

BEHIND THE SCREEN.

THERE is many a thing in this fair land of light
That looks very well when 'tis viewed at first sight,
And is pleasing to witness I ween ;
And I'd like to remark that you can't always tell,
For a painted-up actress don't look quite so well
When you're peeping behind the screen.

And a man who is gracious, and smiles when you meet,
Or grasps with warm pressure your hand on the street,
With a kindness as warm as a dean,
May not carry that kindness to children and wife—
May be living a double or quadruple life
If you viewed him behind the screen.

I have heard men in churches most ardently pray
That their sins be forgiven from day unto day,
As forgiving of others they've been ;
But on Monday they seem to forget what they asked ;
It is plain that on Sunday they go about masked—
On each week-day they roll up the screen.

And in politics, too, there is worse than deceit ;
There are "boodles" unnumbered, and "pickings" so sweet
Some M. P.'s are permitted to glean ;
And we know when they ask to be sent back again
That it's not for their country they wish to remain,
But to share what's behind the screen.

Dark transactions and deeds sometimes rise to the light,
Though "returns," when they're asked for, don't come as they
might—

Not as free as it all were "serene."
So I'm led to exclaim that this Parliament biz.
Is a good speculation, and just now it is
Covered o'er by a mighty thin screen.

W. H. T.

BEAT THIS IF YOU CAN.

THE Toronto magistrate has decided that a wife has a right to beat her husband.—*Daily Paper.*

Well, I should say so. What kind of a man must he be who will dispute this prerogative of a wife? Why any man should dispute it at all bothers me. I take it to be an honor for a man to receive a good thrashing from his wife (I am not married myself, but that is neither here and there)—if he deserves it. Nothing like keeping everything and everybody up to time around the house, and a husband must be no exception to the rule. Married men get slightly officious at times, and a good beating is the only thing that will fetch such officiousness out of them. Go it, dear sisters, practice on the children whilst the men are at work, and don't hesitate to lay it on thick when necessity arises. Wake 'em up, ladies, brooms are cheap enough and bed slats are usually most convenient. The more I think of it the more I am thankful to the lady whose vigorous action caused such a decision to be sent broadcast over the nation. Less talk and more work will now be the rule amongst married ladies.

JACK A. NAPES.

PERSONAGES OF THE PAST.

I.—THE TROUBADOUR.

You never saw a troubadour? Nor I, either, but I know just the kind of a personage he looked. He was tall and thin, had long ears and hair (the ears not quite as long as the hair), and always wore a hungry look and loose-fitting clothes. The latter were strictly necessary, because when the troubadour began to reel off his poetry by the yard his ideas expanded so rapidly that something serious would have happened had he not been allowed lots of play, both mental and physical. When he was

not dispensing poetry by the gallon, he was either making love or eating. A hungry poet is a voracious mortal. The only reliable troubadour had a pleasant knack of falling in love with other men's wives, and the husbands didn't like it ; and consequently, at intervals, the only reliable was given the happy despatch, only to make room for another reliable, who came to the same glorious end.

Despite these trifling drawbacks the crop of troubadours was very large, and had there been printing presses and ten cent editions, in those days poetry books would have taken the place of dusters to wrap butter in.

Our troubadour was not, as some think, the individual who went out moonlight nights with a five dollar banjo under his arm, and a heart bounding with joy, and serenaded his lady love, who lived away up in a high tower where she couldn't hear a word, with such love-invoking ditties as :—"Awa-a-ake my lo-o-ove, the mo-o-oo-on is bee-be-be-eaming!" and who had for his reward a charge of small shot from the family blunderbuss. Oh no! Our troubadour was the industrious personage, who at the call of haughty dames and imperious nobles, laid himself out for a three-hours' poetical recital with occasional stoppages for refreshments. The reliable troubadour never fiddled for himself, that was beneath his noble vocation, he always carried with him a blind fiddler of superior make, whose chief business it was to convey ideas entirely opposite to those presented by the troubadour. The troubadour was often richly rewarded. Sometimes valuable bracelets and well-filled purses were thrown to him, sometimes curses were thrown at him, and sometimes he received a pair of cheap bracelets and was thrown into a deep dire dungeon. We want a few troubadours these days, poetry is a scarce article. Before closing on the troubadour, it is only fair to the memory of that highly gifted personage to call attention to the "Brummagem" article who passed as a troubadour, but who was merely a jogleur. The jogleur was the itinerant musician, the comic singer, the negro minstrel of the troubadour age, who accompanied himself on anything from a fiddle to a soap box. His direct descendant to-day is the *artiste* who sings so rollickingly of the vintages of France and the deep, never-to-be-disturbed love he possesses for Polly the Pride of the Kitchen or Darling Isabella with the Sky Blue Eyes. The jogleur had no use for the blind fiddler ; his only assistant was the man who took up the collection, and appropriated one third of it to his own use. This trifling circumstance proves that the art of appropriation is *not* the exclusive invention of American bank presidents. Troubadour, *adieu*.

TITUS A. DRUM.

MR. STUBBS AS A DOG FANCIER.

SOME people appear to have an inherent love for dogs, setters, pugs, terriers, Newfoundlands, black-and-tan, and the thousand-and-one mongrel grades, all have their admirers. I was a dog fancier at one time, but they don't linger around my premises any more. I foreswore them long ago in the dim dawning of my manhood, while I was living in a boarding house. I will submit my sad experience, hoping it may deter some poor fool from making an ass of himself as I did for three weeks, before I learned the lesson of self-denial in the dog line. I bought a pup and made a contract with my boarding mistress to feed and keep him at fifty cents per week. I was proud of that dog, and well I might be, for the vendor had sworn by the sun, the moon and the stars, that he was an Australian greyhound, very rare, and charged