

Tuesday of last week were startled at every corner with shouts of "All about the arrest of Manning and Rogers!"—which must have been very pleasant for the families and friends of those prominent citizens, especially as they had *not* been arrested, but only summoned. Of course it is the first duty of the public to buy the papers and read the particulars, but some people will evade duty, and those who did so in this case got a decidedly wrong impression. The two names selected for use by the news-boy, belonged to the two men who were, in the opinion of the police magistrate, subsequently expressed, the least guilty of all the alleged "compounders of a felony." Mr. Rogers was discharged at the preliminary hearing, and the evidence against Mr. Manning was very slight. Can anything be done to bridle the newsboy's tongue or to edit his utterances. His present liberty is certainly a "crying evil."

SURPRISE is expressed at the energy, perseverance and industry of Prof. Goldwin Smith in connection with the great scheme of Commercial Union. Easy-going people can't understand why a gentleman of means and leisure should trouble himself about a subject in which he has no personal end to serve; but at the same time they are not prepared to give the learned Professor credit for entire disinterestedness. Some think he is working for fame; others (his enemies, of course,) declare that he is doing his best to ruin the country. It is time that GRIP made a plain explanation. Mr. Smith is simply impelled by business considerations. He is a history manufacturer, and in bringing about Commercial Union, he is getting out raw material for future work. Having written up all that is worth attention in the past, he is now laying the foundation for fresh labors. It has long been his ambition to write a great history of Canada's National Greatness, and as he knows this will date from the establishment of Commercial Union his anxiety to have the date fixed soon becomes perfectly intelligible.

SHOWS.

BILL NYE proved a deplorable failure in his alleged comic lecture on "The New Sourh." He talked for about three-quarters of an hour, and it was quite long enough for most of his hearers. Mr. Nye writes some very readable things, but really there is something required to fit a man for the platform beyond a whimsical name and a bald head.

MR. GEORGE BELFORD, the reader, had fine audiences on Monday and Thursday, evenings of last week, and he gave high satisfaction. In strongly dramatic pieces, in pathos, and in light comedy he is strong; in broad humor he is decidedly weak. His rendering of the "Rubenstein Piano"—a favourite selection—was poor, and quite unworthy of the applause it received.

H. B. JACOB'S Co., in the great melodrama "Wages of Sin," will be the attraction all this week. An exchange says:—"H. R. Jacobs' company, which is presenting 'The Wages of Sin' at the Academy this week, is considered one of the strongest and best selected organisations on the road to-day. It is composed of first-class actors only, and they have been secured because of their fitness for the parts to which they have been assigned. The piece itself has proved a strong attraction everywhere. It is well written, contains much originality, and presents many striking characters. Already both the company and the piece have made a favorable impres-

sion in this city, as the thronged houses which have greeted every performance testify, and the present engagement will undoubtedly prove successful. Both Mr. Jacobs and the amusement loving public are to be congratulated upon having secured such an exceptionally fine company to present this excellent piece."—*Post Express.*

BILL'S HAUNTING PRESENTIMENT.

THE editor of this journal received a courteous, but imperative request from the great cyclone humorist, Wm. N. Y. World Nye, to visit him at his palatial suite of rooms on the morning of his arrival in Toronto. After considerable difficulty we located him, and found him in a depressed mood. Something was evidently preying on William's bloated intellect, and had already laid bare his scalp in the demolishing process. He arose as we entered and staggered into our outstretched arms. After a few minutes of soul communion he led us to a divan, which had also grown bald in the life labours of a soap-box, and William placed himself before us on a chair that had lost a leg in the war of 1812. As he arose wearily from the floor, and toyed with fragments of said chair, we had an opportunity of studying the various formations of his physical structure. The most interesting deposit was his head, It was a series of knobs, prairie



SCRIPTURAL.

MacGrit (veteran curier).—Now, Minister, as ye's the only guid man amang us, cast the first stane!

and mountain ranges of volcanic origin, bald as an oyster, and had a good-sized town lot tattooed in the centre.

He (*N. Y. W. Nye*) then proceeded to interview us. He was suffering from aggravated melancholia, and wore a 2 x 40 inch face.

"My dear boy," said Bill, "I am in deep mental trouble. You wouldn't think so from my facial expression, but I am. I want your advice; I am a new arrival in this country, and have had no opportunities of measuring the humorous qualities of a Canadian audience. I want to find out, before administration, how much fun you Kanucks can absorb without exploding. This is what makes me mourn. You know I am the great American humorist, and as a professional laugh-producer