

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, 30TH MARCH, 1878.

JOHN GRANT, New Glasgow, N. S., will hear of something to his advantage by communicating with "GRIP" office.

The Impossibility.

It was an ancient mariner
Was sitting in a boat,
One end upon the rocks had got
The other was afloat.

"I am a knowing mariner,"
He said, "as you may see,
But I'll be blown if I can tell
The use o' callin' me."

He said unto the captain bold
A sittin' in the stern,
"For all your pretty uniform,
You has a deal to learn.

"For if so be as you'd hailed me
When you sea-room had got,
I might perwail to make some sail,
Whereby I now can not.

"It's precious clear that steerin' here
To Diffikilty Bay,
Guv your last mate the chance to clear
With all the oars away.

"I am an ancient mariner,
As sails upon the sea,
But shiver all my timbers if
A steering course I see."

The Thing to Do.

"My dear" said Mrs. JONES, "they're all doing it."

"I know," said Mr. JONES. "But my father would have thought it so mean. He always said a bankrupt shouldn't be spoken to; if he was left out of jail it was as much as he could hope for."

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. J. "But his opinions are now as much out of date as his high collared, swallow-tailed coat would be."

"I don't know," remarked Mr. JONES, reflectively, "if honesty can get old-fashioned."

"Old-fashioned; it's never seen," screamed Mrs. J. "Haven't heard of it for years, far less noticed any."

"Well; what do you propose?" asked Mr. J.

"Settle half your estate on me, cash, houses, all that sort of thing; that will put you into such difficulty you'll have to fail next year," said the practical Mrs. J.

Then a new phrase developed itself in JONES. He stood bolt upright, and spoke in a tone which, Mrs. JONES afterwards said, chilled all her back-bone. "I'll starve first!" said JONES.

Then Mrs. J., cried and sobbed, and asked what were she and the children to do. "Go to the deuce," said the now tremendous JONES, going out and slamming the door.

"And do you know," said Mrs. J. afterwards to Mrs. B., "I found I had never cared anything for him till that moment."

House Hunting.

BOGGS and JOGGS meet on 'change. "Where do you live?" says BOGGS. "I live on Spadina Ave." says JOGGS. "Where do you hang out?" "Oh on Jarvis St." says BOGGS. "My wife wants to move," says JOGGS. "Mine too," says BOGGS. BOGGS and JOGGS simultaneously, "Supposing we let them do the hunting, women are never satisfied if a fellow picks out the house himself." Result, Mrs. BOGGS and Mrs. JOGGS start out separately and each find a place that suits them, and the BOGGS and JOGGS families move. "Where did you move to?" said BOGGS to JOGGS on 'change. "Oh we moved up on the street you used to live on, No.—" "That's my old rookery," cried BOGGS, "Now we got a real snug place on your street No.—" "That" remarked JOGGS with glee "is the detestible shanty I left."

TABLEAU.—Before a bar—"We take the same and remember the sugar."

The Modern House-Fiend.

To the Editor of GRIP.

SIR.—I write to you for succor in the most deplorable situation to which humanity is liable. I went to rent a house. There was a disagreeable smell about the cellars, which seemed to pervade all the house above. But as it was in a fashionable location, and had a nice looking front, my wife and daughters liked it, and expected that, as the owner told us, the smell would "go off." The yard was a little close affair, letting no sun on the back of the house. But the landlord said this gave in summer a pleasant shade; and as there were bow windows, and big hall and drawing and dining rooms, we took it. I am sorry to say the smell does not go off, and seems likely to send us off instead, for we are all getting sickly, and you cannot cut your finger but what it will form a sore for weeks. Something is wrong with the drains, but I don't know what, and the landlord had certainly gone to the pains of having what are called all the modern conveniences in the house, which it was the old fashion—and I think a deal healthier fashion—to leave outside. Then the "pleasant shade" in the rear keeps the whole house damp, and the city water is not so good as the good well we used to have a little further from the centre of the city. Altogether I don't like it. Then the house is badly built and shrinking so that I lost my shaving soap to-day through a crack in the floor. What am I to do? Fashion says stay. Health says go. Advise me.

PERPLEXUS.

March 25, 1878.

Perhaps you don't know it,
But a very great poet
Is in the parliament pie.
You can put in your thumb
And pull out a PLUMB,
And say "Oh, what a poet have I."

Signs of Spring.

"Whose turn is it; mine? Well here goes—"
"Why—what—do you go through *that* hoop for?"
"Well why shouldn't I?"
"You should have gone through the middle arch first, so you've lost your stroke."
"I went through the middle arch last time."
"Oh, ADOLPHUS, you didn't."
"Why EVANGELINE don't you remember I said that—"
"You never never went through the middle arch."
"I tell you I did; I roqueted your—"
"You didn't, you didn't, you know you didn't."
"Oh, I don't care at all about losing the stroke, but I hate to be cheated out—"
"Who's cheating? I never thought, Mr. SMITH, that a gentleman would call a lady a cheat for one miserable game of croquet."
"But you know Miss JONES, I—"
"I have nothing more to say, sir, you may consider our acquaintance at an end."
(The marriage of Mr. SMITH and Miss JONES will not take place in May as was supposed.)

Ye Fruit Agent.

The melancholy days have come,
The maddest of the year,
When the fearful fruit tree man
Beginneth to appear.

He brings a book of pictures rare
Of apple pear and peach,
And many many momeus fly
As he describeth each.

He shows that never had fruit man
Such luscious fruits as these,
And then persuades the farmer bold
To buy his cussed trees.

The bill is paid; the trees come on;
And deep will planted be,
But no fruit on their branches slim
Will the farmer ever see.

MORAL.

N.B.—This moral has been secured at a considerable expense and will be given to the readers of the above pathetic ballad without extra cost. Now is the time to subscribe for GRIP. This moral is worth hundreds of dollars to the farming community.

Now listen all ye farmers bold,
Who wish your peace to keep.
Go plant the agents not the trees
And mind you plant them deep.

THE London, England, *Times* is hard on JOHN A., but the times in Canada just now are harder.