



UNPROFESSIONAL.

BOLUS, JR., M.D.—“Congratulate me, father, I cured my first patient with the very first prescription I gave him.”

BOLUS, SR., M.D.—“Tut, tut, sir! That will never do! The profession would simply come to ruin if we worked on that line!”

NOT IN IT.

(A TOPICAL SONG FOR THE TIMES.)

THE ratepayer howleth that taxes are high,
I'm not in it.
To elect a good mayor they've determined to try,
I'm not in it.
I haven't myself got the ghost of a show,
I think all their meetings are splutter and blow,
There's nothing for me in the business I know,
I'm not in it.

Whether Chapleau stays in or goes off in a huff,
I'm not in it.
The Tories and Grits may vent oceans of guff,
I'm not in it.
Let them rave of corruption until they grow hoarse,
That the public are robbed is a matter of course;
But whoe'er is caught stealing I feel no remorse,
I'm not in it.

Goldwin Smith made his farewell appearance last week,
I'm not in it,
As I never go onto a platform to speak,
I'm not in it.
He stirred up the loyal to fury and rage,
Col. Denison wants to abolish the sage,
And nothing but gore can his anger assuage,
I'm not in it.

I don't see the point of friend Samjones' puns,
I'm not in it.
When my office is haunted by bailiffs and duns,
I'm not in it.
I never take drinks that cost more than five cents,
I don't need to wear shoes out collecting my rents,
I don't undertake to tell future events,
I'm not in it.

HARD LUCK.

HE was a singular appearing individual; looking as if there was a dark cloud following him. Arriving at the railroad depot, grip in hand, he inquired as to the departure of the train—

He had lost it.

Dejected-looking he waited the arrival of the next one, and boarded it. The engine whistled, the train pulled out. He thought of his grip—

He had lost it.

The conductor appeared on the scene with his familiar salute, “Tickets.” Our friend immediately commenced search for his—

He had lost that.

The conductor demanded fare, which the poor unfortunate ransacked his pockets for, but—

He had lost his money.

In an aimless, spasmodic mood, as if looking in vain for something, he poked his head out of the open window, and—

Lost his hat.

Rushing madly from his seat to the platform after the hat—

He lost his seat.

He was now frantic, and his brain being in a whirl—

He lost his mind.

But the end to all this was near. In two minutes more there was a collision, and the singular appearing individual was the only passenger who—

Lost his life.

REX.

SCRAPS FROM OUR WASTE BASKET.

WHAT are our laws we scarcely know,
Nor where our heavy taxes go;
Because the days gone by will show
We did elect the lawyers.

A heavy mortgage weighs each farm,
To keep it down from doing harm;
Yet we go on (nor take alarm)
But still elect the lawyers.

—which happened last week at a party here. There was a young lady which said Oh I do love acting so, I'd like to go onto the stage. Well, says George Hurlburt, says he—Why don't you go onto the Richmond Hill Stage the fair is only 10 cents and then they all laughed.

PAT—“Bedad an' I wudn't enlist in the Highland regiment.”

MURPHY.—“An' fwhy not I dunno.”

PAT—“Becase I don't want to be kilt.”

I'll send you some more, Mr. Editor, if you put this in.

—“Yes,” said the drummer, “some of our own politicians is no better nor dogs.” “Yaw, that vas so,” said the Dutchman, “und vot gind of togs. Vy boodle togs.” And then the Tories got mad.

A NEUTRAL TINT.

COCHONVERT—“Avez vous vu *Passepartout*, journal comique?”

GOMMEUX—“Non. Est il Rouge ou Bleu?”

COCHONVERT—“Ni lim ni l'autre.”

GOMMEUX—“Quel couleur doux.”

COCHONVERT—“Sorel.”