

GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 8TH, 1876.

Eating the Leek!

When swaggering *Ancient Pistol*,
At the theatre last week,
Was brought down on his haunches
And forced to eat the leek,
The audience roared with laughter
And cheered with might and main,
But the unobliging actors
Didn't play it o'er again.

However, in the Commons,
Since then, there's haply been
(In answer to the *encore*)
A re-acting of that scene.
The *Dramatis Personæ*
You'll find in this week's plate.
And, for those who don't read *Shakespeare*
GRIP would just elucidate:

No more will *Pistol* TUPPER
Of *steel Rail* stanches speak.
For *MAC's* stuffed club has felled him
And he's had to eat the leek!

"One Hour with Theo."

ON the first mild day of spring, which was yesterday, a bench in the sunshine supported the majestic form of ALONZO, and the graceful figure of IMOGENE, which latter personage, being in the interrogative mood, at that moment demanded of her companion at what he was looking. (She was fishing for compliments.)

"I was admiring," said that gentleman, (who had been thinking that her nose was growing too red) "the heavenly blue of your eyes."

From those cerulean orbs flashed a glance of affectionate contempt. "Sky-blue," she said, "Milk and Water." Not complimentary by three and a half shades."

"Nay," he replied, "as the ethereal atmosphere, colourless in itself, is translated in clear azure to the observant eye. so—— (Here he was utterly bewildered by this mixture of natural philosophy and metaphysics.)

Her observant eye saw it. But what a ministering angel a woman is in a moment of difficulty (if she likes.) With a look of deep approbation, she murmured softly, "That is a beautiful thought. But tell me, ALONZO, will your love for me survive this life? Will you cling to me through the everlasting, and pass with me through the infinite: shall we together traverse the boundless continents of immeasurable space, and through the incalculable future will you still remain my guide, my ever constant companion? (She was spiritualistic and spenserian.)

"I will," he said, "D. V." (He was Shaftesbury Hall.)
"But," she pensively remarked, "while we remain on this terrestrial ball, I had rather roll around it in a carriage. Do you intend to keep one, if—(her gaze became doubtfully critical) you succeed in keeping me?"

"That is my decided intention," replied ALONZO, ("fulfilling it," he remarked mentally, "is another matter." He was also somewhat of Loyola.)

"And a residence?" she sighed. "I am not fastidious; but I should like bay windows on the east for sunrise, and on the west for sunset, and on the north for summer, and on the south for winter. and in every story. And a mansard roof, and a conservatory, of course." (She knew he could as easily have bought the moon.)

"All this," said he, "my unflinching love will certainly provide. ("That is," he thought, "should your father's purse prove similar.")

"And servants, and new dresses, and diamonds?" she said, smiling ineffably.

"I hope to be able," he answered, solemnly, "to supply all." (But added, "from the same source.")

For the next half hour they did nothing and said nothing, but sat still and loved one another. This, if the reader is not aware, has been said to be an absorbing occupation. Then they parted with eternal protestations, and she went in, wondering if she didn't like another fellow better; and he went home, calculating how long IMOGENE would take to break the Montreal Bank.

A Reasonable Demand.

(To the Editor.)

MR. GRIP,—I am an honest farmer who lives by the sweat of his brow, and would prefer to live by that of some other party. Therefore, I wish to secure your influence in getting Toronto to build a railroad past my farm. It may be said that I am better off than most of your townpeople, and that I and my neighbours should build the road if we want it. Sir, we are the bone and sinew of the land, and should be encouraged. What could you do without us? It is true that the road will greatly increase the value of our property, and will only lower yours by adding to your present heavy debt. But, Sir, what of that? God made the country, and man made the town, and the townpeople to build roads for us. I think, Sir, that your citizens fully appreciate this, and know their duty. In fact, we are thinking, round here, of having regular squads of Toronto men sent out weekly, through the summer, to work on our roads, such men to be chosen by lot from the citizens. They will not object, as they never object to borrow money for the purpose, which is just the same thing. Yours,

HIRAM HARDFIST.

To the Toronto M. P.

Robinson Jack, Robinson Jack,
Might you not just as well come back,
As do all you do there?
Do you think you were sent to Ottawa town
In your seat like a dummy to sit yourself down
And round at the members stare?

Such quietness looks remarkably queer,
When you did such lots of talking here
In trying the seat to win.
This is no time for members to shirk,
So if you don't feel fit for the work,
Why, let some better one in.

WHY is a very high wind blowing on the sea-shore like discontent amongst the Russian hordes? Because it causes a rising of the serf.

WHY cannot a wasp suffer death by decapitation? Because it cannot be beheaded.

Going to the Matinee.

Would you go to the Matinee?
GRIP has been; and this is the way:
Get into the entrance hall
Near the closed-up portals tall.
Pretty girls a dozen score,
Ugly ones as many more,
Young and old men here and there,
Children packed in everywhere,
Squeezed as tight as they can squeeze,
Getting tighter by degrees,
As the people in the rear
Will push nearer and more near.
"Sir, I wish to let you know
You are standing on my toe,"
"Very sorry, but you see
'Nother fellow's top of me,"
"Oh! Dear me! Oh! oh! Oh my!
Sir, your elbow's in my eye!"
"Can't remove it, madam, but
Would suggest you keep it shut."
Now they open every door,
In the struggling masses pour,
Footing lost, but borne along,
By the onward rushing throng,
Banged against the little wicket,
Where you fight to get a ticket,
Young and old, and great and small,
All at once for tickets bawl,
"Two!" "four!" "one!" "three?" "seven!" they shout,
Every hand is holding out
Halves and quarters, tens and fives,
Pushing as if for their lives.
When your ticket's got at last
And the entrance door is past,
Feel, when you have got a chair,
If you're broken anywhere.
If you're not, why then you may
Take your breath, and see the play.
Come in happiness away.
You've been to the Matinee.