

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

The grabeſt Beuſt is the Aſs; the grabeſt Bird is the Owl;
The grabeſt Fiſh is the Oyſter; the grabeſt Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 23RD JUNE, 1877.

The Case Settled.

WONDERFUL UNANIMITY!

The "Confession of Faith" is a pretty big book,
And its table of contents is long:
Its definitions outnumber the stars,
Its statements are many and strong;
Each word has the weight of Divinity's will,
Each sentence will challenge your thought,
And the whole is so deep that 'twould take a man's life
To comprehend all that it taught.

And yet tho' they tell us no two human minds
Can in many such matters agree—
If we look at the council in Halifax met
The marvel of marvels we'll see;
For there we find hundreds of grave, thoughtful men
Who every small tittle and jot
Of what is contained in that wonderful book
Believe without shadow of doubt!

In all the Assembly there's *now* not one man
Who can honestly say he don't hold
Every doctrine taught and in it laid down,
By the reverend Fathers of old.
But all, it would seem, can sincerely affirm,
In spite of the adage we quote,
That they see eye to eye and believe heart to heart,
Each sentence the good Divines wrote.

The Strike.

JACK.—Hold out, and we'll bring the bosses to their senses.

TOM.—But they are comfortable at home, and don't feel it a bit. My wife tells me she can't get any more credit, and the rent's not paid this two months.

JACK.—We musn't give in, \$2.50 is little enough.

TOM.—But this cutting us out of half the summer is going to make it \$1.25 instead of \$2.50. Don't you think we had better staid on as we were?

JACK.—Well, perhaps we had. But now we're in, we must hold out.

TOM.—Yes, but what if one's stomach won't?

The Credit Valley Line.

Toronto paid a bonus big,
Four hundred thousand near,
For LAIDLAW shouted "Dash my wig,
The thing's entirely clear.

"By bonusing this road of mine
You'll make with you to stay
The traffic which the Grand Trunk line
Rolls off another way.

"You'll have an independent line,
You can't be humbugged then,
So now this small demand of mine,
Shell out, my merry men."

They shelled it out; but now 'tis seen,
That shellers look awry,
'Tis whispered that the Grand Trunk mean
The C. V. line to buy.

Lines to a Slandoror.

"If CANADA's comic paper, *Grip*, must steal its ideas, might we suggest that it would display greater discretion not to steal from such a well known author as Cornelius O'Dowd."—*Guelph Herald*.

When the *Herald* of Guelph calls his neighbour a thief,
But don't state any facts, he's unworthy belief.

Man and Wife.

SHE.—The pattern is perfectly faultless, my dear. Such a lovely green; and the crimson such as one *never* sees in carpets. Just what I have been long wanting for the front drawing-room, and I'm sure the thing we have there is a disgrace to the room. Such a bargain, too! Only seventy-five dollars, with a piece over size, which is always so useful for patching.

HE.—But, ma'am, where is the seventy-five dollars to come from? At this very moment I am asking an extension on my paper, failing to get which I am bankrupt.

SHE.—Oh, indeed! But there's another thing. The Reverend Mr. BEGWELL has been here, wishing our help towards building a new church. Such a plain building as he now uses is a burlesque on religion, poor man, he says. No steeple; not a single groined arch about the building; no pillars, no carved work, not a painted window. He half hinted at leaving for the congregation in Chicago, which sent him a call. He said, indeed, that \$100 each from a few of the prominent members could settle matters; but otherwise he was afraid that the outpouring of the spirit was not sufficiently evident to induce him to remain here. I put your name down for \$100.

HE.—Good heavens, ma'am! Don't I tell you I am asking an extension—

SHE.—Yes, of course, but we could not be mean in such things. And, let me see, the man came about the plaster statues for the lawn, and the fountain in the centre. I let him go on with them. Only \$250, and we must be a little stylish, you know, for the sake of the girls, if we ever intend them to marry.

HE.—Bless my soul! Don't I tell you I am asking for an extension—

SHE.—Certainly. But one must live. And I want another riding horse. Only one for two girls does not do. I am offered such a perfect beauty, almost an Arabian, for \$400. *Could* you let me have a cheque for \$700? I must give a party next week, and the dress-maker and confectioner are unpaid for the last.

HE.—Ma'am, you will certainly drive me mad. Don't I tell you I am asking an extension—

SHE.—Oh, yes. But everybody is better able to spend after that than before. See Mr. KITEFLYER across the road. Failed three times, and keeps a splendid establishment all the while; gave all his daughters \$2,000 apiece when they married to start with.

HE.—But, ma'am, even if I did meditate securing anything from the wreck, why spend it all in extravagance beforehand?

SHE.—Secure a little more, my dear. But let me have the cheque. *(And she gets it.)*

The Soliloquy of the Alderman's Cow.

"For some time past it has been whispered abroad that notwithstanding the fact that the aldermen had put off the letting of the grass at the Crystal Palace, there were several cows in the inclosure day after day. It was further hinted that Ald. Close had not only put his own cow to grass here, but that he had, on his own responsibility, given orders to other parties entitling them to enjoy the same privilege."—*Globe*.

Under a tree in the Palace Grounds,
The Alderman's cow serenely stood,
Switching her tail in ecstatic joy,
And reflecting thus as she chewed her cud:

"Well, now, this is comfort, and no mistake,
This grateful shade from the heat intense,
And this fresh green grass, and pure, cool drink,
And this whole affair—it is simply immense!

When I think on the state of the times outside,
And the lot of most of my tribe just now,
I bless from my heart of hearts the day
When I became an Alderman's cow!

Aldermun! all that the term implies
To put into speech I am at a loss,
You cannot know the fulness thereof,
Unless you yourself should become a *boss*.

For instance, look at this Palace ground,
This grazing patch so rich and rare,
It belongs to the Public, but observe
The cows of the public don't graze here.

It's reserved for me and a few more beeves
Whose luck it is to be Aldermen's kine,
Or belong to keepers of taverns and such,
At whose houses said Aldermen drink their wine.

There's no use in any mere citizen chap
Attempting to rent a pasturage here,—
His cattle would "injure the pic-nic ground,"
That's what our bosses would tell him sure.

So if there's a cow that would like to come
And graze in the Palace Grounds, she can—
Provided only she first will go
And sell herself to an Alderman!"