

ago, for drumming and being a nuisance generally in the public streets, and who, refusing to pay that fine was threatened with imprisonment unless the money was handed over before the following Monday. Ludgate had no effects; there was nothing to seize for the amount of the fine; the fateful Monday has come and gone, and Ludgate still drums and exhorts as usual. However the p. magistrate need not fret. His remedy is very simple. True, he cannot get the \$5, but he can put a stop to the drumming, which is the principal thing. He can get some impecunious individual, there are plenty handy, who is possessed of 'no effects,' to bust that drum, knock Capting Ludgate, S. A. silly, put the army to flight with the aid of the evil one, and keel Shouting Annie and Howling Jemima over into the gutter. The P. M. can then fine the man of no effects for this conduct; the man of no effects can't pay, he must be let off, scot-free a la Capting Ludgate, S. A., and everything will be lovely. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, of which birds this article has been mainly treating, First Person Singular, of course, excepted.

With regret at the departure of summer, a feeling akin to pleasure, at the same time, creeps over me, as I reflect that with the advent of the cold weather the 'fr-r-resh feesh' fiend gets knocked out. This diabolical imitation of a man has made the past summer mornings hideous: his lungs, as brazen as the fictions he related about his finny wares, have awaked me, day after day, with their resonant bawling at an hour when no man should work, and if I can only be assured that this malignant fiend has not saved a cent of his summer earnings, and will surely put in a winter of discontent and suffering I shall feel much happier. I do not wish him to freeze to death: for the sudden change of temperature which he would experience in that case would be a little too much of a punishment; but I trust he will be horribly miserable for the next six months, for he has caused me to be so for the last half dozen.

I have been highly entertained by reading the correspondence in the *World* respecting smoking on the street. It may or it may not be right to do so, I don't wish to give an opinion on the matter, but what I wish to say is that if some ladies object to the smell of "that filthy tobacco smoke," and wish men to refrain from smoking out of doors, they themselves might set an example of self denial, and give up the use of that abominable perfume (?) patchouli, which, to my notion, is very much more objectionable than the fumes of tobacco. It may be that the patchouli is used to conceal some offensive personal odor; I know it is, in fact, in many cases, but if that personal odor is any worse than the patchouli, well— I actually heard a lady make use of this argument against smoking in public: "Why, when we get that nasty smoke into our mouths, we get the breath of the smoker as well: pah! isn't it horrible?" Did she not reflect that she was breathing second hand breath at any rate, whether tobacco-tainted or not? All I have to say is that if public smoking is to be stopped, public patchouli ought to be put down as well: better breathe tobacco smoke a hundred times than a concoction of patchouli, bergamot, musk, and heaven knows what villainous human fragrance as well.

I have been shown one of Mr. R. W. Phipps' circulars, which he is sending round everywhere asking for information concerning the planting of forest trees, etc. For my part I shall be only too happy to give Mr. Phipps my own personal experience, and I hope others will do the same as that gentleman is engaged in a noble work

and should be given every possible aid. On June 14th, 1883, I lugged up a forest tree by the roots;—it was a pine—height 5ft. 2—and I transplanted it in the grounds surrounding my feudal castle. The foliage, if such it may be termed, kept green for nearly three weeks and then began to look tired and weary. I watered my forest tree regularly, but melancholy seemed to have marked it for her own: It was evidently pining for something or other, and I hauled it out of the earth once more to see what was the matter, I did not know but that it might be suffering from bunions or corns. I found the roots were quite dead, and on further inspection I ascertained that the rest of the tree was mortifying. I may, possibly, have failed to employ the proper method of planting a pine tree: quite likely if I had put the head underground and left the roots kicking about in the summer air, I might have been favored with a different result.

I never planted forest pines
To glad me with their sighing shade;
But soon I found unerring signs
That some mistake I'd gone and made;
For when the tree should flourish well
It died, and proved an utter sell.

