

A Way Out.

SPEAKER ANGLIN'S case, they say, is coming up for discussion in the Commons in a few days. The *Mail* is sadly troubled to see how Mr. MACKENZIE and his followers, who have always declared infringement of the Independence of Parliament to be one of the gravest of political crimes, are going to get out of this scrape. If the facts are as the *Mail* states them, namely, that Speaker ANGLIN accepted a lucrative contract for printing from the Premier, no wonder the *Mail* and all the rest of Mr. MACKENZIE'S trusty friends are painfully perplexed. It is hard to see what sort of justification can be pleaded; that is, hard for ordinary newspapers, and individuals, but to GRIP the way out is simple enough. If he were Mr. ANGLIN'S counsel he would show:—1st. That such contract never was given at all; 2nd. That Mr. ANGLIN didn't personally share in any of the profits; 3rd. That it should never occur again; 4th. That it was done out of pure pity for the opposition who were hard up for a real grievance; 5th. That no harm was intended, as the whole affair was, to quote the words of Mr. BROWN, "a mere piece of badinage;" 6th. That Mr. ANGLIN is willing to disgorge the money he received.

The Four Cities and Some Others.

TORONTO.—Come, hurry up
Your governmental hands. Those ditches cut,
Those few canals, which now this twenty years
You promise and postpone. I want to view
The big ships from the sea, and long to watch
The great propellers leave my harbour here,
En route to Montreal. Why should I pay
Such millions to the States? The coal which lies
In Nova Scotia's seams, as good and cheap
As is the Yankee stuff, in mighty piles
Would all my coalyards heap, and Yankee chaps,
Who will not buy of me, will find that I
Can do without their coal. If this you do,
To tariffs Nova Scotia will agree,
For want of which we starve; and industry
Shall raise her head again.

MONTREAL.—But, by your leave
I want not these canals. I am the head,
The utmost point of ocean traffic now,
Thence was my wealth; thence is. If trenchant spades,
Great dredges, blasting apparatus—all
That science calls to aid, be marshalled here
To smooth St. Lawrence bed, if his canals
Where he is quite unsmoothable, be cut.
Between me and the lakes, who then can tell
How soon my ocean traffic goes and I
Be something of the past, a Venice be
Within whose docks, as in her arsenals,
The fisherman may dry his nets, nor fear
The seldom coming prow shall stir the poles
Whereon his mazes hang.

KINGSTON.—No, faith, nor I,
I want not ship canals. What good to me
Is great Canadian trade, if I be not
The point at which the little barges load?
What are your ships to me? Let Montreal
The head of ocean; I, the foot of lake
Traffic remain, and profit shall increase
And folks shall get along, and to and fro
Between us shall the jolly bargeman row.

HAMILTON.—Those cuttings are not much. Cut up my way
And look you what a chance for commerce lies
Within my slender bounds. Why, look you here,
Here is the gate, the outlet, entrance point,
And exit-opening, whence goods can roll
On railway wheels from every Yankee State
Into Canadian bounds. Toronto is
By water quite cut off, and Kingston too,
And Montreal likewise; but here am I,
I, where the Yankee railway trade shall slide
Larger and larger through, until I be
A London or a Paris. Wait and see.

THE RAILWAY INTEREST.—Shut up your jaws
Concerning these canals. Freights now are low
Enough and they must never lower go.
We came here with your river to compete
If you it back, our shareholders are beat.

THE UNITED STATES.—My little coons
My game plays most slick. Jest claw away
Ye'll droop into my mouth some pleasant day.

Merely a Misapplication.

AS SUNG BY THE HON. MR. MILLS.

A MEMBER having enquired of Mr. MILLS, in the House at Ottawa, how it was that Protection, which that gentleman had declared would raise prices in Canada, had lowered them in the States, Mr. MILLS answered that he did not certainly know, but considered that it must be by some misapplication of funds.

It's a puzzle, I guess,
To explain the success
Of those chaps, the American nation,
But of one thing I'm clear,
And I'll state it you here,
It must be a mere mis-application.

Though they're paying their debt,
As no nation has yet,
Yet I make solemn asseveration,
There can't really be
Any prosperity.
Oh, it's only some mis-application.

Though their factories pay
Highest dividends to-day,
Which we swore were a gone speculation,
In last year's Committee
On Depression, you'll see,
It will turn out a mis-application.

Though the balance of trade
All their own way they've made,
And export more than their importation,
And each steamer brings more
Solid gold to their store
Don't you mind; it's some mis-application.

Though the sum that they owe,
Does each year smaller grow,
While our own debt still shows augmentation.
Though they fighting have been,
While no war we have seen,
Oh, its merely some mis-application.

ASIDE.

If I can but persuade
You to suffer Free Trade,
It will bring in good time Annexation,
And to my mind, you know,
All that doesn't tend so
Is extremely a mis-application.

A Rara Avis.

OUR sister Province of Quebec possesses at least one priest of the Infallible Church whose head is level—if we may be permitted to use the expression in connection with the reverend clergy—on the subject of Church and State. This *rara avis* is the Abbé ATHANASE, pastor of an obscure parish, who has contributed two or three very common-sense letters to the Montreal journals, exposing the wretched misrepresentations of that Fraud of the Dark Ages, *Le Nouvel Monde*, in confounding the Catholic Liberals with the Liberal Catholics. But it don't do for a priest of the Hierarchy in that region to have a level head on the above mentioned subject, so *Le Nouvel Monde* evinces a sincere desire to get the humble Abbé's top piece between its gentle paws, for the phrenological purpose of squeezing the level part up into a proper sized bump of veneration for the *mandement* of the Bishops and the innocent designs of PLO NONO.

The Martyr Bray.

(From our own Truthful Correspondent.)

MONTREAL, March 21.

LAST night the brilliant and world renowned Martyr, Rev. ALFRED J. BRAY, went down to the hall to deliver his fourth lecture on the "Churches of Christendom." This time his subject was, *The Church of England*. He went prepared for emergencies. In each coat-tail pocket he carried a six-shooter; up his right sleeve he had concealed a breech-loading Enfield, and he carried a hard-baked brick in each hand. A squad of special police had been detached to convey the intrepid champion to the hall, and, thanks to these precautionary measures, he got there without loss of life. Had not his prudence and heroism thus protected him there is no knowing what might have happened, for a tremendous mob of blood-thirsty Anglicans armed to the teeth, had assembled at the door of the hall to slay him, as a report had been circulated that Mr. BRAY intended to say something disrespectful about several of HENRY THE EIGHTH'S mothers-in-law. All is now quiet.