



## A CONCLUSIVE ARGUMENT.

CANADIAN WORKING MAN.—WHAT! YOU'RE GOING TO FETCH OUT OLD COUNTRY MECHANICS AT THE PUBLIC EXPENSE? IS THIS THE WAY YOU REPAY THE WORKING MEN FOR SUPPORTING THE NATIONAL POLICY!

HON. J. H. POPE.—MY DEAR SIR, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND POLITICAL ECONOMY LEAVE THESE DEEP QUESTIONS TO ME. GO AND LOOK FOR A JOB AND KEEP QUIET!

## SONG

BY MCTUFF.

'Tis said that honest poverty on Earth is no disgrace,  
And that the honest toiler is respected in his place;  
That may be true, but this I know—deny it ye who can:  
It takes the cash, to cut a dash, and make the outward man.

CHORUS.

Then get it, boys get it, as fast as e'er you can,  
If with the crowd you wish to be an influential man.  
When starting on life's journey its possession make your aim,  
If 'tis your soul's desire to reach the pinnacle of fame,  
With plenty "needful" at command, the road will easy seem;  
But should you lack, the ready plack 'twill prove an idle dream.

Then get it, boys get it, as fast as e'er you can,  
If you would be a leading star amongst your fellow men.  
There is a charm connected with the name of having gold,

Whose influence for good or ill we every day behold;  
It is the magic talisman that dazzles people's eyes,  
And few on earth but know its worth to give a man a rise.  
Then get it, boys get it, as fast as e're you can,  
For nothing's so unpopular as being a hard-up man.

But whilst you strive to get it boys, give heed to what I say,  
Let it be ever in a just and meritorious way,  
Much rather play a losing game, than win with loaded dice;

Its fame is but an empty name if got at honor's price.  
So get it, boys get it, on no dishonest plan,  
If you would live upon this earth a well respected man.

## CAWS AND EFFECT.

(Special despatch to GRIP.)

A very striking instance of effect preceding caws has to be placed on record in the scientific columns of GRIP. In fact the effect, strange to say, is sandwiched—so to speak—between caws-es.

This month a "Laird" was traveling with his retinue in a wagon. Some of the number were sitting in the back seat studying phrenology as illustrated by the backs of the heads of those in front, who in turn were enjoying the scenery and talking politics.

Suddenly the joyous note of a patriarchal crow was heard. To the driver spake "the Laird": "Wait a moment till with my revolver I shoot that darksome biped."

The charioteer accordingly drew rein and "the Laird" fired. Unfortunately for the passengers in the stern of the vehicle the horses had not been trained in an artillery corps, and the consequence was that, instead of "the Laird's" shot bringing down the crow, it frightened the horses and brought down the back seat of the wagon, spilling the occupants on a hard road and nearly breaking the neck of one of the number.

The old crow, who had been an amused spectator of the whole scene, gave his opinion of the affair in a succession of scurrilously scornful caws, so that while caws caused the effect the effect was effectual in affecting the crow, so as to have effect followed by caws.

"The Laird" tried to give the bird a bullet weighing a few grains, but the generous bird gave him in return a whole crow-bar.

CHARLEY JAY.

## STRANGE, IF TRUE.

A resident of this city, whose name, if the following be true, should be indelibly graven on a railway restaurant pie-crust and handed down to posterity as something to inspire reverence and awe, went fishing last Saturday, and the following brief though remarkable conversation took place between him and a friend on Monday.

FRIEND—So you went fishing last Saturday?

LONE FISHERMAN—I did.

FRIEND—Catch anything?

L. F.—Nothing.

FRIEND—Lots of bites, I suppose?

L. F.—Not a solitary bite.

And yet people say that Toronto people are given to falsehood and prevarication, and that the truth is not in them.

## ELEGY IN A YORK GRAVEYARD.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country's wishes blest."

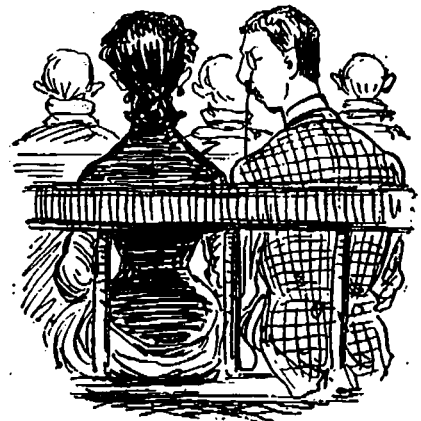
—COLLINS.

Our brave sleep 'neath a trampled sod;  
Forgot of us but not of God.  
No monumental marble shines  
With quick commemorative lines  
Above their honored dust, while we  
Bend low in reverend piety.  
But broken headstones—relics rude  
Of many a reckless multitude,  
Whose antic gambols loosed their hold  
Upon the rotting oozy mould—  
Here vie with oyster cans and rags,  
Old boots and brickbats, paper bags,  
Ashes and refuse to deface  
Our brave's dishonored resting place.  
Nor guardian fence surrounds the spot  
Where they are laid, unwept, to rot  
Here Decency averts her eyes,  
And lifts them to the frowning skies.  
Here bleak Indifference lolls at length,  
And jeering mocks at warrior strength,  
Here Patriotism hides her face,  
And weeps the heroes' foul disgrace.  
Here History will pause, and mourn  
That Fame should lead to such a bourne.  
How long shall this unholy spot  
The 'scutcheon of our country blot?  
How long the brave who fought and bled  
Lie in such 'City of the Dead'?

Not this God's acre, pure and calm,  
And murmurous of an endless psalm.  
Not this the rest that valor craves,  
Far better sleep in foreign graves.  
Far better fill the vulture's maw,  
That follows but a wholesome law,  
Than come to this—to be forgot  
Beneath a Corporation Lot.

York! is thy blood to water turned  
That thus thou see'st the memory spurned  
Of men who gave their lives for thine?  
Up! up! and reparation make  
To those who suffered for thy sake.  
Smooth lay the sod above their bones;  
Deep grave their names on funeral stones;  
Here let soft willows weep their fill;  
And every clang'rous tone be still;  
Here let the Rose of England twine  
With Canada's sweet Eglantine.  
Here od'rous flowers their fragrance shed,  
Where calmly sleep York's honored dead.  
So shall thy sons of valor say,  
"Thus honored may I pass away."

S. A. C.



## CONVERSATION,

OVERHEARD AT "IOLANTHE." (FACT.)

DUDINE: This is by Gilbert and Sullivan, is it not?

DUDE: Yahs; too bad about poor Sullivan, isn't it? Bwoked blood vessel on his lungs aftah weading some of the pawodies of his songs in the funny papahs.

DUDINE: Oh! but I thought that was Mr. Sullivan the p'ize fighter.

DUDE: Same man, y'know  
All of which would doubtless be as great a surprise to Sir Arthur as to John L.—beg his pardon, Mister John L.