



GRIP may be a sombre bird, but he loves wit, enjoys fun, and fairly revels in a right-down good musical carnival. This is his only ap—no, not apology—his explanation of the cartoon of the Royal Handbell Ringers of London, England, who are now taking their second trip through Canada. The music loving citizens of Toronto indicated their high appreciation of these wonderful Campanologists by turning out in large numbers eight different times during last week to hear them at the Horticultural Gardens. The Company consists of five gentlemen who, judging from their magical manipulation of 131 Hand Bells, must have been born with a special gift for bell-ology. To the uninitiated it is simply incredible that five persons can make charming and harmonious music by means of hand-bells, every one of which has to be separately handled and struck—or rather—jerked to get from it the note desired. Yet the audience is fairly entranced by the most delightful and fairy-like music extracted from as many as 86 bells in one single selection. "Home, sweet Home," "Robin Adair," and other melodies come to us afresh with their simple grandeur when rendered by these enchanting bell-ringers.

Their rendition of "La Fille de Madame Angot," "Les Cloches de Corneville," "The Harmonious Blacksmith," and "The Turkish Patrol," gives us a new conception of the splendour of these compositions. The GRIP Cartoon introduces the five Royal Champions of Campanology to his friends. Mr. Miller, who is the manager and leader of the band, is a Singular Erection of long bones and nervous muscles. He makes no very graceful stage bow to his audience, but he puts himself *en rapport* with them at once by his remarkably witty and instructive introductions and interpretations. A very judicious and charming variety to the entertainment is the rendering of numerous glees, quartets, rounds and catches. We should rank Mr. Henry Havart as among the first-class public tenors while his brother, Walter Havart, is an excellent Baritone and Mr. A. Berridge a good Bass. GRIP is not unmindful of the *morale* of public entertainments, and in this respect this Company take very high order—as fit for a church as for a public stage. It is at once a refined, artistic, amusing and delightful performance, charming alike to old and young.

Our notice of this company's visit to Toronto would be incomplete and partial if we omitted to say a word in commendation of Mr. E. K. Hood, of Boston, who was engaged specially to appear with the Bell Ringers in this city. Mr. Hood is a public reader of very high order of talent. As an elocutionist he is almost perfect. His voice is clear and facile, his memory seems to be capacious and unerring, and his facial expressions are inimitable. Toronto will be glad to see Mr. Hood again

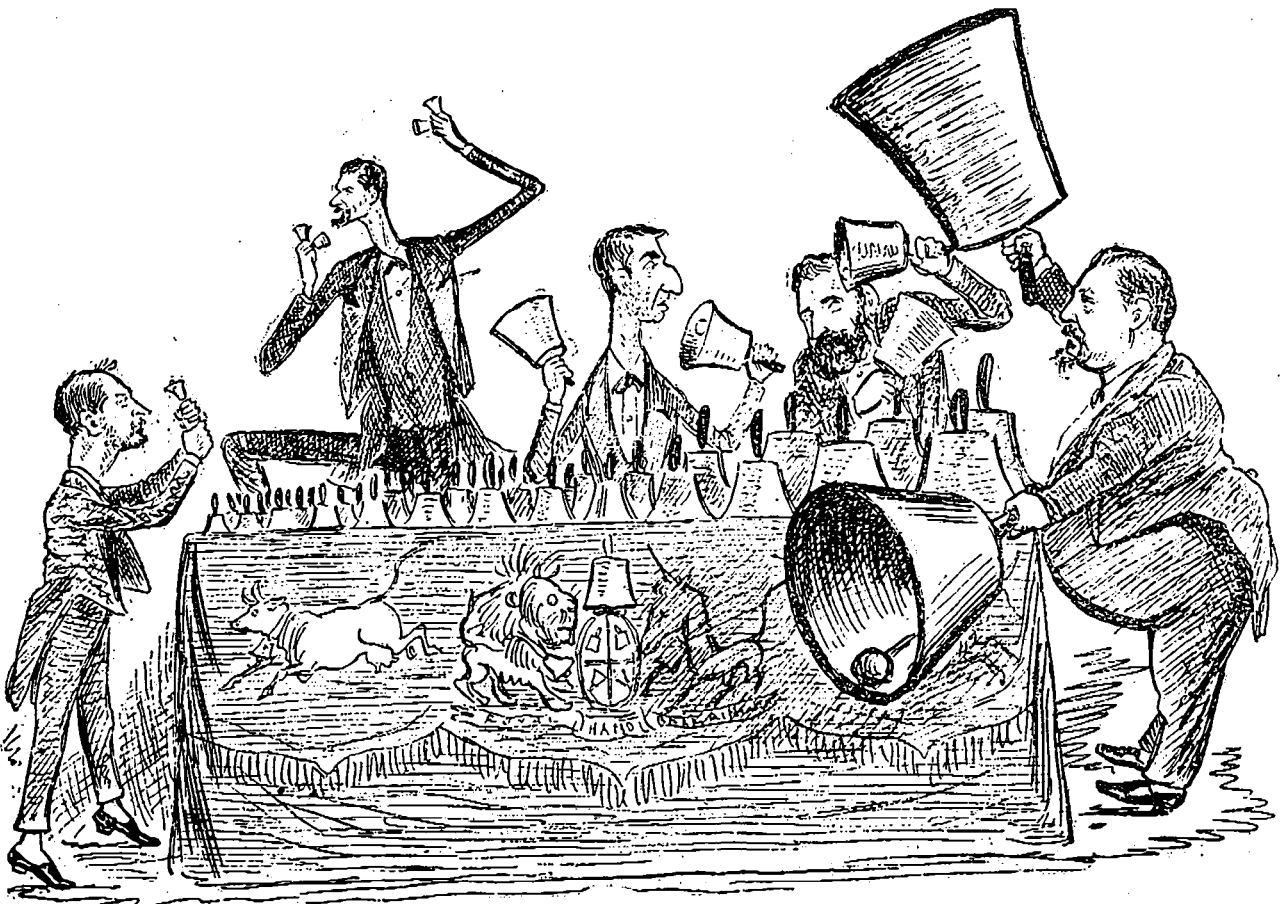
and will be prepared to greet him as a deservedly popular and superior talented dramatist.

E. F. Thorne and his company, in the well-known melodrama, "The Black Flag," provide amusement this week for the patrons of the Grand. On Saturday Joe Murphy had to turn hundreds away.

The Royal Museum continues to do well. The management provide a really good show, notwithstanding the nominal price of admission.

A Chicago contemporary says that Chicago has sixty millionaires, and asks, with what he evidently considers a reasonable degree of pertinence, if she has sixty soup kitchens. And he replies to himself, "No, nor six." Our Chicago friend looks for too much; he must be young not to know that a city can't have soup kitchens in every ward, nor indulge in such luxuries as orphans adopted, widows looked after, street arabs taught farming, sick and poor comfortably housed and nursed, and its natural pauperism wiped out, and still keep its millionaires. It's just as well to be moderate in one's demands.

At a legal investigation of a liquor seizure the judge asked an unwilling witness—"What was in the barrel that you had?" The reply was—"Well, your honor, it was marked 'whisky' on one end of the barrel, and 'Pat Duffy' on the other, so I can't say whether it was whisky or Pat Duffy in the barrel, being as I am on my oath."



WITH MR. GRIP'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE ROYAL HAND-BELL RINGERS.