

THE AMATEUR TENOR.

I know a tenor rather slim,
Who sings with rare good gusto,
And hoops out high notes with a vim
That really does entitle him
(Although I've stated he was slim)
To be a "Tenori Robusto."

A modest man of course is he,
Who ever knew a tenor vain?
Yet he can struggle up to "C,"
And can prolong the agony,
(Although I say, 'twixt you and me,
I think it is an awful strain).

A song or two he always brings—
A ballad or a lover's ditty;
At socials and the like he sings,
Likewise at festive tea meetings—
You must have heard his pretty things—
You haven't? Well! that is a pity.

Oh! Who can counterfeit his strain?
Whose face display such tender feeling?
Methinks I hear his wail again,
So like an infant when in pain
(Or something else that is not sane)—
I fear to much I am revealing.

I will not mention any name—
Indeed it would not do to tell,
But someday, when he finds his fame
Or fame finds him—It's much the same
(The chances either way are lame),
I think you'll say, I know him well.
Hamilton. H. B. W.

VISITS TO TORONTO INSTITUTIONS.

NO. I.—THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.

The Reformers who compose this organization are not distinguished advertisers, and possibly it may be news to most of our city readers to learn that every Sunday afternoon a meeting is held in Temperance Hall in aid of no less an object than the entire suppression of the Liquor Traffic. As a rule the speakers address small audiences—even when they have star attractions—a direct result of defective advertising. Usually the addresses are delivered by old temperance war-horses of local repute, but no distinguished advocate of the cause is allowed to pass a Sunday in the city without making an appearance. Our man about town dropped in to see what was going on last Sunday afternoon, and was well repaid for his visit. The proceedings were opened by Mr. Pell, a venerable-looking teetotaler, with an honest English face, and after singing, led by a choir of ladies and gentlemen stationed at the Chairman's right hand, that well-known cold-water man, Mr. E. M. Morphy, was called upon for a speech. Mr. Morphy is an Irishman, and it is therefore unnecessary to say that he always has words enough at his tongue's end. On this occasion he remarked that he only intended to occupy a few minutes, awaiting the arrival of the speaker of the day. The personage alluded to arrived promptly at four o'clock, and proved to be Mr. W. H.



Whitehead, of Manchester, England, who was at once introduced to the audience. Mr. Whitehead is a jolly-looking little man, of solid build, and looks the picture of happiness, notwithstanding that, as he said, he was born a teetotaler and had remained so throughout. As a speaker he proved fluent, witty and at times eloquent, but it evidently put more reliance on his other specialty—singing. Sitting down at the organ at intervals he interrupted the course of his remarks with "a bit of a song." His voice is a good baritone, and his songs exceedingly well adapted to instruct as well as amuse. He gave us first, Sullivan's "Lost Chord," in capital style, and later on several sacred solos with equal effect. Altogether the meeting was a very pleasant one, and the hall would undoubtedly have been crowded had the outside world known what was going on. Gentlemen of the Reformation Society, you have a worthy cause, and you mean well, but you can't afford to neglect printers' ink if you want to make rapid progress.



SEVEN MEN AT LEAST, JOIN THEIR CONSENTING VOICE.

