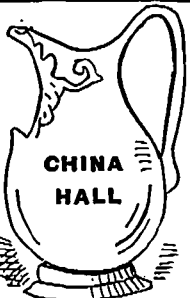



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WHY NOT GO THE WHOLE HOG, MISSUS P

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# GRIP.

AN INDEPENDENT POLITICAL AND  
SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

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of Toronto. Subscription, \$2.00 per ann. in advance.  
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J. W. BENGOUGH

Editor.

The gravest Beast is the Ass; the gravest Bird is the Owl;  
The gravest Fish is the Oyster; the gravest Man is the Fool.

## GRIP'S CANADIAN GALLERY.

(Colored Supplement given gratuitously with  
Grip once a month.)

### ALREADY PUBLISHED:

- No. 1, Rt. Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald..... Aug. 2.
- No. 2, Hon. Oliver Mowat..... Sep. 20.
- No. 3, Hon. Edward Blake..... Oct. 18.
- No. 4, Mr. W. R. Meredith..... Nov. 22.
- No. 5, Hon. H. Mercer..... Dec. 20.
- No. 6, Hon. Sir Hector Langevin..... Jan. 17.
- No. 7, Hon. John Norquay..... Feb. 14.
- No. 8, Hon. T. B. Pardo..... Mar. 28.
- No. 9, Mr. A. C. BELL, M.P.P.:

Will be issued with the number for..... April 26.

## Cartoon Comments.

**LEADING CARTOON.**—The departure of our gallant volunteers for the scene of the rebellion in the Saskatchewan country was, perhaps, the most stirring event which Toronto has over witnessed. The alacrity with which the noble young fellows sprang to the call of duty excited feelings of infinite pride in all beholders, and the enthusiasm of the enormous crowd assembled to see them off on Monday was never surpassed. The rebellion, meanwhile, has assumed most alarming proportions. The insurgents have been joined by a number of Indians, and it will require vigorous and well directed action on the part of General Middleton to suppress the uprising. That this will eventually be done and that at no distant day, we cannot doubt. Our volunteers are not soldiers by profession, but they are British, and when it comes to action they may be relied upon to give a good account of themselves. In the martial enthusiasm of the moment, the energy of the Government is being nobly seconded by the Opposition. It will be time enough to debate the causes, and affix the blame when the rebels have been subdued.

**FIRST PAGE.**—Mr. Mowat's Franchise measure, which is now the law of the Province, is but little short of manhood suffrage. Our esteemed contemporary, the *News*, urged the Attorney-General to go the "whole hog" while he was about it, but this advice was disregarded.

**EIGHTH PAGE.**—Some time ago Mr. Edgar, M.P., endeavored to get some official information as to the character of the work being done on the Sudbury division of the C.P.R., but, on what struck us as rather a weak plea, this was

refused by the Government. From a private source, we learn that the road in that section is shockingly bad. If our informant is not greatly exaggerating—and we are unaware of any motive he could have for so doing—the attention of Parliament is urgently required. We will be highly gratified if the military expedition passes over the section in question without a mishap.

### BEWARE!

We have sometimes had occasion to complain of esteemed contemporaries who reprint matter from these chaste columns without affixing the customary credit-marks. A new variety of the wickedness has just come to our notice, the culprits being, in this instance, the *Glasgow Chief* and the *Birmingham Blade*. Our Scottish friend honors us by copying a piece, to which he adds the name of our editor, who was not the writer; the English gentleman, likewise, copies an article—also the work of *Switz*—but he takes the trouble to remove that gifted individual's name, and substitutes another. These distant fellow-toilers forget that Ravens have sharp eyes. We warn them to be more careful in future.



POPE'S LITTLE GAME.

When members talk of Railway jobs  
Pope gently goes asleep,  
His attitude betokening  
A slumber very deep;  
But when the wind has ceased to rage  
And calm succeeds the clatter,  
He wakes at this particular stage  
And asks, "Please, what's the matter?"

### APRIL.

BY OUR OWN ESSAYIST.

This month takes its name from the Latin verb *aperio*, I open, not because, as poets tell us, it is the month of opening buds and blossoms, for it is *not*, but for the reason that it is necessary for the students of hygiene and health generally to consume large amounts of aperient medicines. Poets will say anything as long as they imagine they have struck on a pretty and fanciful idea, but as a rule they are frauds and the truth is not in them.

