



AT THE "PINAFORE" PERFORMANCE.

SCENE—Grand Opera House, Hamilton.

HE (*a visitor from abroad*)—"The performance is really capital. Did I understand you to say that the company is made up entirely of amateurs?"

SHE—"Yes; all excepting Mr. Warrington, who is playing *Captain Corcoran*. He's from Toronto."

CAVEN ON CANVAS.

THE Alumni of Knox College, having decided to adorn the wall of their Convocation Hall with an oil portrait of their Grand Old Man, have given the commission to our leading artist in that line, Mr. Forster. Accordingly, the eminent Principal may be seen every fine morning streaking it down to the studio on King Street, where he gives the painter what the General Assembly would call a sederunt. We dropped in and had a look at the work the other day. It is as yet only in the initiatory stages, but anybody can see that Mr. Forster has there the makings of a very smart man. The Principal is represented as sitting in his official chair in all the glory of his academical gown. The likeness is striking, and the expression peculiarly pleasant. We remarked to the painter that he was dealing almost too tenderly with the strong lines of the face, whereupon he explained that he was doing the portrait from the American point of view, and keeping the natural Calvinism of the face subdued. Anyhow, we confidently predict a picture which will be voted first-class.

CANDY FOR GRIP.

EDITOR STEAD speaks of our own GRIP as being "one of the very cleverest comic papers in the world." Mr. Bengough, we give you this little advertisement without charge.—*Brantford Expositor*.

Thanks. But is it a *little* advertisement? Editor Stead's *Review of Reviews* circulates all over the English-speaking world, and he is an excellent judge of comic papers; as for the *Brantford Expositor*, it is read by everybody, original and aboriginal, in the County of Brant.

NOT THAT KIND OF TRAIN.

"ARRESTED for holding up a train," read Mrs. Jimpsecute in the news columns of the *Mail*. "Well, now, *did* you ever hear of anything more perfectly ridiculous? As though any woman wouldn't hold up her train rather than drag it along over the dust and have it stamped on and perhaps torn by every clumsy brute of a man that passed. What next, I wonder? It's all very well, I suppose, to prevent *ballet* dancers making an exposure of themselves on the stage, but it's just like the police—they always overdo everything, and so because some shameless hussies want to go capering and kicking around on the stage to please a lot of bald-headed old *roues*, a decent respectable woman can't take proper care of her clothes by lifting her dress off the ground but what some prying sneak of a detective must make it an excuse for interfering. But let me see who it was. Well, I never! it wasn't a woman at all, but two men who attacked a train of cars! Just like those papers. Why can't they say what they mean in plain English, instead of putting such nonsensical, deceiving headings on? I don't believe half the things they put in ever happen at all. I really think of all the trash I ever read some of those things they write in the papers nowadays just beat all!"

And the good lady threw down the paper in disgust and went to the door to scold the milkman for coming around so late.

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

WHY, how pale you are!" said the ivy to the lily, "you look as if you had had a fright!"
"Well, I would not want to be as green as you are, and anyway, though I may look white, I stand my ground and don't run up a tree like you do!"

THE INWARDNESS OF IT.

AP MORGAN, the Welshman, is an inveterate punster. "I'll tell you why he's always perpetrating his atrocities," said Beeswax, "he feels more at home with twisted English. It's more like Welsh, you know."



"GOOD BYE, HARDY!"

A letter from Sudbury, printed in the *Mail*, says that Hardy's Mining Act, imposing royalties on the ore taken out, has knocked mining operations on the head. Capitalists, prospectors and miners are leaving the country, and blue ruin reigns supreme!