

## Authors, Artists & Journalists.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

THE Richmond, Va., *Baton* has reached our table, and we bid it welcome. The *Baton* is a neat four page paper devoted to music and wit Long may it wave.

The *Waterloo Observer*, we hasten to say, is among the very best of our humorous exchanges. The issue for the 27th ult. is simply capital in its original matter. It has a cordial welcome to our heart and—scissors.

GRIP comes to our sanctum regularly every week, and is indeed welcome. It puts the political questions in a very clear light by aid of cartoons and pen sketches. Send to Bengough Bros., Toronto, for a sample copy.—*The Star, Wolfville.*

GRIP very properly rebukes the new Toronto weekly, *Truth*, for its tendency to dabble in filth. *Grip* itself is a model of pure wit. It has all the excellencies of a comic paper, without any of the uncleanness that too frequently crops out in journals of that class.—*Huron Signal.*

W. A. SMITH, paragrapher of the Philadelphia *Sunday Item*, has been succeeded by Mr. HILDEBRAND FITZGERALD, and hereafter there will be a marvellous falling off in the number of paragraphs in that paper slurring aristocratic names. A man named SMITH naturally takes to that sort of thing more than one named HILDEBRAND FITZGERALD.—*Boston Post.*

ALONZO PETERSON, publisher and proprietor of the Emerson (Man.) *Weekly Journal*, died in Belleville on the 26th ult., of consumption. He came there from Emerson about two weeks since with the hope that the change of air would benefit him, but the disease had gained too firm hold on him to lead to any hope of his regaining his health. He was a practical printer, and learned his trade in Belleville.

The first twelve pages of Mr. McGINNIS' ambitious publication *The Canadian Portrait Gallery*, are in the hands of subscribers, and the typographical work is excellent, and the lithography displayed in the portraits is in most respects fully equal to that of the English work upon which it is modeled. In a few cases, however, the likenesses are defective as for instance that of Hon. Mr. HARDY.

DRAWING OUT THE WRONG RIBBON.—One of the best of GRIP's late cartoons is that in which he represents Sir JOHN as the great magician and political thaumaturgist, drawing out the wrong evidence from one of the witnesses in the investigations of the Pacific Railway Commission. The surprise and consternation depicted on the countenance of the chief operator, if not genuine, is at least well put on.—*Guelph Mercury.*

IN ANSWER TO GRIP's invitation for original music, to be criticised, we have this week received a new "Rockaway" from the Messrs. NORDHEIMER. The composer is Mr. JACK FRASER, an amateur well known in Toronto, and the music is named the "Unique." The air throughout the three movements is sprightly, well-sustained and eminently "dancy," while the second movement is quite a novelty in this class of work. The harmonization is pretty, and altogether we feel justified in predicting a large sale for the piece, which will be at once gratifying to the Messrs. NORDHEIMER and the composer.

THE *Canadian Monthly* for this month is really well worthy of careful perusal. With one or two exceptions the articles are really first rate. Specially notable, as ably written and very readable articles, are a notice of "RUSSEL

of the *Scotsman*," the opening chapters of "The Black Robe" by WILKIE COLLINS, and "The Early Years of Three Rivers" by WM. KINGSFORD, C. E., Ottawa. There is a considerable quantity of legal matter which might without serious loss to the magazine have been omitted. The verse in the number is, in the majority of cases, real poetry, but why such pieces as that "To a Mosquito" and "Absence" were ever penned is a conundrum that the authors only could answer. We have pleasure however in most heartily commending the volume as a whole.

MR. ARCHIBALD FORBES, the war correspondent, is now on a lecturing tour in Canada and the States. Mr. GRIP is pleased to extend the right hand of hearty welcome to this brawny and energetic Scot. He is, *facile princeps*, the one and chief war correspondent and model descriptive writer. At an early age (somewhere among the 'teens) Mr. FORBES was plucked in mathematics at the University of Aberdeen, and in disgust, left for London. Here he was, for a time, full private in one of the dragoon regiments. Thereafter he turned his attention to the press, and experienced a good deal of the ups and downs of the newspaper man's existence. He was editor of the *London Scotsman*, an influential publication, at the time when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, and he undertook to act as "our special" for the *London Daily News*, from which time his fame dates. Those who care to see and hear a man who is so thoroughly the representative of newspaper writers, should go to hear his lectures. They will find him hardly less graphic in his verbal descriptions than he is with his pen.

