

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, MAY 5, 1875.

From Our Box.

GRIP thinks Toronto people might have done a little more in the way of turning out for MR. and MRS. HARRY RICH's benefit on Monday. Serve them right, they missed a good thing, for "Meg's Diversion" was very well played. MRS. RICH as the heroine tormented *Fasper Pigeon* in a provokingly natural manner, and in her turn was tortured by *Roland*. It was a great pity that her most telling scene in which CALDERON's picture of "Broken Vows" should have been realized was spoiled, and the *tableau* effect destroyed by some clumsiness in setting the scene. MR. RICH himself as the simple, rough and goodhearted carpenter *Fasper*, shewed a power of evolving the deep paths that lurks behind the outward absurdities of the part. MR. CLARKE "created, so to speak" a very fair *Ashley Merton*, and the *Eyton* and *Jeremy Crow* of MESSRS. HERBERT and ROGERS were well acted, particularly the former, who was "not to be trifled with", and whose collapse at the end, when he found he had been, was very ludicrous. MRS. MORRISON looked and acted as well as ever in her favorite part of *Lady Teasle* in a scene from the "School for Scandal", and we were delighted with MR. ROGER'S *Sir Peter*. But, if young gentlemen persist in playing *Charles* and *Joseph Surface* in big black moustaches, something will have to be done. GRIP felt like ordering a tonsorial artist (modern African for barber) to be sent for, and having the delinquents shaved on the spot, as a fitting prelude to the jolly little farce of "Who killed Cock Robin?" By the way, they say that the importation of English sparrows will probably result in the demise of many robins. Can't be helped—nothing like changing the face of nature.

ERIN and the BRENNANS at the Royal. MR. BRENNAN expounds his panorama of the Emerald Isle with clearness, and the scenes depicted are further illustrated by specimens of the

"Finest pisantry on a fruitful sod,"

who go through the national pastimes of whiskey drinking, fighting, love-making and dance the national jig with reckless enthusiasm and wild shrieks. J. H. BANKS, its yourself that's the broth of a boy! As *Dublin Dan* you seem just in your element. For friend JOE in this part has full license to dance, sing, make faces, and play the fiddle, which last he does well, so well that it is almost a pity his performances are varied by sundry gymnastic feats, such as playing behind his back and over his head. In fact he seems to be able to play wherever he holds the instrument. MRS. BRENNAN sang several songs very well, as did also MISS REILLY and, the latter lady's jig with MR. BANKS was worthy of *Donnybrook* itself. MR. EDWARDS is sure to please those who like "Dutch" comedy. We fear we are not judges, or that there is something wrong with us, for we never had much affection for even *Hans Breitmann* himself. Altogether the show is a very pleasant one and well worth going to see.

Lots more shows coming along and the walls covered with gorgeous posters. The Humpty Dumpty troupe at Mrs. MORRISON'S, a circus and a wild beast show on the road, and goodness knows what next. "After that" as Paddy would say "comes a pig to be shaved."

The Coming of Ontario Ministry.

SCENE: King Street. Enter GRIP. To him MR. M. C. CAMERON, smiling joyously.

GRIP. (loq.) Good morning, MATTHEW. Let me congratulate you, if it is a little late, on the triumphant return of a good Conservative for South Simcoe.

MR. M. C. C.—(Hesitatingly)—Ah, th-an-ks—th-a-n-ks.

GRIP—Now, between you and MAC. I look for an early defeat of that corrupt administration of MOWAT'S. The country has its eyes on you. It expects your accession to the benches.

MR. M. C. C.—(Impassionately) We'll attain them, too, by the Jingo —we shall, by the Living Jingo!!

GRIP—Come now, no quoting from TOOLE in my presence. But I hope you may, old fellow. By the way, have you given the subject of a Cabinet any thought, in anticipation of being called upon to go to the wheel?

MR. M. C. C. You're shouting, I have! You bet I've got the thing all cut and dried. (Patting his vest-pocket significantly.)

GRIP—I am shocked to hear you speak in such a slangy manner. I am afraid you are already beginning to suffer from "evil association." But let us have the names, old boy.

MR. M. C. C.—(Confidentially) Come in here.

(They enter a private parlour of the Rossin House. MR. C. locks the door, closes the shutters, puts down the window blinds, peers carefully under the sofa, and finally seats himself behind an arm chair in a dark corner. GRIP perches on the table.)

