

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGER.

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 6TH, 1876.

From Our Box.

MRS. CARRE'S Opera Company gave a very enjoyable performance before the patients of the Lunatic Asylum, on Monday evening. GRIP commends Mrs. CARRE'S disinterested kindness in thus contributing to the amusement of these unfortunate people.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE.—Mr. GOBAY, late of the Grand Opera House, has, we understand, become lessee of the Royal for next season, having associated with him in the management an experienced gentleman of Detroit.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The thanks of our city are due to MRS. MORRISON for the last week's engagement of Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN, and we trust a commensurate amount of that "something more tangible" was found in the Grand Opera House treasury. The performances were great in every respect and will remain a joy forever to all who witnessed them. Once more it has been demonstrated, in the large and enthusiastic SULLIVAN audiences, that the people of Toronto will heartily patronise first class dramatic performances, and GRIP sincerely hopes, for the benefit of all concerned, that future seasons will be signalled by many such engagements.

This week we have Miss LUCILLE WESTERN, an emotional artist. Miss Western is a lady of fine presence and considerable force, but rather too "heavy" for the leading roles in such a piece as *East Lynne*, which was presented on Tuesday night.

EDWIN BOOTH and his company appear at this House shortly.

"Off with His Head."

HON. A. CROOKS has for some weeks past and is still on a starring tour through this Province, appearing in his own adaptation of *Richard III.* His greatest hit is when he speaks the line "off with his head!" referring not to *Buckingham* but to *Boniface*, and on each occasion the appropriate action on the part of the executive raises a terrific howl of indignation in the pit. For downright practical usefulness, CROOKS' acting is far ahead of SULLIVAN'S.

A Consultation.

Scene—Back room of a druggist's shop.

Present—Mr. SCALPEL, M. D.; Mr. PESTLE, F. R. P. S.

Mr. SCALPEL—Well, and how are you prospering commercially?

Mr. PESTLE—Fairly, but a very bad look-out for the future. New drug-stores opening all over the city; three close by me.

Mr. S.—This is not necessarily ominous, many physicians have of late years commenced to practice here, but doctors do not despair.

Mr. P.—Well, I must admit that business, in our line, enlarges as the number of chemists increases.

Mr. S.—My good Pestle, Toronto is the very Paradise of doctors and apothecaries—our happy hunting ground, I may say. Corporation and people perpetually work into our hands with a self and relative-sacrificing energy beyond all praise.

Mr. P.—Our sanitary regulations are indeed excellent. That long lane in the rear has been a mine of wealth to me. The people throw their rubbish there; it putrefies for a week, poisoning earth and air, before the scavenger removes it. The law says they must cover it in boxes, but they don't; this way's easiest; they don't mind; the Inspector don't mind. Pray Heaven he never may! I never have less than ten good low fevers there in the season besides contingent putrids incessant and innumerable.

Mr. S.—I must acknowledge the receptions of many professional *douleurs* from the same source. It is not, I am delighted to say, the only such source. You know the citizens have been using the Bay water; you know what flows into it. Pestle, I have twenty-nine excellent paying typhoids already by it; don't tell them; what's the use? Toronto people wouldn't believe what they die of, if reliable dead people rose to tell 'em.

Mr. P.—The sewer-gas, I think, is better, if anything, still. I, who keep my house clear of it, can smell it, though it's breathers can't. One half the houses smell of it. Why, a house properly infected with sewer-gas is a fortune. Best of all is, it isn't fatal; you keep your patients. But the amount of aggravated sores, ulcers, bad coughs, protracted

colds, bad headaches, bad everythings, bringing me money from even one such house is most astonishingly remunerative.

Mr. S.—Why, considering that, according to statistics, Toronto loses yearly one-third more than should die if the health of the city were even tolerably looked after, and remembering the vast amount of illness not fatal which this suggests, there *should* be work for some of us.

Mr. P.—Work, sir! The effluvia from the Bay alone, during the heated term, would occasion work for fifty doctors—and druggists.

Mr. S.—I doubt we talk like ghouls, but really it is not our fault. I have in my time, with more than Roman virtue, proposed sanitary measures which, if adopted, would have decreased my income one-half. But they were not adopted, or adopted so as to do more harm than good. People will, I find, please themselves, and since it pleases them to be poisoned, and to pay us for attendance and drugs twice the money which would have, well spent, kept them healthy, all we can do is to humour them, and to take the fees the Gods provide us, eh?

Mr. P.—And the cash for prescriptions. [*Scene closes.*]

The Winslow Case.

So it seems there's a dead-lock on all extradition.

And WINSLOW'S allowed to go free on his way.

But doesn't this place in delightful position,

Those pets of the period—the rogues of the day?

John Bull may grab cash, and at once cut his lucky,

For a refuge secure in the land of the free,

While Jonathan, mixed up in ventures more plucky

Than honest, we'll straightway in Liverpool see.

What an opening for talent both foreign and native,

Till a new treaty's made, if they make one at all.

What a chance for all sorts of schemes appropriative.

For some safe operators to make a big haul.

NATURAL SELECTION.—That a Reform hotel-keeper should get the preference over a Tory ditto, in the matter of licence, other things being equal.

The Unlicensed Milesian.

Shure ivery man a right to life and liberty may claim.

And to purshoo his happiness, if not to catch that same.

But here they've saized my manes of life, and liberty to sell,

And confisicated my purshoot of happiness as well.

Shure now the aquil of thim Grits for lies was never made,

That calls thimselves free thraders, and won't lave me free to thrade.

Not like Sir John; it's him would not have dacint min oppresht.

Our thrade made money in his time, and so did all the resht.

Is not my vested intherests quite ruined and desthroyed?

My capital locked up, and all my property employed?

Decanthers—five, quite illigant—the one that's cracked made six,

Nineteen whole tumblers, and the pump that in the counther sticks.

Six painted barrels, beautiful, wid letters all in gold,

Expressing various liquors which thim vessels didn't hold.

For I'd kape no adultherated foreign wine nor gin,

But made thim up of whiskey, wid some chemicals put in.

Thim my commercial bargains, too, all knocked to olds and inds.

Six bids and bidstids I could lind to tavern-keepin frinds,

Before inspectin' time, that they should seem to have enough.

Whin my turn kem, I'd horry back the other bid-room stuff.

And thim the drinks I did invist in influential min,

To shpake for me whin it was time for licansin' agin.

All thim investiments swallowed up complete, and no return.

St. Patrick! but it makes my blood wid indignation burn.

But soon we'll make thim comprehend their blunder is'nt small.

Sure Local Legislatures had no right wid us at all.

That honourable gentleman that WHELAN did defin'd

Shall now defin'd the whiskey cause to a successful ind.

See this now; just on GLADSTONE'S fate let little MOWAT think,

That intellectual giant, when he meddled wid their drink,

About his business he was sint; and soon the MOWAT gang,

May hear each big Department door shut on thim wid a bang.

Thim maybe soon we would'nt need no license great or small,

But dhrink and ate, and buy and sell, widout their lave at all.

And thim, as Scripture does remark, none shall make us afraid,

Whin we beneath our figs and vines sell whiskey in the shade.