People born on the first of this month are said to be April fools. It must not be inferred, however, that all the fools in the world first see the light of day on the first of April. If such were the case it would be found that the day in question was that of the nativity of over six-eighths of the population of the globe.

The amount of profanity that is hatched during this month is most alarming, for it is a period of taking down stove-pipes and of house-cleaning. There is not, possibly, nay,

almost certainly, a humorist in the whole wide world who has not said something execrably funny about stove-pipes. Why the stove-pipe, a seemingly innocent and unobtrusive article, should be provocative of so much profanity it is difficult to see. The jokes born of it probably do more to arouse a man's anger and fit him for everlasting punishment than the stove-pipe itself, which has very little to say in the matter. The horse, a noble animal himself, has been the cause of a vast amount of rascality for which he must be held blameless, and in like manner, we must not execrate the poor stove-pipe because it has given rise to so much bad language on the part of heads of families and would-be funny men who make it a target for the slings and arrows of outrageous jokes which make the readers thereof say naughty words.

The month of April has another opening effect. This is on the eyes of the good man of the house, who has been wondering during the long winter where on earth the many magnificent plaster-of-Paris statuettes, China dogs and other articles of Italian bric-a-brac which adorn his mantel-piece and other coigns of vantage have come from; but when he ransacks every closet and obscure nook in the domicile for his spring garments, the unwelcome truth forces itself upon his mind that the quondam owner of the articles of *virtu* mentioned has borne them away in exchange for his works of art, aided and abetted by his partner for life.

**HUSBAND.**—It is no good going anywhere but to the Golden Boot, 206 Yonge-street, for boots for our boys. They always fit and wear well.

### THE KINGSTON INFANT PHENOMENONS.

**DEAR SIR,**—I love to encourage the young in the paths of learning, and it is with great delight that I see that two children belonging to the festive city of Kingston are progressing with their reading and writing, and have actually (with the help of dictionaries) composed two letters on Kingston affairs. No doubt their teachers will soon promote them to the "second book." It is sad that ones so young should be so depraved, but they have been seen rejoicing over the lacerated feelings of the damsels and youths they abused. We are told that the youthful blood is warm. I doubt it. These letters were cold-blooded atrocities. Their extreme infancy is their one excuse. The little girl whose remarkable effort, "The Bitter Cry of Criticized Kingston," was last published is doubtless very young, and we must admire the production as being extremely good for a child of six. We can all imagine the boy's letter being written in printing letters and copied from a newspaper.

Dear sir, I have the honor to be,  
Yours truly,  
AN ELDER KINGSTON GIRL.

The Washingtonians have got their monument inaugurated at last, and every illustrated paper has a picture of Uncle Sam's gigantic toothpick. I can't say I am struck very forcibly with the beauty of G. W.'s obelisk, but it is its height that the Yankees are crowing about. Let them wait till the Paris Exposition, and their Washington darned needle will sink into utter insignificance alongside of the 1,100 feet high ornament that the French are going to run up. Then will the bald-headed old bird of freedom fly shrieking away before the triumphant crowing of the Gallic cock. Yes, they do these things better in France.

HALF HOURS WITH THE POETS.

L—gf—w.

A SONG OF SKATES.

Tell me not in toothless mumble,  
Roller-skating is a snare;  
For you've had an awful tumble—  
Left your teeth behind you there.

Rinking's not a base delusion,  
And to tumble you must learn;  
Showing not the least confusion,  
And evincing no concern.

Not enjoyment, and not pleasure,  
Is the end we have in view;  
But to skate! And thus our leisure  
Use as is our duty to.

Now the days begin to lengthen,  
Soon the winter will be past;  
Come! your resolutions strengthen,  
Skate on, brethren, to the last.

Great men's records all remind us,  
We may also make a mark,  
And, in tumbling, leave behind us  
Scratches on the asphalt dark;

Scratches, that perhaps another,  
Skating down the slippery floor—  
An unskilled and nervous brother,  
Seeing, may take heart once more.

Let us then be up and skating,  
With an ankle stiff and strong;  
Ever moving with unsating rapture  
Through the gliding throng.

—L. G.



