

THE FIVE MINUTES' CLUB.

RECORDED BY TITUS A. DRUM, ESQ., M.C.S.

A respectable old sage, who lived before the nineteenth century, in the depth of his intellect discovered that great events from little causes spring. This he was kind enough to hand down for the benefit of posterity. Titus A., as one of the posterity, is powerfully impressed with its truth in the present instance. A great event—the founding of the F. M. club—has sprung from a somewhat little cause—the teeming brain of one Shakespeare Smith. Shakespeare is a genius, we speak feelingly, he courted a twice-removed cousin of ours, and when they married, thrice-removed her, there the genius came in. As this noted gentleman will figure largely in this record I will give a brief pen and printers' ink-sketch of him. Take a large quantity of Pickwick, throw in a dash of Micawber, add a little of the Village Blacksmith, Horatius and King Car. Mix and spice with small portions of the following:—Buzfuz, Tom Hood, Carlyle and Dr. Johnson; and there's your man.

To begin our record, Shakespeare Smith conceived a Brilliant Idea, that B. I. he confided to two of his dearest friends, who entrusted it to three of their most cherished friends, and they, in turn, revealed it to four of their chosen bosom friends. Thus, the minds of ten men now teemed with the Idea. To delay its development was to place them in the immediate danger of being sent to a lunatic asylum, so they swooped down on Shakespeare for relief. He called together a meeting which we place upon record as the first gathering of The Five Minutes Club. Shakespeare Smith took the chair and explained that for the present the constitution of the club would consist of the three following clauses:—

I. This club shall be known as The Five Minutes' Club, and shall have for its primary object the suppression of verbosity, commonly known as long-windedness, as developed in preachers, orators and public entertainers generally.

II. This club to advocate, as a remedy, a maximum of five minutes duration for all public utterances, believing that sickness and insanity will be lessened thereby.

III. The secondary object of the club to be that of social enjoyment, governed by the principle named in Clause I. These clauses to be added to as the club develops.

The following subscribed their names to the roll: Shakespeare Smith, Milton McFilter, Macauley Doxium, Wilde Turnbull, Triptolemus Tripod, Vanderbilt Jones, Mendellsohn O'Reilly, Boucicalt Twikletop, Demosthenes Stokphast, Mozart Dibbs, Talmada Higgins, and Tennyson Walker. The following officers then were elected:—Presiding Genius, Shakespeare Smith; Deputy P.G., Milton McFilter; Most Noble Secretary, Macauley Doxium; M. N. Treasurer, Vanderbilt Jones; Valiant Sentinel, Mendellsohn O'Reilly; Organist, Mozart Dibbs. A recess of ten minutes was called, when several of the members mysteriously disappeared for a greater part of the time. Upon the P.G. resuming the chair, Sentinel O'Reilly was found to be absent, and on an exploring party being sent in search of him, he was discovered actively engaged in pressing his newly espoused principles upon a meek-looking man who was desperately clinging to a lamp-post to enable him to withstand the torrent of Mendellsohn's eloquence. When all were fixed the P.G. asked if any of the members wished to ask questions or offer additions to the constitution.

Bro. Demosthenes Stokphast thereupon rose to ask if the club intended to press for five minutes' sermons from ministers, or did the clause more particularly apply to the prayers of the rev. gentlemen?

The P.G. replying, said "The question of five minutes' sermons must be left out of the

programme for the present. As to the length of prayers, the club intends to take immediate action upon the question."

Here several members rose to their feet to speak, but it being evident to the eagle eye of the P.G. that Bro. Boucicalt Twikletop had the floor he was allowed to proceed. After blowing his nose with great energy and looking to the ceiling for the inflatus, that worthy said, "P.G. I do not wish to comment upon what the previous speaker has said, but rise to ask if the club will take some action to prevent the incessant talk of woman, whether over a new bonnet, a cup of green tea, the latest scandal, or the thousand and one subjects upon which a woman, at any time, can hold an animated half-hour's conversation.

Bro. Wilde Turnbull rose hastily to remark that the brother was very ungallant to the ladies, which remark brought forth a severe rebuke from the P.G., which caused the indiscreet brother to lapse into moody silence.

