

## GRIP.

EDITED BY MR. BARNABY RUDOR.

The greatest Beast in the Zoo; the greatest Bird in the Owl;  
The greatest Fish in the Oyster; the greatest Man in the Fool.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 15TH, 1876.

### Centennial Suggestions to Brother Jonathan.

O Yankee Doodle, lend you wail  
O'er scandalous revelations  
Which cover you with shame before  
The eyes of all the nations;  
But did it never cross your mind,  
Amid these sad reflections,  
That in their sins these faithless men  
But copy *your own* actions?

BELKNAP and TWED and all that crew  
Are branded with dishonour  
Because they sold the nation's *faith*  
And brought disgrace upon her;  
Their punishment is many stripes,  
(Which certainly they merit.)  
And if strict justice were but done,  
You UNCLE SAM, should share it!

For you have often in "good faith,"  
Approved and signed a treaty,  
Whose terms you've twisted afterwards  
In ways both mean and cheaty;  
If you desire a case in point,  
Just ask the world's opinion  
Of how you've dealt in such affairs  
With this fair young Dominion.

So, while you're gravely wondering  
Where all these ills began,  
Perhaps you'll recollect the saw—  
"Like master—so like man;"  
And henceforth keeping faith *yourself*  
And dealing on the square,  
Have fewer BELKNAPS to lament  
In your next centennial year!

### Prorogation of Parliament.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate, know,  
And you, my worthy Gentlemen of 'tother House below,  
I thank you for your labours for the welfare of the nation,  
Labours attended by, indeed, extreme deliberation.  
You could not be deliberate and prompt at once, you know,  
And so there's very little work that you have done to show.  
But still you've helped the Indians, though that don't count to you,  
For 'twas the Indians themselves who told you what to do.  
We've opened up Keewatin, and I mean to, if I can,  
Grab from my Indian children soon the West Saskatchewan.  
Though we've not got a railway yet to the Red River through,  
We've built a telegraph, which will be useful when we do.  
We criminal, insolvency, and railway knowledge need,  
And you've passed laws to get returns; that's very good indeed.  
Quite right to class the railway schemes along with 'tother two.  
But if you get "returns" from them, you'll do what most can't do.  
Now, Gentles of the Lower House (in name, though not in fact)  
I fear I only can remark on one praiseworthy act.  
You've voted the supplies, a thing extremely good, no doubt,  
Impossible to say how we should get along without.  
And you've laid no fresh taxes on, though people said you would.  
So praps you haven't done much harm, if you *have* done no good.  
Now, Honourable Gentlemen, and you, my Commons too,  
I'm sorry for one little thing I have to tell to you  
The Yankees were to pay us for our fisheries, but still  
They do decline to settle up, though we've sent in the bill,  
Of course we ought to sue them, and proceed to sell 'em out.  
But that's a job that no one seems to like to go about.  
I've nothing more to say, and now you all for home may clear.  
I hope your work will pay you there as well as it has here.

### Wants to be an Alderman.

(To the Editor of Grip.)

Sir,—Being one of that large class of individuals possessed of neither capital, ability, nor experience, but who, nevertheless, desire earnestly the financial success these qualifications are generally necessary to secure, I have been for some time earnestly considering how, without either of the three first, I may obtain the last.

Wealth, sir, is in my case a necessity. I have expensive tastes which, in matters of residence, servants, houses, entertainments, and so forth, absolutely must be gratified, and not only so, but must be gratified without my being required to submit to any toil, labour, or constrained exertion of mind or body whatever.

I have come to the conclusion to ask your influence to have me elected a Toronto alderman.

As to my lack of business capacity, it cannot be more decided than theirs. When the state of the streets, the health, and the finances of Toronto are remembered, no doubt can be entertained on that head.

As to the remuneration, it is, I hear, only nominal. But I do not desire anything more actual. If I be not soon able to live comfortably, and gratify all the little tastes I have mentioned, I shall be very unlike the average Toronto alderman.

I have another matter to mention, which renders the business more imperative. My health requires the change of air, and the agreeable excitement afforded by frequent pleasure trips, in amusing society. I notice that Toronto aldermen are now in the habit, quite unchecked by the citizens, of sending one another in succession on excursions to the different cities of Canada, the States, and even to Europe. This precisely meets my wishes. There is no business to attend to, for no one pretends that these excursions are or have ever been of any use. There is nothing to pay, and as for the amusement afforded, I am sure that these delegations, if possessed of any sense of humor, must find the thing a sufficiently good joke to enable them, during the whole journey, as they travel at the expense of the citizens, to laugh at their expense also.

Once more, then, dear sir, help me to become an alderman. I sue to you in *forma pauperis*; I have nothing. But help me in, and if there be ways and means—if there be loans—if there be debentures—if there be bonuses—I will repay your kindness.

Yours,

CLASSES USELESS.

### The Sick Little Canadian Boy.

LITTLE Canadian Manufacture had become very sick in leed, having been fed on imported diet, which had almost ruined his digestion. He was very pale and ill, but being naturally industrious, his principal grief was that he could do no work. So one day, with his hand up to his head, he crawled up to the house of his guardian Mr. MACKENZIE, and begged him to let him have some Protection diet, which he knew was the only thing could save his life. He said the imported food was cutting away the coats of his stomach, and gave him horrid pains. Now MACKENZIE was not an ill-natured fellow, but very much afraid of his chief doctor. "Puir callan," he said, "ye siddna want for Protection parritch, whilk is cheap aneuch. We maun ca' the doctor." So Dr. BROWN, a tall cross-looking person with a long nose, came in, and looked very severely at poor little Manufacture, and looked at his tongue, and felt his pulse, and said:—"It's jooost a muckle fat lazy loon. Pit him to wark, pit him to wark on a fairm." And he walked away with great strides. Poor little Manufacture, whose greatest trouble was that he could not work, now felt very bad. Then they took him to see Dr. BLAKE, who was very clever, but unreliable, and had moments of delusion, in which he used to speak of a Voice. So it happened that when little Manufacture came in, Dr. BLAKE struck an attitude, and called out, "Let that Voice be heard Again!" Then he strode up to the little boy and looked at him so fiercely and demanded in such thunder tones that it be heard Again that the poor little sick boy was frightened and ran out, and went to see Dr. CARTWRIGHT, who had big whiskers and thought he knew everything. So he patted the little boy on the head, and said that it was not his productive but his distributive organs that were out of order, and that he must take plenty more imported food. But the little boy said that that food was what had made him sick. This made Dr. CARTWRIGHT very angry, and he shouted out that poor little Manufacture looked as if he was a Robber and had defrauded Nineteen-twentieths of the People, and lived on their Spoils. And he chased him out of the door; and little Manufacture began to cry, and went and laid down under a tree, where a jolly gentleman called DUFFERIN asked him if he thought it would not do him good to come and see a nice Fancy Ball he had, with a great many people dancing, close by. But the little boy was now very weak and feverish, and turned away his head. Then two doctors called MACDONALD and TUPPER came up and declared it was a shame, and that if he did not have some Protection food he would die. So they went away to try and get him some, but at last accounts they had not brought him any. And Dr. BROWN, who always had hated little Manufacture, put his head out of his window and cried, "Dee! dee!" And the boy got worse.