

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, SEPTEMBER 25, 1875.

Songs of Scotland.

KENNEDY, each night next week, in the Music Hall,
Taks ye hame in Scotch song for an hour or twa.

Answers to Legal Correspondents.

Law Student.—You are quite right: the author of "Beavans' Reports" in 29 volumes, now holds a position in the office of the Clerk of Records and Writs.

Solicitor.—We think the counsel who settled the Bill of Complaint of your clients, the Building Society, and ended it with—"And the plaintiff will ever prey"—is clearly open to an action for libel.

Hard Reader.—"I want something that will combine good solid reading with a little judicious nonsense: something that will really take the understanding with something that can be recognized at once as folly pure and simple." The only book we can think of as likely to answer your purpose is EDGAR'S Insolvency Act—we have not read it, but a general knowledge of Canadian legislation and of some current poetry, leads us to believe that the text of the act and the laureate's notes will be just about the combination you want.

Scintilla Juris.—No, the melancholy lecturer referred to in the *World*, as giving the idea from the impressive sadness of his delivery, that he gained his knowledge of the law by incurring its penalties was not the author of the Canadian *Blackstone*.

Assyrian M. S. S. No. 3.

1. Now the sweet TUBBERCERRY having consented to be mine, and having named the day, the blissful day when I should buy the ring, and we twain should become one, and live happy for ever after, as is the manner of those thus spiced, we went out, hand in hand, into the streets of the fair city of *Scaravatch* to look for a house, in the which to enshrine ourselves, our felicities, fixings, and possibilities.

2. And we had with us an honest man, hight SKEENEFLYNT, who builded and speculated in houses in conjunction with one RAMSHACKELECH, both ornaments of their local community, and embodiments of all the virtues, and patriotisms.

3. And behold, the array of beautiful, costly, and cosy dwelling-places scattered about in rich profusion, and presenting an inefable mingling of the utilities and graces to which SKEENEFLYNT trotted us round that day, shall abide with us so long as memory holds its seat in this distracted and variegated existence. The rents, too, which this good personage and his ally RAMSHACKELECH had put upon these fascinating domiciles were in a concatenation with their numerous and abounding attractions and conveniences.

4. With a nobly philanthropic disregard to himself, SKEENEFLYNT, in fact, asked (for the present) only as much as would bring him in 40 or 50 per cent. on his outlay.

5. Lo! the wells were sunk in the sandy soil to the extreme depth of at least four feet, by which the water enjoyed a delicate *soupcou* of the subterranean percolations from the adjoining *what-do-ye-call-it* conveniently placed three yards off.

6. The *what-do-ye-call-ems*, the summer kitchens, the fuel-sheds, and other out-houses of these homes for the people—the creation of which was in RAMSHACKELECH'S department, had all been got up by him, regardless of expense, and in the style of harmony and elegance for which he has long been conspicuous. As regards relative situation and arrangement, my Tubbercerry delightedly exclaimed that they looked as though they had all been thrown up a mile or two in the air, whence they had tumbled in pleasing natural *abandon*, like rocket-sticks after a grand pyrotechnic eruption.

7. They were constructed of the best clear pine, planed, rabbeted, tongued, grooved and painted, a soft green, being the predominant colour. Some of them had trellis work, and pretty creepers. The ornamental appearance these tasteful timbered appendages presented from the back windows of the various houses must be seen to be realized.

8. I said to SKEENEFLYNT:—"Verily these good citizens of *Scaravatch* seem to be brought up under the refining influences of the aesthetic and elevating," whereat SKEENEFLYNT slapped his pocket, and responded, "Right you are, sir!"

9. The fences and palings of the yards and gardens were, if possible, sounder, neater, and more ornamental than the outhouses.

10. We had scarcely entered the basement portion of a seven-roomed 400 house when TUBBERCERRY sat down and wept. To my tender inquiry she responded, "My feelings overpower me." "As how?" I asked. "Because," said she, "of the realization in this chamber of my life-long dreams of all which is attractive and desirable. Oh! my CARMONIECH! it is too much! Let us ascend unto the upper chambers!"

