

CAND-UR.

A medical gentleman, from Niagara Falls, N.Y., this week read a paper before the Ontario Dental Association, entitled "The Autobiography of a Quack." The composition was a brave and truthful account of its writer, and moreover has its value as an "article" of merchandise, as it would lose nothing either in interest or integrity if bought and appropriated by almost any member of the association.

ANSWERED.

My love and I sat side by side one night,
While stars shone forth from out their heavenly sphere,
And Luna bathed the world in her soft light.
The night was calm, and beautiful and clear,
And nightingales from out the neighboring grove,
In liquid tones, melodious, soft and sweet,
Pour'd forth upon our ears their tale of love—
A tale for such a time and place most meet.

The time was most propitious, and I knelt
Before my love, and with impassioned tone
And eloquence I told her all I felt,
And how I lived for her and her alone.
At length in anxious, pleading tones I cried
"Oh lovely Sophonisba, do say "yes";"
And blushing she answered, while she sighed,
"Get up, you nasty wretch, you've torn my dress!"

SIGNS AND OMENS.

[Compiled from the original manuscripts of the Witch of Endor, the publication of which offend her memory.]

THE GUMMOS.—To take down the gridiron from the nail where it is hung with the left hand, is a sign that there will be a broil in the kitchen.

THE MIRROR.—If a mirror is broken it is a sign that a good looking-lass will be missed in that house.

NAILS.—If a woman cuts her nails every Monday, it is lucky—for her husband.

ROOSTERS.—If you hear a rooster crow when you are in bed, and the clock strikes a few times at the same instant, it is a sure sign of mo(u)ring.

AN ITCHING EAR.—If you have an itching ear, tickle your nose and you will have an itching there, and ill-luck will be averted.

RED HAIR.—If you meet a woman with red hair on starting out on a journey, you should return, especially if it is hair-red-itary in her family.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

FROM OUR SHORT REPORTER.

Her Majesty lately enjoyed good health, which we hope is not impaired by the Shah grin she has lately endured.—Pshaw is the favorite monosyllable of the upper ten thousand in London, at present.—Small boy, playing with knife in East Toronto, put the blade in his mouth and falling down, killed himself. (N.B.—The attention of affectionate mothers is drawn to the suitability of knives for toys).—Inquest on a man who died of apoplexy, while locked up on the supposition he was drunk, "Death from natural causes." Is the stupidity of a policeman a recognised natural cause?—More Pacific Railway disclosures; bad look out for the public, for when railway magnates indulge in \$50,000 shares, honest men have to pay up.—Messrs. P. D. Wakelee & Co. have a "Cook's Friend," which they say beats anything in the market. They have their messenger, who certainly has a *penchant* for cooks.—There is vast significance in the fact that George Brown is about to visit England: "Gang tae my brither." Alas, poor Gordon.—The light of present days: Huntington (s) candle,

[N.B.—The omission of the word hand after short in the above heading was not intentional, but as the "Grip" local reporter is not of gigantic stature, the correction would be scarcely apropos.]

WHEN may the dog at the foot of the fruit tree be said to be injuring the owner more than the thief in it? When he BARKS *all round it*.

WHAT is the difference between Prison and Paradise? One is a den and the other is Eden

SHAKESPERIAN Epitaph for a Gormandiser.—"He *lived* not wisely, but too well."

LEGAL.—Why is a lawyer the most ill-used man in our social system? Because though he may drive his own carriage, he must draw the conveyances of other people.

A *tempting* subject for animal painters.—A dog trying to imitate the bark of a tree.

THE MARKETS.

GENERAL.

Something done in suicide. Housebreaking rather active just now. Popularity.—Many and lively bids at first and second call. Love of goodness and of good men rather quiet. Charity of the first quality, little offered; lower grades are in good demand, especially if they promise quick returns. Sincerity rather scarce and demand moderate. Hypocrisy.—Some stir; we may say active. A little doing in stabbing.

THE WOMAN OF WANT.

The baker that *kneads*
Thinks not of her who *needs*,
In the City's great heart,
The bread which rich men feeds.

Cold, feeble arose,
Lily white winter's day,
The seamstress; no food,
No fire had she to lay.

At night she had tossed
Mid broken dreams of past,
And friends of her youth,
And joys too sweet to last.

One in Ind. who *died*
His hair, *died* himself, lea-
Ving his fortune to the
Pale woman, bread bereft.

Came a lawyer's clerk
Up the old creaking stair,
A lodger going first,
With locks of unkempt hair.

She pushed in the door,
What a sight met four eyes;
To *recite* its sad;
Dead lay (a scene for sighs.)

The woman of want,
Stiff, thin and yet with fair
White skin—lay her out,
And then steal down the stair.

SAM. SLOCUM.

[No enquiries respecting the above answered.—ED.]

SWEET Home.—A bee-hive.

DRINK for Irishmen.—*Cell-zer Water*.

THE true mission of woman.—Submission.

FIRM language.—Conversation between partners.

A MAIDEN speech.—"Ask papa."

WHAT no dairyman can adulterate.—The milk of human kindness.

MEN of colour.—Painters.

HUSU money.—Nurse's wages.

BREAKING a bank.—Cutting a road through it.

CRUELTY to animals.—Throwing physic to the dogs.

WHY is a horse like a reporter? Because he is fond of takin oats.

A BAD Sign.—To sign another man's name to a note.

THE stone to do a good turn.—The grindstone.

CIRCUMSTANCES alter cases.—Particularly reduced circumstances.

WHAT joint of meat is most appropriate for an empty larder? A fillet. (fill it.)

IN a game of cards a *good deal* depends on good playing, and good playing depends on a *good deal*.

THE man who could not "trust his feelings" is supposed to do business strictly on ready money principles.

MELANCHOLY suicide in Dundas.—A little boy on being threatened with a whipping hung his head.

AN old lady in Clifton was asked what made her gait so peculiar. "Oh," said she, "It is a new edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress."

WHEN is it dangerous to go to church? When the organist is drowning the choir, and a great gun in the pulpit is firing away at the congregation.

"THOU rainest in this bosom," as the man said when a basin of water was thrown over him by the lady he was serenading in Yorkville.

"WAX do you drive such a pitiful carcass as that; why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a gentleman to a CARTER on Yonge Street the other day. "A heavier coat of flesh," said Pat; "By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry the little there is on him now."