

**Extension of the Suffrage.**

1ST MEMBER.—Only continue to return me, and pay me, and I will vote to give the suffrage to the sons of farmers.

2ND MEMBER.—Farmers, nonsense, I will do more than that for you. The suffrage never cost me anything: why shouldn't I be liberal with it? Vote for me, and I will give it to the sons of everybody.

3RD MEMBER.—I'll do more: I'll give it to everybody else.

4TH MEMBER.—Nonsense: I'll go better still: I'll give it to all the women.

5TH MEMBER.—What humbug! None of them will do for you what I will. I'll give it to all the children.

ALL THE MEMBERS.—Give it to every human being. Who cares what they do with it; let the universal spoliation come if it likes; we'll take care, if we keep in power, that we grab our share, anyway. Hooray for general suffrage, Communism, free lunches, free drinks, free everything, general distribution of property, every one look out for himself, and the devil takes the hindmost! Hooray!

(Scene closes amid great cheers from the unwashed, and long faces of all the rest)

**The Song of the Rejected Addresser.**

(By J. D. E.)

Oh, I know, my dear friends, when I found myself gravelled  
On Columbia's shore, looking awfully small—  
When unto them as *charge d'affaires* I had travelled  
And their government wouldn't treat with me at all—

Ah, I know how your sympathies freely were poured out,  
How your sighs were incessant, your tears not a few.  
When Columbia's government unkindly roared out  
"We have nothing to say to such people as you."

Yes, the thought of your kindness soothed e'er this vexation,  
And ne'er from my mind shall its memory slip;  
And I store it along with my twin consolation,  
The six thousand dollars we charged for the trip.

And how deeply you pitied—ah well do I know it:  
When successive electors had shown me the door—  
When each post told how your poor ambassador-poet,  
Legislator and lawyer, was beaten once more.

But there's balm in Gilead, and after woe gladness,  
And away flew my griefs, and my heart rose elate,  
When the government seeing me pining in sadness,  
Consoled me with charge of the Mercer estate.

Oh, who can keep woes at his heart-strings still tearing,  
Or remember elections which cost him so dear;  
When they give him a job which such profit is bearing,  
As comes close to three thousand hard dollars a year.

And don't think that these are my sole consolation,  
I've the pleasure, dear friends, to assure you they're not,  
We've twelve chancery suits now in full preparation,  
*In re Mercer*, and dollars a thousand *re SCOTT*.

So away with complaining: there's no use in whining.  
Though dark clouds most tremendous may over me rest,  
I'm aware that they've somewhere a nice silver lining,  
And that lining I'm bound to transfer to my nest.

**Bill of Fare for Tailors.**

"Made up" out of the Whole Cloth.

SOUP.—Vege "table" Soup.

FISH.—Striped Bass from the River "Tweed."

ENTREES.—Cuts from a pair of "White Ducks."

ROAST.—"Goose," with apple sauce. Fillet of *Wéal* from the Tailors' Woes.

BOILED.—Ragout of "Doeskins" Anything *Suit*-able done in Theme.

SIDE DISHES.—*Pressed* Beef with "Selvedge" of Parsley, Threads of Celery with egg dressing.

VEGETABLES.—Cheviot Corn, "Ulster" Potatoes, (Customary)

"Dead Beals," Par "snips" served with "Melton" butter. Cabbage.

GAME.—A "Little dear" (so customers think). Any "Baste" that

"pants," Kid "napped" Beaver.

EXTRAS.—"Sponge" cake, "Twists," "Turnovers."

DESSERT.—"Buckle" berries.

DRINKS.—Champagne (*expressed* by parties who don't pay up).

"Chalk" olate.

The evening might *clothes* with a reading from Shakespeare's "Measure for measure"

N. B.—This is a good meal to *invest* in and may be eaten in *Thread-needle street*.

**From our Irish Contributor.**

To the Editor.

