

**PUBLISHER'S NOTE**

**GRIP** is published every SATURDAY morning, at the new Office, No. 20 Adelaide Street, East.  
 Subscription price, \$2 per annum; single copies 5 cents. For sale by all newsdealers. Back numbers supplied.

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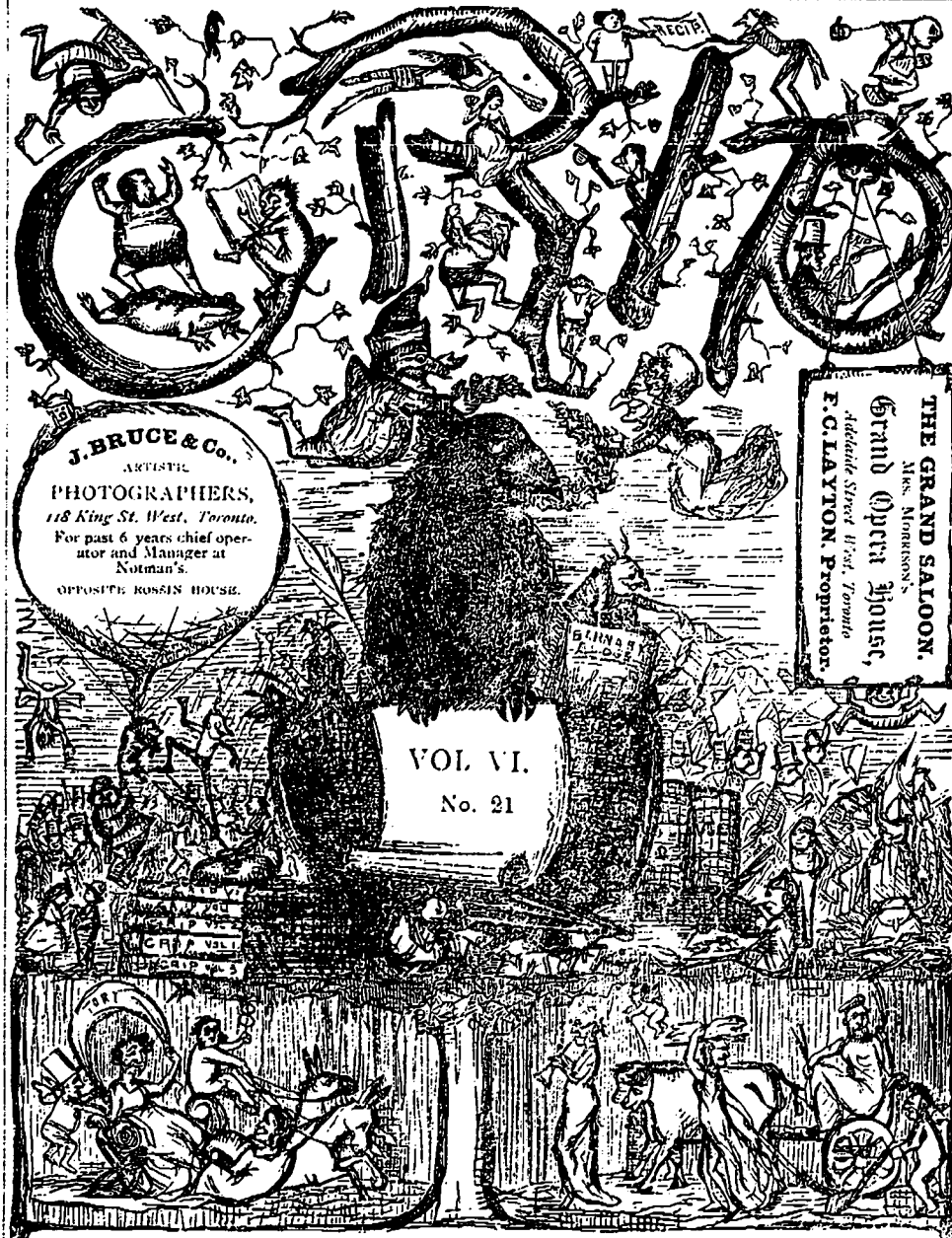
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TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1876.

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Business, by a Merchant	1.50	Stones Crying Out	1.00
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**EDITOR'S NOTE.**

ORIGINAL contributions will always be welcome. All such intended for current No. should reach **GRIP** office not later than Wednesday. Articles and Literary correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, **GRIP** office, Toronto. Rejected manuscripts cannot be returned.

