

## 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, SAUTRDAY, 26TH JANUARY, 1878.

### The Defeat of Vail.

Who shall tell how very pale,  
Looked the Grits at the news of VAIL.  
Everywhere arose the wail.  
Said the *Globe* "What there did ail,  
We to-morrow shall detail."  
In fulfilment it does fail,  
Nothing does remark of VAIL.  
Notwithstanding that the *Mail*  
Sharp reminding does assail,  
And upon the news regale,  
Saying "Very like a whale!  
Ha!—you darsen't mention VAIL!"  
And does on its pen impale,  
G. B. "This will turn the scale,  
Vanish—Ay to Bow Park swale,"  
*Times*—that latest turncoat trail,  
Told in Hamilton the tale,  
Blustering that they wouldn't quail,  
Nought it should their foes avail.  
Followed on the self-same trail  
London's *Advertiser*. VAIL,  
We're informed, has been their bale,  
Loss his loss will not entail.  
Humbugs! GRIP will hit the nail  
On the head. You mourn for VAIL!

### The Lunching Committee.

The Committee on Revision have adopted the practice of lunching at the city expense. Next they won't give the items of their lunches, so that a bill for near \$300 has just been paid for last year's. GRIP usually makes fun of occurrences, if possible. But this looks like something that is hardly susceptible of being joked on. He would simply ask, is there not, in Toronto, some one citizen, of sufficient means, determination, and public spirit, to bring action personally against some of these people, and let a jury judge whether they have the right to use entrusted funds recklessly or not?

### The Weather.

GRIP sought repose. The temperature was that of May. Great pools of water covered the streets; the wagons plashed through the thick mud. "As the world," said that great personage, "has evidently been transferred to a position nearer the sun—a change of place which will render useless the whole NEWTONIAN system, and in fact, turn the whole universe upside down—you may let the fire go out in the hall stove."

GRIP awoke. An arctic scene burst on his view. Windows and door, walls and ceiling, were glittering with frost. An intensely cold glittering atmosphere, glittering with bright particles, filled the room. The form of GRIP was stiffened; his thoughts were frozen in his magnificent brain, the interior of which at that moment, no doubt resembled a glittering cavern of stalactites. His great water jug of cut glass, presented to him by the City of Venice, lay split in halves on his table, and upright there in mockery stood the water which had filled it—a base simulacrum—as the *Mail* says—of what it had been—which by the way is exactly what the *Mail* is itself. GRIP looked at it.

"Is this," he asked, "the 19th century?"

"That," said his seventeenth flunkey, the only one the night had left unfrozen, speaking through a cage of frosty pendants which had been a moustache—"is hicc."

GRIP calmly turned, smothered his indignation, choked his wrath, and quietly said, with that wonderful instinct which, given to him alone, never fails to suggest the proper course at the most important moment.

"Light the fires!"

It was done. All evil consequences were at once averted. The household affairs, previously congealed, thawed out and went on as usual. How valuable in every household—in every government—in every nation—is that personage who is gifted with the prescient understanding of the right thing to do at the right time.

### The Future State.

SERMON BY THE REV. MR. HELLMADGE, D. S.

Oh Hell! Yes! Do not dare to deny it! It is there! Vast! tremendous! deep! burning! flaming! consuming! so hot that even at this distance it scorches. You are all hanging over it by a single hair, sustained by Providence. One slip, and in you flop and sizzle. Forever! Only think of it! Look at it! See that fat chap on that bed of coals, with several imps adding turpentine. View his horrid contortions! He has been there a thousand years. It hurts him now worse than ever. When he has been there five million years he will be no nearer the end. You can hear his shrieks even here, and are sensible of the horrible frying odour of his flesh. What did he do? Nonsense! What had he to do with it! Adam ate the apple; that's what this fellow's burning for, and will for ever and ever, praise be to the Highest. He might have saved himself; if he had given a thousand dollars to any respectable church, such as mine, came regularly to service, participated in responses, and talked of his experiences a little, he would have been all right, even if he had embezzled a million, or run away with a Savings Bank fund. But this man who is burning here lived a strictly moral life. That is nothing. That did not save him. Morality is trash. You must be born again, and then you can do what you like. There is no condemnation to those who are in our sect. The saints shall inherit the earth; all things are lawful to them. Remember that rich gentleman I buried last week. He had subscribed heavily; the funeral was grand; the clerical fee magnificent. He had broke three times, not without saving some pieces from the breakage, endowing his family, and so forth. You did not hear me express any suspicions of his future? No! He was of us!

Look a little further! See that wretched object. She is young and beautiful. Hark to her blood-curdling screams. See that fiery serpent which ever winds around her, eating into her perpetually burning, perpetually renewing frame! Is it not shocking? Five hundred years, and not begun, so to speak, yet. What did she do? Well, she always was a very good girl, in a worldly point of view, supported her aged mother, gave all she could spare to the poor, was true and faithful, kind and loving to all; but unfortunately she did not experience true religion, not being able to understand the saving grace which enables the godly to sin all the week and wipe it off on Sunday, did not make any open profession, and we see the results. Sad! Oh, how sad! Forever! Burning! burning! burning! Oh, my friends, come with me! Hearken to me, follow pure religion! Be saved! Not as the Early Christians, mistaken people. No! Pure religion and undefiled is to give much money towards splendid churches and priest's residences, large minister's salaries, and, if convenient, something to the poor. Give largely! No matter how you come by it—the restrictions on that part, so strongly insisted upon by the Early Fathers, rest upon a mistaken basis, and are no longer binding on the godly. Give! give! give! or Burn, Burn, Burn, Forever! ever! ever!

### The Bankrupt Law.

Sing the lay of the Bankrupt Man.

Failing, failing, about to fail—  
Going to fail as soon as he can  
Get more goods from some big wholesale.

Then will he give a false return,  
Then will a cooked-up statement give,  
Easier work than wages to earn,  
Merrily does the bankrupt live.

Further away he jollily goes,  
Sticks up a new name over his store—  
Past transactions there nobody knows.  
There he can play off the game once more.

Sing the lay of the Assignee,  
Plenty of bankrupts—plenty to do.  
No one makes money as easy as he,  
Under the "Law of Insolvent New."

Sells a stock for some hundreds clear,  
Little is left by the time he's through.  
Process of justice—don't you sneer—  
Government knows the way to do.

Don't you dare to say that the thing  
Could be bettered—the world ne'er saw—  
Times may change, but never will bring  
Lawyers who'll make economical law.

The *Telegram* complains that a car left the railway track on Queen street. Did it expect it to carry it home?