



GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—“The Shadows of a great City,” one of the strongest melo-dramas ever put on the boards, is running at the Grand this week. The acting, with the exception of the Jew, Nathan, is excellent, and the scenery superb. The interest never flags for a moment, while the comedy of the piece is excruciatingly funny. The engagement closes with the matinee and evening performances on Saturday.

Next week, Tony Pastor, Monday and Tuesday, and the great Kiralfys the balance of the week. These two attractions should crowd the house from Monday till Saturday.

ART EXHIBITION.

The Annual Exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists is now open at 14 King St. West. Want of space forbids an extended notice of the magnificent works on view, but we will say that this year a most noticeable advance has been made by the majority of the exhibitors, and many of the pictures would grace the walls of the Royal Academy itself. The attendance has so far been large and fashionable, and every person who takes an interest in art, or wants to be considered *a la mode*, should make it a point to patronize the exhibition.

THE HARDEST PART OF THE WORK.

“Is that brake hard to handle?” asked a young man of the driver of a Drawbridge car. “No,” responded that person. “Is that whistle hard to blow?” again interrupted the youth. “No,” gruffly responded the driver. “What is the hardest thing to do on a street car?” “Answering fools’ questions,” replied the driver.

HARD TO BELIEVE.

“Sister,” said a little boy, rushing into the parlour, where she was entertaining young Mr. Smith, “will you come into the hall a minute? I want to speak to you.” “I cannot now, dear. Don’t you see I am engaged with Mr. Smith. What is it you want?” “Jimmy White is out in the hall, and he says he won’t believe it unless you tell him so yourself.” “What is it that Jimmy White won’t believe?” asked the sister sweetly. “That you ate twenty-five pancakes this morning for breakfast.”

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says that he ran away early from his father because he discovered he was only his uncle.

The mammoth group of the Toronto Police Force, by Dixon, has been admired by crowds of people during this week. It has gone to the Colonial Exhibition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PICA.—The fact of a gentleman wearing spectacles, a bald head, and a wart on the side of his nose, does not necessarily qualify him to edit a comic paper.

T. J.—So you think it’s a shame that we are always hitting at Blake. Well, my dear boy, if Blake didn’t put himself in a position to be hit, he wouldn’t be hit. Our artist is Irish, and wherever he sees a head, he “makes a crack.”

ASPIRANT.—Your poem on “Boys and Girls Together” is hardly up to our standard. It is too much mixed. You see, you start off with

“By blue Ontario’s desert beach,
We roamed the woods together.”

Now, if you mean Ontario’s “beech” tree you are possibly right; but otherwise your “forest” on a “desert beach” is away off. Again, you say—

“Why were we separated? Why
Do I no longer see her?
She’s gone into the spirit land,
With angels to appear.”

This strikes us as idiotic. If you had any common sense, you would know perfectly well that after she had retired to the spirit land, you couldn’t see her without paying a medium half a dollar. Then why ask the question? As for rhyming, “see her” and “appear”—oh!

F. IDLE, D.D.—Thanks. We will be glad to hear from you again.

THE O'DONOHUE ON STRIKE.

THE SENATOR KICKS.

Special to THE ARROW.

Senator O’Donohue has kicked, and the Government is shaking in its shoes. The trouble seems to be that John O’Donohue is not represented in the Cabinet. It appears, according to The O’Donohue, that sometime in 1882 John O’Donohue made strong representations to the Hon. John O’Donohue that The O’Donohue was pining for offices of emolument, and that in the opinion of the majority of Mr. John O’Donohue, John O’Donohue was the only fit and proper person to represent The O’Donohue in the Cabinet. On these representations a petition to Sir John Macdonald was drawn up by The O’Donohue, signed by John O’Donohue, and presented personally by the Hon. John O’Donohue, stating that he would consent, if strong pressure was brought to bear on him, to become a member of what he now denounces as an effete and corrupt administration. The pressure was not brought to bear, however; and now The O’Donohue, backed up by the Hon. John O’Donohue, has kicked, with a large K. Mr. John O’Donohue considers that this treatment of The O’Donohue is a brutal insult to the whole Irish race, and predicts mighty things “agin the Government,” to be performed by the Hon. John O’Donohue during the next campaign, unless, in the meantime, Hon. John O’Donohue obtains public places of emolument, or representation where it will do The O’Donohue most good. When it is borne in mind that there are only six Catholic ministers in the Cabinet, the modesty of The O’Donohue’s demand for further representation will be apparent.

Two tramps, one of them a young man, the other well advanced in life, had just left a house where they had been supplied with a bountiful dinner. “I say, Bill,” queried the younger of the two, “where do you s’pose we’ll get our supper?” The old tramp turned on him in disgust. “Here—you’ve just had your dinner,” he said, “and you begin to wonder where you’ll get supper! If that’s the kind of disposition you’ve got, young feller, you had better quit the profession and go to work!”