

with his feelings, and rest contented, leaving the sharps and flats of life to come in as accidentals.

Enough examples have been given to explain the working and prove the value of the new method of choosing a wife. For the benefit of those not previously mentioned I add a few suggestions.

A soldier should choose a Sally, a fisherman, Annette; a cabman, Carrie; a salesman, Tilley; a newspaper man, Eliza; a toy-dealer, Dolly; a quack doctor, Charlotte Ann; a sportsman, Betty; a doctor, Lucille; an auctioneer, Biddy; a barber, Barbara; a confectioner, Patty; and the fellow who boasts of no trade, profession or calling, why Mary Ann.

In conclusion the undersigned wishes to state that he will be happy to receive a small portion of the wedding cake from those made happy by their successful application of his method.

In a future paper, "How to Pop the Question," he proposes to assist those who have been successful up to the "popping" point, but who have stuck "right thar," either from lack of resolution or ignorance of procedure.

TITUS A. DRUM.

ROLLER-SKATING.

How does a man come down at the rink?
With a skip and a hop,
And a flip and a flop,
And a slip and a stop,
And a trip he comes crop,
And he falls on all fours before he can think,
And *that's* how a man falls down at the rink.

Then mustering courage once more he essays,
And slides off again in the quaintest of ways:
But the rollers, reluctant to roll as he wills,
Go off as they please, and again the man spills.
And blithering and slithering,
Reversing and cursing,
Somersaulting and vaulting,
And muttering and spitting,
And moaning and groaning,
And crashing and smashing,
And tearing and swearing,
And skipping and ripping and tripping;
And just as the fellow's beginning to think
He's learning, then bang! he falls down at the rink!

Disgusted he tears off the skates from his feet,
And takes his way homeward by every back street.
His coat is in tatters: his trousers are split,
And show unmistakably just how he lit.
His elbows are bruised, and his glutei muscles
Have not been protected, as some are by bustles,
And they ache, and each step that he takes is an agony;
Till he wishes to drown all his woes in the flagon. He
Feels a new lump on the back of his cranium,
His nose is the hue of a scarlet geranium,
And twisted askew like a mildly insane bow;
His optics partake of the hues of the rainbow;
His head has been bumped in his numerous falls
Till it feels twice as big as the dome of St. Paul's.
So shrinking and sinking,
Each maiden evadin',
And stealthily creeping,
With agony weeping,
Each step that he's taking
Fresh anguish making;
At last through his doorway he's able to slink,
And *that's* how a fellow goes home from the rink.

A RETROSPECT.

Stretched out on my luxurious plank, watching with half-closed eyes the smoke-wreaths curling slowly upward from the bowl of my costly one-cent clay (the gift of my Sabbath school superintendent, if you will excuse a tear), I lie idly dreaming, dreaming of a buried past; and vividly before me troops the sad procession of forms and faces, faces I have loved, crewhices, and lost. Softly and solemnly flutter down the sear and dried up leaves of memory, and my very heart weeps, and I restlessly turn my plank over and seek the softer side.

Flying swiftly back to younger days, I see the loved and grassy lanes of Montreal, and, mingling in the ghostly crowd I have conjured up, appears the shadow of a youth; a youth of few summers but fast advancing to the sterner age of dudehood. In his spark-

ling life there is a world of muscular resolution—for he reads the *Globe's* Parliamentary Reports every day—and his attenuated pants attest a discretion beyond his years.

With meditative footstep he paces along the smiling g'ade of Craig-street, listening to the low, soft music of the babbling gutters, and drinking in the invigorating odors that arise on every hand from garbage pile and foetid cellar, and from the palatial junk shops that adorn the avenue. A joyous spot, a joyous scene this April morning, and the youth feels his sympathetic heart swell within his bosom and threaten the buttons of his miraculous coat.

Just at a crossing where the delicate, black slush flows four feet deep, he pauses, places a crystal circle in his north-east eye, and proceeds to gaze with that placid, intelligent stare so observable in the cow, the dudelet, and other fiery and untamed animals, at a pretty girl who is standing in helpless dismay on the hither side of the raging flood, vainly seeking a fordable spot. The dudelet pauses, giggles a little masher's giggle, and then, with the courage born of a righteous desire to fill the soul of the maiden with admiration, he boldly steps from the curb stone, and, without a shudder, smilingly advances towards the damsel's side.