The Holman Opera Company presented *Bunthorne Abroad* in London recently with great success, Miss Sally Holman appearing as *Ethel*. Mr. Christian, the new tenor, made a great hit as *Frederick*. This gentleman formerly sang with D'Oyly Carte's company. The piece will go on tour shortly.

Don't overlook the Etchers' exhibition at the Art Rooms. The collection is exceedingly interesting, as showing the encouraging progress that has been made in this dainty art by our own artists, as well as for the specimens of foreign work by acknowledged masters.

Saturday's *Globe* contained a detailed description of Mr. J. W. Bengough's new comic opera, "Hecuba, or Hamlet's Father's Deceased Wife's Sister," together with a solo selected from the score. The music is by Mr. G. Barton Browne, the well-known musician of this city, and competent critics who have examined it are agreed that it does him high credit.

Of Madame Eugene Pappenheim, who is to appear here on April 8th, at the Pavilion, the *Birmingham Gazette* says: "She has great dramatic power, grandeur of style and firm accuracy. Her success in London was immediate and decided. As a great dramatic artist she has filled the place left vacant by Mlle Titiens." This distinguished star will be supported on the occasion by Madame Teresa Carreno, the beautiful pianiste, Madame Chatterton-Bohrer, harp-soloist, and Dr. Carl E. Martin, basso profundo. It would be hard to suggest a more brilliant musical list. The plan of seats may be seen at Suckling & Son's.

Mr. Geo. C. Rankin, brother of the well-known actor, McKee Rankin, sends GRIP a copy of the *Democrat of Sault Ste. Marie, Mich.*, containing a full account of the performance of "L'Habitant," an original play of which he is the author. The piece introduces prominently, for the first time so far as we are aware, the character and dialect of the French-Canadian,

the part of *Robidoux* (L'habitant) being played by Mr. Rankin himself. The play is in four acts, and, judging from a careful perusal of the plot and business, we predict for it a success such as few American plays have enjoyed. Mr. Rankin is a Canadian, and appears to possess the dramatic talent of the family in full measure.



SELLING A PIANO.

A short, thick set, bearded man, in rough farming clothes, had entered our warehouse by the front door, and stood smoking an outlandish looking pipe, and regarding a new piano-forte which had come into stock a few days before.

The Firm saw him from the door of the private office, and trotted down upon his unsuspecting prey with creaking boots and bulbous coat-tails bobbing in his rear. Like Moses, The Firm had an impediment in his speech, but unlike that celebrated Israelite, his confidence in his own eloquence never wavered for a moment on that account. In person he was short and rotund, with a pair of breezy white whiskers, and a head whose stretch of bald and shining crown appeared to be regarded as a sort of Canaan by all the flies in his immediate neighborhood. When The Firm waxed eloquent, a large cameo ring, adorning the little finger of his left hand, played a prominent part in the conversation, both for purposes of gesture, and for the re-securing of his teeth which had an embarrassing trick of breaking loose from their moorings in moments of exaltation and in the fervor of climax: it will be necessary to describe these accidents by means of asterisks, as it is quite impossible to do so verbally. His voice, a fine, looming bass, and the reckless annihilation of his aspirates when excited, gave an added flavor to the idiosyncrasies of his speech.

"A fine instrument that, sir," said The Firm, with a graceful and indicative wave of his hand.

The man spat in a corner. He continued to smoke.

Now The Firm hated smoke, and he detested people who spat upon the floors of his warehouses. Cleanliness was his hobby; but customers must be excused a little, so he proceeded:

"That, sir, is the-cr-finest specimen of 'igh art ever produced in this country! The design is by a -er-celebrated architect. A combination of the modern and antique, sir."

The man spat as before.  
"The tone-quality is-er-lovely! Just listen to this." The Firm, extending his right arm toward the key-board, stiffly executed a passage in sixths from the treble end downward, and finally pummeled the bass notes vigorously with the first finger of his left hand. Then, starting back hastily from the instrument, he

exclaimed "*Exquisite!*" in a tone of ill-concealed rapture, and suffered his left hand to hang down in front, with the cameo in full view.

The man seemed moved. He began to ex-pectorate in a circle all about him.

