

The Book of Unthackerayed Snobs.

NO. 5.—WARD POLITICIANS.

In these degenerate days, when statesman means demagogue; when wisdom means knavery; when politics means plunder; when patriotism means partyism; when fitness for an appointment to office is measured by the number of votes which the applicant carries in his vest pocket; when it takes the whole patronage of the Administration on the one hand, and a "bar'l" of money on the other, to conduct an election; in these degenerate days, ward politicians, political shysters, *et hoc genus omne*, acquire a certain amount of importance and notoriety which would never be theirs if intelligence, probity, and general ability was the standard by which they were measured. It is a satire upon Canadian politics that such a hybrid cross as the ward politician, should be a possibility. Little men, with smaller souls, caring nothing for their country but much for themselves; their whole ambition, office or self-aggrandizement, they are a curse to any constituency which possesses them.

It is an ill-wind which blows good to no one; and the period of preparation which precedes a general election puts a fair quantity of ready-money into the pockets of many needy gentlemen. Every would-be member of Parliament who goes into the battle is the centre of a small host of camp-followers. The larger the constituency, the more numerous and more assiduous will these harpies be in their attentions and in their importunities. Directly the preliminary business of private nomination is past, they lose no time in getting the ear of the ambitious neophyte and proceed to explain how the business can be done and his election made sure. Everyone of these harpies is possessed of some infallible *modus operandi* by which the old trick can be secured, it only wants money to put it in operation, and if that is forthcoming, then they will pierce the chinks in the rival candidate's armour, and send their own man triumphant to Ottawa. The first question which puzzles these worthies is: "How much money can the Parliamentary aspirant put down?" If he can only "come down" with a limited quantity, then the ward politician diminishes his enthusiasm and proceeds to explain what he considers a reasonable sum, and without which he fears defeat; but, if on the other hand, the aspirant bleeds handsomely, then his camp-followers set to work, flatter him with promises and false reports, and in numerous cases manage to lose him the election. They are arbitrary in their rules. They refuse to permit their man to select his own mode of procedure; he must comply with theirs and with the regular rules of the game, which they have adopted. All these harpies are mercenaries, and their loyalty is not to be depended upon.

Ward politicians are not confined to any particular class. Small tradesmen jostle second-class doctors and lawyers, while men of humble station are not unfrequent. Some of these characters are glib speakers, and are quite competent to harangue a ward meeting, and so it not unfrequently happens that their services are in demand. If ward politicians are debarred from entering Parliament themselves, not a few of them turn their attention to municipal matters and run for aldermen. They are full of self-love and self-interest, and any opening which affords them an opportunity of bringing themselves into notoriety, or of making a dollar, is not to be rejected. As aldermen, these worthies are not a credit. The council-chamber when they happen to be there in force, is not a stately symposium, marked by a dignified reticence or gnomie wisdom, but it has more the aspect of a free-and-easy without the beer. What the quack-doctor is to the orthodox M.D., the ward politician is to the patriot. Politics, with them, is a vein to be worked upon purely commercial principles, and it matters little

whether it be the Dominion, provincial, or municipal politics, the one end these gentry seek is self. They are political Barnums, with few, if any, ideas of their own to propagate.

With a few exceptions, ward politicians are decidedly vulgar in conversation and in appearance. They are coarse, over-fed individuals, constantly smoking cheap and nasty cigars, and with a strong affection for bar-rooms. Some of these have a strong taste for horses and for betting, and like most "sports" are boisterous and pronounced in manners. To see these worthies in their glory, however, is during election times. Then it is that they come out strong. Every one of them, at such times, has some tremendous secret in his possession, acquired direct from head-quarters, which is going to influence the electors right and left. The workingman, at election times, is their particular concern. With less brains themselves than the average dunce, they have the cheek to advise others how they should vote, particularly upon questions they understand more about than their advisers.

Mr. Crooks' Usefulness Not Yet Gone.

It takes all sorts to make a world. Flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches have a mission to fulfil for good, only that the profoundest researches of science have not yet discovered it. Similarly, Mr. Crooks has a peculiar sphere of usefulness, which he is only beginning to develop. This obstinate incapacity of the Minister of Education is uniting the Tory and the Reform journals, who agree like brethren in condemning Mr. Crooks.

Grip's Dream.

I had a dream, which was not all delusion—
SIR JOHN MACDONALD as LORD OTTAWA,
Walked in close converse with SIR EDWARD BLAKE;
LORD TUPPER gave six millions to endow
An hospital for crippled politicians,
Of which the first inhabitant was CROOKS,
CROOKS, the conundrum-named, the incurable.
The unprogressive and remorseless CROOKS?
In a straight-waistcoat he was tightly bound,
Yet cried with foaming lips for English swells
To come and be promoted over all
The vulgar heads of native graduates.
The guileless *Globe* much praised the gentle *Mail*
For earnest, pious, leading articles—
The *Mail* commended much LORD GORDON BROWN,
Both jointly said that if SIR GOLDWIN SMITH
Should grow more amiable, he scarce could live,
The angels could not spare so meek a man.
Such things I dreamed, but scarce shall waking see.

The Refinement of Irony.

Our leading Reform contemporary has just been publishing a *resume* of an interesting article, which has lately appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*, from the pen of an English writer of considerable general ability and sarcastic power, and a man who possesses a large fund of information concerning men and things—MR. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE. MR. HOLYOAKE some time since visited this continent, and the article above referred to gives some of his impressions and experiences in the United States and Canada. In touching on that portion of the article which gives that gentleman's views of the Dominion, or what he saw of it, the journal in question, apparently in all seriousness and good faith, has reproduced in its columns the following rich extract:—

"The abounding courtesy of the press, and the cultured charm of expression by the *Spectator*, of Hamilton, and the *Globe*, of Toronto, were equal to anything I had seen anywhere."

GRIP would be truly grateful to any of his numerous friends who would give him the date of MR. HOLYOAKE'S visit to this part of the world, so that he might search the files of the *Globe*, in order to secure a literary treat. Doubtless, about that time there appeared in the paper some eloquent remarks on corruption in connection with railroad charters, a chaste essay on "DR. TUPPER'S — S," a refined review of the policy of "SIR BOLUS," a gentle critique on

the social and convivial habits of a certain RIGHT HONORABLE —, or could it have been a philological article on TARADIDDLES? How charming!

Hamlet's Soliloquy,

Adapted to the Use of Mr. FRANK SHANLEY, on his Resolving to Resign his position in Toronto.

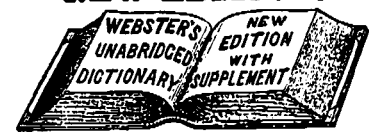
To go or not to go, that is the question—
Whether it pays me best to still accept
The jeers and rudeness of outrageous aldermen,
Or by resigning end them. To quit, to "git,"
To take the post New Brunswick railways offer,
To be the Intercolonial's grand Panjandrum,
But will it pay—or is that railroad solvent?
Aye, there's the rub—well, I must mend my manners.
Be not more proud than those who are my betters,
Nor treat the lower class of those "blue noses"
As I did these galoots at City Hall,
As if they were mere slaves, unfit at that
To carry offal to the urrine race.
To make a change I'm not too old or young.
And in my mouth must keep a civil tongue.

"Only a woman's hair"—poor dupe!
It scared him from the restaurant soup.

Scribblers' is a spirited serial because it has so much of *Holland's*.

They say the young Oxford importation has gone home again. We trust this will be a WARNING to MR. CROOKS.

There was a strange person named CROOKS,
Who permitted unauthorised books
To whose direct distress
The Ontario press
Overwhelmed him with justest rebukes.

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