**RE-ISSUE OF GRIP CARTOONS**

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## 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 is 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 p'raps 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 souldna 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.



**THE FATHER OF THE FAITHLESS ;**  
 OR, UNCLE SAM, THE TREATY-TWISTER, WEeping OVER THE  
 TRICKERY OF HIS PUBLIC SERVANTS.

**Sessional Musings.**

And can we think—the Session gone and passed—  
With pleasure or with pride of it again?  
What was there there which was not in the last?  
What more than little schemes of little men?  
Had there been even one short moment when  
Above the party strife the patriot rose,  
One grateful theme had been for writer's pen.  
One hope of fairer future to unclose.  
'Tis past, and o'er the gloom no ray of promise throws.

R. W. P.

**The Pacific Pants.**

YOUNG De Minion Kanady was a fine growing lad; in fact he was such a fast growing young gentleman that a whole army of Tailors was required to provide for his wants, and to fatten upon the *cabbage*. And these tailors were divided into two cliques who detested each other, and quarrelled and gnashed their gums over the cabbage to such an extent that dentists rose to an enormous premium, and there were none to be found in the market.

So it happened that when one of these great cliques would have provided him with a brand new pair of Pacific Pants warranted to stand any weather, behold the rival clique, with hungry eyes and watering mouths, rushed out with a "big push" and picked holes in those pants, and turned them inside out, and let daylight through them in the most unseemly manner; and then the whole army bit and fought, and tore and scratched, and crunched and roared until there was nothing left but a huge mass of spoilt material, which smelt so offensively that it was known through the length and breadth of the land as a Pacific Scandal.

And now, sad to relate, poor Young De Minion Kanady is going round with no connecting link between his suspenders and his boots, save a few shreds and patches which are totally insufficient to maintain a healthy circulation between his extremities.

**Premature Poisoning.**

Should you ask me, whence this title?  
Who it is is being poisoned?  
Who it is is going to be?  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
That the scientifics tell us—  
All the mighty coming conflicts,  
All the battles still to come off,  
Shall be won by mighty bombshells  
Crammed with drugs asphyxiating,  
Bursting in the ranks of armies,  
Bursting into Uvas fumes out,  
Bearing death and desolation.  
Should you ask me of the present,  
Who is being this day poisoned?  
I should answer, I should tell you,  
I, a townsman of Toronto,  
Living by a lane within it,  
Where the neighbors vile and filthy,  
Throw their rubbish and their offal,  
Throw their heads of stinking fishes,  
Throw their rotten vegetables,  
Throw their cabbages and turnips.  
There six days it lieth, lieth,  
Fumeth, smelleth, stinketh, choketh.  
Then the scavenger removes it,  
And the neighbours pile on more there,  
Choking me, an honest townsman,  
Poisoning my helpless youngsters,  
Killing off my wife by inches.  
*Morituri te Salutant,*  
GRIP, we die unless thou helpest.  
Tell the duly-paid Inspector  
That he see the law regarded,  
Laws which strictly order people,  
That they put in box or barrel  
All their rubbish and their offal  
Giving it unto the carter.  
When he cometh to them weekly,  
Make him do it, and it may be  
I, and all my little children,  
I, and eke my spouse beside me,  
Need not go before our time comes,  
By the underground conveyance,  
From the Cemetery station,  
To the Islands of the Blessed,  
To the land of the Hereafter.

**Scene at Ottawa.**

AFTER THE PROROGATION.

*Lord Dufferin.**Mr. Blake.*

*Lord D.*—Now that your labours are concluded, Mr. BLAKE, allow me to offer my congratulations on the exemplary patience with which you have endured your necessarily extremely disagreeable position.

*Mr. B.*—Disagreeable position! May I ask to what your lordship refers?

*Lord D.*—To a professed and outspoken opponent of Coalition, both in principle and practice, I should have thought, Mr. BLAKE, such a position as yours, though no doubt of public benefit, would prove personally disagreeable, as apparently morally inconsistent.

*Mr. B.*—Your lordship labours under an error which is easily corrected. Consistency, my lord, has been aptly termed a jewel. It is one of the noblest attributes of the human mind—and necessarily an attribute of the minds of a free and glorious people. But, as I carefully stated in my Aurora speech, we are four millions of Britons who are not free. That we should in our present state possess the attributes of freemen would be extremely inconsistent. Therefore, my lord, I am most consistent when I am inconsistent.

