

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Beast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18TH, 1875.

From our Box.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. EDWIN ADAMS takes his benefit to-night (Friday) in *Enoch Arden*. He is a good actor and this is his finest role. The Laureate has himself recognized the great merit of Mr. ADAM'S representation of the heroism immortalized in his beautiful poem.

On Monday amateurs of the Toronto Cricket Club will present "The Pride of the Market," with the assistance of Mrs. MORRISON and Miss MARY DAVENPORT. In the second innings a leg-hit-ittimate drama called "Bowl Him Out" will be played. Some capital hits, stump-speeches, and effective bye-play may be anticipated. Swiping however will not be countenanced. Lovers of point (or cover-point for that matter) in the cricket field, or behind the footlights should not fail to be present.

The Royal Opera House is again open with the 'Overland Route' as a trial piece. Mr. FYFFE as *Dexter* shows little dexterity for such a part. We commend to his attention a properly accentuated geography, that his mispronunciation of Indian names may no longer injure our ears. Likewise that *Sir Sydney Smith* was more famed for heroic deeds than witty sayings. Mr. DEGROAT would also do well to remember that aged British diplomatists do not affect the Dundreary goose step introduced by Mr. SOTHERN. Miss DOLLY BIDWELL, bids well to be a favorite if she would restrain her vivacity in the part of *Mrs. Sebright*. Mr. BELVILLE RYAN'S *Mr. Lovibond* was an excellent piece of comic acting. Miss VIOLET CAMPBELL has evident capacity, and performed the part of *Mrs. Lovibond* remarkably well. The piece was well put on, the scenic effects of the second act being particularly good. The orchestra rendered night hideous by their inharmonious strains.

Twin Pictures.

Drawn with a raven's quill by our special artist.

THE HON. J. B. LOVE EASE.

WHY this amiable and eminently unpractical gentleman should forsake his home comforts, his easily managed business, and his Sarنيا cronies, to encounter the hurly-burly of the Ontario Legislature, is one of those things that no fellow can tell. Why should he vex his soul with things he neither knows nor cares anything about? Would not the Government be able to worry out a precarious existence without his presence at the Council Board? And it is said that he would willingly forego the sweets of office, did not his colleagues fear that the starting of even so slight a rivet would loosen the bands that bind them to power. Perchance the dread of fleeing from ills they have to others that they know not of, may influence them in continuing their convulsive grasp upon the honorable and unwilling sharer of their councils. So he still slumbers nightly in his chair, or airs his genial humour in the lobbies. But because he is thus 'faincant' and indolent, it must not be supposed that he possesses no moral force or strength of character. On the contrary, were he allied to men of energy and will,—were he allowed the strength of his opinions,—had he not been subdued into a 'laissez faire' idleness by the wavering policy of the administration,—he possesses strength of convictions, and soundness of principle, that would have rendered him an able and patriotic minister. He has leanings towards nationalism which he dare not discover;—he abhors party in his inmost heart, and longs for the downfall of the Dictatorship;—his honesty revolts at the quibbles and petty dishonesties that the exigencies of the Government force him to countenance;—and from his inmost soul he hates the bother and complications that harass the holders of office. Personally he is genial, good-tempered and somnolent. The only draw-back to his complete social enjoyment, is the recollection that his worthy father was a teetotaler. He prefers a snug party with their knees under the Speaker's mahogany, to the clatter of contending politicians in the House. If a bill could be introduced to abolish meetings of Parliament he would be completely happy, and would do his half-hour-a-day office work, and feel that he was discharging the whole duty of man. He wears a hat brush under his chin, shows his teeth when he smiles, and has a penchant for his old clothes. It is a matter of surprise that he does not wear slippers and a dressing gown, and introduce a canoe couch damask into the Legislative Chambers for his greater convenience and comfort. He likes ease.