Mr. Phipps wishes to know what varieties of trees I and others found to thrive best: I cannot say; the one I tried apparently belonged to the variety that doesn't thrive at all, at least not under my system of planting.

Mr. P. says in his circular that he may possibly be passing my way—everybody's way. I shall be glad to see him and will do my best to entertain him royally; I will read some of my own poetry to him; I believe I will brace myself up with strong waters and listen to him read some of his. I will do all I can to make him feel at home: I will show him the spot where I planted my pine; I will plant him there if he objects to my method of forest culture, but I hope we shall pass a jolly, sociable time together; I feel that such will be the case, and in conclusion I might state in reply to a clause in Mr. Phipps' circular, that, since my grounds were cleared of my forest orphan, I have not noticed any change in rainfall, and that none of the creeks or rivers near me have dried up that I know of. There are no creeks or rivers near me, but if there had been I don't think they would have been affected by my failure to induce a pine tree to become one of my family. FREDDIE.

PASSING SHOW.

It is perhaps unnecessary for us to mention that Canada's Greatest Fair is at present going on. Such indeed is the fact—and it is further beyond dispute that the attractions are greater than ever before. Good management is evident throughout in the order and smoothness with which each day's programme passes off, and for this admirable result a large share of credit is due to Mr. H. J. Hill, the Manager.

Mr. J. F. Thompson has been the means of giving the music lovers of Toronto more genuine "treats" than any other manager we have had. The brilliant concert of the 13th is to be followed by something equally good in a different way on the evenings of the 19th and 20th. The fame of Gilmour's Regimental Band is such as to warrant a crowded pavilion on the occasions of their concerts, and we hope Mr. Thompson's enterprise will be appreciated in that form. Gilmour brings his entire force of 55 picked musicians. Let them receive a royal welcome!

Baker and Farron have re-written their new piece, "The Government House," and although it is still inferior in many respects to their old play, it is much better than when first produced here. It affords good scope for the vagaries of the inimitable Dutchman and the unapproachable Irishman, and that is all the most exacting patron of Baker and Farron

need ask. Of course they are doing a good business.

The Holman Opera House looks very much like a success. Manager Conner's motto of "light prices and heavy receipts" is happily chosen, and bids fair to be verified during the Exhibition season.

MR. GRIP'S EXHIBIT.

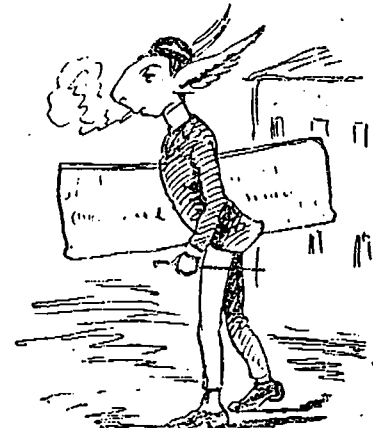
AT THE GREAT NATIONAL EXPOSITION.

Mr. GRIP being ever anxious to please, determined, some little time ago, to exhibit some rare and unparalleled curiosities at the National Exposition now being held in this city. He accordingly procured, at a vast expense, the curiosities of which a list and description is here given. None of the articles cost less than five cents with the exception of No. 2; this animal was obtained free, as he "gave himself away." Now, ladies and gentlemen, with your permission we will take a stroll through "Grip's Exhibit," commencing by examining



No. 1.

This is a *Professional Athlete*: Nothing very extraordinary about that, you say: Granted; but this one never was a champion, and that fact is something uncommon. Stir him up, Jabez, and let the gentlefolks see his bicipes.



No. 2.

Rum looking critter, ain't he? As yet no name has been found for this remarkable thing. The way in which Mr. GRIP became possessed of it was as follows. Alderman Piper lost one of his monkeys out of the Zoo. Detectives were employed to hunt for the animal, and traced him, as they thought, to another city, where they captured the creature now before you. When taken, this animal protested with tears in his eyes, that the officers were mistaken and that he was a corre-