The chairman of our meeting is a gentleman of On-tay-ri-o, of ancient descent—a baron-knight of the most illustrious order of St. Michael and St. George, his name is Sir Leonard Rockaway. His grandfather was inventor of that famous dance which is called after him. Although of ancient descent, his grandfather had to earn his livelihood by teaching the "Canadians how to dance," and hence in his younger days he was taught "to toe the mark," and enlisted in the Queen's Own as full private. An early acquaintance with the goose step and his power of imparting knowledge, combined with his rare parts and merits, soon raised him to the highest position in the corps. A lieutenant-colonelcy was not sufficient for his ambition, so he aspired higher and became an adjutant-general, and so continues. His rare genial good humor endears him to all, and though crossed in love, even yet in his old age shows great gallantry towards the fair sex. He is now in his sixty-fifth year, cheerful, gay and hearty, and disdains the "towel" exercise, though introduced by foreign importation under the highest British authority. In imitation to true British institution follows Sir Garnet Wolseley and indulges in his favorite beverage for the army—tea.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor of Osgoode Hall. He is rarely found in the courts—they being too dry for his fund of wit and humor. He never held a brief, yet is not a briefless barrister, for he files many a record in the courts of Literature, and pleads his case with many a "fair lady." He is still, however, a bachelor, his suit having been in vain. He is an excellent critic, and his handiwork is often seen in the local press when "Minnie Hawk," "Rhea," and other bright stars find their way to the stage of the Grand Opera House. And even now threatens to leave us, to find a home in the far West, in Regina—the El Dorado of the North; from this centre of aurora borealis to emit these scintillations of genius which will illumine the Dominion.

Next comes Sir W. R. Toille, a merchant

of some prominence in our city, though still comparatively young. A person of indefatigable industry, strong reason and great experience, firmly imbued with the wants of the country. He is a political weatherhead, and votes now with the Liberals now with the Conservatives; shouts for Sir John and the N.P., and declares most emphatically that "Mowat must not go." He can tell you beforehand how an election will result, and always ends his story with "I told you so." He is pleasant company, and with his pipe and a glass of "Toast and water" makes time pass quickly as he indulges in his commercial oddities.

Next to him in the club room at "Jewells" sits Col. Smythe, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He was for some years in the gooseberry trade, with vintages of all years, but he quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit. I have heard him often lament that in a business where merit is so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty, and yet when he has so talked I never heard him make a *son* expression. He is never over-bearing, although accustomed to command, and as a tactician cannot be surpassed.

But I must not forget our mirth-maker, the excelsior promoter of our risibilities, the twin brother of the funny fellow of the *Evening News*, who gathers his news from all sources, and enlivens us with his racy descriptions and well told tales. To hear him make an after dinner speech is *something* to have heard, and we would not miss his general fellowship for the "world."

He is not alone, his shadow sits beside him, a stern-featured man of intellectual parts, an iconoclast, a thinker whose sententious expressions are ever useful to check the hilarity of his next-door neighbor. With open heart, great benevolence, and profuse hospitality, he is the *alter ego*, and as well beloved. And lastly, there is our chaplain, but him we do not often see, for, like Dr. Wild, he is strangely taken up with the "Anglo Israelites," "the mystic numbers," "the new third party," the "Pyramids," and "Disallowance," but still he is a clergyman, though for conscientious scruples he will not teach in the Central Prison with the members of the ministerial association. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks on, but what he says is always worthy of being heard. These are the members of our club-room.

ON-LOOKER.

THE SONG OF THE GRAND TRUNK.

The increase in the business of the Grand Trunk is perfectly marvellous of late, and is augmenting still further from day to day. The strain upon its rolling stock is almost unparalleled.—*Mail*.

Great is the strain upon our rolling stock!
Huge loads of freight are passing through *en bloc*:
Busy are the smashers
In the festive baggage car.

The strain upon our rolling stock is quite unprecedented;
The holders of old G.T. bonds are feeling more contented;
Happy are the feelings
Of the clever manager.

Deep are the growlings of our many freight forwarders!
Loudly they proclaim us the chief of freight retarders!
Let them growl a little
Or full surely they will bust.

The strain upon their patience is quite unprecedented,
And this of course we must admit is much to be lamented.—
Cheer up, patient shippers,
For a double track we'll have.

And some day we shall swallow up the Canada Pacific—
Aye! That will be a railway deal just monstrously terrific.
Vanderbilt will grow green
With a new-born jealousy.

Or possibly, in days ahead, the tables will be turned,
And in the C. P. railway's maw we'll be ourselves in-urned.
There's a good time coming
For the ruling railway kings!
ALLUSSE WUNNE.



four o'clock, and proved to be Mr. W. H.