



AND NOW IT IS SIR JOHN'S NIGHTMARE.

IN THE NEAR FUTURE.



When Maxim puts the finishing touches to his flying machine, what a boon it will be to the base-ball umpire!

A NOTE FROM OUR CRITIC.

IT is a mistake to call Mr. Sol Smith Russell an actor, if an actor is understood to be a man who is able to delineate character apart from his own personality. Mr. Russell happens to possess by nature a quaint, serio-comicopathic manner, and it is this which has given him the fame he enjoys. He is precisely the same Sol whether in private life or in any of his stage representations, and he will, no doubt, achieve the greatest success of his life when he appears in a play entitled "An Evening with Sol Smith Russell." In this respect Mr. Russell is a counterpart of Mark Twain. Neither has the power to "act" at all, though perhaps nothing could be more amusing than each happens to be in *propria persona*. This note is merely in the interests of exactness. Don't refer to Mr. Russell as an actor; call him a genial, kindly, exemplary and amusing gentleman, and the most captious critic cannot object.

OUT OF PROPORTION.

THE undaunted G.O.M.
Would the tide of error stem,
And Besant he deems as worthy of his steel;
True, her Theosophic trash
In the *Nineteenth* he does smash,
But it's "breaking a mosquito on a wheel."

DETECTIVE MacKenzie whose magnificent and statuesque figure has long been an ornament on Hamilton street corners has been reduced to the ranks. This is what we call a rank outrage.