

**Proposed inscription for the Drinking Fountain in the Market Place Presented to the City by His Worship the Mayor, 1876.**

"*Sic vos non vobis.*"—VIRGIL.

Unselfishness was clearly shown  
In the kind act which here has placed me.  
The generous donor *must* have known  
That he himself would never taste me.

Because, to make the matter shorter,  
One man, 'tis said, and true I think it,  
May lead a horse (or Mayor) to water  
But twenty cannot make him drink it.

**Conversation.**

MR. MILLS, MR. MACKENZIE, MR. BLAKE.

HON. MR. MACKENZIE—Au'm joost amast gane. CAIRDWELL, tae! whan I thoct death itsel' had steppit in tae gie me the consteuteney! snappit awa! stippit clean off! Mon, mon! (to Hon. Mr. BLAKE) why were ye sae daft as na tae counsel that we suld tak oop Protection suner than the Tories. We could hae rin it sae weel. The hail kintra wad hae joint in. The *Globe* wad hae sworn by GREELEY. Noo, noo, noo, we hae committit oursel' tae Free Trade, and we shall be sweepit out like peelins o' ingaus—blawn aff, gane, dispersit. Mon, I trusted ye're wut, and ye hae faillit!

HON. MR. BLAKE—Sir, I have repeatedly informed you, and now reiterate the information, that these complaints, addressed to me, are incorrect in the extreme, and even verge on the absurd. My reputation—my legal reputation—was not gained in the politico-economic sphere, nor did it warrant your reliance on me in economic matters. What! I give directions as to whether cottons and sugars are to be rated lower or higher! I meddle with such trash! I! BLAKE! No, sir, your government—yourself—your whole combination rests on other grounds. My eloquence rung through the Canadian mountains, reverberated over the plains, rattled through the attics! On its merits—on my merits—you entered on the administration of affairs. If, having put you in, having struck down MACDONALD and captured CAIRTWRIGHT, you failed to retain confidence, reproach not me. You relied on the backing of the *Globe*, and not on your true foundation—the eloquence of BLAKE! Go in or out, sir, you affect not me. One brilliant peroration shall bring me to the front, and whatever administration rule, the people will demand that BLAKE shall be its star—its brilliant coruscation of genius, which though it chooses not to guide, yet is always prepared to light with shining metaphor the bewildering impossibilities of the future, to dazzle if not to lead, to scatter glittering if unmeaning generalities around in gay profusion, to charm the unreasoning public, to lead them where I list, and to take the fattest office as I pass. Go, recreant!

HON. MR. MILLS.—Why this irresolution? Fling out the banner on the outward walls. Inscribe it Free Trade! Is not 4 the square of 2? Yes. Then it follows that twice 7 makes 12. Then how can we fail? I will address the people. Fear not. If we lose our majority, our posterity will regain it. What is Time to the Philosopher?

MR. MACKENZIE.—Noo deil tak' ma saul! Lord forgie me! I meant to remark that gin oor prospect o' salvation be as weak as o' continuous poover, we will hae an opportunity to fin' whether there be eternal punishment or no. Weel, weel, I ken three wha deserve it—twa for being idiots, and ane for no seeing it suner.

(Scene closes.)

**The Spirit of Canada to Mowat.**

SPIRIT.—What, know'st thou not  
The suffrage was too broad? Know'st thou not well  
The sturdy middle class declining fast  
Throughout my broad domain? Be wise in time.  
This is not Europe; here industry's hand  
Grasps ownership at once. To give the rights  
Of property to all the idle horde,  
Too slothful to acquire, were quick to sink  
Far lower than we stand. Why then extend  
The franchise past its bounds?

MR. MOWAT.—Great spirit, I  
Acknowledge all is true. Extension, though,  
Is popular in sound, and few there be  
Who its effects descry. It is a sprat  
To catch the whale of popularity,  
On which to float awhile. For know, the depths  
Yawn for us; and the mermaids' stretching hands  
I see in all my dreams.

