



"So the world wags."

Now-a-days, perambulators, or babies' buggies, as they are called, are so common that it is a somewhat rare thing to see children being carried in their mother's or nurse's arms, and people who don't know any better stare and make remarks, which is very annoying to the carrier, and that is why the gentleman spoken of below wishes to know

WHO SHOULD CARRY THE BABY.

A Brooklyn fond father is in difficulty. He writes to the editor of the *Sun* as follows: I am a great big fellow; my better half is hardly half my size. Our baby took after its father in physical proportions. Attracted by the fine weather last Sunday, we thought we would take the hope of the house out, and it was agreed, after he had been carefully wrapped up in his cloak, that I should carry him. I received all necessary instructions regarding his being properly held to prevent his taking cold, and everything went well enough until we heard a passer-by remark to a companion, "How funny to see a big man carrying a small baby!" After that my wife insisted that I must surrender the baby at once to her. Now the baby, by comparison, looks small with me, but very big with her, and we had not gone far before we heard this remark: "Look at that big fellow loafing along and letting his poor little wife carry that great big baby!"

Now, what I want to know is, who should carry the baby?

For a gude fairm grup o' the siller, commend me to a canny Scot. No comment is necessary in introducing two

BRAW SCOTS.

Alexander H. Mitchell, of Milwaukee, is said to be worth \$15,000,000, and he has in Scotland, whence he came, a schoolmate who is said to be worth \$40,000,000. It is related that the two met in France a few years ago, and spent the day together. The Glasgow man paid all the bills. At the close of the day, when the two sat down to dinner, the Glasgow banker pulled out a card, and, turning to Mitchell, he said, "Sandy, you owe me \$1.65." This was Sandy's share of the expenses of the day. Imagine a Chicago young man with ten dollars a week doing anything so small as that! And yet meanness is ten times more contemptible in a wealthy man.—*Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.*

One cannot pick up a newspaper now-a-days without being struck by the immense increase, as evidenced by the advertisements therein, of the manufacture of all kinds of patent medicines and stuff guaranteed to cure all the ills that human flesh is heir to, and doubtless the business of selling these curalls pays well, for the human race is exceedingly gullible. As an instance of the way in which a man, without the first atom of medical knowledge, may rake in the dollars, I will relate a little incident that occurred in Winnipeg, or rather, Fort Garry, in 1873, for the old fort was in

existence then, and was used as a barrack for the Provincial Battalion of Infantry, and it is of a member of that force that my story treats. He was a full private, oftentimes an uncommonly full one, and a French-Canadian, and by some means he managed to insinuate himself into the good graces of the half-breeds round about the fort, up the Assiniboine, and over at St. Boniface across the Red River, as a medical man of profound knowledge and sagacity, for doctors were pretty scarce then, and the 'breeds' were partial to those whose fees were moderate, as my hero's generally were, comparatively speaking. His *modus operandi* was as follows: He would be sent for to visit some sick 'breed' in his 'professional capacity,' and if he happened to be off duty, or out of the cells, where he spent a great many of his leisure hours, away he started. Being introduced to his patient, he would "go through all the notions" correctly enough; feel the pulse, examine the tongue, make several inquiries, and thoroughly 'post' himself regarding the exact symptoms of the sufferer, and, stating that he would send the medicine over next day, take his leave. Next morning at nine o'clock, my gentleman would report himself sick, and be marched to the hospital to interview the regimental surgeon, to whom he would give an exact account of the symptoms of his own half-breed patient as though he himself was the sufferer. As the doctor did not care to admit any but serious cases to hospital, he would write against the bogus patient's name, "Sick in quarters,"—which meant that the sick man was to remain in his own room and be free from duty,—and give him a supply of medicine with directions for taking it, and so forth, and as the 'half-breed doctor' generally managed to give his tongue a furred and unhealthy appearance—caneaten whiskey was an admirable beverage for doing this—and to put on a most woe-begone and lugubrious visage, he was usually successful in obtaining the necessary 'Sick in quarters,' and the consequent bottle of medicine. Then the gallant hero would dispatch his clam to the house of the real half-breed sufferer with the medicine supplied for his own use, with strict injunctions not to give it up until the necessary 'piastres' or 'shuniah's' were forthcoming. He established quite an extensive practice in this way, till, somehow, his little game came to the regimental surgeon's ears, and the next time he presented himself on the sick list he was given a dose of 'j cum c,' or jalap and calomel, sufficient to seriously demoralize a megatherium giganteus if 'exhibited' to that beast. It is needless to say that he never swallowed the dose himself, but his half-breed victim did, and the consequence was as appalling to both as it was sudden. The half-breed came within an inch of losing his life, and his friends vowed that the bogus medicine-man should die even a more violent death than a huge dose of 'j cum c' was capable of inflicting, but before that desirable consummation could be brought about, Full-private B— was made a prisoner for 'malingering,' or shamming sickness, and was awarded, by court martial, 42 days' imprisonment with hard labor, thus causing his compulsory retirement into seclusion, and providing him with an asylum of refuge from the vengeance of the justly-incensed half-breeds.

