

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, 17TH FEBRUARY, 1877.

## From our Box.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Various pieces have been presented during the week. Among them, on Wednesday evening, "My Uncle's Will," and "Rory O'More," were very fairly played. Yet Lover's Irish dramas, though far superior in wit and incident, do not hold their own against the stage Iricisms of a more modern day. Lover's wit—his incidents—were in a manner local. The appearance of reality fades as time bears us further (*cheu, fugaces anni!*) from the date of that astonishing and to modern ideas almost impossible Ireland in which his early life was passed, and on which all his best works were based—an Ireland to which that of to-day bears no resemblance. Mrs. MORRISON'S yeomanly behaved very steadily, (except the drunken corporal) and their uniforms were new and bright.

## The Flesh Flies.

Oh, there was an old fox had a very bad sore,  
And a very bad sore had he.  
And some jolly fat flesh-flies, all covering it o'er  
Were a sucking all quietly,  
Oh, a sucking most quietly.

And a traveller travelled along the roadway,  
And a travelling on came he,  
And says he to the fox "Let me scatter, I pray,  
All these flesh-flies tormenting of thee,  
All so spiteful tormenting of thee."

But the cunning old fox to the traveller said,  
To the traveller wisely said he,  
"Now the worst of ill-luck ever rest on your head,  
If you don't let my flesh-flies be,  
If you won't let my flesh-flies be.

"For," this cunning old fox did deliberate add,  
And did add most deliberately,  
"These here flesh-flies of mine they don't hurt very bad,  
For they're just as full as they can be,  
Oh, they're just as full as can be.

"But if you drive my flesh-flies away, all away,  
Drive my flesh-flies all distant from me,  
There'd be room for more fresh ones; they'd come the same day  
All as thin and as gaunt as can be,  
Oh, most horribly famished they'd be.

"And instead of these fat chaps, whom little it takes  
To keep jolly and fat as they be,  
I'd be set on by packs of thin, famine shrunk rakes,  
And they'd suck all my blood out of me,  
Suck the last drop of blood out of me."

So the traveller went on his road, his road,  
And straightway on his road went he.  
And the fat, sleepy flies with the fox still abode,  
And they got along comfortably,  
Oh, they got along comfortably.

And the jolly old traveller passed the road down,  
And unto a big city came he,  
Where they'd found the old alderman chiselled the town,  
And got fresh ones for economice.  
Yes, the fresh ones cried "Economice!"

But alack and alas, the poor people did squall  
And did weep in astonishment sore,  
For the very first meeting the new ones did call,  
They grabbed more than the old ones before,  
Chiselled more than the old ones before.

Fifteen mills on the dollar the old ones did take,  
But eighteen the new ones do seize.  
And the traveller passing reflection did make,  
Oh, I see that new flesh-flies be these,  
Oh, very lean flesh-flies be these,

## The Baker's Shop.

Baker discovered dancing. Enter a customer.

CUSTOMER.—My jolly sir,  
Pray what is up to-day?  
BAKER.—The price of bread,  
Full fifteen cents we more of you demand.  
That pay, or gasp in famine. Joy to all  
Who live by baking now. Seven dollars 'tis  
For flour we do pay. A barrel makes  
Me seventy loaves, which does ten-fifty net.  
A margin good, and bakers fat shall grow  
And bank accounts likewise.

(Dances round, and throws loaves about.)

CUSTOMER.—(dodging a loaf)—Pray, what may be that pile,  
Of pulpy stuff, with smell unpleasant there?  
BAKER.—Potatoes mashed, my friend, the smell indeed  
Is owing to the fact that frozen ones  
Are cheaper, and that sound are all too dear.

CUSTOMER.—And those white things  
In solid chunks which stand?  
BAKER.—This alum is,  
And this beside is chalk. These give the bread  
Its colour pleasing; and do check the chance  
That poorer flour might darken up the batch,  
And customers dismay. Fear not thou these,  
They all are harmless, or if vital life  
Be shortened somewhat by them, think of this:—  
This vale of tears, this gloomy stage of life  
Is but a foul and miserable cloak  
Better thrown off than not. Dost wish some bread?  
If so thy pence produce; if not retire,  
And leave me to my joy.

CUSTOMER.—Thanks to you, none. (exit into street.)  
Straightway my wife shall bake. Here's a to-do.  
Pay fifteen cents, and eat that compound too!  
No, sooner I a savage fierce shall be  
Run wild in woods; pick bread-fruit from a tree.  
But never shall my children of me say  
That for such bread I such a price would pay.

## The Pedlar Nuisance.

SCENE.—Entrance door of a house.—Enter pedlar, knocks at door.

SERVANT GIRL.—(who has to come along two halls and up a flight of stairs from basement)—What is it?  
PEDLAR.—Want to buy any picture frames?  
SERVANT GIRL.—No!

Enters second pedlar; knocks at door.

SERVANT GIRL.—(has climbed up again)—Well what is it?  
PEDLAR.—Carn't I sell you some patent clothes horses? Splendid things!  
SERVANT GIRL.—We don't want nothing. (Bangs door.)

Enters third pedlar—pulls bell till it breaks.

SERVANT GIRL.—(third tramp)—What do you want?  
PEDLAR.—I am just introducocin' the patent spoon knife fork door-handle, silver copper brass metal polisher; makes silver look like gold, copper like silver, nooly invented, ten cents a package, brighten anything for you in one minute—  
SERVANT GIRL.—No, no! (shuts door.)

Enter fourth pedlar; pulls bell, finds it broken; hammers at knocker till all earth resounds.

SERVANT GIRL.—(another climb)—Four times here for nuffin in five minutes. (sarcastically) Well, wot has you got?  
PEDLAR.—Moody and Sankey's books, mum. Eight cents; think of your perishin' soul, mum; eight cents is nothin' to it; only eight cents; everlastin' glory secured with a little trouble: eternal torments avoided; eight cents.

SERVANT GIRL.—(up again) No! No! NO!

And the fourth pedlar goes, and the fifth comes, and so the sixth, and the seventh, and they never stop coming. And they want to sell lamp chimneys, and to sell skirtboards, and clothesprops, and hall racks. And they fetch brooms, and chromos, and books of all varieties ever published, besides some they want to publish. And they knock at the door with fish, and with apples, and with carrots, and with potatoes. And they bring great loads of tinware, and of brushes; and all other saleable and procurable things which be on the earth, or in the heavens above, or in the waters under the earth. They leave the gates open; they leave the outside doors open; they cover the steps with perpetual mud; they double the work of the unfortunate servant. The dinner is spoilt; the washing is ruined; nothing is done but answer the door. The hall is a race course where the maid of all work perpetually gallops up and down in a race against time. And this where we pay policemen a hundred thousand dollars yearly.