

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Genst is the Gas; the grabest Bird is the Owl;  
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1875.

## From Our Box.

A pantomime in summer! It is enough to make one think of the Antipodes, where the hottest weather is just about Christmas time, and, if the traditional Christmas pantomime is adhered to by managers it must be played under warmer circumstances than we have just gone through. But it was a very good pantomime and Mr. Fox is one of the very best clowns we have seen for a long time, relying as he does more on purely pantomimic dumb show than the vulgar and dreary "gags" that so many modern clowns eke out their performances with. A pantomime clown should be very different from his brother of the circus, and like the little boys whom we unfortunately never meet in real life, should "be seen and not heard." An extraordinary absence of vulgarity marked the display, and on the occasion of the matinee it was delightful to see the children. How the little imps appreciated the violations of law and order by the clown! How they fairly screamed with delight when the pantaloone came in for his usual share of brutal ill-usage. *Punch* and the clown are certainly the leading deities of a child's Valhalla, and, sad dogs as they are, we had rather see children delighted in them than in empty burlesques of beautiful old stories with brazen tawdry women exhibiting their undressed charms (?). Such "delights" are for those who are older and wiser. The only exception we could take to the whole performance was the interpolation of a variety entertainment, which, although the individual performances, particularly that of a young lady wire-dancer and of some India-rubber-like acrobats, were excellent, lengthened the programme to a somewhat tiring extent, beside being utterly out of place. At least we thought so, and we believe we were by no means alone in our opinion.

We think it is a great deal too bad to raise the matinee prices, as has been done on several recent occasions. We think however this grasping and short sighted policy will repay itself—by reducing the attendance.

The most successful play of modern times, the "Two Orphans" which has created a perfect *furor* both in Europe and the United States will be played by the FORRESTER troupe at the Royal next week. We cannot speak as to the merits of these performers, they being unknown to us, but the reputation of the play is extraordinarily high.

Mrs. MORRISON'S benefit on Friday evening bids fair to be an admirable success. The appearance of the talented manageress in one of her best characters viz. *Lady Gay Spanker* in "London Assurance" is alone worth going to see, and when Mr. TOOLE in "Domestic Economy" forms an additional attraction GRIP feels certain that nothing further need be said or done to ensure a full house.

Mr. FOREPAUGH'S circus and wild beast show, which is now visiting us, came in with a tremendous procession. The collection of wild beasts is well and cleanly kept and some of the specimens are very fine. The circus includes all the usual performances of the arena.

The friends of Mr. J. V. MELTON, will be pleased to learn that he is to receive a benefit, at the Grand Opera House, on Saturday afternoon, 12th inst. His endeavors to please, together with his gentlemanly deportment during his stay in this city, will, we trust, be recognized by a good house on the occasion of his first benefit.

## The Cabinet Puzzle.

Who is the JONAH? The *Liberal* knows,  
But not for worlds will the *Liberal* tell.  
Who is the JONAH? The *Globe* could say,  
But silence at present is just as well.  
Who is the JONAH? The *Mail* pretends  
It knows for a certainty, every day.  
Who is the JONAH? MOWAT knows well  
There is more than one whom he wishes away.

Who'll take his place? The *Mail* declares  
A different candidate every day.  
It's named so many, the *Liberal* says  
The right name it must have managed to say.  
Who'll take his place? There's no one knows,  
But the *Mail* and *Liberal* must be right;  
And MOWAT'S so many to choose from, that he  
Is only embarrassed by fear of a fight.

## A Boy's Letter to Grip.

Yorkville, May 31, 1875.

GRIP Esq., Respected Sir—(I mean, Dear old chap.)

