

Cesspools shall smell in verse,
 We'll clean the pigs in rhyme;
 Byron, and Tennyson, and Keats,
 Are all knocked out of time.
 For Smithers leads the van,
 We follow in his wake;
 Get up, ye Nine! get up!
 Your loudest lyre take,
 And toot away like mad,
 Of bulls, spring colts and hogs;
 Of insects lurking in the coats
 Of Smithers' curly dogs.
 Oh! sure, you've been asleep!
 Wake up and buckle too,
 An Hind may be formed
 On Smithers' east-off shoe.
 Apostrophise it thus,
 And gain the loud applause,
 That Smithers says will ring
 Throughout our spacious shores:
 "And art thou brought to this?
 So noble once, and now what is thy state?
 Torn, lacoloss, sololoss—cast away!
 What ignominious fate!
 You cost 'threc-fifty' new,
 (A pair of laces in,
 And now I find thee thus,
 Reposing in a bin!
 Here, once where Smithers' corns
 Bulged out thy swelling side,
 There flows in mucky stream,
 House-water foilly dyed!
 And here—right through thy point
 With which he used to kick—
 In sneering arrogance protrudes
 A dirty piece of stick."—etc., etc.
 Oh, Mr. Smithers, send
 By P. O. O. ten dollars,
 And I will sing, oh, such a thing,
 About your dirty collars!
 For fifty more I'll tell
 The people how you look
 When you get hold of this!
 I'll fill a quarto book,
 And you shall be immortal—
 As much as I can make you;
 And should I fail, I hope
 "Auld Clotie 'il up an' take you!"
 —GEORGE H. CANDLER.

Now that we are in the "heated term" a
 Crash Coat and Vest, or else of Alpaca Wool,
 will have the effect of alleviating the distress,
 and R. WALKER & SONS do them the best.

ASTROLOGICAL.

"I have seen indications of this Indian rising
 in the northern heavens for a long time," said
 O'Rion to P. Leiades, the other evening as they
 sauntered up King Street discussing the
 propriety of hanging L. D. Riel. "Oh! give
 us a rest," said the latter, "what has the
 northern or southern heavens got to do with
 the half-breed claims?"

"Well," said O'Rion, "I've been watch-
 ing nightly the movements of Ursa Major."
 "Well?"

"Well! Isn't Ursa Major Big Bear, and
 isn't Big Bear one of the —"

"That'll do; that'll do," said P. Leiades.
 "Let's go and have something." B.

OLD STUBBS ON MODERN GAMES.

I am an old man now, decrepit, weak in
 limb and shaky when I meander; yet I man-
 aged to reach the Rosedale Lacrosse Grounds
 the other day to witness a modern game on
 which I had heard so many enthusiastic en-
 comiums. I was very much disappointed. I
 was sold. I came home and lay on my bed
 for two or three days, ruminating on the folly
 and foibles of the youth of to-day.

Now, the games of my hygone days were
 much the same in name as they are at present.
 But, oh, the sad changes which have been
 wrought in their details! When I saw that
 game it made me yearn once more for the little
 joys of my youth. The changes have been so
 great during my short life that I am led to
 wonder very much what kind of boys will
 exist on this globisphere about the year
 100,000. When a man of to-day can stop a
 cannon ball with a stick, I imagine a man of
 that date will be able to put out his hand and
 haul in a comet or a meteor with as much ease
 as a cat would catch a fly.

I will now explain why I was not satisfied
 with the game I witnessed, by giving a few
 illustrations of the sports in which I used to
 take a prominent part long years ago. And
 when you have gazed "on this, and then on
 that," I am sure to have your sympathy.
 Lacrosse was, with me, the most exciting.
 I used to love that game, and became in a
 short time so practised a player that no one
 else had a show at the bawl when I was
 around. I was the whole team, my mother
 the manager, and *pater* generally stood around
 and umpired.



LAY 'CROSS AS I USED TO KNOW IT.

Baseball was another game in which I was
 very proficient. It was always played either
 in conjunction with, or shortly after a game of
 lay 'cross. It was a kind of an after recreation.



BASS BAWL IN THE DAYS OF YORE.

There was another game, called battledore,
 in which I sometimes revelled. It was always
 played in a dark closet, where I could imagine
 there were mice and spiders running over and
 around me. The closet was a nice place for
 the game, as I could howl and battle the door
 to my heart's content, but no bright angel of
 a mother would open. The inexorable Fates
 always decreed that I was to remain among
 the cockroaches, beetles and spiders for two
 terrible hours. That game got tiresome,
 though, and became effete before I was sixteen.



BATTLE DOOR AS I REMEMBER IT.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING.—Mama, come and
 get me some of those nice Boots we saw at
 West's, on Yonge Street.

MARION PULSIFER;

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A FEMALE FRENCH COOK.

(Concluded.)

CHAP. VI.

Notwithstanding that the members of the
 Huggs family were unable to appreciate (for
 so they privately confessed amongst them-
 selves) the subtleties of French cookery, still
 they were loth to part with their treasure, for
 the glory they acquired amongst their friends,
 and the envy, hatred and malice that they
 caused to be borne towards themselves on
 account of her possession, were ample recom-
 pence for the discomfort that her cookery pro-
 duced.

So they determined to give one of their
 grand dinner parties; at least Mrs. E. Pon-
 sonby Huggs did, for it must be confessed
 that Mr. Huggs was not at all sanguine as to
 the success of the undertaking.



Mrs. Huggs accordingly presented herself at
 the door of Mlle. de Petropolis' private apart-
 ment one morning, and having knocked,
 entered in reply to a rather tremulous "*En-
 trez,*" from within, and was just in time to
 behold a pair of masculine boots, evidently
 occupied, disappearing over the windowsill,
 leaving no room for doubt that they were pre-
 ceded by their owner.

Mademoiselle, however, was quite calm, cool
 and collected.

"Mam'selle," began Mrs. Huggs, "I intends
 for to give a grand party in four days—a din-
 ner party. Some of our very best people, our
eccler, will be here, and I want you to do your
 utmost to show 'em what a reshashy French
 dinner is."

Mademoiselle inclined her head respectfully.
 "Now," continued her mistress, "I can't
 say I altogether approve of French cookery,
 but it's fash'nable, so I want it. Mr. Huggs
 can't never touch your Bully de shoes, or your
 Omlets a lar Pompydoor, or your potadge dee
 eau deo lar rivier; but his taste isn't culti-
 vated yet."

"Ah! madame," cried the artiste, "in my
 beauteeful France they do so motch like
 those deeshes; and I do assure you I expend
 ver motch time when I learn myself to fabri-
 cate thee *petit pale de jenne chat* that come
 from ze table ouch. I ver gratelee grieved
 and *tres desolee*, for I take motch pains with
 heem."

"Well, do your best, and I shall be the
 sincere" (she meant cynosure) "of all eyes.
 This is Monday; on Thursday I gives my
 party. Order what you wants and spare
 nothink," and Madame left the apartment.

CHAP. VII.

Thursday: time, 4.30 p.m. Butchers, bak-
 ers, Italian warehousemen, confectioners and