



THE OLD SCHOOLHOUSE.

How well I remember the old village schoolhouse,
The clap-boarded schoolhouse that stood on the hill,
And the red-nosed old master who never could rule us
Until we all got from his raw-hide our fill.

The boys were on one side, the girls on the other,
The master perched high, 'twas a meeting house once,
And where, for a laugh I could never well smother,
I was oft stood erect in the cap of the dunce.

How clear all comes back of the days we played "hooky,"
And fled to the woods stolen apples to crunch,
Which we'd eat with our pie, or the succulent "cookey,"
Our mothers put up for our 12 o'clock lunch.

Next morning we'd catch it from raw-hide or ruler,
And squirm in convulsions at every blow,
And when we'd get home we would get it far crueler—
That is, if the old folks should happen to know.

Now, where's the old schoolmaster? Dead and forgotten—
And where are the schoolhouse, the girls and the boys?
The old house long ago fell decrepit and rotten,
The scholars are grand-dads and mas grim and wise.

Yet my old shoulders ache when I think of the dressing
I got, and my hand from the tawse tingles still,
But my memory's a failure regarding the lessons
I learned at the old house that stood on the hill.

—B.

OLLA PODRIDA.

SPANISH NOMENCLATURE.

"Some of the queerest names hail from the Basque provinces of Spain. One gentleman bears the euphonious cognomen of Don Nepomuceno de Burisnagonatstorecagocaccoccha." —Daily Paper.

Oh! don't go to Spain if you wish to refrain from a serious jaw dislocation, Such names as are there sure no jawbone could bear without either lock or luxation. Just listen to this—a real name it is—and say if it's not a jaw-locker:—

No-po-mu-ce-no de Buris-ma-go-nal-sto-re-cagocaccoccha.

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VERY LIBERAL.

A paper, speaking of the recent marriage of Sir Charles Dilke, says:—"At half-past twelve the hum of voices heralded the arrival of the bride, attended by her brother, Colonel Strong, who was to give her away and two nieces." The liberality of this gentleman, who gave away his sister and two nieces, all at one slap, is beyond all praise. Doubtless, had his mother-in-law been there, too, he would have presented her to somebody, with the rest of his relatives.

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A CHANCE FOR PETER.

At a recent meeting "Dr. Thomas spoke of the present religious condition of Wales, calling attention to the remarkable capacity of the Welsh for preaching, since they are capable of hearing ten several sermons in the space of one short day." Mr. Peter X, the truly good man of the Berlin News, should make a note of this. If ever a man had a chance, Peter is the man, and this is his chance. He has been

debarred from further preaching in Canada, and if he must expound and feels that he has a call to do so, he should at once make a trip to Wales, though "one short day" would scarcely suffice for one of his homilies. If the Welsh can stand ten of Mr. Mayers' exhortations in one day, then, indeed, are they a hardy people; but the days will have to be brightened and into seventy-two hours a-piece if the Berlin journalist is to cram ten of his discourses into one of them.

"There," said a woman to a tramp, "is a nice dinner, but I shall expect you to saw a little wood for it."

"Certainly, madam," politely replied the tramp, attacking the dinner with both hands, "but you will pardon me, I trust, if I venture to correct your English."

"My what?"
"Your English. Some modern authorities claim that grammar is played out. I know better. The word 'saw' is a verb, in this case, singular number and imperfect tense. You cannot say, 'I shall expect you to saw wood.' 'I shall expect you to see wood' is correct. If you indicate the pile to me I will now look at it as I pass out."



THE BEAUTIES OF PARTISAN JOURNALISM.

"The Dominion Government has secured the use of Regiopolis College, Kingston, from the Catholic Church, rent free for ten years. The institution is to be used for additional accommodation in connection with Rockwood Asylum, and the Government is to spend \$10,000 to fit it up for this purpose. Some Grit journals are squealing about the corrupt action of the Government in this transaction. The country derives all the benefits of any corruption there may be in the matter, as the Church receives nothing for giving over a handsome property for five years for the better accommodation of the unfortunate." —Guelph Herald (Tory).

