



“LET JOY BE UNCONFINED!”

Chorus of the Acquitted.—We're innocent! We're innocent! We'd never have believed it if the jury hadn't said so!!

WAR RUMORS.

Two military men meet
In the street;
Says one to the other
“Say, my military brother,
Ah! you scared about this war?”
“I should think not. Lor!
What, for goodnessgracious sake, should I be frightened
for?”

“You may not fear the foe;
You are valiant we all know;
There are terrors worse than battle-fields; the stoutest
heart may quail.
For we know not at what hour
We shall come within the power
Of that fiend who makes the woodcuts for the *Globe* and
for the *Mail*.”

FROM HALIFAX.

PEACE.—*Tempora mutantur.*
We're soldiers of the Queen,
We've wealth and manly beauty
In war we've never been,
But we'll always do our duty
We'll drive the foe before us
Whoever he may here us;
The ladies all adore us,
Brave Halifax Millish.

WAR.—*Et nos mutamur in illis.*

We do not feel very well,
They say Riel's inciting
The half-breeds to rebel,
And that there may be fighting.
We're sick, bad colds beset us;
Our manumies will not let us
Go fighting; pray, forget us,
We do not care to go.

(Halifax volunteers go to bed.)

THE WAR.

HOW A WOMAN LOOKS AT A MAP.

Mrs. Thumblejump (anxiously scanning war-map of the Nor'-West).—What d'ye say the name of that place is where the fighting was, John?

Mr. T.—Duck Lake, dear.

Mrs. T.—Duck Lake—Duck Lake—there's no Duck Lake marked, John: here's Red Deer Lake; would that be it?

Mr. T.—It's Duck Lake, I told you, not Red Deer Lake: let me read my paper and be quiet.

Mrs. T.—Well, there isn't any Duck Lake on the map. I dec—oh! here it is, Waterhen Lake; that must be it; a duck's a water-ben, you know, John.

Mr. T.—Oh! have it so: let me read my paper.

Mrs. T.—What did you say the name was? oh! yes, Duck Lake: well, here's Goose Lake: now that *must* be it, because a goose is nearly the same as a duck, anyhow, and they've got it printed wrong. Yes, that's it, (triumphantly).

Mr. T.—Well, my dear, you *are* a goose.

Mrs. T. (warningly).—John!

Mr. T.—Well, a duck, I mean; it's nearly the same.

Mrs. T.—But why didn't the men mark it on the map? Would it be this, Paddling Lake, John? a duck paddles, you know. No? Well, it isn't on the map.

Mr. T. (rising and looking over his wife's shoulder).—There: what's that? D-u-c-k, Duck: now, d'ye see it (pointing it out)?

Mrs. T.—Well, that's what I said all the time: Duck Lake; only I was looking a little way off (only about 1,235 miles!).

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

TORONTO, April 11th, '85.

DEAR WULLIE,—Of course ye cauna but be awaur that I was weel shuckon up wi' the terrible matrimonial misshanter that was brocht on me wi' that deevil o' a clerk, an' hooever I was gaun tae face up in the warehooose. The vera thoct o't cowed me, an' gin it wasna for dissappointin' Tam an' deprivin' him o' my valuable services, I wad never hae set fit in the warehooose again. But the next mornin' I just sat doon an' considered. What's dunc canna be ondunc; as the auld sang says, "It'll no improve yer pooer tae bite, man, gnashin' at an airn wa'." Sao wi' this bit o' philosophy riugin' i' ma lug, I put on a face o' braas, an' gaed doon an' began soopin' up the warehooose just as gin naething had ever happened. The only thing that bawthered me was, hoo oud I get upsides wi' that mischievous deevil o' a

clerk. Ye see he was sic a daft, aff-handed kind o' a callant, an' sic a favorite i' the warehooose that it was hard to get a grip on him, like. But I determined tae play the pairt o' a speedir an' keep a calm sough till I got an opportunity tae nab ma flee. Ilka time the door opened I thoct it was him, an' I luekt up tae say "gude morning," but nine o'clock, ten o'clock, an' eleeven o'clock cam, but ma birkie never put in an appearance. Hooever, just as I was concludin' that he maun be a coward o' the first water, I got a message that Maister Tamson (that's Tam) wanted tae see me i' the office.

Tam (he's a fine fellow, Tam, just his granie's vera image) was sittin' i' the offic wi' a muckle pen stuck ahint his lug, on ano o' the whirlygig cbairs, an' the meenit he heard my fit he turned riect about wheel, an' says he tae me: "Do you think, Airlic, that you could take Jack's place?" Noo, "Jack" was the name o' the clerk that had played the trick on me, an' I at ance cam tae the conclusion that he had dismissed him on that account. "Weel, Tam," says I, "oh! I mean Maister Tamson, since ye've thoct riect tae dismiss him for his impidince i' makin' a fule o' an auld freen' like masel, I—"

"Look here, Airlic! If you like to make an ass of yourself it's none of my business. Jack is not dismissed by any means, but he belongs to the Queen's Own and they're ordered off to the North-West, and if you can supply his place till he comes back I'll be very glad, and of course you will get an advance of salary."

Noo, ye see hoo, in the coorse o' Providence, I was revenged already. At the thoct o' ma promotion a' animosity vanished an' ma only thoct was hoo I cud dae bin a gude turn. The only thing I cud think o' was tae buy him a Bible—for I kent he was a vera thoctless fellow, an' noo when he was aboot tae face the enemy an' maybe the King o' Terrors himsel', he wad be mair like tae pay attention to the passages I wad mark out till him. Sao I gaed doon tae a shop an' laid out fifty cents on an unrevised edition copy o' the Scriptures, an' I sat up till twal o'clock at nicht markin' oot passages applicabale tae his pseection. "Seest thou a man wise in his ain conceit? there is mair houpp o' a fule than o' him," "Cast out the Ammonites," "Thou fool, etc.," an' others calculated to set him a-thinkin'. I was terribly scandaleezed at the way folk were carcerin' about the hale Sawbath day, instead o' gaun tae the kirk an' bidin' i' the hoose till Monday, an' the sight o' thae puir laddies sellin' noos-papers a' day vera naur brak ma heart. Hooever, I gaed doon till the station tae see them aff, an' sic a steer ye never saw in a' the days o' yer life. I was lifted bodily aff ma feet wi' the crood, some lauchin', some greetin', an' the thoct maist forcibly suggested tae me was that this wad be a tough kintra tae conquer. The vera lunaticks were oot in a body tae see them aff. The puir fellows! ma vera heart was sair to see siccaan a decent body o' young men deprived o' reason just at the outset o' life. But I've nae doot but it maun be hereditary. I was staunin' among the rest waitin' for the troops when I hears somebody ahint me sayin', "Here come the lunatics," an' wi' that I hears a maist terrible roar, for a' the world like the yellis o' the lions an' teegers in a menagerie; an' turnin' roon I beheld tae ma horror a hale army o' the puir creatures, led on by their keeper, a fallow wi' a pair o' muckle fearsome black een that blazed like coals o' fire. They were singing "Auld Grimes, Auld Grimes, Auld Grimes" at the tip-tap o' their voices tae the tune o' "Auld Lang Syne," an' I could nae help thinkin' "tae what base uses dae we come at last." It was enuech tae gar ma national poet turn over in his grave. But "wha can administer till a mind diseased?" Then they mairshalled up along the platform,