11. We ascended and went into the kitchen, when my soul's idol was again overcome by her sensations. So I hurried her into the parlors, and thence into the bedrooms, all of which were bright, roomy, convenient, and lofty. Indeed I think I do not exaggerate when I say that two of them—as well as they could be seen through the excess of light—were no less than twelve feet square, and eight or nine feet high. SKEENEFLYNT next showed me the sink-traps which held fully a cubic inch of water, while the syphons were, I dare say, quite an inch in the bend. They had been put up, he said, by RAMSHACKELECH, who was noted for his skill and trustworthiness in that and all other details of house-construction.

12. We were much pleased with the arrangements for ventilation. These were on a plan specially SKEENEFLYNT'S own, and consisted of a key-hole in the locks, and a narrow space between the doors and the floor. "You see," said SKEENEFLYNT, "I give no sanction to the current medical and popular notion that the carbonic acid vapor we exhale in breathing flies upwards,—an idea which entails expense in window ropes and pullies. It goes downward, you may depend upon it. Any way, that's the cardinal principle which regulates the construction of my edifices."

13. After several days' delightful round, I returned to my hotel, convinced that the task of deciding between so many and varied temptations and excellencies would be long and arduous. I am still there, so is TUBBERCERRY. We have been married about 35 years, and have occasionally ran round on house-hunting expeditions. But, every morning, during this period, has found us undecided between the relative merits and attractions of half a hundred neat white brick desirable Gothics, and as many delicious, snug, stucco, Palladians. SKEENEFLYNT and RAMSHACKALETH sleep the sleep of the just with their fathers in the SCARAVATCH Cemetery under marble mausoleums, among the innumerable earlier dead, of those who rented their comfortable and commodious tenements. But those who want houses will find their successors carrying on the old-business on the old cardinal principles.

T. P. F.

When loafers congregate upon the street,
To swear, and spit, and harass passers by,
Be sure policemen are not on their beat,
For when they're wanted, they are never nigh.

Time was when in Toronto's quiet ways,
The peaceful citizen might homeward go,
Un-BURKED, unharmed, safe-guarded nights or days,
By T. P. F's,—But Prince then ran the show.

The Supreme Court.

Richard's himself again, says C. J. RICHARDS.

Humanum est errare, peals C. J. DRAPER.

Equity follows the law, says the CHANCELLOR.

Expressio unius est exclusio alterius, says C. J. HAGARTY.

Frater fratri uterino non succedet in hereditate paterna, says V. C. BLAKE.

Leges posteriores priores contrarias abrogant, says JUDGE GWYNNE.

Malitia supplet actatem, says JUDGE WILSON.

Potior est conditio possidentis, says JUDGE MORRISON.

Non jus sed seisinam facit stipitem, says MOSS, Q. C.

Vigilantibus non dormientibus jura subveniunt, says Grip, Amicus Curia.

Utile per inutile non vitiatur, says JUSTICE STRONG.

McDougall to Brown.

G. B., G. B., beware of the day

When MCDUGALL shall meet thee in battle array,

I've a little account, and my name it is BILL,

And until I am settled, I'll not have my fill.

But when the day comes; you have warning in time!

(I am putting my letters to MOWAT in rhyme)

I am running a-muck on my political bicycle,

So no more at present from yours truly—the ICICLE.

It has often been a mystery to GRIP how this big trout fishing was done. The *Aylmer Paper* comes to his relief with the following:—

GOOD SPORT.—One day this week Mr. A. C. BROWN and Mr. J. FITZSIMONS, caught in ZAVIT'S pond sixty-five trout. The first gentleman hooked thirty-four and the latter twenty-six. In each basket were some beauties that made our mouth water to look at.

By which it will be seen that the number caught was sixty-five. When we deduct from this the number "hooked" by each of the gentlemen it reduces the actual catch to five.