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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

GRIP is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.

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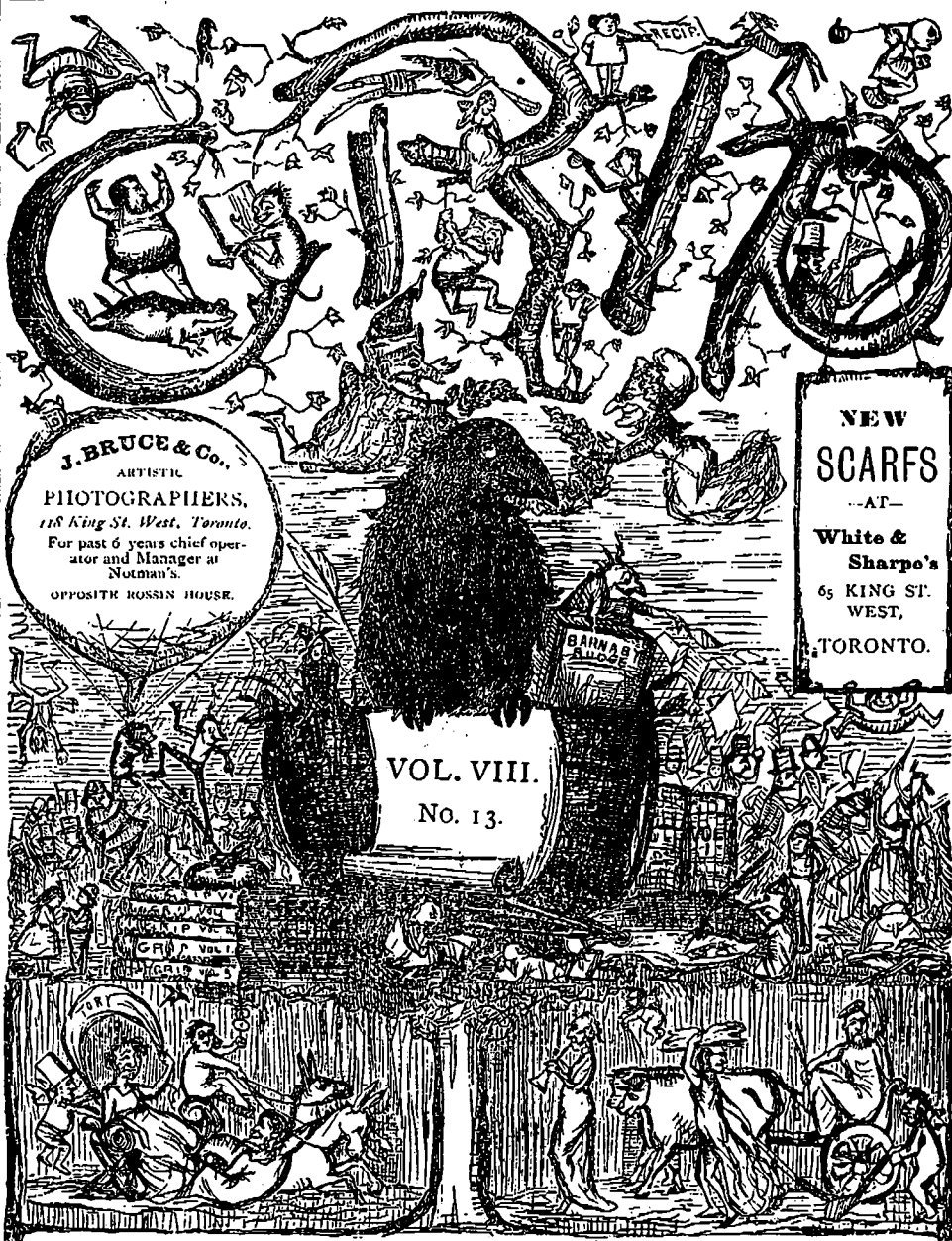
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By Telegraph From Philadelphia.
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The world renowned Singer carries off the highest honor which the Centennial Commission could give to any competitor at this fair. Two Medals of Merit, two Diplomas of Honor, and the special commendation of the judges have been awarded to The Singer Manufacturing Company, for Superior Sewing Machines.
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach GRIP office not later than Wednesday. Articles and literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, GRIP office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

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—AND—
PERSONS REQUIRING BOARDERS.
Should apply to the office
16 ADELAIDE ST. EAST.