Movat.—Thanks, Mr. Herald. Coming as it does from a political opponent, I take that statement as very kind. For, allow me to say, it is my Government and not Sir John's that has made the deal referred to.

Herald.—Great Scott! and is it possible I have blundered into an act of common honesty?

PHIZIOLOGICAL DISCOURSES.

III.—EYES.

Having had our little blow, ament the nose, and having duly measured the mouth, we will now, under the head of eyes, embody our researches thereon or court defeat. Physiologically, the eyes are the seat of pride, for they look down upon nose and mouth. Notwithstanding this, however, the eyes take sides with the nose on all questions, including cross questions. The eyes possess one fund of wonder-

working power alone invested in them, the Wink. A lengthy discourse might be written upon the many and varied effects caused by this subtle movement of the eyelids, or rather eyelid, the plural must now be dropped, as we have entered upon a singular subject. Half the joy experienced in the world has been brought about by the Wink. Whilst the fate of nations oft trembling hangs upon the lips of the powerful, the merriment of the masses oft entwines around the winker's eyelashes, waiting breathlessly for the next movement that shall convulse them with hearty laughter. This being a funny subject, we have winked at the fun and discoursed upon it after the manner of a Punch yewmorist.

Yet, whilst the eye has produced much merriment, it has also caused much mournful devastation in the hearts of lovers by its killing and withering glances. What love-sick swain has not received a dangerous heart-wound from the eye which shoots laughter at every glance, a dangerous shot-gun under the management of a pretty girl?

We verily believe that Mr. Cupid makes the eyes his schools of carts and signcases, for truly their pupils prove apt at dilating upon the subjects they love.

When we put away self, (and every good man should be ever ready to do this,) we find the eye the abode of a mysterious strength which enables it to carry a beam without its owner knowing anything about it. He, poor man, labors under the painful delusion that he waltzes around with a mote only. This is a very decided optical delusion. However, man may take the consolation to his heart that at least one woman is known to have had wood in her eye (although not to the extent of some of Sir John's henchmen, who have whole timber limits in theirs) for do we not read and sing: "Lesbia has a beamin' eye"? By the way, the eye, in this particular, can be likened unto an engine, beam or motor, as you please. So mote it be! Were we to place the question of the eyes' superiority before the parliament of public opinion and ask for a division, the result would undoubtedly be: "the eyes have it," to the extent of two eyes to one nose, sir. Let us now consider some of the varieties of the eye.

There is the Eagle eye. This eye is that which can see farther through a brick wall than any other; the brick it cannot pierce should be laid aside as *bric-a-brac*. It is allied to the hook-nose, and the two form a hook and eye combination which is mighty hard to overcome. He who can beat the Jew hook and eye clo' man at clo's quarters is worthy of whole he gets.

A curious variety is the novelist's eye. By this we do not mean the personal "I" of the novelist, (the novelist prefers the singular "we," and, by the way, "oui" means "aye," that is "I," so where's the difference?) but the eye used by that industrious but pensive man in his novels. This eye is of all colors of the rainbow (the n. never draws rein though he often pulls the long bow when describing the eyes of his heroines); it glows with fire; it is as cold as steel; it is—well, the novel reader knows all about it—it is possessed of powers and qualities not to be found in the human eyes, and that is our cydeea about it.

Another variety is the Green eye. Madam Jealousy claims this as her own. How sad it is to know a woman who owns this eye (sad is not the word if she be your wife, but no matter)! One can almost see the monster peeping from under her eyelashes; her hands clutch convulsively, she—but, no! we will not harrow up the feelings of our readers by reminding them of the days when they were rakes. That would be hoeful!

Another kind is the Mind's eye. Not having seen it we can give no description of it, but this we know, however, it stands accountable or many strange and beautiful visions. With