GRIP—Come, hurry up,—I'm sincerely anxious to learn what you're "going to do about it."

MR. M. C. C.—Here they are. (Producing a piece of sheep-skin from his vest pocket.)

GRIP—(Faciously)—Sheepskin? Ah, quite appropriate. Proceed. MR. M. C. C.—(Reluctantly, and with a slight blush, reads).—"Attorney General—MR. M. C. CAMERON."

GRIP—Very good, so far; he's the best and purest man in your Party.

MR. M. C. C.—I think so, sir. (Reads)—"Provincial Secretary—HON. WM. MACDOUGALL."

GRIP—Good again. Immense improvement on MACKELLAR, who is so shockingly inconsistent and artful. By the bye, WILLIE held that office before, didn't he, when he was a Grit? Now, when he goes in, I hope we'll have no canoe couch extravagance, although I think the Province would pardon his purchasing a coat-of-many-colours and a stuffed chameleon, as emblematic decorations for the wall. But proceed.

MR. M. C. C. (Reads) "Premier—MR. M. C. CAMERON and MR. WM. MACDOUGALL."

GRIP—Better still! I see you don't propose to sacrifice your professional practice, and WILLIE can run the House while you're in court. Very sensible. You understand each other, I believe. He'll bring in the Radical measures while you preserve the old ones. A sort of marriage compact, with two worse halves. Go on.

MR. M. C. C. (clears his throat) "Treasurer"—(An awkward pause —GRIP rings for the waiter and orders ice-water for MR. C. MR. C. moistens his lips and resumes)—"Treasurer—(ahem!)—MR. A. W. LAUDER." (MR. C. looks furtively towards the table and observes GRIP flopping around in a paroxysm of mingled mirth and distress.)

GRIP—(Recovering his composure) Pray proceed!!

MR. M. C. C. (Reads) "Commissioner of Agriculture and Public Works—MR. CHAS. RYKERT (?)." (Explains) You see, I put his name down with a note of interrogation in brackets after it.

GRIP. Very thoughtful of you. Shows your capacity for the Premiership. Put another note before it, and one above and below.

MR. M. C. C.—Well, of course, if it comes to that, MR. MACDOUGALL can easily take that Department too.

GRIP—Of course, capitably! you'll find him an excellent harrower before long. Talk about MACKELLAR'S "fall ploughing." Why, old ARCHIE never could turn over his sods or hoe his own row as MAC has done. By all means, let him go to grass! Go on.

MR. M. C. C.—"Commissioner of Crown Lands—MR. BLANK—"

GRIP (interrupting) Excellent, my dear Sir! that's the best of the lot. If the others were all as competent as "BLANK" they would have a clearer record! If—

MR. M. C. C.—(Interrupting) You misunderstand me, I'm afraid—I merely put MR. "BLANK" to indicate that that space is waiting to be filled up!

GRIP—Wherein it resembles my crop at this moment, for I haven't had my dinner yet! Bye-bye, and lots of luck to you!

(Exit through an open window.)

Croaks and Pecks

A TEXT FOR HALTON. "Swear not at all."

WANTED, for chemical purposes—A lady dissolved in tears.

SINCE politicians' lie—abilities are so great, need we wonder that they sometimes fail?—(to keep their word.)

Why should a candidate for a seat in Parliament go and stop at the Queen's Royal Niagara Hotel? Because that's the way to WINNETT.

THE *Globe* seems to think that DR. CANNIFF ought not to write on "Canadian Nationality,"—but we are of the opinion that the DR. CANNIFF he likes.

SUMMER is here, and the Old Sol makes it hot for this globe of ours. N. B. We don't mean the Toronto *Globe*. The *Liberal* makes it hot for it.

GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE.—If the Reformers of Centre Toronto serenade their member they would transform him into SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD—SIR-and-A-ed him,—don't you see?

THE Peterborough *Times* announces the *Annual Monthly* meeting of the Game Preservation Society of that place. An excellent object, but how often are their meetings held?

"CANADA FIRST" has scored a glorious victory, proving that it has not departed this life as its detractors assert. It is a Keenansville baseball club, and beat an Athlone club by ten runs.

THE *Aylmer Paper* records a singular case of precocity on the part of one of our great public men. It informs us that Professor GOLDWIN SMITH was born in 1853 and called to the bar in 1847.