

OUR BRASS BAND.

SOLO BY MR. G. M. ROSE.

The appreciative public has received Mr. Rose's first solo with such enthusiasm as vigorously to demand an *encore*, that gentleman therefore, being somewhat replete with "Temperance Stories," has graciously acceded to their request. In revising these stories for the press, Mr. R's characteristic modesty led him to eliminate some of the more turbulent ebullitions of his spinster-admirer, but it may be that the judicious public will conclude that enough has survived the pruning process to justify their encore. The first of the passages we shall select as not being regarded by Mr. Rose as savoring too much of adulation, or of blasphemy, to be applied to him, is taken from page 68 of a story entitled "Ronald McFarlane;" this is one of two which flowed from the gushing pen of Maria Simpson, in 1878. The passage is as follows:—"Oh, Ronald," said Hattie earnestly, "that light which shines over the hair and forehead of Brother Rose makes one think of the glory around the head of Christ." It is a fair presumption that it must have been in the darkness of night that Maria had the privilege of perceiving "That light which shines over the hair and forehead of Brother Rose," and that "Brother R" must be in as phosphorescent a condition as the feline species is wont to be; we trust "Brother R" was not heard by Maria to *purrr* on any occasion when she witnessed the light. In two, of three of the "Temperance Stories" which serve the purpose of advertising media of the virtues of Mr. G. M. Rose, we perceive that his admiring authoress "entreats the forgiveness of that gentleman for making use of his public utterances in favor of Temperance; in one of them Mr. R's pardon is sought for making *more use of his utterances* than of those of others; the reason for seeking pardon for this so great offence is alleged to be a good one, viz., that the particular story, for the publication of which forgiveness is sought, "is not intended for Toronto alone, therefore the sayings of persons that have merely a local interest, are for the most part omitted. Mr. Rose, on the contrary, (according to his amanuensis) is known and loved all over Canada. His very name possesses a charm for thousands in our land, and his words will be treasured in their hearts." We cannot doubt that the forgiveness of the estimable Mr. Rose was extended to his transgressing authoress so soon as he commenced the revision of his manuscript. It is greatly to be feared that those portions of the Stories which the blushing Rose deemed too flattering for publication are doomed to perpetual oblivion. The following extract is one which was *not* considered by Mr. Rose to be unduly unctuous:—A certain old maid is represented as having been displeased with one of Mr. R's orations, and she is rebuked in the following fashion—"I do not believe there was another person in that crowded hall who was not inspired with renewed zeal by those brave, encouraging words. If such speeches do not arouse us to work, there is nothing under the wide heaven that will! Oh, had we only a few more Temperance men like Mr. Rose, how speedily we should get Prohibition!" For our part, we shall in future take a profound interest in Mr. Rose's nursery; we trust it is well stocked with seedlings. It appears that on a certain occasion Mr. Rose delivered himself of the following sentiment at a Temperance meeting:—"We ought to be careful in choosing our officers, to elect men whom we can look up to," in relation to this, his admiring authoress says (and he endorses the sentiment, in revision) "Who is there in Toronto that Mr. Rose can look up to?" Brother Rose's oratorical powers, we fear, must be unduly monopolized in the advocacy of the Temperance cause, for we find his authoress affirming that "Never before had she

seen a crowded hall, so controlled by a single earnest voice to vote aright;" and she (and he) piously adds:—"We have all great reason to bless God for giving us Brother Rose;" we trust that no one will have the hardihood to dissent from the foregoing well-attested statement, for we learn, on the same good authority that "a warmer heart does not beat in Toronto than that of Brother G. M. Rose." The conversation which ensues on the ventilation of this sentiment assumes the following form:—"Would you stake your life upon that?"—"Yes."—"You're a wicked little fool—never having spoken to him, how can you possibly judge?" "From the Bible," gravely replied Hattie; "A tree is known by its fruit." So that we have the concurrent testimony of "Maria," the Bible, and that of G. M. Rose, that "a warmer heart than his own does not beat in Toronto." The enraptured "Maria" avails herself of the circumstance of one of her characters having ironically used the phrase—"That precious Mr. Rose," to make another character, "warmly reply—"You say very truly, Mr. Rose is precious!" One ceases to wonder at the "preciousness" of the President of the Board of Trade, and of the Temperance Colonization Company, for we find another of "Maria's" characters exclaiming:—"I cannot conceive what there is in Mr. Rose that so constantly reminds you of Christ!" and again we learn that "Mr. Rose never looked so noble as he did to-night," and that "that new treasurer and his companions may think themselves honored to sit at Mr. Rose's feet, both in this world and in the next" (when presumably there will be no T. C. C. scrip to be manipulated in a printing office). In reference to the substitution of another treasurer for Mr. Rose, on a certain occasion, we read that "Christ knew what it was not to be appreciated by those to whom He had done nothing but kindness. Can you doubt that He took that insult to His younger brother (G. M. Rose) as though it were done to Himself. Aunt Fanny, it is a comfort to know that Jesus loves and appreciates Mr. Rose. He counted those precious tears,—Mr. R's tears; we trust Mr. Rose's tears were dried by the time he revised Maria's manuscript. These remarks culminate in the following sentiment:—"Mr. Rose has a gentle, loving, child-like nature, and—so had Christ." We descend for a while to the terrestrial subject of fur caps, and hear the Rose-endorsed exclamation:—"Oh, Ronald, don't you think that little dark fur cap which Mr. Rose wears becomes him?" "Certainly I do," is the reply; "his hair shows more plainly than in any that he could wear;"—"that beautiful, dark, golden-red hair; of course you would like a lock of it!" says one of the speakers; "I would indeed, Aunt Fanny," is the answer; and the rejoinder—"And nothing would ever induce you to part with it," etc. We must conclude with the expression of a desire that the possession of the coveted lock of Mr. Rose's hair has been realized by his admiring authoress, and that the publication of the Temperance Stories of which Mr. Rose is the hero, may effect the purpose for which they were published by Hunter, Rose & Co.

SCAVENGERS.

Let us gracefully acknowledge our indebtedness to those medical gentlemen who, by the aid of the police, have kindly undertaken the duties of the scavengers. To judge from the testimony of our nasal organ, as rendered in many parts of the city, there remains much to be done towards counteracting the extreme offensiveness and corresponding unhealthiness attaching to certain establishments which are generally found at the back of people's premises. One mode of counteracting this would be by a liberal use of wood and other ashes, and another, the keeping such places closed, instead of allowing them to emit their horrible fumes throughout the day and night.