

**Exit "Musca Domestica."**

"'Tis the last fly of summer."—MOORE (*slightly altered.*)

Feebly the veteran licked his chops,  
And slowly stroked his wings once more;  
Meekly he gazed down from the wall  
Upon his parting field of gore.

Where were his triumphs now, alas!  
(What booted him his battle-crown?)  
The barrels of red fluid he quaffed,  
His fiendish laugh, his dudgeon frown?

What torments had I once endured  
Under his most satanic reign?  
What pity for the tyrant now  
Had I, to see him lowly slain?

From early morn till late at night  
He bored his plaguy augur-holes,  
And carried off his jugs of blood,  
And grinned like Nick o'er fifty souls.

And tortured eyes and ears and nose  
Cried out in pain, in vain, Oh shame!  
Wildier than festive mosquitos  
The demon plied his little game.

And legions of his brethren came,  
All ready to devour and slay,  
And like old Egypt's frogs they spread,  
And took your very house away.

In soup, in cream, with shout and splutter,  
They bathed and rollicked recklessly;  
They smiled at you from out the butter,  
Like happy martyr's on a spree.

The baby fought them all in vain,  
They sucked its rest and life away;  
Even the wily house-dog bawled  
And scratched his head in sore dismay.

Ah! how those creatures licked the plates  
Of paper brown and powder dire,  
And munched "Sure Death," and cried for more,  
And would not vanish or expire!

Those were the halcyon days, King Fly,  
Of heat and sweat and sleepless nights,  
Of mortal combats for a snore—  
You were the hero in the fights.

But now he sits and nois so sad  
The last of all his gathered race,  
That many a heart would turn and sigh,  
To see the tears roll down his face.

Gone for a season or for e'er,  
Are all the joys of flydom rare;  
All the flirtations, loves, intrigues,  
And banquets, and the weather fair.

His limbs are stiff, his hairs are grey,  
The frost has nipt his vital spark,  
He seeks a grave, to rest, like we,  
When life is done and all is dark.

Adieu! No song of triumph wild  
Shall mock you on your lowly bier;  
Although you never pitied me,  
All feuds shall be forgotten here.

**A Newspaper Drama.**

*Hamilton Board of Trade.*—"Whereas the newspapers of this city instead of being found in the country indulging in special trains and other freaks of enterprise, remain moping at home to the detriment of our wholesale dealers; and whereas the *Globe* demon circulates broad-cast over the land, upholding Toronto but giving us the cold shoulder; therefore be it known that we extend the circulation of the *Times* and *Spectator*, and stab the gluttonous *Globe* to the heart; that all our commercial travellers are hereby appointed canvassers for our prospective organs, and that this Board will pay a bonus of 50 cents for every new subscriber received."

*Toronto Globe.*—Aha! Messrs. *Times* and *Spectator*. Useless for the wholesale business advertisers, are you? Have to let a Board of Trade help you on like babies? Well, it serves you right, anyway. You have no right to seem as important as we, for you can't make your way in the country out of your own poor resources. But hadn't you better feel insulted about the Board's action? Slap 'em in the face. We would. After all, all the snipe-legged travellers in your town—ahem, city, could never hurt us. If we were you now we would send out a corps of editors and reporters with samples and push dry-goods in revenge. If you don't, outsiders will call you pitiful beggars.

*Toronto Mail.*—Ha, ha, ha! Good joke on those Hamilton slow-coaches!

*London Advertiser.*—This matter raises the question whether morning or evening journals pay best. We hold the latter. Look at the four morning dailies published in this Province:—*Toronto Leader*—an old almanac; *Mail*—bankrupt; *London Free Press*—not worth speaking about; and *Globe*—only just fair, but losing money! The only prosperous dailies are evening dailies. We are an evening daily. As regards the *Times* and *Spec's* predicament, no respectable journal would allow itself to be "patronized" by a Board of Trade.

*London Free Press.*—Our miserable contem. is an indescribable and exhaustless liar!! We can lick its circulation four times!!!

*Hamilton Times.*—What is this fuss all about, anyway? We disdainfully reject all the presumptuous advances made by our Board of Trade, for our own part. Our broken-down cotemporary is probably the party aimed at so humiliatingly by that august body. We here also say that the first base serf of a dry-goods slinger who dares approach us with any subscriptions taken by him will be exterminated with a club. (*Times* editor rests on his quill and yells down a tube: "James, give orders in the subscription department not to question anybody as to who they may be—take money from all customers, and listen to no stories about private occupations. Treat tramps and kings alike.")

*Hamilton Spectator.* (Same as above in every particular, with the exception that the editor yells down to Pat instead of James.)

*The "Drummers" in the Country.*—"Good morning, Mr. BANTAM! Could I, ah, sell you a piece of—ah, that is, don't you want to subscribe to the *Hamilton Spectator* or *Times*? Don't look shocked, please, Mr. BANTAM. I know that you folks here in the country read nothing but the *Toronto Koran*, but it is time that *Hamilton* awakened from her lethargy. Our Board of Trade thinks so, and we are going to make a start by bracing our newspapers up. I have a splendid assortment of new samples—that is, look at a *Times* or *Spectator*?"

**Injustice to Ireland!**

*Me darlint Grip:*

Wud yez be kind enough to han' this letter to Misther DAVIN, consarnin' his book about the *Irishman in Canada*. I blave that gentleman is wan av the igitors av the *Mail* an if so, plaze tell him this is a shtrictly proivate correspondance, and ax him not to pulblitch it.

Your ould friend,

TERRY TIERNEY.

Misther DAVIN, Esquire.

*Irishman in Canada, Author, Iditor, &c.*

SIR.

I take up my pin to let ye know that I luck to ye for satisfaction, sir, in regard to your doin' me a mane thrick, an' more nor that, I may say, an outrage av the most outrageous description. Sir, I give ye warnin' that I will take it out av ye, the furst toime I clap an eye on your wretched and miserable carcass, an' so I wud just advise ye niver to come to this part av the counthly on anny picnic av the Consarvatiff party, or in anny other shape. I suppose, sir, ye will not deny that it was yoursilf med up that buck about *The Irishman in Canada*. I am towld that ye do be gloryin' that ye med it. Well sir, that is one pint settled. Now, sir, I have read all through that same buck, an' I find minton av ivery Irishman that iver kem to Canada, an' all about fwhat they did an' fwhere they kem from, an' fwhat keind they wor—ivery Irishman but mesilf! Sir, fwhat do ye mane by this insult? Fwhat do ye mane to insinuate? Amn't I as much of an Irishman an' as respectable an' as much gifted wid janius as PADDY O'ROURKE, that lives in the shanty furninst me, an takes up the best part av wan page in your buck?

Av ye have anny regard for your personal welfare, an' av ye intend to live an' become a grate man in this country, take my advice, an' kape outside av rache av the undersigned. As ye shtate in the preface av your buck, the Irishman is a harmless animal whin iverything goes well wid him, but whin aroused by the pangs av insult an' injustice, he is a bad man an' kerries a razor.

I remain,

TERRY TIERNEY.

ADVICE to persons who are anxious to get a good view of the ROSS-HANLON race.—Use your eyes.