



M.P.-CUNIOSITY.

MRS. STONEY BROKE—"Dear, dear! here are some more bills. What are we to do?"

MR. STONEY BROKE, M.P.—"I move they be laid on the table and read this day six months."

at the same time. But think what a dangerous custom this would be to inaugurate in a new country, where the fair sex are proverbially scarce. A popular young Mormon could pop the question like a Gatling gun and bag a score of misses at once. Single-minded men would have no chance. Consider, too, the desolation resulting from a Mormon elopement. No establishment, unless it were a nunnery, could recover from such a decimation.

On the whole these wholesale methods of procedure do not agree with the law-abiding spirit of moderation, characteristic of Anglo-Saxon civilization. To steal one heart indeed is permissible in the latitude accorded to the lover, but such large robberies seem more like house-breaking than house-building. Wedlock thus appears to be picked, and the knout, rather than the nuptial knot, is its proper reward.

Then the military aspects of this threatened Mormon occupation deserve attention. Should any unpleasantness occur like the late Half-breed rebellion, the Mormons, if hard pressed, would doubtless enlist their women as the better half of their forces. In engagements with these some nice questions would arise. Should martial or marital law be proclaimed, or both? Should prisoners be taken in arms? If good-looking this would be the most common method of surrounding them. Would it be necessary in order to sustain the gentlemanly character of our forces, to use only the new invisibly exploding gunpowder, as ladies generally object to smoking? Or would it be the correct thing for our men to attend such ball parties in dress suits?

All these considerations seem to point to the wisdom of excluding the Mormon on account of his *harem-scarum* manner of house-keeping. It would be better to let our prairies remain idle than that they should be so *Utah-lised*.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

BOSTON people will look at Peter Jackson through colored spectacles.

THERE is to be no budge on the boats in future. As a consequence, the new fashions in tourists' pants will embrace two rear pockets.

A SUGGESTION.

WHILE grief for the loss of the magnificent library of Toronto University is yet green let us be practical or nothing. Now is the time for every Canadian author to present to the new collection one copy of his complete published works, bound in library calf, with his autograph therein and the photograph inserted that is most like him, whether it makes him look like a pirate or a—a—in fact, a spoon. Even alleged poets should not neglect to do this, for they all have unsold copies of their lays on hand, and in this presentation lies their main chance of going down to posterity. Further, on unused shelves, from the farm-house to the palace, books of some kind, printed in Canada, are falling a prey to dust and spiders. Send them along, please. The limited editions published are rapidly going out of print, with no likelihood of being reissued. Book-buyers know the trouble and cost they have in rescuing stray copies of our earlier works. The value of such a native collection, as proposed, cannot be overestimated as material for history. GRIP is, perhaps, the only work of giant mind that needs no such aid to immortality, for its pages are embalmed in the heads and hearts of the countrymen of the illustrious fowl.

OUR Kritical Kolumn.



MESSRS. SUCKLING & SONS, whose enterprise in bringing Von Bulow to Toronto was deservedly rewarded with success, now make announcement of a still more popular attraction for the evening of Monday, May 5th. Mr. Edward Lloyd, the great English concert and oratorio tenor, who comes to America to fulfil a limited number of engagements, has been secured for one concert at the Pavilion on the date named, on which occasion he will be supported by the Torrington orchestra. Mr. Lloyd's name is known as widely as that of Sims Reeves, and he is regarded by many as the greatest of living English tenors. A magnificent audience will, no doubt, greet him on his first visit to Toronto.

VON BULOW played the piano as well as that instrument can be played by mortal man, and yet there was an unmistakable air of dreariness over the audience. Can it be possible, after all, that our passion for the severest classical music is a humbug, and that, notwithstanding our *décolleté* dresses and white ties, we would really have liked a few bars of Sullivan here and there in the programme? This is a startling and even horrifying suggestion, we are aware, and yet—well, that's the way it struck us. The shadow of pain upon some of the fair faces as the audience moved out, recalled to mind the latest Wagner story. "Vell, an how haf you enchoy it dis evening?" enquired the Professor of the New York society belle, as they left the opera house after *Parsifal*. "Oh, I think I'm beginning to really appreciate it," was the answer. "my head ached awfully to-night, don't you know!"

THE attractions at the Opera Houses this week are:

GRAND—HARRY Lacy and Company in "The Still Alarm," a New York and London success. Next week, the Emma Juch Grand Opera festival, a magnificent attraction.

JACOBS & SPARROW'S—"Uncle Tom's Cabin," a dramatization, as we are given to understand, of a novel by one Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. This is an extraordinary spectacular production of this favorite play.

ACADEMY—"Little Nugget," a musical comedy, presented by a capital company, under the leadership of Miss Goldthwaite and Messrs H. S. and Joseph Cawthorn, the well-known Irish comedians. On Monday, 28th, for Manager Greene's benefit, Louis James, the tragedian, and his excellent company will produce "Othello."