



## LATEST FROM WINNIPEG.

TIPSY GENT.—SAY, GOV'NOR, I'VE BEEN ON A BIG SPREE (HIC), AND NOW I WAN' TO GET SOBER—WHAT'LL I DO?  
THE GOVERNOR.—COME UP AND BE ENTERTAINED AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE,—SOBER UP ON TOBOGGIN SLIDING.

## DISILLUSIONED ;

OR,  
THEY ALL DO IT.  
(Continued.)

"We have just time," said my little conductor, "to drop into the theatre; the performance will be now nearly over, but we may see something to interest us. Ha! here we are," and as he spoke we passed into the brilliantly-illuminated Olympic. I allowed my eyes to rove round the house, and they fell on a party in one of the boxes. The mannikin, seeing that I was interested by those at whom I was gazing, whispered, "Come round and we will enter that box; those are the De



Champignons, and that young fellow with them is a bank clerk, and he is engaged to that girl he is sitting next to; sweet, isn't it? Come on." We glided round and entered the box. Miss De Champignon was a beautiful girl, of that there could be no doubt; and her lover was not at all a bad-looking young fellow, attired in the very height of fashion. He was bending over her and whispering words of affection in her ear, at which she giggled and appeared pleased. "When we are married, dearest," I heard him say, "what bliss to escort you to such scenes as this; I shall never weary of doing my utmost to gratify your every whim." I asked my little companion if the young man was very wealthy, but a

subdued "hum, ha" was the only answer I received. I had heard of the De Champignons, and knew that the old gentleman was a man who had risen from nothing, but having drawn some lucky numbers in a grand gift enterprise, several years ago, he had been fortunate enough to hold on to his winnings, though the Society-for-Confiscating-Prizes-Without-Purchasing-Tickets had tried hard to get them from him and others. With the wealth so acquired, Mr. De Champignon had speculated in chewing gum, and all his ventures had been crowned with success, and his family; having visited Yurrupe, considered themselves, as they expressed it, "bo mong" and "ho tong."

To return to the lovers. Miss De Champignon was really an ethereal-looking creature; a fairy-like being, for whom a butterfly's wing and a peacock's tongue would apparently be a heavy meal; in fact I could scarce bring myself to imagine that she ever indulged in such food as we grosser mortals delight in. There was an air of fairy land about her, and even now as Waldemar, the lover-bank-clerk asked her whether she was not feeling faint from hunger, as the performance had been so long, she was saying, "Oh! dearest, I had an ice at eight o'clock, and I really cannot be *always* eating." "Pawstively don't see how you manage to exist," he replied. "You absolutely *ah* appear to live on air," and he gazed on her admiringly. "And now the performance is ovah," he continued, as the curtain was rung down, "and I shall have to seek my desolate chambahs,— " "Oh! Waldemar," she cried, "from your description of your rooms I am sure you are never desolate in them; I think from what you say, they must be like something in the Arabian Nights, and I am coming with mamma to see them, you luxurious voluptuary," and she tapped her arm with her fan. Waldemar colored slightly and seemed a little confused, and having seen his fiancée and family to their carriage (into which we also stepped) he departed, and we were soon at the De Champignon residence. "Oh! Maw," were the lovely girl's first words, as she enter-

ed the house, "I'm as hungry as a horse; James, where's that cold suet pudden," (I started at the awful word) "and that tripe and onions that was left at dinner? Quick, I'm starving, and as the viands mentioned were



produced, my visions of fairies, butterflies' wings and peacock's tongues flew away. "This is all I want to see here," I said to the mannikin. "Come then, we'll go and see what Waldemar is doing in his 'chambahs,'" he replied, and we scurried away, and ere long stopped at the foot of a dark staircase in a back street. "Up we go," said the little man, and we ascended. Waldemar's room door stood partially open, and as I was preparing my nerves to meet the blaze and glare of light which I expected to see, the mannikin drew me in. On a bare, uncarpeted floor stood a rickety old table, on which was a small lamp with a broken chimney, half a pound of cheese, some onions, a whiskey bottle and some bread. At the table sat Waldemar, the "luxurious voluptuary," on a three-legged chair, on the back of which hung his gorgeous swallow-tail. A camp bedstead stood in one corner and an old washstand in another, and on the whole I think I had seldom seen so miserable a den in my life. "This is something out of the Arabian Nights," chuckled the little mannikin, and burst out laughing, so loud indeed that the luxurious voluptuary started up and clutching the whiskey bottle hurled it in our direction. Not considering it worth while to prolong our stay here, we descended into the street once more. "Where next?" I asked. "Oh! we'll just stroll around and see what we can run across," replied the wee fellow.

(To be continued.)

## A VERY FELINE LITTLE POEM

OR,

## A PLEA FOR THE PURP.

Oh! much annoyed I've been of late, not daily but nocturnally,  
By brutes on whom I've wasted brushes, bootjacks,  
bottles, slats:  
They sit up on my woodshed and they howl and shriek infernally,  
They are members of the feline race and better known as cats,  
Vile cats.

A dog must have his little check, and pussy should have hers too,  
It ought to weight a ton at least; be made of lead or iron.  
To write an ode in praise of dogs is a thing that oft occurs to  
The greatest poets, *vide* Gay, the Guelph crank, also Byron,  
And myself.

The dog's a really noble brute, and loves his human owner,  
And oft has risked and lost his life to save that of his master;  
And after death he's very good, for spiced beef and bologna  
Are made from him and oft have eased the craving of the faster,  
But cats!—Pshaw!

The summer time will soon be here with days as hot as Cadiz,  
The fly will chew tobacco round and spot up everything;