

FOR IDLE MOMENTS.

Proof Positive.

EFFIE—"But, papa, how do you know that it was a stork that brought us the new baby?"

PAPA—"Because, my dear, I just saw his bill!"—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Anticipated Pleasure.

Her father had undergone an operation for appendicitis, and five-year-old was making her first call. When nurse came to take her away, she hung back a moment. "Haven't I been very quiet, papa?"

"Yes," whispered the fond parent.

"And haven't I been very good?"

Her father admitted it.

"Then won't you do me a big favor, papa?"

"Certainly. What is it my child?"

"Let me see the baby."

The Rendezvous.

KNICKER—Do you think that family life is dying out?

MILLIONAIRE—Not at all; with appendicitis, automobiles, and football, we meet at the hospital.

From An Eye-Talian.

Doctor (after careful examination): "Some foreign substance is lodged in your eye."

Dennis: "Oi knowed ut! That's what Oi git f'r wurrukin' wid them Dagoes!"

A Little Mixed.

An esteemed writer in a contemporary magazine, waxing very earnest in a plea for the curtailment of venereal diseases, refers to Fournier's Statistics, "embracing women from every walk of life." It would seem as though this gentleman had got his statistics confused with his etiological data. He certainly could not epitomize the etiology of venereal diseases into any more concise or comprehensive a form than the sentence we have quoted.—*Med. Standard.*

Pharmacial Heredity.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once made an address in his native town to a medical association. The president of the association was the son of a man who had been the druggist of the village when Dr. H.— had studied medicine there. "It is good to look at this young man," said the genial autocrat, "and trace his father's liniments in his face."—*Men and Women.*

Utterly Crushed.

The following report of a conversation heard near a tenement appeared in a recent number of *Lippincott's Magazine*: "Did that there woman from the mission give ye a call yistidy?" "Deed and she did. Them kind makes me tired. Didn't she set for a good hour talking to me about sannytation an' hygeeny an' how I ought to give civilized milk to my baby, an' all that sort o' rubbish, until I got tired an' I sez to her sez I, 'Did she have any babies of her own?' An' when she looked foolish an' said as how she was 'Miss Brown,' I sez, sez I, 'Well seein' that I've buried ten, I don't see no one has any call to tell me how to rare up babies, 'speshly some one as never rared up none of her own.' I guess that dashed her so she won't be apt to come 'round givin' me no more of her gab about civ zed milk 'an sannytation an' sich nonsense.

Young Fissick's got a shingle out
Proclaimine him M. D.;
But from A. M. to late P. M.
His office is M. T.

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