

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDGE.

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, FEBRUARY 27, 1875.

**Marc Brown's Oration Over the Body of his Friend Treaty.**

Friends! Townsmen! Countrymen! lend me your ears!  
I came to bury Treaty—not to praise him:  
The evil treaties do lives after them.  
My Treaty didn't do none! He is dead  
Before he had the chance. The noble JOHNNY  
Hath said my Treaty was injurious.  
When he said so, he told a grievous lie,  
And grievous mischief hath been done by it.  
Here—under leave of JOHNNY and the rest  
(JOHNNY is not an honorable man)—  
Came I to speak of Treaty's funeral.  
He did appear most fair and just to me,  
Though JOHNNY says he was injurious  
(But JOHNNY's a dishonorable man).  
My Treaty would have brought much money here,  
And cash had all our farmers' coffers filled:  
Did this in Treaty seem injurious?  
When that the poor wished work, my Treaty would  
Have sent them to the States to get it there.  
Did this in Treaty seem injurious?  
You all did love him once—till '64.  
Why don't you cry? He's dead! He comes no more!  
O judgment, thou art fled Conservatives!  
And Grits have lost their reason! Bear with me!  
My reputation went when Treaty died,  
And neither now is coming back to me.

**Things not Generally Known.**

That Toronto streets are lighted by gas on dark nights.

That the Hon. GEO. BROWN is well satisfied with the late Reciprocity negotiations; but (despising titles) has respectfully declined Her Majesty's gracious offer (sent by cable) to create him Duke of Dunderhead.

That the number of Sir JOHN MACDONALD's parliamentary followers would have been larger, but for a statement he lately made to them, to the effect that Mr. MACKENZIE was an excellent Premier, and that he himself had no desire for office whatever.

That Mr. BROWN, on arriving at Ottawa, at once interviewed Mr. BLAKE, who found it necessary, on pain of serious and immediate personal consequences, solemnly to abjure the further use of Aurora bombshells, Canada First fireworks, and all other incendiary articles he generally carries about him.

That Mr. MACKENZIE really does intend to have Toronto harbour—reported on.

That Mayor MEDCALF and Mr. McNABB have sat up all night for a week past, considering (with the assistance of a third party named Demijohn) how best to reduce the number of taverns.

That people were very sorry when the late delightful, clear, healthful, bracing cold weather changed.

**The Chances of Toronto.**

*First Toronto Wiscacre.*—We are tapping the Pacific by the Nipissing. Montreal is tapping it at French River. The route to the ocean *via* Montreal will be 150 miles shorter than that *via* Toronto.

*Second Toronto Wiscacre.*—Of course, the trade will all come our way!

*Third Toronto Wiscacre.*—Not the slightest doubt of it!

**A Very Gnaw-ty Trick.**

On opening one of the English mail bags at the Toronto office lately, it was discovered that a mouse had gnawed several of the letters. He came across the Atlantic sealed up in the bag.—*Exchange.*

Gnawing the letters was a very gnaw-ty thing for this gnaw-tical mouse to do. The steamer must have been going gnaw-gnaw-west at the time.

**Comedy--When Thieves Fall Out.**

SCENE—A Walk near Ottawa. Characters: SIR JOHN A., G. B.

SIR JOHN.—Good morning, Mr. B. Not Sir GEORGE yet, I believe? No matter; coming, no doubt. Your success at Washington, you know—distinguished services—fully entitled, of course. Quite well, I hope? They said the Washington air did not agree—or the people? I forget.

G. B.—(Ignoring all this).—Sir Jone, ye ken oor auld agreement?

SIR JOHN.—Certainly. Recapitulate with pleasure, my dear GEORGE. The heads of our two parties agreed to divide—all thero was. Alternately each party was to have power, office, advertising, contracts, etc.—the other meanwhile to have what it could make out of public sympathy by abusing the Government. Well, we had a long lease of power. Some of us got rich—you and others got rich in Opposition. Now we're out, you have got your turn. All right. Complain of anything, eh?

G. B.—I do. A' third parties were to be atthegither ignored and kept out. Why isna this Canada First party pit doon?

SIR JOHN.—My dear GEORGE, what can I do alone? My Tory papers pitch into them; but I regret that the Reform journals no longer follow your lead. Accept my sincere condolence. Your great age, and necessarily increasing weakness of mind . . .

G. B.—(violently excited).—Ma weakness, ye deleerit gomeril! If ye daur to repeat sic a word (strides forward with uplifted fist).

SIR JOHN.—(retreating by flank movement).—My dear sir, be calm; consider—deficiency of brain—possible insanity—your friends fear it. Must leave business—pay attention to diet: oatmeal is recommended, or your other national delicacy, a well-singed sheep's head. I hear they sing them well at Washington: possibly you found it so.

G. B.—Ye deevil! (rushes at him like a galvanized windmill.)

SIR JOHN from behind a tree delivers one from the shoulder into G. B.'s breadbasket. (Exit.)

G. B.—(Sitting doubled up on bank, clasping his central region, and groaning dismally).—Maist abominable insult to a Senator! Oh!—an Ambassador! Ugh! I sall hae him outlawed! I sall hae him transportit! I sall hae an immovable pain in my stomach! Ow!

(Scene closes.)

**The Soft Toronto Citizen, all of the Modern Time.**

I sing of that most patient man who lives in modern day,  
The only Job of present times, whatever folks may say;  
As all shall swear who once peruse this most convincing lay,  
Of the soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

He hands big bonuses around to every railway line,  
Who to reduce the price of wood do civilly decline,  
And lets them break their promises with patience most divine,  
Like a soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

Three members smart are by him sent—three members by him paid,  
Who don't object when roads are built to take away his trade,  
Which had not been if they for him had stout objection made,  
For this soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

His Council make a law that he, upon his hard-earned land,  
Shall build a house he can't afford, or none; and he doth stand  
And see their favorites break the law thus made on every hand,  
Does the soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

They raise each salary he pays, and raise his taxes too;  
His once good harbour's almost gone, with none to see thero to;  
It took a year for WILKES to ask what Government would do  
For this soft Toronto citizen, all of the modern time.

**For Shame, Neddy.**

NED had sense, and NED had wit,  
T'others none too much of it;  
Public work he let them do,  
Legal fees pay best, 'tis true.  
For shame, NEDDY.

So to do, if so they could,  
Plenty round are none too good;  
Only—well, we didn't know,  
Never thought that NED was so.  
For shame, NEDDY.

Thought our hero come at last.  
Fooled again, as in the past.  
Private business likes him best,  
NED's no better than the rest.  
Good-bye, NEDDY.