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Mrs. Ontario.—DOCTOR, I WANT THIS CURED AT ONCE! NO MORE TAKING IT INTO YOUR SERIOUS CONSIDERATION!

THE SAILOR'S DREAM.

Old Blowhard was a naval man  
Who sailed the salt sea water,  
But now, retired, he dwelt on land,  
And had a charming daughter.  
An Artist loved the gentle Fan,  
And love for him had caught her.

As spooning sate the loving pair  
One evening in the gloaming,  
A voice across the balmy air  
In accents hoarse came roaring—  
It seemed as if the speaker were  
With angry cholera foaming.

"Cast off that painter!" roared the tones,  
As if with anger teeming.  
The artist quaked in all his bones—  
"It's only father dreamin'!"  
Said Fan: "He dreams he's on the sea  
And orderin' of the scamen."

AN EXALTED MISSION.

Undeterred by the beautifully painted sign bearing the legend: "Book Agents will please call to-morrow," he passed through the business department of the *News* office and boldly advanced to the editor's sanctum.

"I am a book agent," he said gently, but firmly. "And yet my errand is no common one this morning. In fact my mission here is an exalted one."

Passing over a note-book on one leaf of which were pasted two newspaper scraps, he enquired in cold, measured tones:—"You are the author of these extracts taken from the editorial of yesterday's *News*?"

The Eagle Eye of the Father of Canadian Democracy swept a down the page and encountered in succession:—

The Irish question, the Franchise bill, the House of Lords, will all be considered as secondary considerations. And no better opportunity than the present for the presentation of the question is likely to present itself for years to come.

"Well, and what have these to do with your mission, my friend?"

"My mission," replied the visitor, without the faintest quaver in his voice, "is to sell you a cheap but substantial Dictionary of Synonyms."

THE THREE GRACES.

Scene.—Montreal. An old Scotch telegraph messenger delivering a telegram to a gentleman.

G. "Don't you live off Dorchester-street, Mr.?"

P.M. I leave in a gran' place among the three virtues, Faith and Charity, what is't you ca' the ither one?"

G. "Hope."

P.M. "That's it, Faith, Hope and Charity. Weel, I h've the St. Andrews Home on one side, I ca' that *Charity*; and ye ken Mr. Woods auld church, it is noo a Catholic one. I h've that on the ither, I ca' it *Faith*; and in front o' me I hae an auld graveyard, it is noo Dufferin Square, well, I ca' that *Hope*, Hope ayont the grave—Man but it's a gran' place, Faith Hope and Charity."

THE AULD GUDEWIFE TAE JOHN.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
When first we were acquint  
Auld rye was nae yere foe, John,  
Nae siller then ye spent  
In nutchkins o' the barley bree;  
I didna see ye fou,  
As noo I ken ye like dae;  
John Anderson, my Jo.

The sairpent's in the drunkard's cup,  
There is nae joy ava';  
Sae gi' the lathsome habit up  
And cast the thing awa'  
It's bringin' ye tae grief, John,  
Yere back 'twill boo wi' woe,  
'Twill gie ye nae relief, John,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

Aye; gie' it up an' gang yere gait  
An' drink not ony mair;  
For whuskey's but auld Klostie's bait,  
An' rum is but a snare,  
I'd stiner see ye dield, John,  
Than sinkin' doon sae low,  
Ye gar my hairt to bleed, John,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

I'd see ye in yere grave, John,  
Before I'd see ye sink  
Beneath the whuskey wave, John,  
A victim o' the drink.  
Aye; gi' it up an' be a man,  
Yere strength and courage show,  
And live upon anither plan,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

—S.

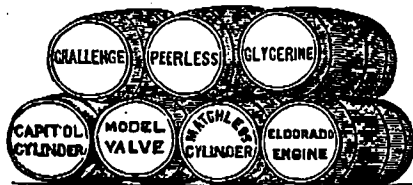
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