

"What are ye givin' us?" observed the smart Aleck. This youth, like many others, labors under the mistaken impression that slang is synonymous with wit.

"The landlords, don't you see," said I, "are the proprietors (proper-rioters). The joke would, of course, go a little better in the mouth of an Irishman. However, if you don't think it up to the mark I'll try again. Silence! Order! I've got her. Brace up, now! Why is the advocate of gratuitous education like one versed in reading character from the conformations of the brain?"

"Oh lor', I'm paralyzed," said smart Aleck—"say it again, please, and say it slow."

I repeated it twice over and gave the company five minutes for meditation, which I utilized to catch up, as a man can't talk and masticate simultaneously, and my breakfast was getting cold.

"All give it up. Well, the answer is—because he's a free-knowledge-ist (phrenologist)."

Some of my auditors smiled, the Scotchman uttered a contemptuous "Pshaw!" and smart Aleck went off in a series of grimaces and facial contortions intended to convey the impression of intense agony.



TERRIBLE MESALLIANCE!
SENSATION IN HIGH LIFE!!

THRILLING scene in the Boggs family, on learning that their daughter had married an eating-house waiter under the impression that he was a cab-driver!

OPENING ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF THE VAN RUMPUS COLLEGE OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

THE hall of the college was brilliantly illuminated by animal lights when the learned professor and founder of the college made his entrance upon the platform at eight p.m., before a large audience. The following was his impressive address:—

"Gentlemen—In delivering the inaugural oration in connection with the institute that unworthily bears my name, I do not propose to assume my well-known attitude as a specialist on the hair; but will address a few general hospital remarks that may be useful in guiding you along your chosen walk. In the old time when man was considered as merely a lump of flesh arrayed around a few bones, the doctor's motto was a noble one—'Pro bono publico'; but the progress of scientific discovery has made that obsolete, and we now take the beautiful legend, 'Mors omnibus communis,' or 'Death is the common omnibus.' This may be a mournful fact for the public, and even the individual doctor may not altogether like it, but we must sink individual tastes and gleefully adopt it as the motto of our profession. It is our noble duty to see that the conductor does not put more people into the common omnibus than he is entitled to carry on each trip; moreover, every passenger must, as a matter of course, obtain a ticket for his journey from us—though not a few manage to get free rides. But let me address myself to you as doctors in embryo, or students. To ensure the success of this college you must all be of the same kidney. You must all work hard, and first study your own health before looking after that of others. Let your landladies know you are, and have, good livers, when the time of supperation arrives. Don't acquire an exclusive taste for muscles, for that is indeed very shell-fish. Though you study hard, do not forget the amusements of life. In the evening you can try your hand at draughts with the patients. Every Saturday you can take a trip down the alimentary canal. Regarding your practice, never appear in public without your dressing case. Tissueful to know the tissues; for what issues may not hang on their condition. Though secretions are the hardest things to find, hunt them up, for they are not all sells. Secure the best subjects for dissection. Don't

lose your head and be reduced to extremities. If you take a limb in hand, never take a limb of the law. No student ever did get justice from one. It cannot be dissected on account of its cuteness and tough skin. Relegate it to limbo. No student could ever stomach law. Do not neglect the smallest parts on the supposition that they have been thoroughly investigated. Even pimples are not all acne-d subjects. If in operating you are in doubt whether to use laughing-gas or chloroform, remember ether will do. Elective affinities should not tempt a student into politics. In tracing the causes of disease, don't be led away by the proximity of apparent reasons. I once knew a woman take ague from reading "The House on the Marsh," and recollect a man suddenly develop hydrophobia of the most agonizing character through suddenly looking at a painted signboard of an inn, named "The Spotted Dog."

RETALIATION.

Two little boys were standing, recently, on Queen street, near Osgoode Hall, when one of them remarked suddenly:

"My pop's goin' to retaliation on your'n."
 "What for?"
 "'Cause!"
 "'Cause what?"
 "Last winter, when he's runnin' fer de council, he said he wuz agoin' in fer buildin' up our ward."
 "Well?"
 "'N pop voted fer him cause he said that."
 "Your pop's a brick."
 "Yes, but your'n ain't no brick."
 "Why?"
 "'Cause he ain't built so much ez a dorg-house 'n our ward."
 "Sonny, you're a ninny. Why you didn't expect pa to go an' build houses himself, did you?"
 "Wha'd he say so fer, then?"
 "My! but you're a green one. Say, but go home an' stay in till you learn something."
 "Jest what pop said. Said if your'n run agin, he's goin' to vote fer bim to stay at home till he learnt some-thin'."