Pa says you are like an old rag and bone shop, and are a big bore. I do not know what he means. He has his jokes at times, most chaps say you are nice. But Pa says you each week want fresh "stuff" at your store, and that you will he knows, want some to-day, and as he has got a bad fit of lack of any thing save wish to go on a fish catch, could I do some "stuff" for you. I said I would try. How should I go to work? He says:—"You must do like JOHN BRIGHT. Use words of but one syl-la-ble, then you are on the road to fame and cash." I am glad there is cash in it as fame will not buy me a gun, which I want. I do not know how to make one word of Syl-la-ble. So I have made it into three bits, which I hope will do. My theme will be "Let-ters and those who write them." It is, of course, a great thing that we can send notes by post, from one part of this fine land to a-noth-er part, though far the space, for three cents. But it would be a more great thing to have to pay but two cents. I hope our new Post boss who, now the old Boss has come to live at the big house on King Street will run the Post biz, will make the charge two cents, then shall his name go down to Fame with R. HILL, GRIP, BRIGGS, DICKE (I mean Pa DICKE) the SUN-SKIT CHAP, and like heirs of immor—that is, of do not say die—the more so if he is quick at it.

When a chap sits down to write I do not like to see him spread out his arms so as to take up the room of three chaps; bend his head close down to his desk; put his tongue out; and knit his brow as though he meant to knock down an ox. There are more ways than one to write. Some chaps at our school when they have wrote the words "My dear Friend," sit for half an hour, and bite their pen, or nails, while they think what they shall say next. I asked Pa what he thought of this? He said he "could not say much for it in the ab-stract but that, as sand can't be spun into ropes, so where thoughts are few, they can't with ease be tapped into a jug. All things must have a start, and if power to write comes by way of bite it may not be bad for chaps to champ a path for their pen by force of their teeth." I do not know how to take this.

Some chaps put a date to their notes, and the name of the place where they write from. This, though, I think, is only man and boy chaps. Girl chaps do not do it. Still I think it is a good plan, if for naught else that it shows the chaps who write are not sought for by the "Bobs." But a great lot of he chaps are like the she chaps, and when they write do not put place or date. So when I get their notes I can't say if they are a week, or a month old. The post-mark is of no use, as all the Post chaps in this land, I have seen or heard of, make it a main point to print it so as no chap but them can guess what it is. I hope our new Post Boss will have this changed. So does Pa.

Pa says—and he is sure to be right—that it is a grand thing to have the joys and gains of quick, safe, and reg-u-lar post in-ter-com-mu-ni-cation. But, he adds, you can't have these save in a land of high civ-i-l-i-sa-tion. The safe part of the Post biz—is, Pa says, the key stone of the arch—I know the Hon. GEORGE BROWN, and told him what Pa said, and he said Pa was quite c'rect. "Let all think, my dear boy," the Hon. GEORGE BROWN, said to me, "what would be the state of a land where notes could be prigged, M.S. boned, or where chaps in con-fi-den-tial posts could 'milk' the box, or desk of their Boss! And you will form some thought of what great good you have by Crit rule by which such bad things can't come to pass, nor be thought of! But though, thanks to the grand height to which the flag of Vir-tue has gone up in the hands of the good and true chaps now in power, we are here free from such scan-dals, we will not be proud, but will aye have a tear to lend to lands not so well off. Real worth, my boy, as U. HEEP says, 'puffs not up, It makes umbel.'" I think Mr. BROWN is a nice man. I asked Pa who U. HEEP was? He said he was a good man of old, who, if now in life, would have been a Grit of em-i-nence, and in-flu-ence.

I think boys and girls write the most nice notes,—save in the *Mont-real Witness*, some of which I have seen, and think they are queer, partic-u-lar-ly where they all say "Pa (or Ma) takes in your paper, and we like it much." There is too much what a man calls "prunes and prism in those notes, I have no doubt the boys and girls who write them are in fear when they play of dir-ty-ing their clothes, and so on. I saw a note my cou-sin Tom wrote to his ma a few days back and I think it is a nice note, and the right sort of thing. It ran thus." Dear Ma. I hope you are quite well. The Boss is putting up a new pig-stye, and we went to a pic-nic last week. Oh! ma, there's such a nice little pony to be sold, and aunt is coming to see you, so cheap too, and there was a storm here to-day, and we could keep him in the big hen-house. Smith has the tooth-ache bad, so do let me have him. I hope Pa is quite well. Jane left last week, and he is not a big one. All round here looks very nice, and cousin Harry could ride him too. Farmer Jones is here, and I do hope you will buy him. Your loving son. TOM.

P.S. Don't forget the pony.

I am, Dear old GRIP.

Re-spect-ful-ly yours.

HARRY DE DICKE.