

**Conversation on the Depression.**

ELASTIC.—My dear friend, have you heard the news? The depression is about to cease! Times in Toronto are to improve at once!

SOLID.—Why, cash is scarce, work scarcer, business dull.

ELASTIC.—Oh, but there certainly—you know—the *Globe* said yesterday there was a brightening tendency in the distance; and the *Mail* remarked this morning that it saw a glimmering on the horizon; and the *Telegram* added this evening that a brightening and a glimmer were said to be visible.

SOLID.—What about houses empty!

ELASTIC.—Well, over a thousand in the city. But the *Globe* says—

SOLID.—The Water Works expenditure of several millions is about over; the City expenditure on streets and buildings *must* stop, or bankrupt the citizens by debt, for they cannot pay the taxes; these will throw many out of work—empty more houses; then as no more houses are wanted, a great number of builders and so on must leave town—empty more houses—empty twice as many as at present.

ELASTIC.—Oh, but they say—the *Mail* says there's a glim—

SOLID.—Confound your glimmer. Can't you see that if the business is not here to do business can be no better. We've expanded too much—built too much. Even if Canada does buy through Toronto as much as last year, which she can't, trade can be no better than last year. And if it is no better there is not employment for half of us who are in Toronto. We must leave it—folks are leaving it.

ELASTIC.—Oh! you are timid. The *Telegram* said there was a brightening and a glim—

SOLID.—Can't you see they are all in a string? One guessed it—hoped it—said it—the others read and said it. Humbug! My good friend, be not led by the nose. Business cannot revive till there's more to do. If there comes no more to do it must get worse, for folks must leave.

ELASTIC.—Good heavens! Surely you are mistaken. There is certainly a glim—

SOLID.—Glimmer of moonshine! What is to bring business to Toronto—to every city—every village in the Dominion—is Protection; a thing which will not hurt the farmer five dollars a year to the hundred it will bring him, and which will be the very salvation of the towns. That—or ruin—is imminent. Business better! Can't you see for yourself?

ELASTIC.—Bless me, I can't see any improvement. Things seem to me getting worse. But when the highly respectable *Globe* says it sees it, how can I believe but that I, as a good Clear Grit, also see a glim—

SOLID.—*Globe*-cracked, by Jingo!

(*exit.*)

**Directions for Diet—What to Avoid.**

1. Meat, being generally swill-fed, if beef; or flabby western stuff if pork; mutton has its evils, and who could eat sausages?

2. Fish, horrid; where do they feed?—think of the sewers. Oysters, positively fattened on suction of city-poisoned rivers.

3. Poultry.—Decomposes too rapidly; must generate gases.

4. Tinned provisions.—Awful revelations at Woolwich—Franklin's party appear to have been lost through 'em. If it's sarlines, most likely they're in bad oil.

5. To choose healthy vegetables and fruit requires more knowledge than anybody has.

6. Pastry clogs the digestion and utterly ruins the stomach. Bread is the mother of dyspepsia when improperly fermented, which is very common.

7. Milk and butter—the first sewer-poisoned water adulterated with imitation milk—the second all physicians denounce; eggs, well, if you feed your own hens, and don't let them off the premises, not otherwise.

8. Tea, coffee, cocoa.—Now would you really swallow Prussian blue, and lots of things? Think of the risk, or at least, insure your life heavily.

9. Water.—Well, if it is filtered two or three times perhaps it is safe to be in the same room with it. Ice.—Reflect on the horse-ponds!

10. Good wines are awful dear, and doubtful then; cheap ones awfully doubtful, and dear then. Whiskey's got fusil oil—most deadly thing. Gin weakens and poisons.

11. On the whole GRIP earnestly advises people to avoid eating and drinking till further notice. N. B.—This does not apply to his subscribers, whose health he secures by his weekly tonic, the perusal of which secures happiness, health and digestion, at the small cost of \$2 yearly.

We have all read of the Daw with borrowed plumes. Now this Daw's son used to be a reformer, he tried to fly to Ottawa with the borrowed feathers of Toryism, but his wings gave out and he fell into the MILLS-strom of Reform majority and is lost to sight forever.

When MACKENZIE heard that MILLS was elected for East Kent he remarked to GRIP "Ah Kent he wud wun."

**The Trust Railway.**

I.

There is a line of Railway known as Trust,  
Because all hopes of cash from it are bust.

II.

Toronto was induced by statements fine,  
To put some cash in this Trust Railway Line.

III.

We paid it, and received their promise to  
Build us the line, a statement quite untrue.

IV.

But now they kindly say the thing will live,  
If we, instead, four times as much will give.

V.

The *Spherical's* a paper published here,  
The *Spherical* was cool on this last year.

VI.

Quite cool on this was then the *Spherical*,  
But now it seems the Trust Line's regular pal.

VII.

Swears that it's this prosperity has barred,  
And wants the cash paid over to its pard.

VIII.

There's no new fact come out about the thing,  
Why does the *Spherical* its praises sing?

IX.

Thus fast and loose did other papers play  
GRIP would not hesitate "Approached!" to say.

X.

It can't be that—they go for purity,  
And GRIP would simply ask—What Can it Be?

**Croaks and Pecks.**

Palestine is to have a railroad. Oh, Jerusalem! won't it be easy to "Go to Jericho!"

Windsor, Ont., has two papers—the *Record* and the *Times*. Wilkesbarre, Penn., has one called the *Record of the Times*.

The Canadian Loan has been so successful that the Conservative papers let it (a) Loan.

The would-be robbers of LINCOLN's tomb were caught in Chicago. They make no bones about the matter. A grave responsibility rests on the people of the States. They should in-sinew-ate the ghouls into States prison.

How little we know of real poverty! Truly one-half of the world don't know how the other three-quarters live!! The poor Czar of Russia has to support his family and rub along on a mere pittance of \$25,000 a day!!! And a hard Russian winter staring him in the face!!!! Subscriptions for the sufferer received at GRIP office!!!!

Turkey is very in-Sultan to Servia. Otterman to stand calmly by, and see Turkey Gobbler?

The Weekly *Globe* of the 17th says that gold fish should be fed on rice paper. Now we don't see what this has to do with the political situation, but we venture to add, that the fish must have a literary taste when they take their paper regularly, and as they prefer rice paper to the *Globe* we suppose it is because they are averse to "lye." Still they are generally kept in glass *Globes*.

The presidential contest of 1800 was not settled till February 17th 1801. Will not we now have to wait Til-den, before the present Hayes is cleared away, and we can see who's president?

The Americans make a standing joke of SITTING BULL.

Mr HILL, premier of Nova Scotia, has dismissed his Attorney General Mr. WEEKS on account of immoral conduct. The Premier is determined to reform the Government even if it is up-Hill work and takes Weeks to do it.

It is quite a feather in Mr. T. A. R. LAFLAMME's cap to be appointed Minister of Internal Revenue. It will be another feather if he is elected. T. A. R. and feathers!!!!