

doubtful charity that is shown when the character of a dead man is being overhauled, let us not strip his failings, but rather let us take a note of them and endeavor to find greater ones in ourselves.

When the man is very young—that is in its primeval days, it is called an infant. It is also called an external nuisance and a brass-lunged squaller. At this time it is of no earthly use except to keep a grown-up man walking around the house with it all night, and to serve as a receptacle for all the paregoric and soothing syrup that its dad chooses to buy. It is constantly in trouble. It is either suffering from cholera, mumps, colic, measles, or sore eyes, or it is forever keeping its parents in hot water by falling into tubs of the same, tumbling out of the windows, raising bumps on its head by falling down stairs, handling the hot stove-covers, getting scratched by the cat, pecked at by the hens, crawling into the custard pies or getting pins, pennies, shoe-buckles, silver spoons and hot peppers stuck in its precious throttle.

Later on it is termed a child. It does not show any new characteristics, but continues to develop the afore-mentioned eccentricities in a manner that is fruitful of holy horror to its parents and genuine delight to the wide-awake undertaker.

Then it becomes a small boy. It is let loose on a general rampage for a few years and carries terror to the homes of many. It is pranky from morning till night. It puts the cat in the oven, cockroaches in its father's bed, and frogs in the drinking water. It ties craps on the door, and tells the inquiring neighbors that it is grandfather's great-grandmother is dead. It calls its father "pap," and drops buttons in the collection-plate. It breaks its mother's heart and the neighbors' windows. It plays pokey from school and explores an orchard wherein it eats heartily of green apples, and comes out of the orchard all doubled up with pain. It has a long sick spell, and either dies peacefully or recovers and becomes a faithful member of the Sunday-school.

Next it is a youth and is sent to a public school where he is taught Hydrostatics, Physiology, Chemistry, Political Economy, and Natural Philosophy, if it is to be a carpenter; but if its parents are rich and he intends to lead the life of a gentleman, he learns to play cricket, to swim, to row, to drink, to cheat at euchre, to get drunk, and to get out of scrapes as easily as he got into them. Then he meets a young woman whose pa has made money in the pork business; he falls in love with the old man's bank account and subsequently marries the y. w.

From this period until its death, the man tastes the few sweets and the many bitters of this world. It has troubles as plentiful as the applicants for a Government sit. It may be poor and may have to support a wife and seven growing sprigs of itself on seven dollars a week—but I forgot! The man may be fortunate enough not to marry!! It may be a bachelor!!! Happy man!!!! It is far better to be a bachelor than a book agent.

The man attains the full age of reason when it is about ninety-three. This is a short sketch of the man. Magnificent animal! noble beast! I could write a book about him and give details as to its habits, styles, shapes and colors. But I shall leave that until I become a millionaire. Again let me say that the man, whose history is the last of those deeply-thought-out Essays, is a noble animal, the most perfect of all.

P.S.—It is more desirable to be a man than to be a catfish.

A late seaside library is entitled, "Mattie's Three Eras." Imagine any women confessing to three eras.



THE ITINERANT INTERVIEWER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As a poet has no honor and little pay in his own country, and less in any other, I have determined to abandon that line of business to a great extent, and to become what I may designate your "itinerant interviewer."

The lavish expenditure and princely establishments of the reporters who interview celebrities for the edification of the readers of those mighty organs, the *Globe* and *Mail*, convince me that such profession must be a very lucrative one.

The questions of the gentlemen who interview are generally so terse and lawyer-like, and the answers of those interviewed of such absorbing interest to the public, that I have made up my mind to become, in fact, (as Micawber would say in a confidential burst) one of that noble band. I don't intend to interview Mrs. Langtry, although I had the pleasure to know that beautiful and ingenious woman in the old country. I shall not interview Mr. Irving when he arrives; no, sir! I seek those who are not celebrities, but might have been had cruel fate—but no matter! Well, sir, the first subject in my professional itinerancy is here interviewed.—

One morning after breakfast when I'd had my slice of air, And cup of "aqua pura," the poet's usual fare, Lest something in repletion might digestion's process

hault, And bilious feelings supervene, I thought I'd take a walk. I strolled me up Ontario, that melancholy street, Until I reached the corner where the same and Gerrard meet;

There I beheld an aged man, imposing in physique, I looked at him, he looked at me, as if he wished to speak.

