

# GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOLPH.

The grabeat Beast in the Zoo; the genbeast Bird in the Owl;  
The grabest Fish in the Ocean; the grabest Man is the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, 31ST MARCH, 1877.

## Grip on the Credit Valley.

GRIP congratulates the citizens of Toronto on their kindness, amiability, generosity, and recklessness in cash matters generally, and particularly as respects the Credit Valley Railroad.

1. This road runs between two other big roads, which now drain the traffic.

2. It cannot therefore give Toronto more traffic, nor more work. Every engine it runs, every man it employs, means one engine and man less on the two other roads.

3. It cannot compel these roads to discriminate in favour of Toronto, for having little traffic, it will always be a poor road, and can be overruled and bought up by the two others in a hundred ways.

4. It is partly built. Government are giving a bonus which will do much towards completing it. When it is so far done, the rich farmers through whose townships it runs (the only people on earth it will benefit), who are as yet paying next to nothing towards it, will not let the line lie unfinished.

5. To sum up. The road will do Toronto little good.

6. It is safe to be finished without her assistance, by those who are more interested, and better able to pay.

7. In this state of affairs, for Toronto to determine to give the road a quarter of a million of dollars shows a liberality, a charity, an utter abnegation of self and a looseness of purse-strings, most remarkable in this remarkable age. To give money for what you want is common; but to give it—to give a quarter million for what you don't want, and are sure to get without giving anything, is free-hearted and magnanimous indeed. GRIP congratulates the citizens most heartily, and has his eye on two or three nice pieces of property within their limits, which he will have the pleasure of bidding for when the Sheriff sells out the city for taxes, a consummation not long delayable.

## A Postage Stamp.

Oh the stamp!  
What a damp  
Nuisance it is!  
A postage stamp is like a naughty boy.  
It seems constructed to annoy  
All decent folks,  
With ill-timed jokes—  
Why, that's its biz.  
For just as sure as you're in haste,  
Instead of sticking like old fashioned paste,  
When fastened to a letter  
It will be sure to curl round and grin,  
And think it's smart because it took you in,  
And if you make it wetter,  
Think you that that will make it stick?  
No! you can lick, and lick, and lick,  
But that won't make it better.  
Yes, a stamp is like a boy,  
You must lick it  
If you'd stick it  
To anything of use,  
But if you lick it like the very deuce,  
It will not work;  
But it will scheme and quirk,  
And by a jerk  
Will loosen both its ends from off the paper,  
And slowly curl into a roll,  
Resembling a Hebrew scroll,  
With the waxed side out just like a waxen taper.  
And then you flatten it out,  
And stretch it like the bottom of a drum,  
And press and rub the stubborn stamp about,  
And squeeze it with your thumb,  
Still on the envelope you cannot make it linger;  
For, like a worm,  
It seems to squirm,  
And wriggle underneath your finger.  
At last in desperation  
And mad exasperation,  
You borrow a dab of mucilage

And half in triumph, half in rage,  
Feelings you can't resist,  
You mucilage its under side,  
Saying "Now, blast you, try to slip or slide!"  
Then pound it with your fist.  
You take it to the postmaster,  
And ask if it is over-weight,  
And if a double postage rate,  
Will make it travel faster?  
He fixes his eye upon that stamp,  
Then scans it closer, near the lamp,  
And looks it o'er.  
"My friend" says he, "the weights all right."  
"But," holding it towards the light,  
"This stamp's been used before."  
Of course you cannot rave and tear.  
And whoop, and howl, and yell, and swear,  
But merely act like other genis,  
Swear to yourself; pull out 3 cents,  
And plunk it down.  
And say unto that calm postmaster,  
That minion of the Crown,  
See if you can't plaster  
That stamp upon the letter  
Without a dire disaster,  
Then I'm your debtor.  
Then calmly that postal scorner  
Puts the stamp upon his thumb  
Fastens it on the right hand corner,  
And there the trouble ends, by gum!

## The Reason Why the Dinner was Bad.

Our worthy Mayor, knowing the extraordinary soothing and mollification powers of our little sheet, has begged GRIP to apologise to the guests for the inferior and ill-cooked dishes presented at his (the Mayor's) last dinner party. GRIP will explain. It happened thus. An excellent cook had been engaged by the month, but just before the dinner came off he asked two days leave of absence. The worthy Mayor was extremely astonished. He said to the cook "His Worship the Mayor considers the request consummately and consumedly extraordinary. He will be—that is to say—he will see you—that is—he means, if he does not have you when you are wanted, what does he pay you for at all?" But the culinary character coolly conversed thus, "It is the well-known habit of all men of talent employed by the corporation officials in Toronto. I need not mention the cases of SHANLY, PETERSON, and others." His Worship could not logically deny the inference, the cook furloughed, and the dinner was spoiled. GRIP apologises.

## An Editor Enlightened.

THE City editor of the Hamilton Times has apparently had his ideas of Woman revolutionized. He went the other night and listened to a lecture by Rev. W. B. AFFLECK, and next day he wrote:—

"As the lecturer with impassioned eloquence spoke of the deep depth of woman's affections, their sterling integrity, the nobility of their deeds, their heroism in trying circumstances and the long list of names that will shine with an unsullied splendor while history is read or noble deeds recognized, we felt women were a blessing."

GRIP hopes the ladies of Hamilton will not overlook the signal service that Mr. AFFLECK has herein done them and the sex in general. This misguided young editor had hitherto been judging Woman from a wrong standpoint, and did not look upon her as a blessing. Perhaps, in the form of a sister, she had always been bothering him to take her to concerts and carnivals and excursions, pleading that plenty of tickets were always sent to the Times office, and it wouldn't cost him anything; or in the form of a wife she had been hypercritically disposed towards him when he came home very late, and seemed to suspect the gauziness of his old old story that he had been reporting at a Church meeting, or writing editorials in the office. Thus the medium through which he viewed the gentle sex had been distorted, and he had failed to observe and reflect upon the sublimer endowments of Woman's nature. But that night, under the spell of Mr. AFFLECK's eloquence, the scales fell from his eyes, and he awoke to the rapturous consciousness that "women were a blessing." GRIP humbly suggests that a silver tea set to the Rev. gentleman would be an appropriate expression of Woman's obligation to him in this case.

## Scientific.

"He electrified his audience with a withering torrent of eloquence."—*British American Presbyterian*.

This is affirmed of the Rev. Mr. BRAY, and if it is true, it is certainly the greatest feat that clever gentleman ever accomplished. To produce a "withering torrent" of eloquence or water or anything else, is marvellous enough, but to perform electric experiments with it is still more so. But it may be our ignorance of science that makes this seem strange. Perhaps the Professors of the Electro-Therapeutic College on Jarvis Street will oblige us with an explanation.