SURR.—Sure it is meself has just resaved a letter from Maclear & Co., statin' they are just about to fetch an new worruk intirely, "The Irishman in Canady," no less, by NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN, Esq., and askin' for information to assist thim in the undertakin'. Faith I can give thim lashins av that same, and it's mightily at their service. And to do all things in order, here is their wishes:—

**INFORMATION REQUIRED.**

1.—Facts regarding early settlers in every part of the Dominion: localities, early struggles in the bush, etc.

Now, bedag, it's not ginerally known, but is a splendid fact for Misthur DAVIN's book, that in the record av the ould TIERNEY family we find ST. PATRICK (rest his soul) was one av the first settlers in Canada. Havin' always a grate respect for the cloth, me anshisters brought him wid thim as family chaplain, A. D. 1113. His success, in settlin the sarpinus in Ireland, induced him thry his luck as a settler in Canada. His early struggles in the bush wid the Canadian sarpinus was tremendous and he would soon have med thim all lave that; but that ould blaggard Bishop POLYCARP had cut in before him (A. D. 1100) and had converted thim all to Prodestans, divil a less. So whin the holy saint promised thim absolution and an aisy thrip through purgatory if they'd all go to Alaska they only laughed at him, and some big rattlesnakes makin' disagravable advances, the venerable man was disgusted, threw up his appointment wid the TIERNEY family, and went and died in Ireland. It's thru I'm tellin' ye, sure he named St. Fathrick's Market before he went, and it's there to this day.

2.—Facts regarding early growth of cities, towns, and villages, and the part played by Irishmen in their foundation and progress.

Now, ov all things in the wurld, here's a fact the very thing for Misthur DAVIN. Sure, Irishmin is at the very bottom ov the city progriss iverywhere. Two or three conthracors say to two or three aldermin, "Make a ring, and such a job can be done; it's ownly a quarter ov a million, and ten thousand to aich ov ye can be spared av ye put it through." And they run the town in debt for what's not worth half the money, and often not wanted at all, and sure it's the Irish vote 'll back 'em all up, bekase, you see, it makes work and wages anyway. Progriss, indeed, faith, the xpinditure on markets, police, shreets, aldermin, and all sorts ov improvements is tremendous through all Ameriky, and it's the ould sod they may thank for it.

3.—Facts touching the history of Canadian shipping and navigation connected with Irishmen.

Faith, thim, the free ships in the famine ov '47 brought out the most av thim; and iver since the wharves ov Quaybec has resounded wid the native warcry ov the fresh-landed Milaysian, flourishin' the black thorn ov his country, and demandin' ov the terrified Canadian the way to the most convenient shebeen. Navigation, indeed; it's little there is that isn't swarmin' wid 'em.

4.—Facts regarding Irish public men who have taken a prominent part in parliamentary, municipal or social life.

This is a quare question; the throuble bein' to find any Irish or other public man that hasn't. But for thim that *have*, it's meself knows hapes, sure, there's Mayor MEDCALF that med the grate spache at the Lord Mayor's dinner when we sint him to England to represint Toronto; and Misthur TOM FERGUSON, the terrible warrior of the House o' Commons, who received such injuries to his feet in the Faynian attack that he had to take offsh at Collingwood. I mane to sint Misthur DAVIN notes on all these, which'll be the makin ov him as a biographist.

This is all I have for him now, but I'll send him enough to fill his book next wake.

Yours

TEDDY TIERNEY.

Toronto, Feb. 22, 1877.

**Letter from a Working Man.**

To the Editor of Grip.

SIR.—I trust you has sympathy with the workun man. If not you is a tyrant, and should be guloteened. The present is hard times. Now, sir, the workun man as is the down-trodden slave of the bloated aristocrats of Canada, her merchants, rollin in uncounted millions, her property holders, drones as worked hard and saved money and built houses (slav serves 'em right as they can't let)—the workun man as is their slave, sir, has only one chance. There is more poor than rich. When we has votes same as they, we has the majority, and can vote for sich men as'll borror lots of cash and run their property in debt, and spend it on things wich gives us work and high wages. This is our chance, sir, and therefore I wants no cumulative voting, wich is tyranny, but universal sufferage, wich gives the workun man a chance, and we wants that, and no nonsense.

Yours,

A WORKUN MAN.

Toronto, Feb. 21, 1877