

There is but one particular breed of flies that I know of. That is "Shoo Fly." No one knows what it is like because they cannot distinguish between it and any other fly. We read about it, and that is enough. We do not need to see it in order to be convinced. The great majority of the people believe there is a person called Satan. They never saw him, but they believe that he exists, and they do not want to be brought face to face with him—prematurely—for the sake of being convinced. They take the same ground for believing that there is such a fly as "Shoo Fly."

Without exaggeration, without the least desire of being renowned as the ablest and most fearless exponent of the fundamental principles of prevarication, and without any diminishing of my respect for the popular weather prophet whose laurels I do not wish to take from him by making an untruthful assertion of tremendous proportion, I wish to say that the fly is the most aggravating animal that has ever trod the mundane sphere. If one is annoyed by an ordinary animal, one can catch it and wreak revenge. But the fly is extraordinary. One is not able to catch a fly without superhuman endeavors. Suppose that a fly—ordinary when compared with other flies, but extraordinary when compared with other domestic animals—persists in promenading over the face of a man who is dozing. That man will naturally make a grab at that fly—to develop a more intimate acquaintance. But is that fly grabbed? Not at all. It simply moves two inches out of the way, and that man's hand comes down on the side of his face with a noise like that made by a barn door when slapped shut by a hurricane. Again and again, he seeks rather forcibly to develop the acquaintance, but he is as often foiled—the fly won't develop worth a cent. Even if that man does catch it, he is in a quandary. He cannot swear that the fly he holds is the one which tickled his proboscis. If he is a truly Christian man, he will hesitate before he dooms that fly to death. He is not sure that it is the criminal, and how can he kill the poor brute? Rather let the fly go for once, and in future mark the fly that troubles him, or sleep in a refrigerator.

Unfortunately for the peace of many a household, the fly is partial to butter—or rather butter is partial to flies. How many boarding-house keepers owe their present large fortunes to the assiduous care that they have taken in seeing that there was always a fly in the butter! Well did they know that no boarder with a moderate appetite would cover his staff of life with the stuff in which a fly took an oleomargarine bath.

The shining surface of a bald man's head offers great inducements to a fly that is looking for a place to make a settlement. In fact a bald head is one of the chief roosting places of a fly. If baldheaded people would be charitable, they could make their craniums quite comfortable for flies by covering them with something sweet and sticky. But they are not charitable. It is shameful to see the small amount of stock that people take in charity nowadays. The average man—be he baldheaded or provided with an ample share of hirsute scalp—would as soon think of paying his subscription to a newspaper as of putting any stuff on his head to accommodate a fly. Alas! for the degeneracy of mankind!

After all, the fly is not by any means a valuable animal. Some animals are useful even after death. Their carcasses may be used for fertilizing purposes. But you can't fertilize to any extent with dead flies. You can even do something with the remains of a man. They may be fruitful of great good to science by being donated to a medical college—but a fly—bah! So useless. So unimportant. The fly is infinitesimally insignificant.

A MEMORIAL OF "PHIZ."

DEAR MR. GRIP,—Did you know that there exists in Toronto indubitable circumstantial evidence that the late Mr. Hablot K. Browne had sometime or other been in the city and had left "Phiz" memorials on the glass of certain windows in a favourite restaurant? Fact, I assure you, as you will see for yourself when you have discovered the restaurant I mean. There on the windows is displayed an illustrated shirt, covering, one must suppose, the artist's model of Mr. Pecksniff, as his head surmounts the aforesaid shirt with an effect of pomposity belonging only to that classical and architectural individual himself. There is no mistaking the "phiz"-ical personality as the well brushed spiky whiskers, the puff adder cheeks, the pumpkin head surmounted by the Pecksniff lock, are all there, and challenge the admiration due to the immortality of the conception. It is a pity Mr. Oscar Wilde did not see these charming productions, as he would certainly have been able to illustrate thereupon some valuable lessons on propriety in decorative art.

Yours quizzically,
A LUNCHEON-OUT.

AT ALEXANDRIA.

