



"So the world wags."

In the following little anecdote the proverbial hankering after the 'siller' of the Scot is shown. This story differs from a good many that are told about Scotchmen in that it is said to be strictly true. I, for one, don't doubt it, for I have seen many instances of religious scruples being removed instantaneously by the desire for the 'gowd' that is so dear to the true sons o' the North.

MACKAY'S "BAILIE."

Charlie Mackay, the once famous delineator of the 'Bailie' in Sir Walter Scott's 'Rob Roy,' was one day accosted in the streets of Edinburgh by a handloom weaver, a former acquaintance of his. "Ou, Mr. Mackay," began the treadle-plier, "is this yersel?" "O'd, I'm rale glad to see you, But why, ava' has ye forgotten the godly teachings o' yer youth, an' gane ower to that unholy profession—the stage! Mr. Mackay, I'm astonished at ye—fairly astonished at ye?" "It peys, P'tie, it peys," was the significant rejoinder. "Peys, does't, Charlie?" echoed the treadle-plier, whose self interest was at once awakened. "An' what pey are ye earning noo, if it's a fair question?" "Oh, sometimes yae sum, an' sometimes anither. I've fifteen pounds a week just now, which is an average winning." "Fifteen pounds a week, Mr. Mackay! Hae ye any wauvancies?"

So all the 'bulls' are not perpetrated in the Emerald Isle after all, if the Paris *Voltaire* is to be credited. I never supposed they were though poor Paddy has the paternity of nearly all of these funny blunders thrust upon him. Bad as many of those said to have been committed by Pat doubtless are, I don't think any of them could be much worse than the following few

FRENCH BULLS.

A bad man writes to the Paris *Voltaire* about the blunders made by eminent French authors, which he has taken pains to glean from their works. M. Sarcey is quoted as writing of a "duel in which one of the two blades is plunged into the breast of the other," and Paul de Cassagnac is charged with the prediction that France will "throw herself into the arms of the liberating sword," M. Duruy's history of France, however, takes the prize for saying that "the first King of France was Pharamond, an imaginary being, who has never existed: he was succeeded by his son."

I suppose Poe's rhymes will never cease to be parodied; it looks like it, however, for no sooner has one parody of the 'Raven' given place to another of the 'Bells,' which in its turn is lost and forgotten, than another comes to light; and so it will ever be, for there is something very fascinating in the metre of that gifted and brilliant genius, the never to

be forgotten Edgar Allan Poe. This is the way Puck does up

BELLES IN THE SWELLS.

Hear the cultured bathing belles—
Boston belles!
With their learned disquisitions over ocean's musty shells.
How they lecture, lecture, lecture,
Even at the water's brink,
On the interesting texture,
Of some weed, 'til you expect you're
Dumber than the missing link!
And they sputter, sputter, sputter,
In a manner quite too utter,
As their stockings blue are hidden by the swells
Of the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
Oh, the learning and discerning of the belles!

Hear the jolly bathing belles—
New York belles!
With their eyes filled up with pleasure and their mouths
With caramels.
How they giggle, giggle, giggle,
Splashing water in the air!
How they grab the rope and wriggle,
Talking all at once and higgle,
As to who'll first wet her hair!
And they shriek, shriek, shriek,
In a manner quite unique,
As their dainty feet are scratched by horrid shells.
Oh, the belles, belles, belles, belles,
Belles, belles, belles,
Oh, the flirting and diverting of the belles!

One often hears of a man feeling cheap, and the situation of the 'drummer' in the anecdote below would seem to be just the one to cause the hero of the story to experience the sensation. Of course it is true; all tales about commercial travellers, especially when told by one of the guild, are

HE WASN'T HER PA.

A young woman went to the station to meet her father. As the train came in she saw a middle-aged man who resembled her parental relative, and she rushed into his arms, huddled down on his bosom, kissed him on the mouth, the ear, the chin and all over his patent celluloid. It was not her father, but a middle-aged drummer for a tobacco house. He took a long breath and looked round on some other drummers and winked, as much as to say: "Oh, I'm such a dude!" Of course the scene could not last always, though he wished it could. After a climactic hug she looked up in his face and shrieked: "You are not my pa!" He said probably she was right, as he had only been on that route eleven years. She asked his pardon and he told her not to mention it. "We public men should always hold ourselves in readiness to support those who need it," she smiled a sweet, sad, blushing smile, and went out into the wide world, and the drummer walked to the hotel with the other drummers, twenty kisses and six hugs ahead of the game. They asked him if it didn't make him feel ashamed to have such a mistake made, and he said no, it was all right. He said of course it might look queer, but those things occurred very often with him, as they would happen to any fine-looking man. Besides, the girl probably enjoyed it. Then they asked him why he did not wear his diamond breastpin on such trying occasions. He looked at his shirt front and it was gone. While he had been allowing her to play the daughter she had burglarized his shirt. He fainted, and when they brought him to he said: "Tell my family I died with my face to the foe."—*Com. Trav. Magazine.*

THE BILIOUS,

dyspeptic or constipated, should address, with two stamps for pamphlet, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

"Will there be a hop to-night?" asked a summer sojourner of another, who had loved the stock market "not wisely but too well." "don't know about the hop, but there will be a skip if I can get my trunk out," was the reply.

A HEART-BROKEN WAIL.

NOT THE ONE IN THE ZOO.

(Air—"We never speak as we pass by.")



N Queen-street walls my ulster swings,
Where, since last spring time it has swung,
To save it now, the bardlet sings,
From being unhonored and unsung.

Cold winter's blasts will soon be here,
And then my ulster I shall miss,
As icy breezes, chill and drear,
My serge-clad form they'll bleakly kiss.

My under coat great holes reveals,
Which from the world's keen, piercing eye,
An ulster's friendship e'er conceals,—
But ulster-friendless all am I.

My winter trowersloons are torn,
In places patched with divers hues;
To bide those hard-up signs forlorn,
My ulster coat would ne'er refuse.

No wealth have I my cherished coat
From Judah's clutches to redeem,
I've spent my last poor silver groat
For caramels and lemon cream—

For how could I my love refuse,
For such sweet things she ever sighs;
I loved too well, but now my views
Show that my loving was not wise,

And now as winter draws anigh,
My ulster, oh! my ulster dear,
I know not how, all coatless, I
Shall face its blasts so cold and drear,

With other sports my lady flirts,
And never speaks as we pass by;
But that which most my feelings hurts
Is that, for hersake, coatless I

Must freezing go; the wealth I spent
On her, for which I popped my coat.
Ungrateful she! I never meant
To part with her with my last groat.

'Twas ever thus; the female mind
Wealth's dazzling glitter e'er will turn;
I little dreamt she'd be inclined
Me, penniless, from her to spurn.

But so it is; alas! alas!
Again I say alas! alas!
My poetry I cannot write,
I am so sad, alas! alas!

—SWIZ.

The latest wrinkle in cuffs is caused by the heat—*Ex.*

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache, mouth tastes bad, poor appetite, tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness." Nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By all druggists.

A tailor up town has a novel way of advertising. Scattered all over he has the line "Kimball is the man you want to see." It may work up there but it wouldn't down town. The average young man's tailor is about the last man on earth he wants to see.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

The best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Constipation, and all diseases arising from a deranged stomach or liver is a Notman Stomach and Liver Pad. It acts by being absorbed directly to the Stomach and Liver. Send to 120 King St. East for a treatise on this wonderful principle of absorption. Thousands are cured every month by wearing Notman's Pads.