The Firm looked disgusted. He was growing impatient. But he repressed his bile, went on with his ovation, and continued at it for about fifteen minutes. By that time he had caused every known musical celebrity on the globe, living or dead, to burst forth into raptures of admiration on the merits of his piano as compared with those of all other makers whatsoever; he had clearly and undeniably proved that for any other piano to attempt rivalry with the one before them, would be a piece of the most sublime impudence and fraud; and between these floods of argument he had taken out the front panels of the instrument, and explained every detail of the action. His discourse concluded in words like these:—

"It is, sir, an instrument with a-er-soul in it! We do not \* \* \* merely put wood and iron together! Er-*other* makers \* \* \* may do that. If," asked The Firm, wildly triumphant, "if a manufacturer 'as no soul, \* \* \* 'ow can he put it into his piano?"

\* The man took his pipe from his mouth, and attempted to spit through a crack in the floor. He missed that, and hit a piano leg. He was placidly contemplating the effect of his aim, when he seemed suddenly to become aware of The Firm's existence, and calmly expressed himself thus:—

"I will kein piano kaufa, und I vasteh' nit Englisch. I bin den gauz'n wog von Schneiderville g'lafa mein vettern Emil Puppenbach z'buscha. Wo isch a?"

"Haymeal!" yelled The Firm, " \* \* \* \* \* come down and \* \* \* attend to this man!" Then he retired to the seclusion of the private office.

Emile (the tuner) came down and greeted his cousin with German warmth. After an interval of hideous babel they both went out and flooded themselves with lager.

And The Firm sat in the private office, disordered as to his countenance.

"I don't want to buy a piano, and I don't speak English. I have come all the way from Schneiderville to see my cousin, Emil Puppenbach. Where is he?"

Talk about the Spring Robin, but the *Spring Overcoats* selling at *R. Walker & Son's* at \$7.50, \$9.75 and \$12.00, are just the things to make a man fancy everything is lovely.

SAM'S CONUNDRUM.

Sam Jinks is enjoying a quiet chat with his respected granddad over his favorite breakfast of coffee and hot rolls. Sam has lately joined an amateur opera company and thinks he can beat Campanini, Sims Reeves, or any other tenor fellow to fits. Suddenly a bright thought strikes Sam. With a piece of roll poised between his finger and thumb, en route to his mouth, he says, solemnly, "Granddad, what's the difference between me and this delicious bread?"

"Pshaw! boy, you're always up to this sort of thing. *Difference!* Surely more difference than s'milarity, eh?"

"True, O King! but that's not the answer. Listen. To-night I shall be in my favorite role. This morning my favorite roll is in me!"

Granddad nearly executes a non-favorite roll out of his easy chair. Sam straightens him up, and taking granddad's appreciation as a guide for public ditto, seriously meditates giving up acting and becoming, instead, a formidable rival to Mark Twain, Josh Billings and two or three other (Sam thinks) over-rated humorists.

—Humpty Dumpty.



"CRY HAVOC! AND LET SLIP THE DOGS OF WAR!"

**Our Own at Ottawa.**

*Biggest Crisis yet—Budget—Rag Industry Booming—Riel—More About Riel—What's Going on Anyway.*

OTTAWA, Saturday, 28th.—Last week I was congratulating myself about two crises passed—now we are in the middle of another—biggest kind of crisis too. Really I can hardly take a humorous view of things at all for it's no laughing matter. Here has been rebellion festering for months—papers talking of it—everybody seeming to know about it but the Government. Now when hostilities are reported they pooh-poo the idea—but order out police. Next comes news of bloodshed—then all the fat's in the fire! Blood spilt in fight—much or little—means enmity and heart-burning between whites and half-breeds for years to come. What's the use of Dewdney and all the Indian agents and Mounted Police if they couldn't tell the Government what was going on? Or if they did tell them, *what have the Government been about?* Is it laziness or stupidity, or something worse, that has kept them from action? Is it true, as the old stagers say, that Sir John never will see or remedy a grievance till a rebellion or an earthquake wakes him up? God help the country anyway when a petty squabble about land titles is allowed to grow into war and bloodshed!

It was Huggins who took a walk to-day—ought to have taken Blake with him—do him no end of good.

Monday, 23rd.—“Bill for the relief of A. E. Evans (from the Senate)!” What's that? Thought it was her husband she wanted to be relieved from! Edgar talked like a little man on copyright question. Caron says it's all right—don't see it—why shouldn't we run our own copyright as well as our own patents?

