

Idyls by Our Own Idylor.

NO. 4. A MISER-ABLE STORY.

I'll tell you a tale of a miser of old,
Who lived in a garret and hoarded his gold,
Denied himself fire, howe'er cold he might feel,
And seldom, if ever, indulged in a meal.

His fingers were bony, with nails sharp and long,
His arms they were skinny, his legs far from strong,
His features were wizen, his mein it was mean,
And his body was spare, with a leaning to lean.

No friend to console him, or loved one to cheer
The long dreary years of his lonely career.
No thought nor a care but to hoard up his wealth
While he lost his complexion and ruined his health.

He spent all the day time in counting his treasure,
It made him so busy he never had leisure
To accept invitations to parties or balls,
And was never "at home" to society calls.



At night he was nervous lest burglars should come
And take full possession of all the vast sum
He'd collected together, so thought it were best
To slumber at night with his head on his chest.

Now it chanced that a robber lived over the way
Who had watched the old miser for many a day,
And he guessed as he peeped through a hole in the blind,
By the stoop of his shoulders the bent of his mind.

So that robber he laughed a sardonic Ho! Ho!
And made preparations a burgling to go,
And he muttered a joke, for he said, it is clear
I shall not want a cab, the old miser's so near.

'Twas night, and the miser was sleeping in bed
With his coffers as usual under his head,
When the robber emerged, by the light of the stars
Made notes of the windows and counted the bars.

With a crowbar, a file and a skeleton key
He effected an entrance, and shouted with glee,
Which awoke the old miser, who made the remark,
That he didn't like practical jokes in the dark.



The robber replied with a blow of his fist,
Which induced the old miser at once to desist
From expressing opinions so far from convivial;
His succeeding remarks were exceedingly trivial.

In fact I may say they were mainly confined
To gurgles, and gurgles and struggles for wind,
In five or ten minutes the robber had fled,
And the poor old miser lay lifeless in bed.

But crime never prospers; the ill-gotten wealth
Of the robber began soon to tell on his health;
So he gave himself up, and relinquished the pelf,
For he thought it his duty to tell on himself.

The judges and council were very much struck
By the straightforward honesty, candor and pluck
Of our hero's informing them all of his pranks,
So returned him his cash and returned him their thanks.

A. H. H.

Six and Half-a-Dozen.

The *Globe* finds fault with the Tory papers
for referring to the distressed working men of
Ottawa as "Chronic Whiners," and at the same
time itself refers to them as "Curses come home
to roost." The distressed sons of toil won't
know which way to vote, now.

Art at Ottawa.

Our special correspondent, a well known painter, (whose skill in the colouring of a nose is especially great) furnishes the following notes on pictures at the first exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Art in Ottawa. Though his descriptions run parallel with those of the eminent *Globe* critic, he will hardly be accused of wilful plagiarism.

"Adulation" is a large picture of many people under a tent on a lawn—"Under a Marquee de Lawn," a lower Canadian was heard to say in the inimitable *patois* of the Lower Province. The artist is said to be no less a personage than Herr Rial, I. Ness. The faces are rendered with remarkable fidelity, showing a thorough study of the subjects. The expression on each is invariable however different the features. Both sexes are represented. A fine test of the truthfulness of the artist is offered in the composition itself, the intention evidently being to show the nice distinction between "adulation" and funkiness. Several footmen are introduced, the countenance of each one showing distinctly a trace of personal pride which is absent from all the other faces. This remarkable picture is composed wholly of portraits of individuals in the very best Canadian society. It will be an historical piece of great value to our great grandchildren showing as it does how the eminent personages of to-day appeared to Herr Rial, I. Ness.

"A Study of Pairs" (vice-regal). Credited to the Premier artist of the Dominion. Displays much adroit management of material and knowledge of the principles of art. The pair immediately in the foreground are painted in bright colors. The face of the lady is charming, intelligent and refined. So is that of the gentleman just one remove from the foreground. Contrast is the *motif* of the composition.

