

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, JANUARY 30, 1875.

Situations Wanted.

SCENE.—MR. MOWAT'S INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

(Enter ADAM C—KS and WILLIAM McD—G—L, boys out of place).

MANAGER—(To first Urchin). Well, ADAM, why are you not at the place I recommended you to, at the East End?

URCHIN—Place, sir? Yes, sir. No, sir. Werry sorry, sir. Lost it, sir.

MANAGER—Lost it, sir? I sent you!

URCHIN—If you please, sir, I were going there quite correct, and 'ad no doubt of not hauswering, when hup comes a remarkable vicious party which his name is MATTHEW, which he never 'ad no character, and is continual lup for himperent langwidge in the courts, and pitches into me hunawares, and beat me shameful, and sends me 'ome. And he goes to my place, sir, and he lies hawful, and he gets it, and 'as it. And I come to see about another, sir.

MANAGER—I know him. He has been impertinent to me. I shall most certainly have him discharged,—if I can. I will do what I can for you elsewhere, of course: but what was this against you at your last place?—about borrowing money, and something about oranges?

URCHIN—Them bills for the oranges was most hextravagant, sir. I could not pass them, sir; we 'ad not walne, sir. And the cash I was sent to borrow, sir; it were most hadwantageous, that loan were.

MANAGER—To you, ADAM?

URCHIN—No, sir. O dear, noi sir; I lost by it.

MANAGER—I fear you did. But I will see. And you, sir (to second Urchin), who are you, and what do you want?—why, bless my soul, it is that depraved fellow "Look-to-Washington Bill!"

URCHIN—Please, sir, that were werry long ago. I 'oped it were forgot.

MANAGER—Bless me, what a disreputable object. What have you been doing? Did you not get a place in the country—Saskatchewan Villa, wasn't it?

URCHIN—I went there, sir. SIR JOHN he sent me, and give me a fust-class character. But he's a werry slippery case, sir—excessive slippery, sir; and I think he sends word unbeknown on the sly afore I gets there, and they wouldn't let mo hin, sir; and they kicks me hout, sir.

MANAGER—That was not compatible, WILLIAM.

URCHIN—Yes, sir, not come-at-able at all that, sitivation was. And I am hout of place hover since, looking for a job hup and down, hover and hunder. And I asks a farmer in East York for a place last week, and he kicks me hout. I comes here in desperation, sir.

MANAGER—I cannot recommend such a character as you, WILLIAM. I would not feel safe with you in my house, WILLIAM.

URCHIN—(Aside). No, nor you won't be, when I gets there, which it is what I means to do. (Exit).

Grip's Epistles to the Boys.

No. III.

MY DEAR CHARLIE,—Perhaps you will say now that you wish you had minded what GRIP told you. You must have known that going round with those street musicians and playing the same tune under people's windows every day was sure to get you into trouble. Then the way in which you and ARCHIBALD used to quarrel every time you met, and throw dabs of mud in each others' faces was very naughty, beside which you were found out in telling stories of each other to the masters. I am very glad to hear your mamma is not going to send you back to school, as you were so very nearly expelled last term. I know you say ADAM and RUPERT were as bad as you were. Perhaps they were worse, as I hear they used to get little fellows to go out and beg from the people who came up by the railway while you went and begged yourself on the street cars. But none of you had any business to beg at all. You all had plenty of money allowed you to spend at the school tuck-shop, and more than enough since they left off selling that nasty whiskey some of the boys used to buy. And Mrs. TORONTO has sent ADAM away herself, so you are not the only one who has been punished. If you ever go back you will have to behave very differently, as GRIP is going to look after the school very sharply. Now if you

want to go back you had better try to learn your lessons thoroughly, instead of taking that book of yours into class and reading them out of it. If you had only spent half the time in learning your history by heart that you took up in cutting pieces out of other boys' cribs and pasting them in your own, you would have known a great deal more than you do and have passed a better examination. Still you displayed a very creditable amount of industry, though you shouldn't have gone and interrupted the classes by jumping and shouting "you knew," when you were going to read a bit out of your book. You would have done much better in figures if you hadn't got that naughty boy PATTESON to give you that "Key to the Tutor's Assistant." If you had only worked the sums for yourself you might have seen the figures were all wrong. It is a great pity, CHARLIE, that you got into such bad habits, as when you first got to school every one thought you were a very clever little boy and would get into the head class and be made a monitor. But you have no one but yourself to blame for what has happened to you. I hear there is a chance of your being allowed to return to school and hope you will mind what I have told you if you do return.

Yours affectionately,
Grip.

A Word to the Premier.

Sworn in full fourteen months ago,
You've precious little done, you know;
GRIP thinks you're most confounded slow—
MACKENZIE.

How quick each stinging sentence rung
When at Sir JOHN hard names you flung,
And loosed on DUFFERIN your tongue—
MACKENZIE.

MACDONALD's blunders were not small;
Yet he *did* work; you names could call,
But don't do any work at all—
MACKENZIE.

Pacific lines might bear delay,
But you'd right soon, you used to say,
Improve St. Lawrence' vast highway—
MACKENZIE.

On that highway no work you've done—
Nay, hardly anything begun;
The Welland work of yours was none—
MACKENZIE.

If this be sample of the way
'Tis to be done, in time it may;
But we shan't live to see the day—
MACKENZIE.

Grip's Examination Questions.

In view of the Law Examinations now pending, GRIP submits to the Benchers of the Law Society and to the Students a few questions, the solution of which would, in his opinion, enlighten the profession and the public generally.

1. Can the uniform of the police force be termed *livery of seisin*?
2. Under certain circumstances, is a mother-in-law to be considered a "subsequent incumbrancer?"
3. If A. pay attention to B. (a *femme sole*), C. the father of B. *dis-sentiente*, is A's interest legal or equitable?
4. Is arrest by *mesne process* likely to occasion contempt of court?
5. Shew the difference (by Police Court Reports) between an *Estate pur outre vie*, and the created *par eau de vie*.
6. Is a sheriff on the flight of an execution debtor to be considered as the victim of an unrequited "attachment?"
7. Can the present Police Magistrate of Toronto be considered as an exemplification of the "Statute of Frauds?"
8. Where an Action will *lie*, is truthfulness yet presumed on the part of the Plaintiff?

To the "Mail."

Most clever young editor, ruling the *Mail*,
Pray, how do you like the new *Liberal's* tale?
"Your party thanks you for the place it has got"—
GRIP thinks that you caught it that time rather hot.
If that's the idea that's now to prevail,
GRIP wouldn't be manager—not of the *Mail*.