

PITILESS LOGIC.

A PARAGRAPH is going the rounds about a bucolic genius, who happened to swallow a potato-bug. He knew that Paris green is used to discourage the festive bug, so concluded to evict the intruder by an internal application. He did. That man has mistaken his avocation. His pitiless logic eminently qualifies him to run a hide-bound daily. The *Hamilton Spectator* at once occurs to the reflective reader.



THE ALARM.

'Twas a very pleasant day
When we left Toronto Bay
In the steamer for Niagara-on-the-Lake,
We'd a lot of folks aboard—
Some who sandwiches adored,
And others who indulged in ginger cake.

Portly matrons full of cares,
(Those who hadn't easy chairs,)
Sat around and fed their youngsters plums and grapes;
Dudes walked round with maidens fair,
Wearing golden (colored) hair,
All of them a-travelling on their shapes.

As for me, I sat apart,
Soothed by the Italian's art,
For the orchestra was playing dreamy things;
And besides, I had a book,
Which my full attention took,
And I revelled in the joy which culture brings.

All at once there was a shock,
Everybody ceased to talk,
And on every face there spread a look of awe,
For a voice which drowned the scream
Of the whistle worked by steam,
Said—"Get your baggage for Ni-ag-a-ra!"

SARCASTIC—RATHER.

HOUSEKEEPER to letter-carrier (whom she has been watching coming up the street)—"Late this morning, ain't you?"

"Rather."

"Too bad, ain't it? I declare some people have no consideration for public servants—I must tell John to write out the message on the post cards quite as legibly as the address—so you can get along faster."

(Letter-carrier walks off, thinking some women are too sweet to be wholesome.)

PROMINENT MEN AT THE FAIR.

THERE were a large number of notable people in Toronto during our late fair—perhaps a larger consignment than was ever before brought in by the firm of Withrow, Hill & Co. Heading the list was Professor Lansdowne (the strong man), who, with one magic touch of his finger started our ponderous exhibition on its annual picnic of raking in silver and raking out experience. This is the same gentleman who knocked out a Mr. O'Brien in the first round last summer, without even so much effort as it took to start our show. We consider him worthy of first place in our gallery of notables.

Next in order came ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes. This gentleman is an authority on prisons. He was at one time President of the United States, and was incarcerated for some time in the White House Prison at Washington. He was here to give his testimony before the Prison Commission, and is considered an authority. We interviewed the gentleman. Previous to our interview we always had a vague longing for the presidential chair of some great republic ourselves, but after a short conversation on the matter we decided to relinquish the longing and hang on to our seven-dollar-a-week salary. He advised us strongly, and with tears in his eyes, to think deeply before accepting such a position; he pointed to his grey hairs and flowing white beard as evidences of what might befall us. He also instanced Lincoln, Garfield and Cleveland as sad examples. The latter has not yet been assassinated, but he got married not long ago. This ended the interview. We informed Mr. Hayes that he might rely on us to decline the honor when it is pressed upon us, and backed out the door. By a strange coincidence we also backed down the stairway.

Sir John A. also arrived by an evening train—two or three times. It was said he came to look after some insurance policies, but we are in a position to state that his business was simply to purchase a "thermostat," which he had heard was on exhibition here. This is a little instrument designed to keep the atmosphere at any desired temperature, and he thought it might also operate that way on the political atmosphere. It is understood that his mission was a failure.

Prof. Paine was not, strictly speaking, a visitor to the fair; that is, he did not take it in for the sake of our exhibits. His sole object in coming here was to illuminate the streets of Toronto with his new luminant (wax "dips"), and draw a couple of thousand for the honor. The art of illumination as understood by Prof. Paine was practised in Toronto when Toronto was Fort Rouille and contained only one resident, therefore the natives declined to allow him to proceed. He was circumvented in his designs. But the vilyan will not pursue him further. It is a *Painful* sub—but no! we refrain from lacerating any more the feelings of the public.

Abiather Joblots, from Midgetown, enjoyed the hospitality of some sandwich men during two days of the fair. When we ran across him he was gazing at the cattle in a sheep pen. We don't pretend to know much about farming and live stock, and felt somewhat diffident about interviewing the gentleman. Perhaps he noted our diffidence. However, as he took the last bite of his biscuit and cheese he remarked: "Mighty fine show, mister." That little speech at once set us at our ease, and we asked him about the crops up his way. "Be you a reporter?" he asked. "Well, you kin say they er jist tolerable. Thistles was a good crop. Potatoes was troubled some with *tuberculosis*, but the potato bugs *outstripped*