Suddenly there is a wild clawing of the air, a whirling flash of toothpick shoes, a hail-storm of dude and swear words, and a spectral figure arises, with the rich mud streaming from every pore of his shirt front, and half his face in total eclipse. The beauty of the cherished liac pants is gone forever, and the cruel maiden on the other shore beholds a Wreck.

The dark picture fades away, and the panorama of my memory squeaks on its hinges and refuses to turn. I awake from my happy dream and shake hands with myself as I realize that I am not quite such an ass as I once was.

ART NEWELL.



THE HORSE AND HOW TO RIDE HIM.

1. Place yourself on the near side of your horse. This will of course be the outside, as that is the nearest to you, but it is so called because it is usual to mount from the near side and fall off on the other, which is from that fact termed the "off" side, though there is really no rule about falling off, and you have not generally much time to make a choice.

2. Seize a few locks of the mane with your left hand. This will give you a great advantage in mounting, though not a mano advantage. Then say "whoa!" This will be the beginning but by no means the end of your woes. Put your right hand on the cantel of the saddle; if you don't know what that is I saddley confess I can'tel you. Say "whoa!"

3. Put the toe of your left boot into the stirrup, and stirrup all your courage and faith preparatory to mounting. Faith is absolutely necessary, for though it can remove mountings, it won't remove this one, but it will help you.

Possibly you may make a muss of the whole business of mounting, and be a ridiculous spectacle. You will thus be an example of the "*ridiculus mus*" that the mounting brought forth.

4. Speak soothingly to your steed, for it would be very unwise to anger him at this juncture, which is a very bad one for him to get his back up at. Now spring lightly up and throw your right leg across the horse's back; don't throw it far—about a foot; take a seat in the saddle, and if the horse happens to stamp on all fours together (this is termed buck-jumping) you will probably take a seat on the ground immediately afterwards. You will thus be re-seated, the horse furnishing the re-seat stamps. Then say "whoa!"

5. You are now on the off-side, and probably feel a little bit off yourself. You won't better matters by going round to the other side for then you will be on, which is equally bad, "pretty well on" and "a little bit off" being synonymous terms, strange as it may seem.

6. Your steed will now be getting impatient, as he will testify by throwing his head and neck up into the air. Don't let him soar up in this manner or he will soon have a soar throat, and be a little hoarse however big he was before.

7. Make a sudden spring into the saddle without further lapse of time. Then say something about lingering in the lapse of spring. If your horse is sensible he will, on hearing this execrable joke, pitch you over his head. If you hurt yourself you will howl with pain and be a base bawler, whilst the quadruped will be the pitcher. As you alight on Mother Earth you will acknowledge that imbeciles as in the days of old are sometimes powers behind the thrown; for your horse is a maney hack, you perceive.

8. Counties are divided into three ridings; so must your performance be, namely, the a-striding (or East Riding), be-striding, and beast-riding. Now make a bold dash, mount your steed once more, and there you are. Where? Well, that's more than I can say.

HORSE NOTES.

Where do the best horses come from? Weston-super-Mare, Marey-land, Horsetralia, Deloss and Samoss.

Is Digna Pacha a foot-soldier? No, he's an Os-man!

What species of firearm does a man who is breaking in a young horse in a ring resemble? A Colt's revolver.

The Current has secured the services of Professor David Swing as a special editorial contributor. Its thousands of readers and his innumerable admirers will certainly be highly gratified with this arrangement, which is a permanent one. An eloquent pulpit orator who has accomplished a grand work for the cause to which he has devoted his unserving energies; a brilliant essayist whose writings have been read with eager interest in all lands; a profound scholar whose well-poised intellectuality has, for a quarter of a century, won for him the widest international recognition; a high-minded, liberal-spirited citizen, who has been second to none in the building up of the great North-West; a valiant apostle of all good doctrines—he has the strongest hold upon the affections and the surest claims upon the respect of his fellow-men. It will be remembered that, heretofore, Professor Swing confined his public editorial expressions to the late *Alliance* and, latterly, to *The Weekly Magazine*. Hereafter those expressions will be found exclusively and each week in *The Current*, with an additional paper devoted to a special topic.