

has become bankrupt. There are also loud complaints of the injustice and wrong-doing of the local Government agent. It need hardly be said the representations of the Indians have been calmly ignored by the Government up to this moment.

**OH, SHAH!**

A story of thrilling interest to Canadians has been wired across the Atlantic to the *Mail*. It is to the effect that the Shah of Persia sent an agent to the Bazaar at Herat to get new material for his harem: the agent was attacked by robbers, his spondulics taken, and his guard dispersed. The *Mail* man says further, that it is reported that the agent on his return was "bow strung" by order of the Shah. It is little items like this that makes the daily "specials" from over the sea so truly interesting. Poor fellow! Dear me! Bow strung, eh? Well, well!



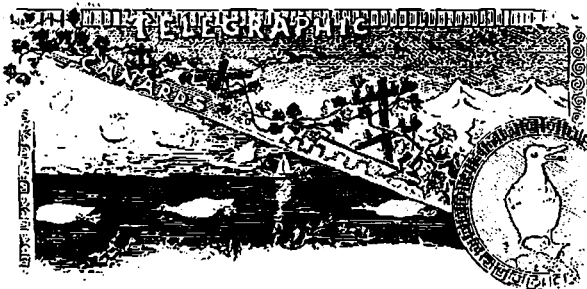
MAYOR HOWLAND has begun well by endeavoring to suppress the disgraceful shows which occasionally visit the city. When he is firmly seated in the chair Toronto will be a chilly place for the unadorned "actresses" and other pests of a like kind.

DALY'S New York comedy success, "The Passing Regiment," will be given at the Grand during the week of the 18th. This will be one of the finest attractions of the season. The Rich. J. Harris Company are looked for, the 25th, to be followed on the 28th by the "Dark Days" Company.

THE sixth Monday "Pop" came off with the usual honors on the evening of the 11th. Mrs. Estelle Ford was the soloist. This lady has a brilliant voice, but her pronunciation is bad, and her habit of going off into a peaceful snooze in the *pianissimo* passages is a novelty in the profession. Herr Kegel was very fine in his clarionette solo, and the Quartette fully sustained their high reputation. The seventh concert will take place on the 27th, when a quartet specially written for the club will be performed.

SAV, GRIP, old boy, I saw you at the Travellers' ball on Wednesday fortnight. Wasn't it immense? Did you ever see more pretty girls, elegant dresses or handsome fellows? I know you didn't, for I caught you staring at me and my partner fifty times during the evening. I never enjoyed myself so much since I've been on the road—not even excepting the time when I was snowed up in company with Jack Ross for eleven days at Cheltenham. Didn't Fred Warrington sling himself with that Glee Club? I tell you, if Fred keeps on in that line he'll be as good as if his name began with a T instead of a W. But (don't you give this away now), a lot of those fellows in the club are not drummers at all—don't even know what a bill of goods is. We let 'em sing with us just to show that we ain't proud. I don't think Mrs. Caldwell did as well as usual, do you? I heard some of the folks say it was on account of the accompaniment, probably. For my part, I think that *Carnival of Venice* high-trapeze business is getting stale; I'd ten times rather hear Mrs. C. do some sweet little ballads, and she *can* do 'em, can't she, though? Miss Strong was about up to her usual average, which is very fair. I wish I had as much calm repose about me as she has in her singing. I could work an order out of the worst customer on the road if I had. I liked Tom Beddoe. I don't hear a voice like his anywhere—just like a flute. But I'm afraid that Pavilion wasn't built for the voice. It didn't seem to fit exactly. I've heard Mr. Warrington sing better than *he* did. The *Roamer* song is too heavy for him. It needs a voice like Babcock's or Tott's to do it properly. Mr. Hunter gave immense assistance to the club—in fact, he sang so well that my girl wouldn't believe he was not actually one of us. I wrote this more than a week ago, but forgot to send it to you.

TOM ROVER.



*(Special to GRIP.)*

LONDON, Jan. 15.—Before leaving London Sir John Macdonald had an interesting interview with Mr. Gladstone. At the latter gentleman's request, Sir John explained to him fully the provisions of the new Canadian Franchise Act, and the Gerry-mander Bill. Mr. Gladstone unhesitatingly pronounced both measures statesman-like, fair, honest and generous.

(LATER.)—A special Cabinet Council was convened to hear Sir John Macdonald on the business which brought him to England. At the last moment Sir John appeared, dressed in the costume of *Toots*, and with his inimitable wag-of-the-head, said it was really of no consequence. The Council then adjourned.

WINNIPEG, Jan. 15.—It is stated in well-informed circles here that Hon. John Norquay has decided to hold on to the loaves and fishes until the Opposition secure a leader strong enough to bounce him.

MONTREAL, Jan. 15.—A special despatch to the *Witness* from Bellechasse says that the recently published mandement by Bishop Langevin against the course of the Bleus was not issued in the interest of the Bishop's brother, Sir Hector.

HALIFAX, Jan. 15.—A surgical operation has just been performed upon the editor of the *Herald*, of this city, with a view to enabling this unfortunate gentleman to see the point of a cartoon. The top of the head was skilfully removed, and the brain dusted with a whisk. The operation was painless, as the head is fortunately wooden.

St. PETERSBURG, Jan. 15.—Madam Skobelev, a poor woman residing in Chokemoff Lane, to day found a penny while passing along the street.

(This cablegram was stolen from the *Mail's* special wire by our office boy.)