



PROF. W. S. VALLANCE, of Glasgow University, who is acknowledged to be the finest elocutionist in Great Britain, has been induced to favor Toronto with two evenings next week—Wednesday and Thursday—when he will appear at Shaftesbury Hall. Those who have heard Bellew will be anxious to see Vallance, who is the legitimate successor of the great English reader.

THE Mikado is with us at last. It was worth the long wait to secure a performance of the piece when it *did* come, from the original libretto and orchestration, and by a thoroughly competent company. The Mikado is generally admitted to be Gilbert & Sullivan's prettiest opera, and no urging will be needed to induce Toronto to go and see it. Happy the man who can get a seat!

WHAT GOLDWIN DON'T KNOW ABOUT TEMPERANCE.

GOLDWIN never was in a licensed respectable saloon at 12 midnight to see the impecunious bums thrown out.

Goldwin never was in an "unlicensed den" and took stock of the sweet-scented mob.

Goldwin was never at an unknown hour in The Club and marked the idiotic faces, the obscene stories, and the call for another bottle of wine.

Goldwin has never been down in the police cells and viewed the objects on the floor reeking with the ardent.

Goldwin has been among the *temperate* folks.

Where are they?

But Goldwin is a temperate man. "And so are they all—all" "temperate" men. Q.



THE GRIT VOTER.

TAKING STEPS TO GET HIS NAME ON THE REVISING BARRISTER'S LIST.

RINGS AND BANGS.

A lassie, called Belle Macintyre,
(A man of some note, was her sire,)
Quite clever at books,
Yet vain of her looks,
Was this lassie, called Belle Macintyre.

Her beautiful forehead—'tis fact—
She feared might somewhat detract,
From her nose, and her chin,
And her mouth—what a sin!
To detract from such beauty as that!

Her eyes were pleasant and bright,
Her figure of medium height,
Her hands, like her feet,
Are slender and neat,
And *ungloved*, were a beautiful sight.

Yet her hands, those beautiful things,
She disfigured with *brass-colored* rings,
O tempora—mores!
O Reign of the Tories!
Disfigured with *brass-colored* rings!

This adage, let every one know it,
"If you have an intellect, show it";
Let those without brain,
The fashion maintain,
But *(w)ring not and bang not* the poet.

—H. K.

HE IS HERE.



HE Local Legislator has arrived in town and is numerous distributed around the hotels and boarding-houses. He expects to have even a softer "snap" than usual this session, as Hon. Oliver has cut out very little work—just enough to enable the gentlemen from outside to enjoy their winter holiday and draw their salaries. The Local Legislator is a good-natured, easy-going gentleman to all appearance; but if you want to stir up the demon within him, and transform him into a monster of wrath, all you have to do is to read him the *Mail's* article in favor of biennial sessions. A very sensible and reasonable article by the way.

SOME SPOONS.

SPOONS were so called because they were cut out from chips—modern spoons are very often chips off the old block and are well cut out for their business. It's better to cut out a spoon than to be cut out for a spoon. Spoons for the mouth, and the mouth for spoons—so it goes very often. There are the various kinds of spoons. First the cute little ornamental salt and mustard spoons, too dainty for use and rather interesting to observe—they always go in pairs. The larger spoons first go in sets, but soon dwindle down into pairs. There seems to be a sort of evolution in spoons. Watch a pair. They commence at the table—a couple of tablespoons. Public scrutiny becoming too noticeable, they leave, seek some retired corner, and immediately become a pair of dessert-spoons. We dare not intrude, but if we dared, *perhaps* we would find our couple to have changed into teaspoons. What the next process of development is we know not; experience and observation have sadly failed us here. One word and we close—if you become a spoon, sooner or later you will get into hot water.