"Study of Board" by an artist. There is partridge on it, "almost too well done" a critical *gourmand* was heard to say. It is unnecessary to say that the board is good when game is on the bill of fare. The bird is treated in a highly realistic manner, the trussing finely conceived, the stuffing I think somewhat spoils the composition, but the bread sauce is superb. When the Academy brings prosperity to the artists they can often have the opportunity of studying partridges, and will doubtless have even better taste in board.

"Sweet Sixteen." A large painting of the thirteen ministers at Ottawa together with the speakers of both Houses and the Sergeant-at-Arms. The propriety of clothing the figures in light *bleu* may be questioned, it should be of a darker shade. The background of starving workmen is well painted in. The hands of ministers are concealed, possibly they were not clean enough to be made conspicuous. But a dash of Chinese White (Jr.) would surely have made them presentable.

"A Summer Afternoon above Lake Superior." Understood to be by Mr. M—probably McMASTER. This is a large Woodland scene with thirteen figures. Wild Hay is in the foreground. A stream of (bad) water gurgles past. One governing figure stoops to get some of the fluid in a flask cup. Beside him stands a military figure with a cork-screw. The background shows tents, cigar boxes, champagne cases, "appolinaris" bottles. The manner of their rendering is fresh. All possible accessories enter into the pictorial account. The painting admirably suggests silence (to Grits). Conservatives say that members of the Ottawa Cabinet saw a similar scene on their way to meet the vice-regal pair at Halifax.

"Friends." This picture is reported to

be an allegory concerning Messrs BLAKE and MACKENZIE. The latter is represented as a goat—a scapegoat it is said, about to disappear into the wilderness. The lamb, much out of drawing, is typical of his friend's purity and innocence. The Goat appears to me much the more sincere and amiable animal of the two.

Mr. A. D. PATTERSON contributes a very strong portrait of a Sheriff. For some occult reason members of the civil service avoid this very life-like picture.

"The Ancient Mariner" of HAWKE's set. A colossal Brown figure, apparently a sketch of an original in "distemper." The subject is very strong in execution.

"On the Dessert," loaned by Mr. GILMOR. A small boy attacks the almonds and raisins with avidity. The red or copper colored oranges are painted with great dexterity. Near the zenith of the *eperyne* the blue plums produce a startling effect.

"Falls on the Gatineau," an allegorical title. The picture illustrates the career of Father FAURE, who "falls" into the hands of justice. Two long-horned oxen with a cart typify the slowness with which he will be brought to punishment.

"The Poet." A painting of himself by X. X. X. B. J. PLUMB, as one knows by his mark.

"A Grenadier." This magnificent picture is properly described as a "reminiscence in oils" by McPHERSON. The same artist exhibits a series of pen and ink sketches of great merit, entitled "Dreams of the Hague."

A Correction.

A correspondent writes to us regretting that in our last number we caricatured Dr. OGDEN as an opponent of the suggested reforms in the Public School arrangements, whereas that gentleman is a most earnest friend of the movement. In reply we have to say that the picture in question was not intended to represent Dr. OGDEN. It was a purely imaginary sketch, and any resemblance it may have had to that worthy gentleman was purely accidental.

A Suggestion.

Some of the School Trustees object to the proposed shortening of school hours from four to half past three, because, they say, the teachers would then have too good a time—for the enormous salaries they receive. Surely it is too bad to make the children suffer merely on this account, when the end might be as well served by arranging to have the teachers devote the odd half-hour to cutting wood for the schools.

Vote of Thanks to the Ministry.

The cracksmen of the city held a meeting last Monday evening at which they passed a vote of thanks to SIR JOHN and Pictou MACDONALD, for preventing the passage of Mr. BLAKE's bill for the better prevention of crime. The men say that they have already lost directly and indirectly by the N. P. which has left the public with little worth stealing and raised the price of burglars' tools. They feared that the Government was going to monopolize all the plunder of the country. But the firmness with which the Minister of Justice resisted BLAKE's efforts to ruin the *chevaliers d'industrie* has filled them with gratitude and they look forward to a revival of business with some hope.

Appropriate scene for the close of the Bid-dulph "Tragedy."—The drop scene.

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