W. R. MERITT, M.P.P.

It is only a question of time as to the prefix of "Honourable" to the name of this gentleman as a title—not as an indication of character. Possessing advanced ideas, and a fair power of giving them expression, he is Conservative only by birth and prejudice, Liberal in all else. His dislike to appear conspicuous, and anxiety to avoid disagreeableness, check him in many differences of opinion with his narrow-minded leader; and he allows himself to be misconstrued rather than appear quarrelsome or factious. With these idiosyncracies, his parliamentary career is characterized with more of the 'laissez faire' than is consistent with his true character. Were he to exert his strength, and test his standing in the House, he would be surprised to find that he ranks second to none in his reputation for sound sense and ability, and would be more popular as a leader than his present chief or his Lieutenant. Certain it is, that he ranks third upon the opposition benches, and possesses that great merit for a leader—a clear record. Of prepossessing personal appearance, and showing indisputable marks of education and refinement, he is a great favourite with the Ladies Gallery, and frequently relieved the tedium of a wearisome debate by his pranks with the late member for Frontenac's spectacles. His appearance is gentlemanly, and his clothes are made for him. Without affecting the dandyism of the member for South Brant, he is sufficiently particular to show that he is a man of society and *savoir faire*. For the rest, his history is still to come; and with the position he has achieved at his age, it should be that of a man of mark.

Nonsense Verse.

There was a young man of Port Hope,
Who with a sweet girl did clope,
But his father was wroth,
And kerwolloped that broth
Of a boy, with the end of a rope.

The Traveller in New Brunswick.

DEAR GRIP,

In compliance with your commands, and with an eye to future remittances, I proceed to tell you all about St. John.

Mr. MACKENZIE was here lately and told the inhabitants all about everything else, and it is but fair to tell all about them in return.

There are several different ways of getting here, partly depending on where you come from. You can come by sea or by land, and you might come in a balloon, but this is an uncertain class of conveyance, and you had better not. The approach by sea is on the main, rocky. It is also exceedingly rocky on the Maine.

The early history of St. John goes back to remote antiquity. It's dark ages were enlightened at times by the burning of the entire settlement. This occurred so frequently that the insurance offices grew suspicious, and it was discovered to be the result of a put up job between the Mic Mac Indians and the local architects. Thus is the simple savage perverted by the duplicity of civilization. You will not find this account in the ordinary histories. I had it from the agent of an American insurance company.

This is an excellent place of residence for people who don't want to be bothered with visitors. The names of the streets are generally carefully concealed, and the same variances also appears in the majority of the houses not being numbered. This is said to be a relic of the old days when the Indians made frequent incursions. It gave you a chance of escaping the vengeance of an offended chief, who might mistake the house and scalp your neighbour.

The scenery of the harbour is very interesting. With a few trifling alterations it would pass for the Bay of Naples. But the Torontonian visitor will revert with pride to thoughts of his much loved marsh and the newly-planted trees on the Island. St. John has nothing to compare with these. The rocky gorge known as the Falls through which the river St. John enters the harbour cannot compare in placid beauty, and certainly not in richness of odor, with the well built piers which conduct the pellucid Don into Toronto's delightful Bay.

The inhabitants of St. John are singularly undemonstrative. I understand that the present Mayor enjoys great popularity, but I cannot learn that such endearing epithets as "Old Square Toes" and others, which Toronto's impulsive sons have bestowed on their chief magistrate are ever applied to him. Do not think I am telling a traveller's tale when I say that these people seem to have some ideas of respect for his office. They have, I fear, but a small sense of humour and don't get the aim they ought to out of their civic dignitaries.

There is a *Globe* here, but no GEORGE BROWN to run it. Fancy two *Globes* in one Dominion—you can hardly do that—but at once recognize the wisdom which prevented the co-existence of two BROWNS. Yet in Halifax there was lately another GEORGE BROWN, now no more. I have not heard of his making any big push, but at a big pull he was said to be unequalled.

Economy is an admirable thing—especially in public affairs. Perhaps