(Exit weeping)

A gas well has been struck in Belleville. Let's build the new Parliament buildings there as they are the greatest works in the Province.

**The Fallacy of Protection Cries.**

*From the Globe.*

Nothing could more conclusively show the utterly unreasonable nature of the clamour for higher tariffs than a glance at the actual state of the country. We are told by Protectionists that we import manufactured goods to the extent of nearly \$150,000,000 yearly—that our locomotives, our cars, our sugar, our piece goods, our next to everything, are made in the States and in other foreign lands, throwing out of employment, and leaving to starvation, our own artizans. How utterly false this is, our readers will at once be aware, when we tell them that a scheme is in contemplation—has been long in contemplation, in fact—in the county of Waterloo, for refining the product of the sugar beet on a very extensive scale—a scheme which will, if ever carried out, furnish employment to thousands. It is also proposed—and, for all we know, it may some day be done—to utilize an old distillery in Cobourg as a matting factory, employing one hundred hands. No work! Trash! How can operators be starving with prospects like these? No further proof could be demanded; though we might add that, of our own knowledge, a Toronto carpenter has this week, undeterred by foreign competition, manufactured and successfully sold to a servant girl a wooden box with lock and till complete. If yet more is wanted, we are in a position to state—and we fearlessly challenge contradiction—that a tinsmith of Yonge Street has, in the course of the last fortnight, successfully placed on the market no less than three home-made coffee-pots. Talk of injured industries! What is progress, if this be not? But, of course, nothing will satisfy the fiendish organ of the bloated manufacturer.

**Grandpa Grip to the New Aldermen.**

*Dear young friends:*

I have been told that you are at last el-ect-ed to the coun-cil, where you have so long de-sired to get, and now if you will list-en for a few mo-ments I will give you some words of kind ad-vice. Be good boys. Re-mem-ber that the eyes of all your kind friends and in fact of the whole city are up-on you, to see how well you will do what you have been prom-is-ing. You are in a place now where you will be sorely tempted to go astray. There are several bad boys still remaining from the old crowd, and no doubt they will try to lead you into sin if they find you apt. Shun them all you can; or if you think it is pos-sible, con-vert them from the evil of their way, and make them good little aldermen, as I hope and believe you are. What-ever you do, do not forget that the city is at present in debt to the large sum of five millions of dollars. Keep this thought con-stant-ly be-fore your minds. It will be well for you to mark down the figures on each of your thumb nails with black ink, and keep your thumbs constantly before your eyes as well. When-ever any bad boys tempt you to do bad acts, hold-ly say No, and-if you have not the cour-age to say No, then hold up your thumb nails, and shake your heads. Let every thing you do at the coun-cil be done in view of the five mil-lions, and do not for-get it. Again I say, be good boys, and do not for-get that the city has a big lot of money to pay. Wishing you a Happy New Year. I remain your GRANDPA GRIP.

**Croaks and Pecks.**

Why is Kingston like a bald headed man? Because it has a W(h)ig.

How sad to be without a home this cold weather! The St. Thomas Home Journal lost its "Home" lately and is now the St. Thomas Journal.

An Anti-Dunkin meeting was held in Kingston lately, and that reminds us that the first Anti-Duncan individual was Macbeth.

The track of the Hamilton & N.W.R.R. is laid to Stewarttown so if you ever wished Stewarttown there you can go by rail.

N.B. The relatives of the unfortunate youth who fatally injured himself getting up that pun, say he meant the latter part to read "ever wished you were down there" Friends of the deceased please attend without further notice.

Toronto pays a hundred policemen to allow a thousand small boys to render the sidewalks unsafe with sleighs and skates, and create Corporation damage suits. This encourages the circulation of blood, money, and doctors.

"The six hundred turkeys got over to England all right."—*London Advertiser.*

Gravy to right of them;  
Gravy to left of them;  
Potatoes around them;  
Severed and sundered.  
Flashed all the sharp knives bare;  
Flashed at the carving there  
Gone was each Gobbleare;  
Noble 600.