

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Wan is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1875.

From our Box.

A couple of hours of hearty, healthy, spontaneous laughter, must be of incalculable value to a business man during the present financial stringency, and thanks to Mr. DALY's admirable Company at the Grand Opera House, this boon is within the reach of all. The *Big Bonanza* is pre-eminently a business man's play. Without putting it before SHAKSPEARE or SHERIDAN, it is really a first-class drama of modern New York life, eminently realistic, and not choked up with the sentimental element. The dialogue is pointed and natural. We particularly remarked an excellent scene, between Messrs. WHITING and LAMB, as a financier and a learned Professor. The Professor dispauges his brother's business, and tells him if he only had capital he would make money, a remark we have frequently heard. The scene ends in a most ludicrous quarrel between the two old men. Mr. LOUIS JAMES, as a young man who has gone West to make his fortune and failed to do so, was good, but showed a tendency to overdo his part sometimes, notably where he lets the gallery laugh him into dancing about the stage with a tight boot that will neither go on or off. The ladies of the company all played well, particularly Mrs. JAMISON and Miss NUNEZ. For the benefit of ladies and the non-initiated we may remark that a knowledge of stock-market affairs is not absolutely necessary to the comprehension of the plot.

Economical John.

(SEE CARTOON.)

JOHN BAXTER was an alderman
Of undisputed weight,
Who at Toronto's Civic Board
Conspicuously sat;
His views, to match his shoulders,
Were generously broad,
And every time he uttered them
His colleagues would applaud.

No man but rides some hobby—
(No alderman, that is,)—
And JOHN was no exception—
"Economy" was his.
"Retrenchment in the civic funds,"
"Retrenchment!" were his cries,—
So the people all pronounced him
Not only *great*, but wise!

It happened that the city,
Had grown so much apace
That its pleasure park was voted
By far too small a place;
The Council thought to buy more land
For the people did demand it.
But BAXTER said the civic purse
Could never, never stand it.

Next day the Mayor, a friend of JOHN's
Received an invitation,
To go and dine across the sea
For the glory of the nation.
Now BAXTER was a loyal man,
So he voted civic cash
To the tune of some three thousand
To buy the Mayor his hash.

A number of Orangemen have invested in copies of Tennyson's "Queen Mary." On discovering that it was the wrong Queen Mary, they wanted their money back.

The freedom of the City of Dundee has been presented to Mr. MACKENZIE. The principal privilege is the right to eat unlimited marmalade, the staple production of that city.

GRIP indignantly denies the scandalous and unfounded report that Mr. P. T. BARNUM has made overtures to purchase the Toronto City Council for purposes of exhibition.

Unrequited Affection.

TORONTO, (Sings.)

Oh! charming young Miss Yorkville!
Say won't you now be mine?
Our fixings put together
Oh! would'nt that be fine?
Of all suburban maidens,
There's none I love like thee;
The hour that makes us one dear,
How blissful it will be!

YORKVILLE, (Sings.)

Git out you old deceiver!
In vain you talk so glib—
You think I'm some soft silly,
Just 'scaping from my bib,
But all your tricks I'm up to,
And laugh to see you woo:
Whoever I may wed, sir,
I'm sure it won't be you!

TORONTO.

Oh! why such harsh denial?
Why snub me thus?—I wov
With all I have I thee, sweet,
Will cheerfully endow.
I've got four good steam engines,
With quick alarm wires;
Police, and gas; and water
To quench your little fires.

YORKVILLE.

You've also got high taxes,
'Bout which you nothing say—
My money's what you want, sir,
And not myself—away!
The style you manage business,
It fills me with affright—
And oh! your City Fathers,
They are a caution quite!

TORONTO.

You nasty, cross-grained hussy!
You pert, affected chit!
Remain in all your danger
As long as you see fit!
You dirty, brazen vixen,
Since thus my suit you spurn!
I'll let you go to blazes,
Next time you have a burn!

YORKVILLE.

Out! sorry shiftless savage!
Out! avaricious wretch!
I would not soil my fingers
By being your Jack Ketch.
In your own garters hang you,
Old slowest of the slow!
You don't fool this young woman—
Not if she knows it—No!

Mr. Mackenzie at Buckingham Palace.

SCENE: A ballroom. MR. MACKENZIE has finished a Scotch reel, and some champagne, and is seated on a settee, apart from the rest of the company, with his partner, LADY DASHAWAY SPANKEE, a fast and satirical young lady, not long out.

MAC.—(Who is in a very lively state.) Eh! my dear, but you champagne's boss tippie, an dancin's a braw, bracin, diversion! (especially wi' a bewitchin' young cratur. It maun take a power o' bawbees to gie siccan' shines as this. I bet ye lassie, a mon nicht be waur aff than here. A fig for auld hum-drum GEORGE BROWN, and his *Globe*. I mean to have some fun. Lunnin's a fine city, an ye're distractingly beautiful.

LADY D.S.—(Greatly amused and taking in the situation.) My sentiments exactly. Who is GEORGE BROWN?

MAC.—An old hunk in my country. Wants to boss everything, and have me, and everybody, in leading strings. [To footman with tray and glasses:—"Thanks, your grace, I think I will."] Your charmin' led-dyship's vera gude health!

LADY D.S.—(Smiling.) I think you told me you come from Canada. What sort of a country is it?

MAC.—Hech! my birdie, its just gran' ayont conception.

LADY D.S.—And you're what they call a chief I suppose when you're at home in the forests. Now, chief, I must explain that the man who brought the tray just now is not a lord—only one of the royal footmen.