

G R I P.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeat Beast is the Ass; the grabeat Bird is the Owl;
The grabeat Fish is the Oyster; the grabeat Inn is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1874.

The Drama Redivivus.

THE standing reproach that Toronto did not possess a single first-class theatre has been swept away at one overwhelming sweep. It began to rain, and it poured. We have now two of the handsomest edifices devoted to the Muses in all America, each replete with all addenda of excellent dramatic organizations.

On King street West, the charred ruins of the old Lyceum, touched by the golden wand of Mr. JAMES FRENCH, have brought forth a splendid temple yelp the Royal Opera House, which has been filled nightly with the city's elite since the doors were opened last Monday. A week of sterling legitimate plays has introduced the patrons of the establishment to a company of efficient artists, some of whom seem destined to make glory for themselves before long. In manager GRAVES the Royal has a trump card.

The Grand Opera House, brilliant and luxuriant in all its details, graces Adelaide street near the corner of Yonge. It is to be opened next Monday evening with the immortal comedy of *The School for Scandal*, a play which ought to commend itself more and more to the public of the day we live in. But in GRIP's opinion and that of everybody else, the most charming fact of all in connection with the Grand is that Mrs. D. MORRISON is to be its Manageress; and we have that lady's word for it, the stock company is made up of excellent performers.

In the midst of all the excitement incident to the opening of these fine houses, Genial Old SPAC. is not forgotten, for the Queen's is nightly crowded by those who have a leaning towards an establishment which boasts of giving "more amusement for less money than any theatre in America." GRIP sends greeting to the managerial trio, and hopes their shadows may never grow less.

One for the Queen's Park Mutilators.

IN CASE the Crystal Palace Grounds are found inconvenient for the Provincial Fair, GRIP begs to inform the Arts Association that the Queen's Park is open, and they are welcome to use it for the purposes of the show. He is sure the holders of the Park—the Senate of University College—will only be too happy to give orders for the cutting down of any trees or other rubbish that may be in the way of the cattle, or the removal of the Ridgeway monument to afford space for a side-show or pea-nut stand. Proprietors of circuses and other persons of that class are respectfully invited to pitch their "canvas colleges occupying acres" in the Park, which they will find most suitable for their business. No charge made for tearing up the ground to make rings. The Senate further invite all who would like nice building sites to come up to the Queen's Park and pick them out. Money will be advanced to build rough-cast cottages in all sections of this beautiful retreat. The citizens of Toronto having kindly assented to the mutilation of the Park, that portion of the land which may not be sold for building purposes will be ploughed up and turned into a goose pond.

Respectfully Declined.

A COUPLE of weeks ago we had the pleasure of hailing the advent of a new poet, a "loyal man of Collingwood," having noticed an effort of his published in the *Enterprise* of that town. We now learn that his name is MILLER, which will account for the facility with which he grinds verse. The *Enterprise* promises to use its best endeavors to have all further efforts of Mr. MILLER forwarded direct to us. Such disinterestedness touches us, but we cannot permit ourselves to deprive the original publisher of the legitimate right to accept for publication all and sundry the productions of this northern bard. No, we can't deprive the *Enterprise* of its chief attraction.

THERE has lately been patented a new "Match-making Machine." Mothers with marriageable daughters will doubtless hail it with delight; but there is a certain class of womankind who will see in the invention the means of depriving them of half the pleasure of their existence: that of making matches for others.

Grip's Guide to the Provincial Exhibition.

PREFATORY NOTE.

IN presenting his readers with this Guide to the Provincial Exhibition, GRIP hopes it will meet with their approval. Neither his contributors nor himself have had an opportunity of visiting the Crystal Palace as yet, and have not had a chance of consulting an official catalogue. Still he is quite confident that if the interesting articles here mentioned are not in the exhibition, they ought to be there.

HISTORICAL NOTICE.

SOME two hundred years ago, when the red man sauntered carelessly upon and down Yonge Street, and pitched his wigwam on the site of the Rossin House, the idea of an Exhibition never occurred to his mind. More singular to relate, the thought of such an undertaking never entered the heads of the early settlers. How much better off we are than our miserable forefathers! (The contributor engaged for this portion of the work would have filled the whole space at our disposal, so we cut his contribution short. Besides, we read something very like it in a daily paper.)

ADVICE TO VISITORS.

THESE few lines are addressed to strangers entering Toronto. In the first place GRIP recommends them to go and stay with friends. It is the most economical plan.

If you have no friends to stay with, put up at a hotel.

Do not encumber yourselves with too much luggage. A couple of bricks, packed in a worn out satchel with a few old newspapers, is all you require, and if you leave without paying your board bill you can leave your luggage as security for it, and needn't trouble to send for it after leaving.

By the way, don't forget a copy of the *Dialogue of Devils*.

By all means go to those people who advertise in this Guide. The others may be very good people, but we cannot take on ourselves to recommend either them or their goods.

Do not read any of the other "Guides." They will only mislead you. Whereas this one contains every possible information that can be useful or interesting to the visitor.

Before leaving town go and pay your subscription to GRIP, and carefully study his valuable pages for the future.

THE EXHIBITION.

Reader, let us suppose that a hack, street car, or railroad has set you down at the gates of the Exhibition. If you can't get in without paying, pay your money cheerfully and enter the Ontario Fair. The first thing you will of course notice is

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

WE take this first for several reasons. Firstly, because it is the most important; and, secondly, for the powerful reason that it begins with an A. "A," sings the divine SHAKESPEARE,

"Was an archer who shot at a frog."

THIS passage shows the utter fallacy of supposing Bacon to be the author of SHAKESPEARE's plays. The allusion to the pursuit of frogs points to a French source, and who but a professional dramatist like Mr. S. would ever have had recourse to such a fountain of inspiration? But we are wandering in the footsteps of the *Globe*. The reader will indignantly ask us, "What has all this nonsense to do with the Agricultural Department of the Exhibition?" and we sadly reply that we don't think it has much to do with it. He has us there. To be Frenchified again "let us return to our muttons"—and our beefs and veals, not forgetting the porks. Now, while the unseen orchestra softly warbles "On mighty pens," let us take our pen and go round the pens of the live-stock. A mighty pen is required to portray the merits of BROWN's cows, well known in history for their habit of all going after one another like the rifles at drill. We understand that the breed is extensively cultivated on the Model Farm of our esteemed friend Professor ANCHORALD. They are for sale cheap accompanied by a bound-in calf set of the *Canada Farmer*, the owner of which wishes to dispose of it, as he intends farming for profit in future. Probably, the finest cow in the Exhibition is Mr. SIMPSON's "Iron tailed Bossy," although the milk-giving capabilities of POWELL's patent breed are surpassed by none, and we can readily endorse the assertion that they supply half the City of Toronto with an important part of its daily sustenance.

The bulls exhibited are numerous. St. Patrick's Ward supplies the larger proportion, but the finest prize has been unanimously ad-