

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabest Beast is the Ass; the grabest Bird is the Owl;
The grabest Fish is the Oyster; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 3RD FEBRUARY, 1877.

From our Box.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The "*Revolt of the Commune*" has been played here through the week, by MISS KATE RANOE and the stock company. MISS RANOE is *Philomel*. She is the daughter of a Parisian gunsmith, and has been induced to marry rich party, who has been induced to marry other rich party previously, which he keeps dark. *Philomel* is deserted, child starves to death in siege of Paris, *Philomel* and gunsmith become Communists, (a word which means that to make private property common property is an uncommon good thing for all who have none). Scene in ruined house; lot of Communists turned out by soldiers, who want to pull down house to help kill some Prussians. Communists object to being turned out in summary manner in winter, and commence to pile up rubbish across streets, and dance on top of it, wave flags, sing songs, shoot soldiers, and choke audience with powder smoke. Shells fall and burst everywhere. Head Communist kills officer in single combat (has previously killed him on bridge as a gendarme.) More shells fall. Great conflagration in rear, making cathedral behind, full of old armour, perfectly devilish object. Great barricade fight, soldiers in red trousers, Communists in big boots and ragged shirts, women with long sticks, officers in uniform, heads of Commune with immense sabres, all firing, tearing round, and killing one another in a manner evincing utter disregard of human life and stage property. Head Communist kills same officer again. All parties roll off stage and die in horrid agonies. Come on again. Great sacking of aristocrat's house; find spy in box, carry him off, kill him behind scenes. All fighting over, aristocrats playing cards in magnificent *salon*, pitying poor Communists all about to be shot next day. Great scoundrel aristocrat of first act now penitent, runs off to get pardon for *Philomel* and gunsmith; gunsmith has escaped, cuts in behind, shoots old aristocrat, skips off, pursued by soldiers. Final scene; same officer now gets his revenge, marches in as good as new, orders men to shoot gunsmith. Order complied with with usual savage alacrity of minions of despotism, who kill gunsmith instantly by firing over his head. *Philomel* runs in, and exhibits such distress at sight of her dead father as melts hearts of fierce soldiery, who shoot her at once to end her misery. Converted aristocrat rushes in with pardon, too late. *Philomel* sings French song expressive of desire to kill parties, and dies. Audience go home.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE is closed till Friday, when, and on Saturday, a celebrated exposé of spiritualism will appear in various astonishing performances.

A NOVEL SHARPNESS.—A New York telegram reports that the police drove away the shipping rioters at the point of the pistol.

The Main Chance.

SCENE.—An office—Present, the newspaper Editor and his brother the Proprietor.

PROPRIETOR.—Say, brither, noo
There flows upon ma brain a veesion rich,
O' cash to be attained. Ken ye the lot
We haud along the street o' Beverly?
Four acres braid or mair. Why suld we no
(New buildings for the Pairliament they need,
Or think they do) mak sale to them complete,
And turn the cash at ance? Why suld we no?
Min', private sales hae stappit, and the lot
Hings like a taxing millstane round our neck,
An' bears us to the grund?

EDITOR.—Sage brither, noo,
As at all times maist wise, it is a plan
Shall oor exchequer fill. Oor columns noo
Shall ring wi' statements, and wi' reasons ring
Why buildings suld be had. The site they hae
Shall straight be sauld, and sune oor pooches deep,
Shall gape to tak the cash. My brither gran'
Ye hae a noble saul.

(Exit to write editorial.)

The Song of the Member.

Six dollars every day I take;
And there's no reason why
I should take less. The rate I make.
Then why not make it high?

And Government they durst not stop
Such goings on at all;
For why?—if on them we should drop
Their Cabinet must fall.

When we two hundred grabbed last year
Some swag we put their way,
To each—an extra thousand clear,
And nothing more said they.

And why on earth should they or we
Stay as we are at all?
Why keep our little salary
At this eight hundred small.

Next year two hundred more we'll try—
The next two hundred more,
And so increase and multiply
Religiously our store.

Why not?—'tis fair to add again
As 'twas to add before.
There was no reason for it then,
And now there is no more.

Instead of dollars six, I fear
Of us there's very few
At any honest job could clear
Much more than dollars two.

Good-bye, our future do not fear,
We'll to our places freeze.
What joy to be a member here
At all the pay we please!

Letter from a Contractor.

To the Editor of Grip.

Sir,—I complain of the most outrageous attempt at violation of the rights of a subject ever thought of in British North America, Great Britain, the Isle of Man, or any other Anglo Saxon residence on the face of the globe.

I allude to that gross and inhuman Bill introduced to give freeholders additional votes.

I say sir, it is intended to prevent the floating population from ruling the elections. I declare it, sir!

I demand to know how, if the people who own the city are to manage the elections, contractors are to get in workable and manageable aldermen. I demand to know it, sir!

If I, sir, nominate an alderman who will spend money and give me contracts, and see that I have paying prices, and accept what decent and fair return I can give him for his services, do you think I could get him in at an election where freeholders had the majority, sir? I could not, sir.

What class of men would they put in, sir? Some contemptible fellows who would want economy, and all that sort of thing, sir. Would want solid, lasting improvements, good work, sir. Should we ever make our fortune out of that, sir? No, sir.

How would we ever have got the York street or Avenue jobs through with a freeholder's vote, sir? Would contractors have made the money they have with a freeholder's vote, sir? Would aldermen have the property they have? Would they be able to make pleasant little bargains with contractors? Would either of them have their horses and carriages, their bank account and fine houses, sir? No, sir.

I am glad to say, sir, we have influenced the working men to come forward, sir! The noble working men, sir. They have held a meeting and talked to the Government, sir, and we shall see, sir, whether this city is to be ruled by a pack of economical and diabolical freeholders, sir. We shall see, sir.

AN INDIGNANT CONTRACTOR.

Toronto, Feb. 1. 1877.

Mr. MACKENZIE has lately been improving his mind, and now quotes polite literature. When he saw the first member arrive he called him "The Beginning of the End." CARTWRIGHT, "Why not? Perhaps a good end." MACKENZIE replied dolefully, "Ay, ay, mon. But wad it were adjourning time, CAIRTREET. an' a weel."