The work seemed done when every gun
Had ceased its awful booming;
And through the thinning banks of smoke
Old Egypt's forts were looming.
All shattered they—their stone and clay
With Arab blood were dripping;
O Ptolemy! look down and say
Which side has got the whipping.

The foe has fled and left his dead
In sunshine there to fester;
But that fair city—did his hordes
Ere they went off, molest her?
An answer came—a smouldering flame
Was here and there appearing,
See, growing fast, its brightening crest
O'er roof and dome careering.

A blood-stained hand now rules the land,
And arms around are flashing;
With blade and brand a murderous band
Through street and square are dashing.
A signal sweet to all the fleet
With gladness they're replying,—
"Oh yes, we'll go ashore to meet
And send the rascals flying!"

No time to waste, in eager haste
The jacks and jollys muster;
And on each vessel's towering side
Behold, they crowd and cluster.
Well-filled each boat—they're now afloat,
And thirsting all for glory;
Full soon they reach that sultry beach
Renowned in ancient story.

What meets their view? more boys in blue—
Oh say whence come these others;
Out rings a cheer, and shouts they hear—
"We'll help our English brothers."
That is the plan, O Jonathan!
To stop such fires and slaughters;
And you may bet we don't forget
Your aid in Chinese waters.

Your wide domain doth not in vain
Invite all men in trouble;
Already strong, you may ere long
Your fifty millions double.
Where British bands in many lands
The old red-cross has planted,
There Britain's sons and Britain's gun
Are ready when they're wanted.

What do we seek? to aid the weak
'Gainst murder, greed and rapine;
You're just the man, O Jonathan,
To help,—what'er may happen.
With two such powers as yours and ours
For peace and right uniting;
The world, no doubt, will soon find out
The foolishness of fighting.

—T.

"Birds in their little nests agree." Yes, but this is probably owing to the fact that their little nests are too small for them to fight in conveniently.

When the *Globe* accuses the *Mail* of misrepresenting its views from old copies, it might be called garbling from *old issues*.



THE WITTY GARDENER.

MAUD.—Please, Perkins, which are the best flowers to make a nose-gay?
PERKINS.—Well, Miss, I finds barleycorn does for me furs' rate!

THE POOR MAN'S BEER.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

SIR,—A great deal has been said and insinuated in your valuable paper, about the evil properties of intoxicants. Even the comparatively innocuous ale and beer have been pitched into even as the soul-corroding "hodge," has been treated. This, in my opinion, Mr. GRIP, should not be. Did you ever, or did any of your numerous staff of reporters, ever hear any of the "Gentlemen of England" who honor this country with their distinguished presence albeit they no doubt with justice object to the beer of this country—did you ever hear them say one word derogatory to the ale of old England? They say that in the first place we "ave not the 'ops," and moreover if we had we "ave not the hoppertunity." The "hoppertunity," I take it, is the absence of "Tems" water. Now, Mr. GRIP, water from the amber-scented Thames is, of course, unattainable here, except at vast expense, which would inevitably bring up the price of a "schooner" of ale to the enormous expense of ten cents, and would place the same out of the reach of the poor, and consequently the rights of the already "down-trodden workman" would suffer. But, one of our leading brewers, actuated by a spirit of philanthropy and a knowledge that our city water has noxious properties, whence no doubt all the evils arising from the consumption of home-made malt liquors come, has actually, brought out a force of men, and, with a laudable desire to obviate the evil, brought a cargo of water from the Muskoka lakes. Now, Mr. GRIP, kindly withhold any further opinion of the action of malt "likers" until the new brewing is distributed among the different dispensing places, for I trust, with the above mentioned benevolent gentleman, that a "great change will be worked in the condition of the beer consumer, who instead of going home of an evening 'chuck full' and perhaps taking a header over the banisters of the hall stairs, may return to the bosom of his family, like unto one who had been to a strawberry festival, or a Sunday-school picnic." Now do, friend GRIP, wait until you see the effects of Muskoka water in its association with ale before making any further sweeping accusations against the "poor man's beer."

Sir,
I have the honor to remain,
Yours respectfully,
JOHN H. BARLEYCORN.