Bro. Triptolemus Tripod asked if the club would exert its power to crush the canvassing agent who came and dexterously removed all traces of a wife's work from the door-step, and whose tongue was usually wound up to run fifty minutes. The P.G. replied "I recognize in the suppression of woman's tongue, the greatest work of the club. Preachers, and even agents, are amenable to reason, but seldom is woman. The right-of-way to Gableland is claimed by woman, and I am afraid we cannot displace the claim. However, the club has a grand field of action before it, and if all the members are energetic we can accomplish wonders. Let your zeal be tempered with discretion and all will go well. The subjects mentioned had better be referred to a special committee, upon which I shall name Brothers Stokphasty, Tinkletop, Doxium and Higgins. Bro. Higgins objected to being on a committee which would criticize the actions of the ladies, he took pleasure in listening to their charming utterances. This speech played rough upon the feelings of the members, several weeping audibly, whilst one brother, rich in the blessings of wedlock, fainted. When the sensation subsided and the fainting brother was brought round by the application of a bottle neck to his lips, Bro. McFilter asked if the objecting brother was married? Higgins said he was not. The questioner sat down in silence, not daring to let loose his sentiments upon the subject. Not wishing to damage the poetical nature of Bro. Higgins, the P.G. named Triptolemus Tripod in his stead.

The club then went into the question of dues, which is of no interest to the general public.

After asking the members to push forward the principles of the club, the P.G. closed the session.

MEMORIAL LITERATURE.

(By a member of the Canadian Institute.)

REMARKABLE EVENTS.

Many of our citizens have good cause to remember the old jail. It stood on what is now Toronto-street; but formerly Yonge-street branched off at Queen and straggled down in a drunken sort of way till it reached King-street and the jail. I remember well the vacant ground where the New Post office is now erected, and many of our younger citizens recollect Yonge-street before the block pavement was put down. Why it is only as yesterday when old John—and myself used to sit in the old Lyceum theatre on King-street and listen to the troupe that came over with the Pilgrim Fathers. They were called the Holman's, and many old residents remember them and the Jubilee Singers announcing every year their farwell appearance. But about the old jail: it is not generally known that it was taken

down in sections and set up on the south side of Wellington-street, and was used by an Ecumenical Legislature as an Assembly House. It stands there yet, though the shed used as a driving house for the use of the country members has fallen into decay.

There is a curious bit of history about the vacant lot at the head of Toronto-street where the Post office now stands. Every one knows that an old photographer's van stood there for years. It was one of the last of these perambulating establishments now unknown to the rising generation. The proprietor, having appointments with a batch of medical students and also with the York Society of Deacons for the Suppression of Tobacco unfortunately allowed the appointments to lapse; and, while the two policemen did not recover for months, the innocent cause of it all was driven hopelessly insane. It was the last official use made of the van or the camera within, but the only remaining survivor of the students—(the deacons are long since dead and free from smoke, let us hope)—the only survivor I say, told me that the van was taken possession of by a narrow gauge railway, and for many years formed the only palace drawing room car the company possessed.

Strange things have happened in Toronto in my time, some for the better, others not so. Old men will recollect Stanley and Dummerstreets. Why there isn't a trace of them now; Yorkville, too, all gone—wiped out like the cities of the plains, and probably for as good a cause. It goes hard with me to acknowledge it, but I can go back far enough to indicate the time when there was not a decent daily paper in Toronto, and no such thing as an evening sheet worth looking at.

Away back in the forties you couldn't count fifteen Queen's counsel hurrying off to the Division Court, to reduce a plaintiff's claim by a couple of shillings—no advantage to their client even if they succeeded—or another lot hurrying down to the old jail—I mean the Parliament buildings—in order to abuse each other about the Clergy reserve of the County against the Clergy reserve of the City. However, that is none of my business—my business is the early history of this great city at a time prior to Free Libraries and Grocery Licenses, and I must reserve myself for that. I am ashamed of these digressions, and will set about my work in earnest. My next paper will be Yonge-street from Holland Landing to the confluence of the Don and the Humber five miles south of what is now the Island; showing that anciently this great street ran east and west, extending from Dundas to Kingston, or at least the Kingston Road. I have in preparation the Legends of Pine-Ear and Hay-Seed, two of the Buck-eye Indian tribe; and also the celebrated prophecies of Chin-Chin and Mows-His-Oats, who were hanged for inaccuracies on Montgomery's Farm.

Small boy: "Pa, did you know ma long before you married her!" Pa—"I didn't. I didn't know her until long after I married."

Boston journalism is rising a little above the dead level. The Baltimore *American* man recently wired the *Boston Post* man to know if he wanted a special about the birth of a tattooed baby. Electricity flashed back in the twinkle of a lamb's tail, "No; we keep an able liar of our own."—*Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal*.

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.