

## OUR CITY CHOIR,

AND HOW THEY LET THEMSELVES LOOSE ON A CHORUS.

"Would you like to come and hear our choir practice to-night?" asked my friend Pollywog. "I should," I replied, "above all things. I am a great lover of good music, and your choir has, I know, a very enviable reputation for excellence." "You're right, old man," said Pollywog, "and we're a pretty tony (no pun intended) crew, take us all through, and we just do things up according to Cocker. Well, you'll come, then?" I said I should be most happy, and at eight p.m. we wended our way to St. Dunstan's church. The chancel of the edifice alone was lighted up, the remainder of the vast pile being shrouded in gloom. "You can get the effect better" said Pollywog, "by remaining here, about the middle of this aisle. You will find it very fine. I must be going now, as we are about to rehearse next Sunday's anthem. Tra-la. Sit down here by this pillar." Soon the reverberations of the magnificent organ came rolling down the nave, and I felt a sense of awe stealing over me as I listened to the echoes dying away, swelling and again dying, as the organist touched the keys with a master hand. "Ah!" I thought, "this is enjoyment. Now they are going to begin." The tenor rose and commenced, "Bow-wow-wow-wow—" then the bass struck in with his deep manly tones, "Ah! bow-wow-oh! bow-wow-wow down-ow ow-own thine—" now the soprano and the alto, clear and distinct, "Bow-wow-wow-wow-dow-ow-own thine, bow-wow-wow thine ear, ah-bow-wow—" then altogether, crescendo, fortissimo, "Bow-wow-down-dow-bow-wow-down thine ear—" "Surely," I muttered, "this can't be the anthem: Pollywog has made a mistake, and I think it wrong to be practising secular music in this sacred fane; this must be some companion piece to the 'Tyrolean ducks' that I heard at the concert the other night: but no,—stay—" Again came that chorus, "Bow-wow-down-ow-wow-own thine ear—" the tenor flinging the final "bow-wow" to first bass who caught it on the fly and fumbled with it for a space, and then, from the nethermost depths of his cavernous chest, hurled it at the alto at second, who "bow-wowed" at the soprano who chewed it up for a few seconds and then gave it to the trebles to play with, which being done, the whole choir joined in and let themselves out in a tremendous burst of "bow-owing," and the performance



closed, the organ giving a magnificent imitation of a pack in full cry, gradually approaching nearer and nearer, and ending with a fearful crash, the hounds seemingly yelling and howling round the fox held at arm's length by the huntsman, and surrounded by gentlemen in pink who are "in at the

death." (See Herring's picture). When Pollywog rejoined me he was jubilant, and asked me what I thought of it: "That'll fetch 'em on Sunday, eh, old chappie?" he asked. "My dear fellow," I said, "I don't approve of it at all. The idea of bringing comic, nay, I should infer that it was nigger minstrel music, into this place. It's awful, sacrilege, nothing else, sir, sacrilege." "W-what dy'e mean? Are you crazy?" asked Pollywog, horrified at my lack of appreciation. "That's the anthem for next Sunday morning: what in blazes are you driving at?" "Well I thought it was some dog chorus—something—" "Ha! ha! ha!" roared Pollywog—"ha! ha! extract from 'Kenilworth,' eh? selection from 'Canine, land of pure delight—" digging me in the ribs, "well, well, you snatch the confectionery, you do: ha! ha!" and he exploded in boisterous merriment. "Well, what was it then, old fellow?" I asked; as he partially subsided. "That: why it was 'Bow down thine ear to me,' a splendid thing: ha! ha! nigger minstrelsy: by Jingo! I must tell the rest of the gang that: that's a tough one on St. Dunstan's choir," and he went away, and doubtless related everything with such embellishments as his fertile fancy suggested, for I shortly after heard screams of laughter and feminine giggles issuing from the vestry, where the members of the choir had retired, and where some slight refreshment was usually partaken of after practise, I understood, and I've no doubt Pollywog was immensely happy in his conceits, recommending a little sherry and quinine to the alto, as "wine and bark, you know, Miss Highsee," or "a hair of the dog that bit you" to Mr. Swipes, the tenore robusto; or "a glass of whine with you, Miss Screejowl" and so forth, but I refused to join them, and went home a sad and melancholy man.



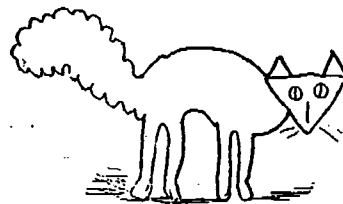
## DISENCHANTED.

We met in a street car: she was fair,  
With yearning eyes and glorious hair.  
One twang of his bow, and Cupid's dart  
Had pierced my too susceptible heart.  
Her air was innocent, modest and meek,  
And I longed to hear the adored one speak.  
But she spoke not then, though I longed to hear  
The silvery tones of her accents clear.  
Oh! sure, from those lips that held me in thrall  
Could none but words of melody fall.  
I met her again, at night, at tea  
She stood by my side and she spoke to me;  
And her words dropped down on my ear with a crash,  
"Cold pork, corned beef, 'am, mutton or 'ash?"  
Yes, these were the words that I heard her say,  
And my dream of the morning had faded away.

It is singular that the dead poets never write across Styx.

## THE LANGUAGE OF CATS.

The latest craze amongst the autograph young ladies is to ask their victims "to draw a cat." Now, even in Canada, everybody hasn't had the advantage of a course at our Schools of Design, and some may therefore find it difficult to comply with this request. Mr. GRIP, the ever ready patron of Art, hastens to furnish a few designs which may be found useful by those whose artistic education has been neglected. The following studies of Cats may be copied into albums with such variations as the taste and talent of the draughtsman may suggest. A few weeks of patient study will enable almost anybody to draw a cat like those here given. These figures are, of course, symbolical, and care should be taken to use the appropriate one according to circumstances. A cat in the following attitude signifies



OH, YOU GIDDY LITTLE THING!

The next position signifies



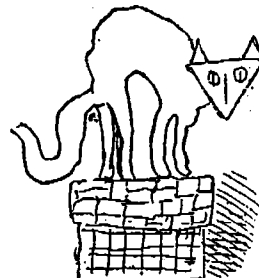
DON'T YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY?

The third design means



"OH, GIVE US A REST!"

And the following (which will be found appropriate for almost any album) means



"YOU'RE A PERFECT NUISANCE!"

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation, or ulceration. By druggists.