



REV. DR. WILD. (loq.) Has this nothing to do with it, brother?

**Actors, Orators and Musicians.**

The Editor will be pleased to receive Canadian items of interest for this column.

Fritz Emmet thinks the press has not treated him well because he treated himself too often.

Adelina Patti is singing in Madrid. Her debut was made in "La Traviata," with enormous success.

Lawrence Barrett tells a New York Tribune interviewer that he thinks "high art was never more prosperous than at present."

Nat Goodwin of the *Frolloques*, enjoyed a Cincinnati frolic one night recently by winning \$1,500 and sleeping off the effects in a local dungeon cell.

Miss Genevieve Ward, and McKee Rankin and wife have arrived from Europe. Rankin was coolly received in Dublin, and he says the Irish care nothing for American sympathy.

Charles E. Smith places the value of his eighth interest in the *Albany Journal* at \$15,000, and to prove the reasonableness of his estimate, offers to purchase the other seven-eighths at the same rate.

Mary Anderson and Salvini will probably play together for a week, in the spring in "Ingomar." J. H. Haverly is now negotiating with them, and his proposition has been received with favor by both stars.

"Aida" was recently performed of an afternoon for the exclusive delectation of the King of Bavaria. The singers, both male and female, were rewarded by the eccentric but lavish sovereign with presents of nearly priceless value.

Miss Jennie Hogan is creating somewhat of a sensation in Washington as an inspirational poet. She hails from Vermont, is a brunette of ordinary height, small features and a face with a bright expression, though she is not pretty. She gives exhibitions of her talent and rhyme on the slightest pretext.

The concert on Monday night in Shaftesbury Hall drew a large audience and was very successful throughout. The artists were Mrs. Bradley, Miss Lewis, Messrs. Warburton, Hurst, Heber, Watkins, Beddoe, and Wm. Clarke and his orchestra. The concert was in aid of the Queen street Baptist Church parsonage fund.

Jerome B. Stillson, a well known journalist on the metropolitan press, is dead, age nearly forty years.

"Si Slocum," at the Grand, draws audiences whose tastes run to sensational situations and musket slight of hand. Mr. Frayne is no doubt a marvellous master of firearms, but one cannot help feeling that some of these times his drama will be turned into a tragedy, without even the threadbare excuse of "didn't know it was loaded."

The next attraction announced at the Royal is Rose Eyttinge, the celebrated emotional actress, [supported by Mr. Cyril Searle, in the much talked of play "L'Assimoir," ("Drink.") This piece was lately the reigning sensation of Paris, whence it passed to the British and American stage with equal success. It is said to be one of the most powerful and thrilling plays of modern times, being a faithful adaptation of one of Zola's terribly realistic stories.

Messrs. Baker and Farron are at home this week to their hundreds of old time admirers at the Royal Opera House. They have just returned from a tour around the world, which has added no perceptible tinge of vanity to the consequential Irishman, or the energetic Dutchman, of the incomparable pair. Their new piece "The Emigrants," is "Chris and Lena," with variations, but its power of interesting and amusing an audience is as great as ever. Mr. Baker surprises his friends by displaying "burnt cork" ability of which they never suspected him, and Mr. Farron is still peerless as the German girl.

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**Authors, Artists & Journalists.**

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Cincinnati is to have a new penny paper.

The *Irish Canadian* appears this week in an enlarged form and decked out in new type Bravo, brother Patrick. Keep the pot a Boyle-in!

"Sir John and Sir Charles, or the Secrets of the Syndicate," is the title of a very cleverly written skit on the great question of the hour. Sir Charles is represented as urging the Premier on in his mistaken course against his better judgment—which is, in our opinion, the exact situation. Copies can be obtained at all the bookstores, price five cents.

To the Publishers of GRIP'S Almanac for 1881:

GENTLEMEN.—I most heartily bear witness to the fact that GRIP'S almanac for 1881 is *A 1.*, but I must, in justice to my own good name, object to that one "A" which your printer has so unkindly substituted for the more euphonious M which properly precedes my surname. (See my advt.) *A* is such an indefinite little article that it means nothing in this case, so you will kindly correct it in future editions to read as subscribed by yours truly, M. McLEOD, St. John, N.B.

We have received No. 63, Vol. 2 of *Moonshine*, a very attractive humorous journal published at 62 Fleet St., London. The literary and artistic work of this paper is quite equal to that of any of its contemporaries, though it costs but a penny per number. Mr. Arthur Clemens is the editor. Mr. GRIP will be pleased hereafter to exchange his bright rays of humor for the *Moonshine* of his confrere Clemens—who, by the way, is no relation to our American *Mark Twain*.

The Christmas number of the *Liverpool* (Eng.) *Lantern*, has reached our table and commands a word of praise. The editor has made an extra effort and the result is a more than usually interesting number, which is saying a good deal. There are hundreds of *Liverpool* people in this country who would be greatly interested in the *Lantern*, and for their benefit we note the fact that it costs but a penny per number, and may be had by addressing 46 St. Thomas's Buildings, *Liverpool*.