"When could November's surly blast lay field and forest bare."
It is about time my dear friend, you were finding comfort in a suit of those
WARM & STYLISH FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
Just received.
CHEESEWORTH & FRASER
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DEALER IN
PURE CONFECTIONERY
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CHOICE FRUITS.
A select supply of Canned Fruit, Fish, &c., always on hand.

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.

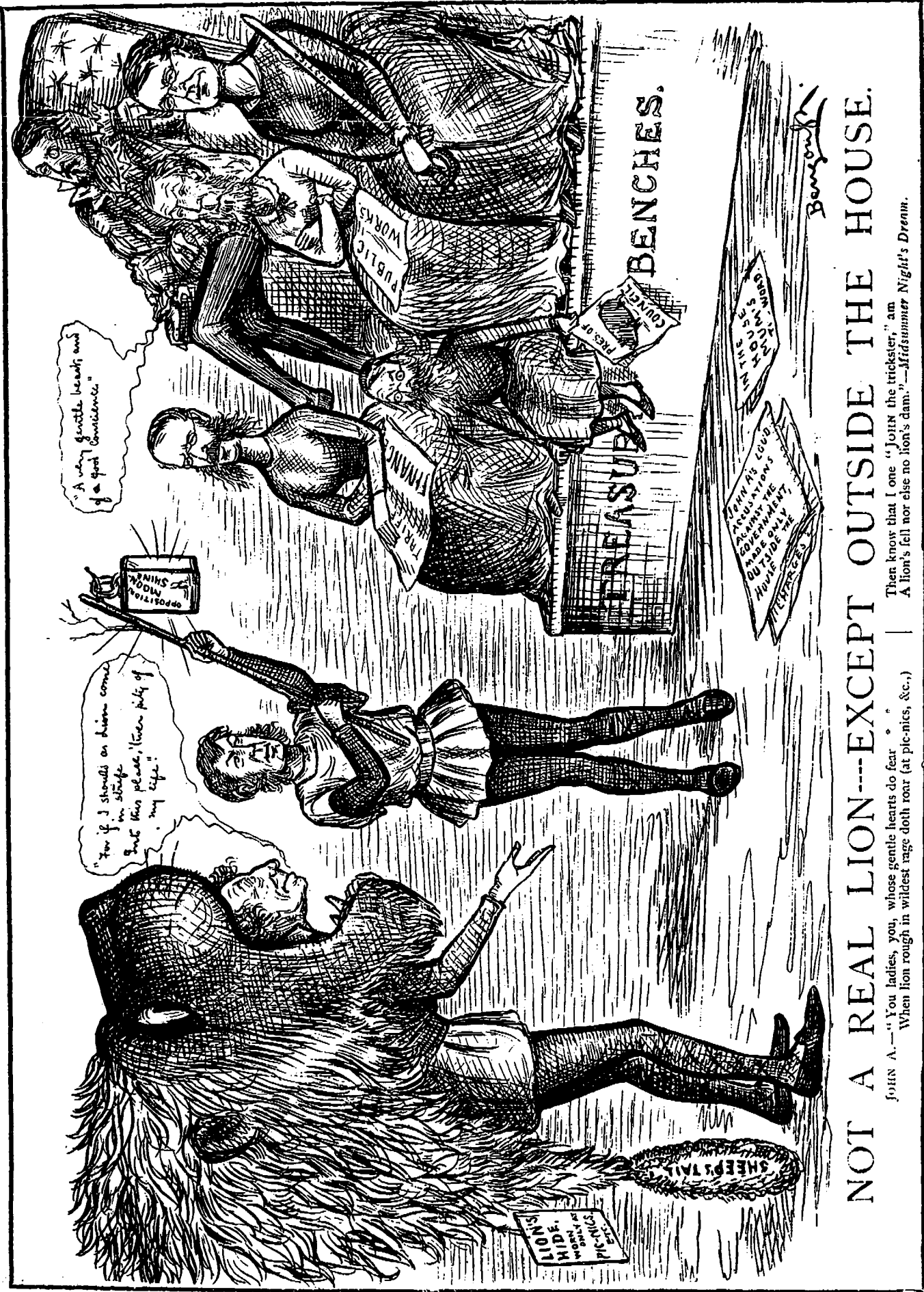
SERVANT GIRL.—(third tramp)—What do you want?
PEDLAR.—I am just introducocin' the patent spoon knife fork door-handle, silver copper brass metal polisher; makes silver look like gold, copper like silver, nooly invented, ten cents a package, brighten anything for you in one minute—
SERVANT GIRL.—No, no!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



NOT A REAL LION---EXCEPT OUTSIDE THE HOUSE.