Tuesday, 24th.—More budget. Cockburn made good speech—ought to talk oftener—give him more cheek. Robertson (Hamilton) thinks everything is lovely—lots of work and pay for everyone—why the deuce then do they bother about relieving the poor in Hamilton? McMullen next. Went for “Prof.” Foster about his endless figures—just like Pat when they sent him out to count the stars—reported 27,987,286 of them. “Fshaw! you couldn't count all that.” “Well, begorra, as yez don't believe me, go and count thim yer-selves!”—said he was very original classic scholar—invented new word “Metropoli!”—good points on Foster.

Thursday, 26th.—Hesson up—able and exhausting speech. Blake rose—Hesson delighted—thought he'd raised big game! Blake moved that House should be told what's happening in the North-West and why—went for Sir John on whole affair—grievances—neglect—corrupt favor to speculators—delay in repressive measures—mystification. Asked “What he was going to do with Riel?” (Chorus of “catch him!”) “Did Sir John wish to God he could catch him now?” When he wished that before, he had paid him to leave Canada! Plain inference—Sir J. a hypocritical old humbug. Sir John in a fine phrenzy—capital representation of honest indignation—maligned patriot—that kind of thing—never saw it better done—make his fortune in heavy tragedy. Mixed everything up—half-breeds and starving Indians—couldn't tell where you were. Said they'd tell the House just *what* they chose and *when* they chose—fellows cheered. Said “no sincerer prayer was ever uttered” than the one Blake quoted—said Blake's offer of reward drove Riel away—fellows howled. Said he'd hang Riel now if he caught him—Blues looked glum—Riel's rather a hero with them. Cartwright read Mgr. Taché's evidence—Taché said Sir John begged him to get Riel out of country—elections coming on—would hurt Government if he didn't leave—produced Sir J.'s letter enclosing

\$1,000 for Riel—27th Dec., 1871—months before Blake's reward was offered—R. was to stay away a year—during that year the “sincerest prayer” was uttered! Casey read more from Taché. Tories didn't seem to care for entertainment—evident that Archbishop or Premier had lied—seemed to know which would be blamed! Watson (of Hamilton) hit out from the shoulder—said in effect whites couldn't stand pressure much longer—next time rebels mightn't be all half-breeds. Judicious silence among Tories—vote hurried on—ome Blues shirked—decided not to make John A. tell what he's doing with our men and money.

Friday, 27th.—Chiefly taken up with wool-len rags—proposal to admit 'em free. Grits and Tories said shoddy mustn't come in free to compete with wool—general wool-pulling match—Wigle proved home production of rags and shoddy greatly increased by N.P. Proposal withdrawn. Left them still at it at 12.30.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.—On account of its purity and concentrated strength and great power over disease, Burdock Blood Bitters is the cheapest and best blood cleansing tonic known for all disordered conditions of the blood.



**MUD AND BLOCK-PAVING.**

Oh! well I remember in days of my childhood The streets of this city then just in its bud, Where shortly before had been growing the wild wood, And everywhere round there was nothing but mud. But now, oh! how different! our cedar-block pavement Has banished afar all that dark, shmy flood, And look where you will, if to find fault you have meant (Ironically)

You really can't find the least atom of mud.

CHORUS.

For the cedar-block pavement, the beautiful pavement, The pavement has banished each atom of mud.

Oh! where is the man with some novel invention Which would save us from having all muddy to plod, He'd be worth any sum he might happen to mention If he'd help us to cross o'er the streets cleanly shod. But no: did he live someone surely would noble him: What great minds have failed to discover none can; The Council has wrestled in vain with this problem And even these sages can hit on no plan.

CHORUS.

Save the cedar-block pavement! the upstart paving-ment That is laid on a very original plan.

When the weather is frosty it stands up like mountains; And looks like the trenches of soldiers in war, Whilst the mud squirts about 'twixt the blocks in dark fountains

As soon as it feels the effect of a thaw, There's only one city more muddy than this is, And that's but a very short distance away; Yes, to get back again to Toronto much bliss is From a visit to—you know—near Burlington Bay,

CHORUS.

Where's no cedar-block pavement: no kind of a pavement In that city that lies close to Burlington Bay.

(Dreamfully.)

There's a place that I know in the fair Adriatic, Where clean through the streets sweeps the ocean's salt flood;

Of course it is damp and it may be rheumatic, But then there is never a vestige of mud. Yes, beautiful Venice, whom poets have chanted Is blest with such streets as here never can be, And I fear that our streets, howsoever much wanted Will ne'er be like those of the “Bride of the Sea.”