Spindles—"How does the new piece go now, Puffer?" Puffer—"Splendidly, my boy, splendidly! Tremendous go—thousands turned away nightly." Spindles—"Thousands turned away nightly! Oh, then, that accounts for the very few people I saw there when I looked in the other evening."—*Punch.*

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is the debilitated woman's best restorative tonic.

MAYDAY VERSES.

This beautiful poem, written in its author's very best vein, which fact must cause the reader to wonder with some curiosity what his worst is like, was intended for publication last week, so as to be on hand when Mayday was, but at the hour of going to press it came on to snow so outrageously that it was judged wiser to hold the verses over for a week. The public may, therefore, thank the weather that they escaped this infliction last week.

Heyday! 'tis Mayday, and loud the robin's singing,
And sweet the feathered choristers their joyful songs
upraise;
Whilst tinny notes from warbling throats through all
the air are ringing,
And on the breath of May are borne unstudied songs of
praise.
And through the trees the balmy breeze is whispering in
its gladness,
Between the newly opening leaves the sun showers
golden rays;
The flowers tell of a glad farewell to Winter's surly sad-
ness;
All nature smiles as if to greet the coming Summer days,
Heyday! 'tis Mayday; the sun is brightly shining,
Surcease from aching, weary heart, cast off thy sombre
sorrow;
Life's too brief for care and grief and uselessly repining.
Enjoy the sunbeams while they are; they may not
shine to-morrow.

TENDERS FOR COAL

FOR THE

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS OF ONTARIO, 1883

The Treasurer of the Province of Ontario will receive tenders, addressed to him at the Parliament Buildings, Toronto, and endorsed "Tenders for Coal," up to noon of

Tuesday, 15th May, 1883,

for the delivery of the following quantities of coal in the sheds of the institutions named (except as regards the Asylum for Idiots, Orillia, where delivery is to be effected at the Midland Railway Station), on or before 1st July, 1883, viz:—

Asylum for the Insane, Toronto.

Hard coal—500 tons large egg size, 175 tons stove size.
Soft coal—400 tons.

Central Prison, Toronto.

Hard coal—26 tons chestnut size, 74 tons stove size.
Soft coal—500 tons.

Reformatory for Females, Toronto.

Hard coal—103 tons stove size. Soft coal—500 tons

Asylum for the Insane, London.

Hard coal—220 tons egg size, 70 tons chestnut size.
Soft coal—1,650 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, Kingston.

Hard coal—250 tons small egg Soft coal—1,400 tons.

Asylum for the Insane, Hamilton.

Hard coal—88 tons stove size, 26 tons chestnut size.
Soft coal—1,125 tons for steam purposes, and 75 tons for grades. N.B.—200 tons of the steam coal to be delivered at the pumping house.

Asylum for Idiots, Orillia.

Hard coal—35 tons stove size.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville.

Hard coal—95 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size.
Soft coal—650 tons.

Institution for the Blind, Brantford.

Hard coal—150 tons egg size, 150 tons stove size; 10 tons chestnut size. Soft coal—70 tons for grades.

Agricultural College, Guelph.

Hard coal—302 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size.
Soft coal—125 tons for steam, 20 tons for grades.

The hard coal to be Pitoum, Scranton, or Lehigh. Tenderers are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and, if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name. All coal to be delivered in a manner satisfactory to the authorities of the respective institutions.

Tenders will be received for the whole supply specified, or for the quantities required in each institution. An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Treasurer of Ontario, must accompany each tender as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract.

Specifications and forms and conditions of tender are to be obtained from the Bursars of the institutions.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

S. C. WOOD,
Treasurer of Ontario

Parliament Buildings,
Toronto, 24th April, 1883.