JOHN A.—“You ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear,
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar (at pic-nics, &c.,)
Then know that I one “JOIN the trickster,” am
A lion’s fell nor else no lion’s dam.”—*Midsummer Night’s Dream.*

Benson

Bill of Fare.
(For *Curling Clubs.*)

SOUP.

"Soop 'em up," *in course.*

FISH.

Result of a "cast" in any d"rink."

BROILED.

Mutton "Chop," "Sweep" Steaks, Cooked over a *roarin'* fire.

SIDE DISH.

"Hack"ed Beef with Wintergreens.

ENTREES.

"Chipped" Eggs.

VEGETABLES.

Curling Cabbage "Spin"ach.

GAME.

Any animal that "Skips" brought down with the "trigger."

PASTRY, ETC.

Bread pudding (from Crumbs swept up). "Cold Dip" (from Mr. Vennor.)

EXTRAS.

Ice Cream, (When a pretty shot is made.) (Broom) sticks of Candy, *bon-bons*, peels, etc.

DESSERT.

Any kind of "Stone" Fruit.

DER-RINK.

Wines in the "Mull." All kinds of "Feas."

This meal can be eaten with a *keen* appetite.

A young lady with Kleptomaniac tendencies says the doctors have given her so much tincture of *iron* that she has felt inclined to *steal* ever since.

The Cup that Cheers, yet Doth Not Health Create.

Take a cup of turmeric this evening with me,
(I beg pardon; perhaps you may know it as tea,
And some of it once was, but there's no saying when,
For I'm sorry to say it's been tea-leaves since then.)

But we'll not for that obsolete article grieve,
While the flavour of keen Prussian blue we perceive
So astringent; and while the strong odour we know
That arises in fumes from the dark indigo.

And the taste kaolinic—you recognize that?
'Tis the toning of china clay pleasingly flat.
Which, blending harmonic with palate and tongue,
Gently dulls, kindly softens, the turmeric strong.

Oh, how joyful the drinker, imbibing serene,
What is thought to be tea, and is known to be green!
And to think some insensibles, scornful of bliss,
Can refuse to partake of such mixtures as this!

If, however, your palate, rejecting the green,
To a rich tawny black does acceptingly lean,
Pass your cup; still the kaolin flavour you know,
Still the pleasing turmeric its taste shall bestow.

But the dark indigo shall not mix in the cup,
Nor the strong Prussian blue ascend odorous up.
No, though equal in strength, yet quite different be
All the component parts of the fragrant black tea.

Ah, think not the color, which on it you see,
Came from unpainted leaves of the eastern tea tree.
And think not its odour, so fragrant and strong,
Can be breathed distant Chinese plantations among.

For the darkness of colour to which you incline
Is the darkness of lead from Potosi's deep mine,
And its richness of odour so pleasingly good,
Is bestowed by rose-pink and by dark Brazil wood.

Then come drink of these compounds this evening with me,
And we'll call them, and think them, if possible, tea.
And our nerves and digestions shall take themselves wings,
As we drink of the tea that the tea merchant brings.

Extension of the Franchise.
Parliament of Ontario.

ADMISSION OF THE SONS OF CANDLESTICK MAKERS.

The Hon. Gentleman supporting the Bill said:—

The measure now introduced was for the purpose of admitting to the franchise a large, influential, and honourable class—the sons of Candlestick makers. These young gentlemen worked for their parents—the parents had a great deal of candlesticks; but it gave the sons no vote. But what of them? There was a chance that some day they would have their candlesticks, or some of them. He proposed, then, to give them a vote now as if they had that. He was sure the House would think this very sensible. It was true they might never get any of the candlesticks, the father might lose them, or sell them, or leave them to some one else. Well, it would surely be hard, since they might never get the candlesticks, not to give them a vote anyway. Besides, these honourable young gentlemen had been in the habit of getting themselves illegally assessed for their father's accumulated stock of candlesticks, which showed their cleverness, and how fit they were to vote. Let them be encouraged; make it legal. Of course, the young candlestick makers might set up in business for themselves, which would give them votes. But if they left the old man, he might leave them—no candlesticks. So they stuck at home. It was said that the sons of all other people were in the same position precisely. What if they were? What were any of their businesses compared to the candlestick makers? Would you compare the son of a waggon maker, a blacksmith, a carpenter, a school-master, a grocer, a machinist, to the son of a candlestick maker? Of course many of the others were often more intelligent, better educated, more moral, apparently better able to exercise the franchise properly than the young candlestick makers. But what trash to talk of such nonsense as eligibility! The question was did they make candlesticks? They did not! Then they had no right to vote till they get property or are householders. The son of no man, except the son of a candlestick maker, had the natural gift of heaven enabling him to vote properly. Candlesticks, he said, forever, and nothing but candlesticks. The Hon. gentleman, amid loud cheers, moved the second reading of the Bill for the bestowal of the franchise on the sons of all candlestick makers.

