

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGEB.

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, 2ND DECEMBER, 1876.

### Answers to Correspondents.

CREDIT VALLEY.—Your poetry, though containing some reason, has not sufficient rhyme.

G. R. A.—Your piece contains some fair ideas, but it is not blank verse, nor any verse. It is not sufficient to have the number of syllables equal in successive lines. People who know no better write so, and wonder it has no ring. You will find, in Shakespeare, a stress on every second syllable—that gives verse.

#### The Early Closing Logic.

"Fourteen long hours why keep us here,"  
The wearied salesmen cry,  
"When in the day-time you, it's clear,  
Might come along and buy?"

"Stay," cries the owner of a store,  
"When workmen go and sup,  
They've got no time to come before  
You'd have the shutters up."

But GRIP would say, "If workmen be  
So short of time to go,  
They're kept at work more steadily  
Then we've been let to know."

And he would say, "Give workmen all  
Good work and pay—just try  
You'll find there's few of them too small  
To spare an hour to buy."

#### The Political Alderman.

1st CANDIDATE.—Gentlemen, I have one ground of appeal which will reach your hearts. I may have squandered your money in unnecessary improvements—I may. I won't say I have; but I may have pocketed my share of it; I may have put on extra lamps, pavements, drains, sewers and policemen where they are not wanted, that my friends might sell town lots. But, gentlemen, I know you will disregard all these trifles, when I remark that I am a good Conservative, and that if we do not get in a Tory Council we shall not get SIR JOHN into power again. I call on you in the name of that Magna Carta which is the brightest recollection of your boyhood—of the glorious British Constitution which is the panacea of your liberties—of the Three Estates of the Realm which is the only security for landed property—vote for me, and return me, Contract Jobber, Esquire if you like, at the head of the poll, and send down to everlasting extinguishment the straddle-the-fence candidate who is coming out to oppose me. (Immense Cheering.)

2nd CANDIDATE.—Gentlemen—I am of those who think politics should be kept out of the Council. If elected, I mean to reduce the taxes, put down jobbery, and serve your city interests to the best of my ability. But on scheming contractors and pretended politicians, who try to delude you into the idea that Council matters influence Parliamentary ones, I am down, and will be. (Crowd, full of contractors, jobbers, &c.,—Down! down! Shut up! S-s-s-s-s-s-s!)

#### A Moment Sniffed the Tainted Air.

The poet says "Life can no more supply  
Than just to look about us, and to die."  
So thought poor MILLS, in Cab'net as he dropped,  
And knew next session that they'd out be popped.

The party of purity propose to bestow a judgeship on Hon. Mr. CAUCHON. The necessity, in such a case, of abolishing the statute concerning contempt of court, has been duly considered, and favourably so, as a leading member of the party finds it inconvenient even now.

#### He and She.

"My love," she said, "the snow is here,  
It hides with white the ground,  
And you in cutter must appear  
And take me all around."

He made reply, "The lively-man  
Wants dollars four to do  
The thing, I've weekly six. How can  
I live upon the two?"

"You'd live on air," she said, "you would,  
Of love if you'd a bit."  
"I would," he said, "if live I could,  
But I should die on it."

"On Sunday fetch the rig," she said,  
"Or come no more to me."  
Then sunk that young man's heart like lead;  
And homeward sad went he.

He hooked a twenty from a sum,  
And he was sent to gaol,  
She killed herself with laudanum,  
So ends this awful tale.

#### The Insulted Monarch.

Scene.—A country residence overlooking fields traversed by creeks, Many short-horns wander around. Scotchman sitting on new throne in large room, commanding view. Surrounding him DYMONDIBUS and other courtiers.

SCOTCHMAN.—Snell winter comes, but o'er discontent  
The winter's gone awa. Ma humble freens,  
Wha roond ma footstool thrang, and pay the due  
Obeisance claimed by talents sic as mine,  
Tak heart, ye haena sic, for Providence  
Gave them to aue alane: but in gude time,  
I may ye elevate. Think whence I cam.  
Iaigh doon in Glasgie ance, in cellar store  
I sell't out tapes an' thread, till growing tall,  
Ma head straik aft the beams, whilk battered in  
Prophetic spirit-raps that gart me gang,  
An' find ma fortune here. Lenk at me noo.  
There's na the chiel in this Dominion braid  
But diz ma wull the day. Ma newspaper  
Whilk fairmers wud believe, though it declared,  
The moon composed o' greenest Bow Pairk cheese.  
Pits in the Parliament, the Parliament.

Pits in the lave— (enter an officer)

Noo, maist audacious loon  
Wha gave ye entrance here? DYMONDIBUS,  
Hoo cam he through the yeu?

DYMONDIBUS.—Most gracious sir, straight from the Courts of  
Law,

This messenger appears. If thou hast done  
Aught of injurious nature unto those  
From whom he hither came, no rescue hope,  
In all Canadian land. They—they alone  
Thy powers and mine defy.

OFFICER (to Scotchman)—Follow me!

SCOTCHMAN (to officer)—I'll see ye—

OFFICER.—Enter and seize him, knives! (sixteen policemen  
elevate Scotchman on their shoulders, and prepare to march.)

SCOTCHMAN.—Fareweel, a lang fareweel to a' ma greatness.

This is the state o' mon; the day he feeds  
The tender calves he lately did import.

The morn he's pit intil a dungeon deep  
Whaur never a'meal parritch is, nor milk,  
Nor haggis, nor the usquebaugh whilk mocks  
A' prohibition fules. DYMONDIBUS

Gin they will let ye in, come sometimes doon,  
Spy through my gratit door, and when ye see  
Me stretchit oot upon the straw within,  
Think o' the ways of Providence, and tell  
Me hoo the paper sells!

DYMONDIBUS.—(sobbing violently)—I will, great sir.

OFFICER (striking attitude)—Remove him!

(Scene closes amid howling of courtiers.)

#### The Railway Bonus.

The farmers were rich and the townsmen were poor,  
And then there was wanted a new railway.  
"Now from he that bath not shall be taken for sure,"  
Said the farmers, "so you for the railway must pay."