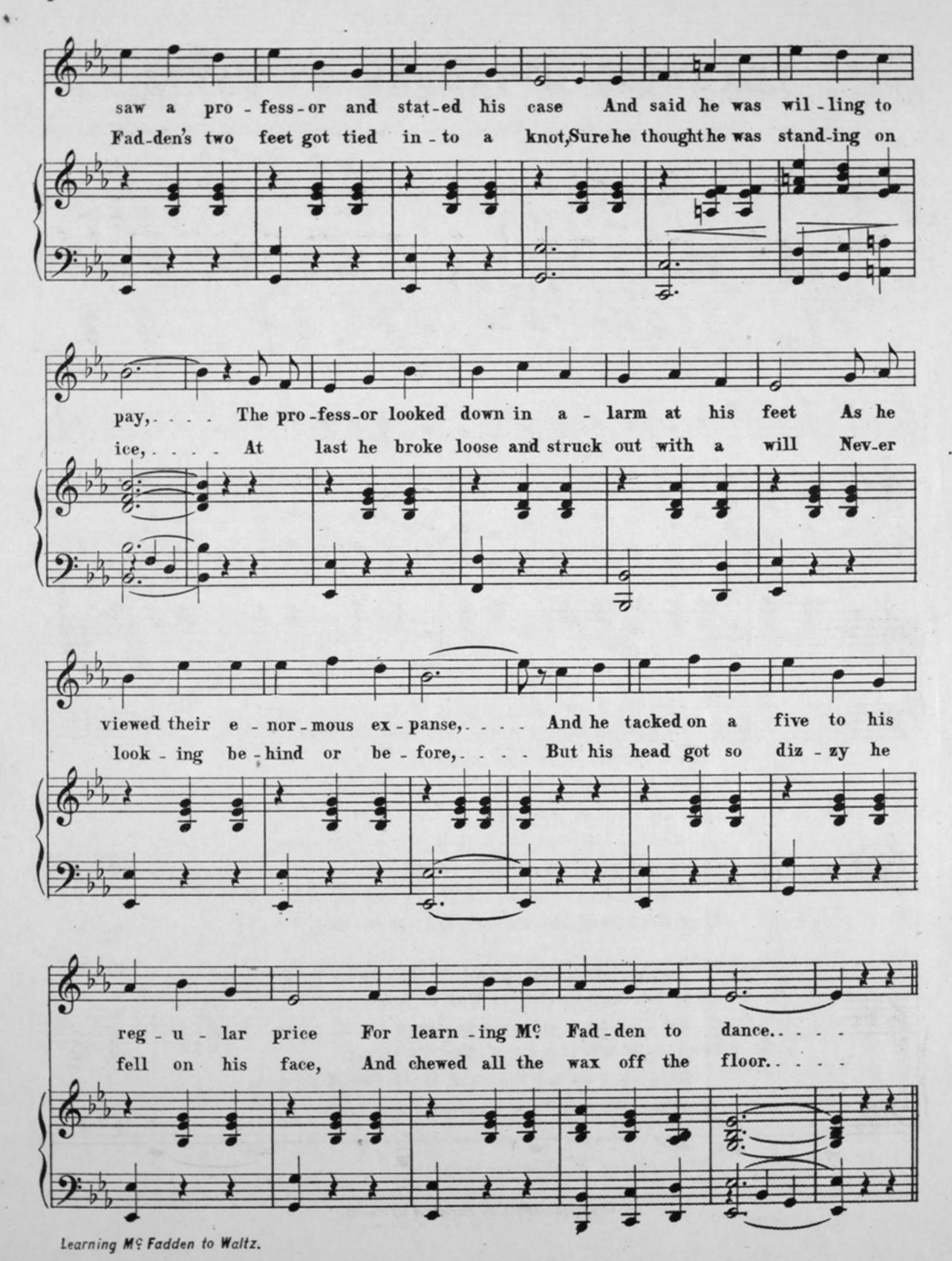


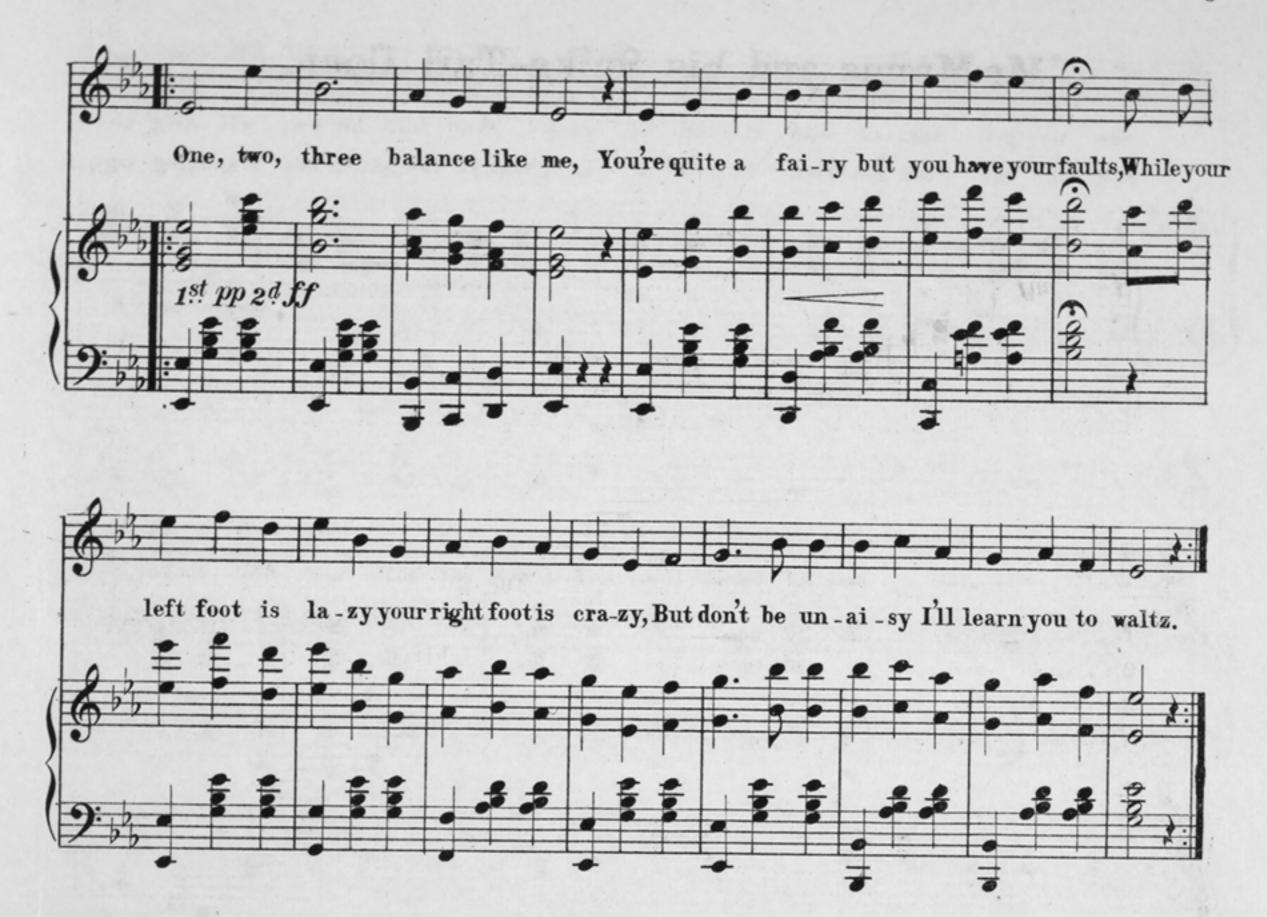
J. L. ORME & SON. SPARKS STREET, OTTAWA,

LEARNING M° FADDEN TO WALTZ.



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- 3. Mc Fadden soon got the step into his head,
 But it wouldn't go into his feet,
 He hummed "La Gitana" from morning till night,
 And he counted his steps on the street.
 One night he went home to his room to retire,
 After painting the town a bright red,
 Sure he dreamt he was waltzing and let out his feet,
 And he kicked the dash-board off the bed.
- 4. When Clarence had practised the step for a while,
 Sure he thought that he had it down fine,
 He went to a girl and he asked her to dance,
 And he wheeled her out into the line.
 He walked on her feet, and he fractured her toes,
 And he said that her movement was false,
 Sure the poor girl went round for two weeks on a crutch
 For learning M. Fadden to waltz.