The Mistake.

Almiry Jane had gone to school,
And studied under the master's rule.
Geometry she had studi-ed
But ALMIRY JANE couldn't make a bed.

She was extreme on geography.
Knew about electricity,
Globes and spheres and plenty more,
But ALMIRY JANE couldn't sweep a floor.

Posted on latitude, longitude too.
Laws of heat like a book she knew,
Knew the causes of cold and wet,
But ALMIRY JANE couldn't dinner get.

Knew the names of the Grecian Kings.
Likewise what birds had the longest wings.
Knew to the pole how the needle was true,
But with her own needle she nothing could do.

ALMIRY JANE she had married to be,
Off went her learning and off went she.
Husband who married her quickly found out
All she had learned she'd be better without.

ALMIRY JANE she agreed with him too,
Said of the School Board sharp words not a few.
Settled to business, and as time goes past,
What she should have learned first she is learning at last.

Mothers, be warned, and don't let your girls fill
With humbug their heads; useful knowledge instill.
For there are but few daughters, (so husbands complain)
Who will learn after marriage like ALMIRY JANE.

Croaks and Pecks.

Miss May just escaped the nuptial Bennett-diction.

General Augur will probably assist at TILDEN'S in-augur-ation.

Two Extremes.—Cardinal WISEMAN and Professor SILLI-MAN.

Do male and female fishes love? No they merely have an at-fin-ity for each other.

When an Indian and squaw get married, they start off on their honeymoon in a canoe and call it canoe-bial bliss.

BANK CLERK.—If the young lady refused to skate with you on the Rink, take our advice and "Let her slide."

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Ottawa, January 5th, 1876.

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J. JOHNSON,
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TOURNAMENT.

MUTUAL-STREET RINK.

The Grand Skating Tournament will commence at two o'clock

This Saturday Afternoon,

When the Season Ticket holders who have not taken a first prize in their respective classes will compete for the following:-

OPEN TO ALL!

GENTS.-1st prize, cash, \$5; 2nd prize, cash, \$3; 3rd prize, cash, \$2.

LADIES.-1st prize, cash, \$5; 2nd prize, cash, \$3; 3rd prize, cash, \$2.

Under Fifteen Years of Age.

BOYS.-1st prize, cash, \$3; 2nd prize, cash, \$2; 3rd prize, cash, \$1.

GIRLS.-1st prize, cash, \$3; 2nd prize, cash, \$2; 3rd prize, cash, \$1.

PROGRAMME:-Gents and Boys-Plain forward and backward. Dutch roll forward and backward. Outside edge forward. Eight forward. Eight backwards, one foot following other. Eight with toe movements. Three single and double. Grape vine, single and double. Jumps. Turning on one foot and two feet. Locomotive, forward and backward. Smoothing iron. Rail fence. Anvil. Specialties.

Ladies and Girls:-Plain, forward and backward. Dutch roll forward and backward. Outside edge, forward. Eight forward. Eight backward. Eight with threes. Threes, single and double. Grape vine, single and double. Specialties.

Entries to be made before Saturday noon, at the Secretary's Office, corner of Adelaide and Jarvis Sts.

BAND IN ATTENDANCE.

Admission to the Rink, 25cents. Members 10 cents.

WM. RENNIE,
Sec'y C. S. and C. C.

W. D. McINTOSH, President



To the Working Class.-We are prepared to furnish all classes with constant employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to \$5 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting their whole time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this notice may send their address, and test the business we make this unparalleled offer: To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars, samples worth several dollars to commence work on, and a copy of Home and Fireside, one of the largest and best Illustrated Publications, all sent free by mail. Reader if you want permanent, profitable work, address, GEORGE STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.

SQUARE GRAND,

\$700 OFFERING AT **\$275**

SQUARE PIANO,

Seven-octaves, Rosewood case, Serpentine Mouldings and Carved Legs.

\$350 OFFERING AT **\$190**

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