CHORUS.

Where's no cedar-block pavement; no rotten old pavement; No mud: oh! how nice such a city must be.

**GRIP'S GUIDE TO HAPPINESS.**

*Pointer the First.*

HOW TO CHOOSE A WIFE.

Our esteemed friend, Mr. Punch, once gave this advice to those about to marry—“Don't.” But such advice came with bad grace from Mr. Punch; knowing, as we do too well, the history of that gentleman's married life; how he shamefully ill-treated poor Mrs. Judy, and finally killed her. His advice must therefore be taken with great caution. For the buttonless bachelor a wife is a treasure, providing he goes the right way to choose one.

If a young man marry age and wealth, the marriage is more of cupid-ity than love; but if he wed luck and beauty, with a little (matri) money thrown in, then his tied is on the turn, and the erewhile courtship will land him by Hymen's torchuous ways in the haven of wedded bliss. I trust this is clearly understood, because it proves beyond a doubt that a happy marriage is the only alter-native for a miserable buttonless bachelor.

Knowing that much difficulty is experienced by bachelors when looking for eligible young ladies to take unto themselves as wives, the writer, after a long period of deep thought and intense application to the subject, begs to offer a new method by which to choose a wife suitable to the needs of each. He feels sure, should the method be given a fair trial, complete happiness will result.

Heretofore marriage has been a lottery with more blanks than prizes, but under the new method all this uncertainty of the married life to come shall vanish, and it shall possess all the charms and comforts expected by the most ardent of its seekers.

The method lies in one sentence:—*Choose for your wife one whose Christian name corresponds with your trade profession or calling.*

Quite simple, my bachelor friend. The surname is of no service. For instance, you may fall in love with Miss Ann Hogg, and your name being Angel, by marriage you change A. Hogg into Ann Angel; on the contrary, the Christian name sticks to the fair one, be there one or five marriages.

The beauty of the method lies in its simplicity of application. For example, should a lawyer be seeking a wife, what better than a Laura or Susan. The principle is plain. By the law he lives and if he loves his profession he must love Laura. Take one in a humbler sphere, the butcher. Let him choose a Lena, or if his heart is done to a romantic turn, a Fatanitga. In either of these he will meat a cleaver and a helpmeet. I stake the reputation of the method upon it. A baker should should select a Dora, because by dough he makes his daily bread, and therefore he must have Dora, aye, and will a Dora. Let a miller look out for a Millicent, and he will find the mill I sent a help during all the turns of his wheel or wos. A clerk cannot do better than choose a Penelope. By this, however, he is not advised to elope with his Pen—such an action, although inkredible to some, will surely blacken his character—rather as a quill-driver let him drive his Pen to church in a conveyance, a deed more worthy of engrossing the papers' attention. The florist is the flower of the flock. He must select a Rose, a Lillie or a Daisy, marry her and Marigold without committing bigamy. A musician, who is on the *qui vive*, may choose Octavia, attune his heart and scale the barriers of love, marry in achord

with his feelings, and rest contented, leaving the sharps and flats of life to come in as accidents.

Enough examples have been given to explain the working and prove the value of the new method of choosing a wife. For the benefit of those not previously mentioned I add a few suggestions.

A soldier should choose a Sally, a fisherman, Annette; a cabman, Carrie; a salesman, Tilley; a newspaper man, Eliza; a toy-dealer, Dolly; a quack doctor, Charlotte Ann; a sportsman, Betty; a doctor, Lucille; an auctioneer, Biddy; a barber, Barbara; a confectioner, Patty; and the fellow who boasts of no trade, profession or calling, why Mary Ann.

In conclusion the undersigned wishes to state that he will be happy to receive a small portion of the wedding cake from those made happy by their successful application of his method.

In a future paper, "How to Pop the Question," he proposes to assist those who have been successful up to the "popping" point, but who have stuck "right thar," either from lack of resolution or ignorance of procedure.

TITUS A. DRUM.

### ROLLER-SKATING.

How does a man come down at the rink?  
With a skip and a hop,  
And a flip and a flop,  
And a slip and a stop,  
And a trip he comes crop,  
And he falls on all fours before he can think,  
And *that's* how a man falls down at the rink.

Then mustering courage once more he essays,  
And slides off again in the quaintest of ways:  
But the rollers, reluctant to roll as he wills,  
Go off as they please, and again the man spills.  
And blithering and slithering,  
Reversing and cursing,  
Somersaulting and vaulting,  
And muttering and spitting,  
And moaning and groaning,  
And crashing and smashing,  
And tearing and swearing,  
And skipping and ripping and tripping;  
And just as the fellow's beginning to think  
He's learning, then bang! he falls down at the rink!

Disgusted he tears off the skates from his feet,  
And takes his way homeward by every back street.  
His coat is in tatters: his trousers are split,  
And show unmistakably just how he lit.  
His elbows are bruised, and his glutei muscles  
Have not been protected, as some are by bustles,  
And they ache, and each step that he takes is an agony;  
Till he wishes to drown all his woes in the flagon. He  
Feels a new lump on the back of his cranium,  
His nose is the hue of a scarlet geranium,  
And twisted askew like a mildly insane bow;  
His optics partake of the hues of the rainbow;  
His head has been bumped in his numerous falls  
Till it feels twice as big as the dome of St. Paul's.  
So shrinking and sinking,  
Each maiden evadin',  
And stealthily creeping,  
With agony weeping,  
Each step that he's taking  
Fresh anguish making;  
At last through his doorway he's able to slink,  
And *that's* how a fellow goes home from the rink.

### A RETROSPECT.

Stretched out on my luxurious plank,  
watching with half-closed eyes the smoke-wreaths curling slowly upward from the bowl of my costly one-cent clay (the gift of my Sabbath school superintendent, if you will excuse a tear), I lie idly dreaming, dreaming of a buried past; and vividly before me troops the sad procession of forms and faces, faces I have loved, crewhices, and lost. Softly and solemnly flutter down the sear and dried up leaves of memory, and my very heart weeps, and I restlessly turn my plank over and seek the softer side.

Flying swiftly back to younger days, I see the loved and grassy lanes of Montreal, and, mingling in the ghostly crowd I have conjured up, appears the shadow of a youth; a youth of few summers but fast advancing to the sterner age of dudehood. In his spark-

ling life there is a world of muscular resolution—for he reads the *Globe's* Parliamentary Reports every day—and his attenuated pants attest a discretion beyond his years.

With meditative footstep he paces along the smiling g'ade of Craig-street, listening to the low, soft music of the babbling gutters, and drinking in the invigorating odors that arise on every hand from garbage pile and foetid cellar, and from the palatial junk shops that adorn the avenue. A joyous spot, a joyous scene this April morning, and the youth feels his sympathetic heart swell within his bosom and threaten the buttons of his miraculous coat.

Just at a crossing where the delicate, black slush flows four feet deep, he pauses, places a crystal circle in his north-east eye, and proceeds to gaze with that placid, intelligent stare so observable in the cow, the dudelet, and other fiery and untamed animals, at a pretty girl who is standing in helpless dismay on the hither side of the raging flood, vainly seeking a fordable spot. The dudelet pauses, giggles a little masher's giggle, and then, with the courage born of a righteous desire to fill the soul of the maiden with admiration, he boldly steps from the curb stone, and, without a shudder, smilingly advances towards the damsel's side.

Suddenly there is a wild clawing of the air, a whirling flash of toothpick shoes, a hail-storm of dude and swear words, and a spectral figure arises, with the rich mud streaming from every pore of his shirt front, and half his face in total eclipse. The beauty of the cherished liac pants is gone forever, and the cruel maiden on the other shore beholds a Wreck.

The dark picture fades away, and the panorama of my memory squeaks on its hinges and refuses to turn. I awake from my happy dream and shake hands with myself as I realize that I am not quite such an ass as I once was.

ART NEWELL.



### THE HORSE AND HOW TO RIDE HIM.

1. Place yourself on the near side of your horse. This will of course be the outside, as that is the nearest to you, but it is so called because it is usual to mount from the near side and fall off on the other, which is from that fact termed the "off" side, though there is really no rule about falling off, and you have not generally much time to make a choice.

2. Seize a few locks of the mane with your left hand. This will give you a great advantage in mounting, though not a mano advantage. Then say "whoa!" This will be the beginning but by no means the end of your woes. Put your right hand on the cantel of the saddle; if you don't know what that is I saddley confess I can'tel you. Say "whoa!"

3. Put the toe of your left boot into the stirrup, and stirrup all your courage and faith preparatory to mounting. Faith is absolutely necessary, for though it can remove mountings, it won't remove this one, but it will help you.

Possibly you may make a muss of the whole business of mounting, and be a ridiculous spectacle. You will thus be an example of the "ridiculus mus" that the mounting brought forth.

4. Speak soothingly to your steed, for it would be very unwise to anger him at this juncture, which is a very bad one for him to get his back up at. Now spring lightly up and throw your right leg across the horse's back; don't throw it far—about a foot; take a seat in the saddle, and if the horse happens to stamp on all fours together (this is termed buck-jumping) you will probably take a seat on the ground immediately afterwards. You will thus be re-seated, the horse furnishing the re-seat stamps. Then say "whoa!"

5. You are now on the off-side, and probably feel a little bit off yourself. You won't better matters by going round to the other side for then you will be on, which is equally bad, "pretty well on" and "a little bit off" being synonymous terms, strange as it may seem.

6. Your steed will now be getting impatient, as he will testify by throwing his head and neck up into the air. Don't let him soar up in this manner or he will soon have a soar throat, and be a little hoarse however big he was before.

7. Make a sudden spring into the saddle without further lapse of time. Then say something about lingering in the lapse of spring. If your horse is sensible he will, on hearing this execrable joke, pitch you over his head. If you hurt yourself you will howl with pain and be a base bawler, whilst the quadruped will be the pitcher. As you alight on Mother Earth you will acknowledge that imbeciles as in the days of old are sometimes powers behind the thrown; for your horse is a maney hack, you perceive.

8. Counties are divided into three ridings; so must your performance be, namely, the a-striding (or East Riding), be-striding, and beast-riding. Now make a bold dash, mount your steed once more, and there you are. Where? Well, that's more than I can say.

### HORSE NOTES.

Where do the best horses come from? Weston-super-Mare, Marey-land, Horsetralia, Deloss and Samoss.

Is Digna Pacha a foot-soldier? No, he's an Os-man!

What species of firearm does a man who is breaking in a young horse in a ring resemble? A Colt's revolver.

*The Current* has secured the services of Professor David Swing as a special editorial contributor. Its thousands of readers and his innumerable admirers will certainly be highly gratified with this arrangement, which is a permanent one. An eloquent pulpit orator who has accomplished a grand work for the cause to which he has devoted his unserving energies; a brilliant essayist whose writings have been read with eager interest in all lands; a profound scholar whose well-poised intellectuality has, for a quarter of a century, won for him the widest international recognition; a high-minded, liberal-spirited citizen, who has been second to none in the building up of the great North-West; a valiant apostle of all good doctrines—he has the strongest hold upon the affections and the surest claims upon the respect of his fellow-men. It will be remembered that, heretofore, Professor Swing confined his public editorial expressions to the late *Alliance* and, latterly, to *The Weekly Magazine*. Hereafter those expressions will be found exclusively and each week in *The Current*, with an additional paper devoted to a special topic.

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TOO PREVIOUS.

"Well, Masherby, how are you, old fellow? Haven't seen you for an age," remarked one young man on Bay-street to another yesterday.

"Oh! I'm jogging along, much the same as usual. It must be two or three months since I saw you," said Masherby.

"Yes. By the way, how's that Miss Clara Flimsy you used to be so sweet on? Let me see, you're engaged to her, ain't you?"

"No, not now. I was, you know, but that's all over," replied Masherby.

"All over, eh? Broken off, is it? Well, old fellow, I'm not sorry. There was something about Clara Flimsy that I never did like," went on the other. "She always seemed to me to be pretty bold-faced and brassy. I'll just bet, old man, that she was no better than she ought to be, and you're deuced lucky to have got rid of her. Then her feet! By Jove, those feet were a caution! Big as mud-scows, and her mouth, eh, Masherby? Ye gods! what a mouth! and her hair was as red as the scarlatina. I used to wonder at your taste to be spoony on such a decidedly plain creature as Clara Flimsy. However, it's all done with now, and I congratulate you, my boy. But tell me, how did you end it?"

"Oh, easily," replied Masherby,—"I married her."

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