

### The Campaign of John A.

'Twas what was left of old JOHN A., on his last legs who stood.  
Turned out for some financial tricks quite the reverse of good,  
When gaunt and thin in suit of grey he wandered through the town  
And talked to T. C. PATTESON (where's he?) with visage down.

"Alas," he groaned, as quite forlorn he wandered down each street,  
"Who would have thought Canadians could see through the ALLAN  
cheat?"

Oh, had it but succeeded what a future were for me,  
I'm done and blighted—not a leaf is left on any tree.

"Oh, then I had a palace built, not down in Kingston though,  
For quite too much of me they did down there begin to know.  
But I'd have had a gorgeous one with dining rooms of state  
And such a cellar down below as we would excavate.

"But now I'm done; I'm smashed; I'm broke; MACKENZIE'S floored me  
quite.

Oh, why was I brought up to do the things that weren't right?"  
Just then he passed where men of thought did congregated be  
And saw where one did write about a National Policy.

"A big word that; a jolly cry," remarked the sapient JOHN,  
And made the man explain to him what he was writing on.  
"I'll never understand it quite, my friend," he said, "I doubt,"  
But I'll be bound I'll learn enough of it to talk about."

He wended straight unto the rooms belonging to the Mail,  
"Ho! Shout Protection: that's the thing; it must and shall prevail.  
Hurrah for Nash'nal Policy; mind henceforth that's your biz,  
And by the way, get some one who can tell us what it is."

They shouted all around the town, and through the country wide,  
Protection! Policy! The thing! Hooray! it shall be tried.  
They sought the men who planned it, and they got them to indite  
Their papers, and the Policy they got them out to write.

And all the crew Conservative who wanted place to get  
Yelled "Back the Policy; it is, by Jove, the best thing yet,  
Who cares, boys, what the deuce it means; it means, you'll find out,  
this,

Worked right, to get our salaries again it will not miss.

And all the honest fellows who the country wished to serve  
Worked for them, and to get them in again strained every nerve,  
While all the clique officials who officials were no more  
Cared, was to use them, when they meant to show them straight the door.

JOHN A. got in, and all his friends he gathered soon around,  
They drank, they swore, they shouted till the U. E. did resound,  
By all the ancient Compact's bones; we're in, now take your ease;  
As for you other chaps, be off; we need no Policies.

The feast is spread at Ottawa, for plunder now prepare,  
The Nationalists we've turned adrift; there's none with us shall share.  
There's lots of cash to borrow; there's the Fishery Award;  
What man of us don't now grow fat is worthy of a cord.

### