

Mr. Stone, 2nd tenor, and Mr. Pott, basso. Each of these gentlemen is a finished artist, as the solos they severally rendered testified, but it is the marvellous adaptation of their voices to each other in the quartette numbers that makes these concerts unique. Mrs. Goetz, soprano, has the rare power of touching the heart: of her auditors as well as satisfying their critical tastes. Miss Georgiella Lay proved herself a most brilliant pianiste, and played the accompaniments charmingly. Shaftesbury Hall will be crowded when the Schubert Quartette re-appears, if Toronto deserves her reputation for musical taste.

THE HAY RAKE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE NOBLE YEOMAN.

He ne'er will let a farm-house pass,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
He walks in with a cheek of brass,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
The greatest pains he then will take
To show, just for amusement's sake,
The beauties of his Patent Rake—
The Patent Hay Rake man.

Long hours the farmer's ear he'll rasp,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
He sees the yeoman's in his grasp,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
For a consideration he
Will make the farmer agent, see?
At last the farmer doth agree—
The Patent Hay Rake man.

He has an invoice in his pouch,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
That it is genuine he'll vouch,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
The goods are wanting, and the price
Is plainly marked in the "advice,"
All which the farmer thinks so nice—
The Patent Hay Rake man.

He'll only charge him what they cost,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
Just on account of the coming frost,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
He'll take a note for all the Rakes,
The ownership the farmer takes;
Then finds the goods are no great shakes—
The Patent Hay Rake man.

The farmer's note is shaved at once—
The Patent Hay Rake man.
More victims for the Hay Rake hunts,
The Patent Hay Rake man.
The Rake's no good, but all the same,
The Rake lend's worked his little game,
The farmer is as much to blame
As the big fraud Hay Rake man.

—B.

SCOTTIE AIRLIE'S SPEECH AT THE YOUNG LIBERAL CLUB.

MA RESPECTET FREENS,—This bein' positively ma first appearance in public, I suppose the kerreck thing for me tae dae wad be tae begin, "Freens, Romans an' kintramen, len' me yer ears," only ye see that wadna be tae the pint, seein' there's no a Roman i' the kintra, an' anither thing, the members o' this club are confined neither tae ma freens, nor ma kintramen. As for yer ears, I dinna want the len' o' them, for the gude reason that I happen tae be furnished wi' a gude whappin' pair o' ma ain. It's aye been an onaccountable mystery tae me hoo a respectable Roman like Maister Anthony, noo, cud make sic a rideckless ass o' himsel' as tae seek the len' o' the folks' ears, I canna account for't in ony way except on the supposition that he had been makin' ower frae wi' Cæsar's funeral whuskey. What was the use o' askin' the thing he kent brawly they cudna gie him? Nae doot there's some folk in this world that wad pairt wi' their lugs if they were lowse, but it's ma private opinion that the Roman lugs were a weel fastened on, an' at a respectable distance frae the croons o' their heads, but grantin' they had been slack enough for them tae haul them aff and len' them till him, what on earth cud he dae wi' them? They cudna hae been less than sax or seven hunder at the funeral o' sic a celebrated man as Cæsar—an' what the man

wanted wi' siccan a quantity o' ears I'm sure I canna think, unless he raily wanted tae bury Cæsar in them, or mak' a floral tribute o' them, like. Anither thing I dinna like, is the way he keept herp—herp—herpin' on, aboot Brutus an' the rest o' them there bein' honorable men. For my pairt I dinna see hoo Brutus was onything by ordinar' honorable. Like mony mair in this world he micht be honorable enouch when it paid him either in pouch or carackter tae be sae, but the pawkiest sophist in auld Rome cudna get me tae believe that ony man wi' a spark o' honor in him wad gang prowlia aboot the toon wi' a murderin' knife stowed aneath his cloak, for the express purpose o' murderin' an' onsuspectin' freen an' bosom crony, the very first chance he got. Na! na! ye micht as weel say the moon is made o' green cheese, as, fegs! it micht be, for onything we ken tae the contrar'.

I'm very sure if Maister Anthony had been in his sober senses instead o' been half seas ower, as is maist evident, he wad hae indicted the hale caboose o' them for murder, instead o' crackin' them up for honorable men, for the undeniable fact is they were naething but a pack o' envious, schemin', self-seekin' scoondrels; an' if Maister Anthony was here noo I wad tell him sae tae till his face. The warst o' a' is him sayin' what he wad dae gin he was Brutus—I declare I can hardly keep ma temper wi' him there. Weel did he ken he cudna be Brutus without daein' as Brutus did, an' tae say that Anthony turned intill Brutus wad pit a tongue intill ilka wound intill the murdered man's body an' set them a' claiakin' an' skreighin' till the very stanes o' the causey wad rise an' mutiny—did ever ye hear tell o' sic anither clishmaclaver? Noo, hoo cud a stane mutiny? hoo cud ae man turn intill anither ane? whaur wad he get the tongues tae pit intill the wounds? was that what he wanted wi' the ears he wanted the len' o' a' an' even sae, hoo cud he mak an ear intill a tongue? I tell ye the hale thing shows a lack o' discremination that ye dinna expect frae a man o' sic gumption as Maister Anthony. But, hooever, wi' the exception o' thae twa slips o' the tongue, the result nae doot o' grief an' funeral whuskey, the oration, takin' 't a' in a', is no' sae bad ava, an' wad pass vera weel, if it was only tae show that amangither things copied frae the Romans we didna forget the funeral sermon.

But whaur was I? I declare I've clesn forgotten what I was gaun tae say! Bein', as I was sayin', ma first appearance on ony stage, ma thochts naterally got a wee jammit, like; till here's me, stannin' amang the crood' i' the Forum listenin' tae Cæsar's funeral sermon! Sic anither association o' ideas! I really think—Losh, save us! Ma time's flown!

THE FATE OF THE FALL POET.

Ever since I can remember
Each succeeding bleak November
Calls for poems, rhymes and stanzas—
From Halifax way out to Kansas.
So it is with chill October,
Rhymes it calls for, but more sober,
Yet gloomy as the funeral pall
Are all the verses of the fall.

A weird-like man calls at the sanctum,
Whore, as a crank the "Ed."s' long ranted him,
And in his hand he holdeth "copy,"
(If I'm allowed a word so shoppo)
And sayeth meekly, "Here's some verse, sir,
They might be better, might be worse, sir.
Prompted by some inspiration
Methought I'd pour out a libation.

"I sing of Autumn when leaves wither,
Which by the winds blown hither, thither,
Fly off on their erratic race,
In vain to seek a resting place.
I sing of flowers 'nipped' by the bud."
Look out! take care! a sickening thud
Upon the poet's head, unawares;
They solze and thro him down the stairs.

The "staff" all smile in happiness,
And say, "There's one fall poet less."

—B.

"CANADA'S CHRISTMAS."

This is the title of an attractive sixteen-page holiday publication, just issued by the GRIP Printing & Publishing Company. It is elegantly printed, in tint, on superior paper, and the illustrations throughout are admirable. They are entitled as follows: Frontispiece (a beautiful design); At the Rink: "Shinny" on the Ice; Young Canada at Home and Abroad; Canadian Sleighing Parties in Town and Country; Shooting Partridge; Still hunting the Moose; Snow-shoeing; Ice-boating; and lastly, a great double-page cartoon by J. W. Bengough, introducing nearly one hundred figures representing Canadian notabilities, amongst whom are the following: Lansdowne, Sir John Macdonald, E. Blake, M. Daly, A. Mackenzie, Mercier, Cartwright, Morris, Tupper, Langevin, Edgar, T. White, Meredith, Dr. Wilson, Caron, Patterson, Alexander, Costigan, P. Ryan, Rykert, McLellan, Dr. Grant, Davin, Tilley, Chapleau, Davies, Mowat, M. C. Cameron, Trow, Casey, Mills, Pope, McCarthy, Goldwin Smith, Senator Boyd, Carling, G. Brown, Wells, Gzowski, Dr. Wild, Stephenson, Landerkin, McIntosh, Sheppard, Mitchell, Hardy, Pardee, McPherson, Laidlaw, S. Blake, Finch, "Moses Oates," Manning, Farrar, Bunting, Griffin, Baxter, John Cameron, Robertson, Bowell, Lynch, and Fraser. "Canada's Christmas" will cost but 15c. per copy, and nothing more appropriate to send abroad in the holiday season could be chosen.

BOBSERVATIONS.

"Cultivate a habit o' bobservation, Sandy."
—Mrs. H. B. Stowe.

I am glad I am not Mr. Stead—that is, to have Mr. Justice Lopes charge the jury.

Riel has added his closing item to that chapter of Canadian history he strove to make glorious by inglorious means.

Whisper now, Pater, me bhoj, hav'n't yiz got yer north eye on that ixmiphin clause what's in danger av bein' repaled? Till me, now, wid yer Consarvytiv' an' Refarm!

I am sorry to see how caddish our press is becoming in quarters where we have a right to expect better things. Honest criticism, founded on a knowledge of the facts, is replaced by diatribe, and every departure out of the beaten track is at once credited to the lowest of motives.

I notice that some persons were astounded to hear that the rebel leader "died game." There is nothing wonderful about it; natures such as his can always meet a great emergency greatly, because they invest it with all the glamour of an excited and ardent imagination; it is the drudgery of detail that brings out their littleness. When the dull reality puts to flight the glowing ideal then they fall.

Ninety thousand grog shops at one fell swoop, are closed by the Czar's prohibitory ukase against drunkenness, according to *The Week*, which proceeds to remark that "this is the sort of legislation we want in Canada." But *The Week* does not say what is to become of the men engaged in the traffic and the manufacture in Russia—it probably thinks the Czar will pension them all off handsomely for life; or perhaps it has come to the conclusion that if money is not spent in spirits it will go for bread and clothes and other articles of luxury, and thus the stricken balance will right itself. In Canada, however, *The Week* professes to think there are morals and morals, and that the morals of the Liberal Temperance Union, which would perpetuate the traffic and the manufacture the Czar has condemned, are far above the morals which enforce sobriety, and turn the stream of ill-spent money into healthier channels. That which in Russia is wise legislation, in Canada is rank tyranny.