HERR HOFFMAN, one of the three founders of *Kladderadatsch*, the German *Punch*, has just died, leaving behind him a fortune of \$1,200,000, which he built up from the laughter of German-speaking Europe. His paper was popular from the start—1846—always incisive and never dull from the standpoint of German humor. HOFFMAN, when he started his paper, was a poverty-stricken bookseller, and the scheme for the paper was suggested to him by HERR KALISCH, a fertile author of vaudevilles, and HERR SCOLZ, an artist who still draws for it in the comfortable studio of his handsome Berlin residence. KALISCH made a deal of money out of it, and preceded HOFFMAN to the grave. The most notable point of the *Kladderadatsch*, or rather that which was the more celebrated than any other of its features, was the little scrappy, witty, weekly dialogue between MULLER and SCULZE, two perfect types of the Berlin lounge and skeptic, who never failed to chat on current events. To *Kladderadatsch* we owe also the discovery of ALBERT WOLFF, the Parisian critic, who made his first witty remark in the pages of the Berlin journal. HOFFMAN was a genial, jolly German, and was always to be found at the weekly receptions at HERR DORN's, a contributor to the paper, who gathered round him all the Berlin *littérati*. Naturally, as all good things have imitations, *Kladderadatsch* was not long in the field without a rival. Most of these have died, but the *Wespen* is today a successful competitor, though it hardly succeeds in disturbing the serenity that belongs to the older paper. *Kladderadatsch* has played no small part in Prussian politics and has always rather petted than pricked Prince Bismarck.

## ART!

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## Actors, Orators and Musicians.

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

M. GOUNOD's new opera, "Le Tribut de Zamora," has been read to the artists of the Paris Opera.

"ONE HUNDRED WIVES" is a new play that has made a success in Philadelphia. Is it another Mormon piece?

NILSSON won't come to this country this season, because JARRETT declined to deposit \$30,000 as security for her American engagement.

SARA BERNHART is all the rage in New York. Whatever her histrionic gifts may be, her talent for securing gratuitous advertising certainly amounts to genius.

MR. CHARLES HARCOURT who was to have played "Horatio" to EDWIN BOOTH's Hamlet at the Princess Theatre in London fell through a trap-door in Drury-Lane Theatre and was fatally injured. In consequence BOOTH will not make his debut until November 6.

W. E. SHERIDAN has purchased a play from JOSEPH HATTON, entitled "Jasper," or, the "Mystery of Edwin Drood." It is a dramatization of CHARLES DICKENS' story, written by CHARLES DICKENS, JR., and JOSEPH HATTON. SHERIDAN will most likely produce it in Philadelphia on his return from San Francisco.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND, the actor was, in early life, a member of the typographical profession, that is to say, when a lad, a carrier boy of the Buffalo Daily Courier, and he often alludes pleasantly to the fact that the first money he ever earned was in disseminating that paper to its city subscribers. He is now rich and famous.

JOHN B. GOUGH has not been the success in Canada that he was expected to be. The reason as indicated by the *London Advertiser* seems to be that he charges too high and is not a thorough-going temperance reformer. The latter seems a queer statement to make with regard to one who has been hitherto regarded as the great apostle of temperance.

WE were unable to avail ourselves of the pleasure of attending Mr. TORRINGTON's *matinee musicale* at the piano rooms of RISCHE & MASON, on Friday last, though courteously invited to be amongst the favored guests. It gives us pleasure to know, however, that the affair was a most gratifying success. The programme was made up of selections played by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, pianoforte performances by several of Mr. TORRINGTON's pupils, and vocal contributions by Toronto's young *prima donna*, Miss McMANUS, whose voice proved more charming than ever.

JENNY LEE, who first acted in the States as *Mary Meredith*, in "Our American Cousin;" was an appleblossom of a woman then, fresh, ingenuous, and with the bloom of sweet simplicity intact. Well, she is a rather buxom matron now, but as jolly as ever, despite now responsibilities, and very marked success—sometimes more trying than fortune's stings and arrows. She is happily married to Mr. J. P. BURNETT, who used to act with her at the Union Square and who is the author of the version of "Bleak House," in which she has secured such popularity as *Poor Jo*, the outcast.—Her "make-up" for the part is marvelous; how she manages to make herself so thin, to all appearances, is a problem, and a "bundle of rags" feebly describes her attire. The voice, all the details, are photographic of a "type" common enough in crowded English cities. There are *Poor Jo*'s without number to be seen on Lime Street, Liverpool, for example. JENNY LEE hopes to go to the States in the course of a season or so, in which event she would take her own company, several of whom are remarkably clever.—*Washington, in Baltimore Every Saturday.*

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