His hair was white, or should have been, his face, a dingy brown All marked with hieroglyphics that the years had written down;

'Twas furrowed o'er with many lines, like some deep-graven page. As time will tattoo yours and mine should we but reach his age.

"Good morning, boss," said I, "you've seen of winters some few score."

Said he, "My friend, you see in me a man of eighty-four.

'Tis sixty years since I was here and trod this very ground, And now I feel quite out of place;" and then he gazed around

"I knew this spot a wilderness, and doesn't it seem queer, That now it's cleared—I'm 'in' the bush, and want a pioneer?"

I'd like to take a walk with you, for I am far 't to hum." Said I, "The poet loves to find a sentimental chum."

Then said that aged pilgrim man, "I feel a kind of thirst."

Said I, "My boy, we'll rectify that little matter first." We did; and then I walked him down, for walking is my wont.

We crossed majestic "Queen" and "King," and then we stood in "Front."

I took him on the Esplanade, he gazed across the Bay, I listened, with a kind of awe, to what he had to say.

And, as he crossed the railway track, without a shade of fear, He pointed to a spot, and said, "I shot an 'Injun' here!

And just beyond that little 'shant,' where stands the empty car,

I recollect one autumn night I shot a tender 'bar'! It was a little bear he meant, bereft of dam and den; I might have told him "bar-tenders" were not more scarce than then.

He talked a bit of Indians, and scalping in the bush; I told him, some few months ago our 'calivers' had a run-h. I asked him of the red-skins, of his fights and midnight scares;

But his venerable chiming was principally bears. At Bruin's name a sudden glow would animate his face.

He said he was in younger days unrivalled in the chase; I found his voice grew husky, and his eyes seemed dim with tears,

And then he groaned, "I have not seen a bear for sixty years.

If I could see but one more bear, why boss, I almost think, I'd feel inclined, if you've the wealth, to take another drink."

"Grieve not, my antiquated friend, you may be happy yet."

I straight replied, "And you shall have both bear and drink, you bet!"

"Stranger," he said, "I shan't forget your kindness anyhow;

The 'bar' might wait a little while, suppose we liquor now?"

Said I, "Your patriarchal ways would any heart beguile."

I took him to a certain house, we had another 'smile.' And now," said I, "we'll find the bear;" so over to the Zoo

I took my venerable pal—I had to pay for two. And when he saw that mighty beast, he started with surprise;

Exclaiming, "Well, by gorn! that bear is good for sore eyes;

Of all the bears on earth," said he, "that critter holds the stick!"

"That's true," said I, "because that bear is 'Peter' Piper's 'pick'!"

"He's picked a big 'un, then," said he; "and now I'll say good-day."

That bear brings up old memories, I can no longer stay." And so we wended out again and parted in the road.

"Adoo!" said he, "I'm pleased to find your 'bars' and city grown!"

R. C.



Messrs. Baker & Farnham, Toronto's old-time favorites, are at present playing an engagement at the Grand. The piece this week, *Max Muller*, is given for the first time here. It is a lively melodrama, affording plenty of scope for the comedians, and consequently plenty of laughter for the audience. Next week *Chris and Lena* will be given.

At the Royal, Miss Ada Gray is playing to Exhibition audiences in her new version of *East Lynne*. It is safe to say that the heroine of that popular Drama was never more ably presented in Toronto. Next week, Mr. W. J. Scanlon, the popular comedian, enters on an engagement at this house.

This (Friday) evening, a second grand entertainment is to be given in the Horticultural Pavilion by Harry C. Franck, of New York, the distinguished elocutionist, and Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, the eminent pianist, assisted by other artists. A rare treat is in store for all who attend, as both these gentlemen are masters in their respective lines.

According to promise, the New York Comic Opera Company return to the city next week and resume their performances at the Pavilion, *Macool, l'abienne*, and the *Pirates of Penzance*, are to be given, and it goes without saying that the beauties of these charming works will be fully brought out. Crowded audiences ought to—and probably will—be present.

The Provincial Fair—Ontario girls.