glory
And gallant tars and all that rot's
A childish, played out story.
Yo ho, yo ho, inventions grow—
Torpedoes are the fashion,
So what's the use of pumping up
A "patriotic" passion!

CHORUS—Yo ho, yo ho, etc.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS ROARED.

“FUR-resk fish! Fur-resk fish!!” yelled one matutinal merchant, in a cracked but positive voice.
“Fresh feesch! Fresh feesch!” roared another in the near vicinity.

And the Intelligent Foreigner who had come to this intellectual centre to perfect himself in English threw up his hands in despair.