

## A "GRAPHIC" DILEMMA.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

In eighteen seventy-two no great ovation  
 Convulsed the country, or upset the nation;  
 No words of wit, or joyful songs, seraphic,  
 Announced the advent of the New York *Graphic*—  
 An Advent fraught, 'tis true, with solemn reason;  
 Next, Carnival of Waste; then—Lenten season—  
 (For like most carnivals it briefly lasted  
 And ever since, the shareholders have *fasted*.)  
 Their shares our brokers look at with derision;  
 Shares, when summed up, are *sums* in long *division*  
 "Preferred," or "Second," these, each heated faction  
 Reduce still less by process of *subtraction*.  
 No one has yet been moved by vain ambition  
 To tell their value in *compound addition*.  
 The problem now resolves itself, at best,  
 Into a question—one of *interest*.  
 A half a million dollars worth of shares  
 Including "extras," "contingencies," "repairs,"  
 Were paid up by original shareholders  
 Who's loss is thrown upon Sir FRANCIS' shoulders,  
 But to continue with this truthful story:  
 This ship was launched upon a sea of glory—  
 But who'd have thought, comparing *Then* with *Now*;  
 Cash at the Helm and Profit at the Prow,  
 Launch'd by a Statesman, too, ah! dreadful fate!  
 To find that craft in such a leaky state?  
 The storm has burst, the ocean's all a bubble;  
 Their sea of glory's proved a "sea of trouble."  
 Sir F— who sat at the Provisional Board,  
 Who thought 't accumulate a golden hoard,  
 Is now meandering on the road of doubt  
 The *Board's* upset; *provisions* have "guy out."  
 To place the business on a proper footing  
 J. H. and C. M. GOOSESELL were men, put in  
 "To run" the *Graphic*. Resolutions, motions  
 Endorsed their views—these chaps with *Yankee notions*.  
 But J.—H.—b'n for more congenial bowers  
 Though C.—M.—stayed to show his *staying* powers.  
 The stamping business to swell the tide  
 Was got through Congress, and with boastful pride  
 'T was said wherever *Graphic* shares would fall  
 A shower of stamps would bring more *stamps* to all.  
 Change and decay, alas, on matters fell  
 And prov'd a *bad* instead of a *good* sell.  
 To use a common phrase, things were so "mixed"  
 That in the mixing shareholders got "fixed";  
 Experts were sent to check unkindly strictures  
 To judge the value of the shop and *fixtures*.  
 G—O—B—L—the man who managed all the rest  
 Another look unto his manly breast—  
 The new one's name you may have heard before,  
 Not having made enough he wanted *Moore*.  
 And so things went from bad to worse  
 (A fitter theme for Law Courts than for *verse*)  
 But since the muse has thought fit to inspire  
 Her licensed Art, we can't say we admire  
 The mode in which false *Art* hath most abounded  
 Resulting in "confusion worse confounded."  
 Wouldn't shareholders just like to thrash that codger  
 Who's figured in the *role* of artful Dodger?  
 A howl's gone up—'tis plain it war'nt all honey—  
 Stockholders cry, "pray tell us, where's our money?"  
 But in response to their most plaintive prayer  
 Echo returns the answer "Gentlemen, oh, where?"  
 The tear and wear that *wear* question causes  
 Is *wearing* out their energetic forces.  
 The answer we're afraid won't aid digestion  
 But prove as complex as the Eastern question.  
 So let's abide events in expectation  
 That time may change this *graphic* situation.  
 To this great end hold PRACTICE makes a stand  
 His figures show that he's no 'prentice hand;  
 He says the loss has been, so far, stupendous  
 Whereas the profits should have been tremendous.

## MORAL.

Reader, think well'er your determination  
 Decides on making money out of *illustration*  
 By going in for *cuts* these gents have found  
 Proprietors and public have been *cut* all round;  
 A rule you see, which to condemn or praise,  
 You must, admit at least, has *cut* both ways.

RULES AND REGULATIONS FOR THE FORCES ON THE  
 QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

BRIGADE OFFICE, Montreal,

April 16th, 1878.

General Orders, }  
 No. 10001. }

In compliance with instructions received from the General Com-  
 manding the Forces, the following are issued for the guidance of all  
 concerned:

## THE STAFF.

The Staff will be composed of such officers who can best be spared  
 from their respective companies, and who don't know their drill.

Staff officers to appear in full uniform—weather permitting. To  
 avoid any misunderstanding Mr. VEXSON will issue "his forecast"  
 three days in advance. Officers will then believe the opposite and  
 govern themselves accordingly.

No livery horses to be used under any circumstances.

Officers unused to mounted exercise will have an orderly to see  
 that they don't fall off.

Every officer will be expected to be clean shaved.

Staff surgeons will carry their razors with them to sharpen the wits  
 of young subalterns.

No officer will be allowed to wear the white feather.

Officers who have not the regulation uniform intact, can hire what  
 they want at Hazazar's at uniform prices.

Every officer who who is dismounted more than once will be placed  
 on the retired list.

Officers will perform (privately) the art of keeping their seats until  
 they are quite sure that they can rest easy.

No horse will be permitted on the field unless he has had his full  
 ration of oats or beans. (See Army Regulations, par. 976.)

The proper circus pace for the day will be fifty-five (55) paces to  
 the minute.

In curbing their horses, officers will not forget to curb their tempers.

Staff surgeons will carry the spirits of their regiments with them.

Spurs will only be used where horses are over ten years of age.

Officers will not swear—except under their breath.

When the charge is made every body will be expected to look out  
 for himself, as it is feared there might be trouble.

## THE ARMY.

Non-commissioned officers and men will meet at their armories  
 with *all* their clothes on.

The Bands will attend, and, if possible, every bands-man will be  
 dressed alike. They will strain for effect, as this is the only way they  
 can effect a strain.

Every man will be expected to maintain his position at any cost.  
 In this case "position" is everything.

If any non-commissioned officer or private fails to understand the  
 word of command, he will advance three paces to the front, salute  
 his officer in two motions, and, in a respectful tone observe "What  
 did you say?"

If small boys stand between the men and their duty, they will go  
 through them with promptness and despatch.

The "enemy" on both sides will understand which is to be defeated  
 before going into action. The defeated army will be allowed two days  
 pay as "consolation" money.

The police authorities are to be treated with the consideration they  
 deserve.

When the order is given to charge, the Fusiliers will be expected  
 to shout "On Stanley, on." Officers will understand this order and  
 feel inspired accordingly. The charge will be made and booked  
 without delay.

Hospital sergeants will see that the men are not shot down too  
 quickly.

When the orders are given to "cease firing," the ramrods will be  
 carefully collected, counted and returned to their owners.

Buglers will play by note and not by ear.

The JESTER will be the official organ of the days' proceedings.

Each man will, if necessary, be expected to die for his country  
 without asking any preliminary or useless questions on matters of  
 expediency or otherwise.

The "dead and wounded" will meet at their mess rooms in the  
 evening to sing

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

N. B.—In order that the troops may be able to do this effectually,  
 quarter-masters will see that the men are liberally supplied with  
 quarters.

Why is O'DONOVAN ROSSA like a perfumer? Because he's a noto-  
 rious head scenter.