



"Damon and Pythias" held the boards at the Grand all last week. The play is a strong one, marred only by occasional long-winded speeches, which decidedly weary and unsettle an audience. Fred. Warde can, if any man can, keep up the interest of his "house," but it required his strongest efforts to save the large crowds which nightly patronize him from having the "gapes." The scenery was true and artistic, the dresses magnificent, and the *tableaux*—one especially—really impressive.

The "Mikado" began to reign at the Pavilion on Monday night, and abdicated only through necessity on Saturday. For once the Pavilion was filled night after night, and everywhere one meets "the man with an ear" humming Ko-Ko's absurd ditties. There was a slight weakness in scenic display, but the acting and singing of the whole company was above reproach. Georgia Knowlton, who, by the way, grows more charming with time, especially enraptured her audience, and Messrs. Geo. Broderick and J. W. Herbert added another leaf to their already kingly garlands of successful buffoonery.

"H. M. S. PINAFORE."—Casting off for a moment my critic's mantle, I would, with benign expression, offer a few words of friendly advice to two members of, and the "Standard" Opera Co. in general. To Miss Vallete, in the words of the text, I would say, "Come ye out from among them;" to my old friend, Harry Rich, ditto, ditto; and to the *rest* of the combination—"Dick Deadeye," especially—would gently but firmly remark, that there is in the wilds of Kamschatka a village, the inhabitants whereof have never seen "Pinafore," and from late reports the walking up north is not bad. I have no friends in that village; no, on the contrary, it is the abiding place of my bitterest foe. I need say no more.

THE MAN AT THE PLAY.

SOLD!

The G. O. M. thought he could easily talk over
All the electors, so glib he of tongue,
And that the campaign would be merely a "walk over;"
For he is a power the people among.

Now see the Tories—the wretched reactionists—
Heading, triumphantly, poll after poll,
Demolishing Parnellites, Liberal factionists,
While grief and rage fills the G. O. M's noll.

A pretty position for England's Prime Minister
Doing the bidding of Charley Parnell;
Matters indeed had begun to look sinister—
Now, with much pleasure, we bade him farewell.

He's fallen, thank heaven; and those he relied upon,
Tom, Dick and Jacky, and ignorant Hodge,
Have proved what their mettle was—

DEAR "ARROW,"—Get some of your fellows to finish this; I got lame at the last verse. Am now off for a day's holiday.

Yours, XXX.

SOME THOUGHTS ON A WHITE HAT.

While the Court for the revision of the voters' lists was being held at the Town Hall, in St. Paul's Ward, an incident occurred which greatly enlivened the tedium of the proceedings. When Mr. Joseph Tait, the well-known Sunday School teacher, sometime preacher, and baker of light bread, made his appearance, attired, as to his head, with a new and brilliantly white hat, which he did not think fit to remove, but walked gravely up and sat down right in front of the Judge—like Fitz-James in Scott's poem,

"He alone wore cap and plume."

the whole assembly was dazed for the moment, fearing that perchance the trenchant Joseph, rather more inspired than usual, had arrived with the real purpose of denouncing both law and Judge in thunder tones, and was keeping the hat on to emphasize his remarks. The Judge gazed for a moment at the roofed-in intruder with somewhat of that perplexity which may be supposed to irradiate the countenance of the proprietor of a China shop on the sudden entrance of a bull; when Playter, albeit a mild-mannered man, but the embodiment of the physical force of the court, hastily awoke to the emergency of the occasion, and sternly made the original remark, "Take off your hat." Tait was evidently unprepared for this novel and startling procedure, and was paralyzed for the moment, and then remarked feebly that he was just thinking of going out: "Take your hat off anyway," remarked Playter, with increasing severity. The words were few, but they rang in the doomed man's ear like the knell of fate echoing down the corridors of time; his naturally roseate countenance speedily assumed a hue scarcely distinguishable from the sunlit gorgeousness of his well-fitting wig—which is made by Meredith, the well-known perruquier of Church Street, who furnishes these necessary and beautifying articles either for cash, approved credit, or for a small weekly payment, gradually extinguishing the debt. He tremblingly strove to gather himself together, but the lion courage of the man weakened horribly in the presence of recognized authority. He gazed helplessly around for sympathy, but finding none, and then gathering up his skirts, fled the hall. And now comes a strange sequel to this thrilling history. 'Tis whispered about that Tait has sworn a fearful oath that he will never again let hat of white rest upon his troubled brow, and that ere another sun—not the Markham *Sun*, which would have given him a week for reflection, but the orb of day—he dotated George Washington with the erstwhile proud castor which had brought on him dishonour at the hands of a minion of the law. Hap this as it may, Tait now walks the streets in blackest tile of ancient fashion, and which is thought indeed to be the very beaver acquired long since by James David to walk with in Orange procession, and for which he has no further use; while, as in proof of the tale, Mr. Badgerow has been seen right frequently parading King Street in a white hat of most portentous character, eke much at variance with the somewhat marked dinginess of the balance of his raiment. It is possible that, in making the gift, Tait may have thought he was endowing George Washington with that which might, as with the flower in Blake's case, be the white emblem of a blameless life. Looking at it in this light, it is a touching incident between two patriots like Tait and Badgerow.