

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The greatest Feast is the Ass; the greatest Bird is the Owl;
The greatest Fish is the Oyster; the greatest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 26TH MAY, 1877.

Volume Nine.

GRIP returns his best thanks to the People of Canada for the loyal and enthusiastic manner in which they celebrated his—and Queen VICTORIA'S—birthday on the 24th. The world is probably aware that on that auspicious date GRIP had completed the fourth year and Eighth Volume of his age. He would modestly leave it to others—Sir JOHN, or ALEXANDER, or GEORDIE for example—to speak a befitting eulogy on the Herculean labours he has accomplished on behalf of the Public during the past; or if these distinguished persons are too busy to deliver orations, he would let his record (which can be bought in bound volume at his office) speak for itself. Meantime, he enters on VOL. IX. with pen and pencil sharpened afresh against the Frauds and Follies; and devoted as chivalrously as ever to the loving service of all that is worthy.

From Our Box.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—Everybody knows that DALY'S Fifth Avenue Company are playing at Mrs. MORRISON'S, but everybody hasn't been to see them. Perhaps everybody is not aware that *Lemonis* is the funniest comedy that the clever DALY has ever written. Let no man do himself and family the unkindness of failing to witness it.

The Building Speculation.

Mrs. JONES.—Bless me, Mr. JONES, why don't you?

Mr. JONES.—Don't I what, my love?

Mrs. JONES.—What?—As if you didn't know! If I had only had the luck to marry anybody!

Mr. JONES.—Didn't you?

Mrs. JONES.—(indignantly)—No! Anybody, with any energy, any spirit, would do something!

Mr. JONES.—I do.

Mrs. JONES.—(scornfully)—You do! For a bare existence! Why don't you do as other folks do? Build some houses, have a lot of tenants, make money in shoals? I could do it.

Mr. JONES.—It is not so certain that they are makin' money. Some say they had better have kept out of it. (Mrs. J. shows symptoms of beginning to cry). Well, there is money lying; I might do it, perhaps; without much loss, at all events. I'll speak to the architect. (Mrs. J. is delighted).

ONE WEEK AFTER.

Mr. JONES.—Well, my dear, we have made a beginning. I have purchased two good sites, in the suburbs, open air, lots of houses going up, got the land cheaper than I could have done last year, and have given contracts for three houses on each. Both sets of houses will look much alike, but one set costs more than the other will. Old STEADYGO contracts for one set, and will do them well and solidly. FLIMSY & Co. build three others in cheaper but equally showy style. So we have fairly tried the experiment.

Mrs. JONES.—That is so nice. How soon will they be done?

Mr. JONES.—In three months.

Mrs. JONES.—Ah, that is something like business. In three months we shall have six tenants. What interest will the rent pay us?

Mr. JONES.—Why, really, it puzzles me how people have not succeeded in making money. Why, the sites, 120 feet is all front by 100 feet, have cost but \$2,400. STEADYGO builds for \$2,000 a house; FLIMSY & Co. for \$1,500. \$13,000 the whole will cost. Now, I'm drawing 6 per cent for this, or \$780 yearly. I am assured that I shall easily let them each at \$25 and taxes, or \$1,800 yearly. There is a margin for you. My dear, you have given me a hint in the right direction, I believe.

Mrs. JONES.—Ah, if you had been guided by me previously. But it is pleasant that you see it now. And—don't you think I might, as our income is about to increase, buy a few new things?

Mr. JONES.—Certainly. I believe we may now, too, keep a man servant; I was offered a phaeton and pair very cheap also. I'll think of it. (He does, and buys it; also they buy other things, and others also).

SIX MONTHS LATER.

Mr. JONES.—It is really a great nuisance, Mrs. JONES, but those houses you persuaded me to build don't pay as yet very well. So many houses have been built on speculation, that I have only three of my six

rented, and had to take \$20 a month, and agree to pay the taxes, which are awfully high.

Mrs. JONES.—Persuaded you? Now you know you are a man no one can persuade. I was in favour of building, but you remember, my love, that the whole details, in which errors most frequently are found were left to yourself.

Mr. JONES.—The Devil couldn't detail them better than I did. Had excellent architects. (Enter a Messenger).

MESSANGER.—Mr. BROWN, your tenant, sir—

Mr. JONES.—Ah, one of FLIMSY & Co's houses. Yes?

MESSANGER.—Wants you to come and see him, and have a look at the house, sir. All going to bits, sir, he says. (Mr. Jones rushes out with him and returns in an hour.)

Mr. JONES.—Here's a kettle of fish! The plaster's all off in bubbles; all the ill-seasoned wood-work has shrunk with the summer heat; the chimney foundations have been built with poor mortar and are giving way; the paint's cracking and blistering, and the three houses look like the deuce. Nobody'll rent them till they're fixed, and to do it even temporarily will cost \$150 each, and occupy months.

Mrs. JONES.—What a pity STEADYGO didn't build them all!

Mr. JONES.—What a pity I ever—(Mrs. Jones faints).

NINE MONTHS LATER.

Mr. JONES.—Precious speculation! Four houses on an average I've kept let. One of the tenants managed to clear out bag and baggage, sold his furniture among the second-hand stores, and was *non est* before I heard a word. One of the others, a widow, met with misfortunes, so hard up, cried, begged, and so on, and had to let her off half the rent. Received for the year just \$600 rent, two tenants and a half. Out of this am supposed to pay \$200 taxes, \$100 for water, and \$450 for repairs. Just \$150 lost in the year, which, added to \$780 I was drawing of interest before I meddled with houses, makes *only* \$930 dead loss the first year, which added to about \$500 extra expenses we thought our income was going to warrant, makes \$1,430 loss the first year. To obtain this loss, too, I've run up and down after architects, contractors, builders, and tenants. Tenants have perpetually worried me with complaints and demands. I have led a dog's life, all to lose about \$1,500, which I might have thrown into the lake, just as profitably, and without any trouble at all.

Mrs. JONES.—Better times will come; and we will let them all at high rates.

Mr. JONES.—Don't believe it. Besides, folks say the street isn't rural any more now it's built up; it's just a city street, and they don't like to walk so far and find themselves hemmed in by chimney-pots after all. Wish I could sell out.

Mrs. JONES.—Ah, you should have built more in the city. These little details make such a difference. You managed the details, you know, my love.

Mr. JONES.—Details be—(rushes out.)

"The Murphy Wave."

"They (the liquor sellers) had to be appealed to as men and as brothers, and not in a spirit of hatred and contempt"—Mr. RINE at Temperance Hall, Sunday afternoon.

Ah! now that sounds like business!

You've struck it, Mr. RINE!

Go on and fight the traffic.

And fight it on that line!

No longer Law, but Gospel

For traffickers in rum,

And love instead of daggers

To drive the message home!

No longer platform shoutings

Against the "men of sin,"

And platform sighs of pity

For wretched slaves of gin;

But true and valiant labour,

With brain and heart and hand,

Inspired by human kindness

That nothing can withstand!

That's common sense and nature!

Stick to it Mr. RINE,

And in that sign you'll conquer

The Tyrant Ruler, Wine.

God speed this new departure,

And make it strong to save,

And through our stricken country

Broad roll the "MURPHY Wave"!

TURKISH ATROCITIES.—The maps of Turkey published by most of our enterprising country exchanges.