*Lord D.*—I am extremely obliged for so lucid an explanation. What advantages a legal education confers!

*Mr. B.*—Had your lordship received one, you would have done us honour.

*Lord D.*—Possibly: more than you would have done— But I am wanted. Good morning. *Exit.*

**Manners at the Theatre.—No. 3.**

HINTS TO LADIES.

**RULE 1.**—Take great pains with your toilette before leaving home—put on plenty of hair and do not spare the powder—it looks well by gas-light. Be sure and wear one of those distracting little spotted veils, they are so becoming, a *soupeon* of rouge is also a desideratum, there are sure to be plenty of gentlemen at the theatre and all men prefer art to nature.

**RULE 2.**—If you own a dress with a very long train, wear it. It is a most convenient thing to have in a crowd and looks imposing, and when well spread out, makes a good carpet for the crowd to walk on, or a mat to wipe their feet withal.

**RULE 3.**—Always wear a very large hat with high trimmings and waving nodding plumes and streamers, besides being stylish and conspicuous, it makes you look tall, moreover it gives your neighbors in the rear an opportunity to exercise the muscles of the neck trying to look both sides of you and over your head all at once in the futile endeavour to see the stage.

**RULE 4.**—Always select a seat near the end of a comparatively empty row—nothing like having plenty of room—place half your traps on the right-hand seat and the rest on the left hand one and remember that by pre-emption right, those seats, and as many more as you can "annex" or *locate*, are yours. If any one dares to ask for one of them—there being no others vacant—regard him with a prolonged Medusa-like stare—through an eye-glass if possible, and having thus shewn your sense of the intrusion, proceed very slowly and deliberately to remove your cloak, cloud, boa and muff, leaving however a few small articles, such as your smelling-bottle, port-monnaie and the book you are taking back to the library, they are nice agreeable things to sit on and it shews that you trust your neighbor's honesty.

**RULE 5.**—If the intruder be a strange lady, especially if she is not so well dressed as yourself, ignore her very existence. If she be well dressed you can still ignore her in a measure, but at the same time be sure to take stock of her entire costume, and observe in an undertone to your companion how very plain she is. If said companion be a lady and one with any pretension to good looks herself, she will agree with you of course. If a gentleman, his answer will be an admiring gaze—in *your* direction. You can take this as implying that in his eyes all women are plain—save one.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

SHOULD we be sad for the man whose eye detects a piece of dirty green paper in a melting snowheap, and who stoops forthwith to dig it out with his pocket-knife? Yes, my young friends, if it turn out a genuine greenback, very sorry. But if it be a used up label, be glad, for he has gained a useful lesson.

THE *St. John News* has a story of a young Highlander who "could run, climb and jump with the agility of a stage." What stage does he mean? The Muskoka one, or a vehicle of the DAWSON route? They certainly bounl over old logs and the like, but as for their agility we never saw or heard much about it.

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L. JOHNSON, Commissioner of Customs.

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Extract from the Canada Gazette, of March 11, 1876.



MILITARY COLLEGE EXAMINATION.

Another examination of Candidates for admission to the Military College at Kingston will take place in several Military Districts

On TUESDAY, the 2nd day of May next.

Those desirous of competing at such examinations are requested to forward their applications to the Adjutant General, Ottawa, before the 15th April. Information relating to the conditions may be obtained from the Deputy Adjutant-General of the District in which any candidate resides.

The regulation requiring candidates to obtain a minimum of one half the total number of marks in each subject is to be modified by substituting forty per cent. as the minimum in each subject.

In other respects the regulations relating to the examinations on the 2nd day of May will be the same as those prescribed for the examinations held in January last.

By command,

WALKER POWELL, Colonel.

Adjutant-General of Militia, Canada.

Headquarters, Ottawa, 14th March, 1876.

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Grand Square and Upright.

"These Pianos are the finest in the world as regards tone and excellence.—Huntingdon, [Tenn.] Republican.

"The Beatty Piano is pronounced by all the sweetest toned instrument manufactured."—Cottysburg, Pa., Century.

"The Beatty Pianos, Grand, Square and Upright, are remarkable for their beauty and finish, as well as for sweetness and volume of tone."—Middleton, N. Y., Mercury.

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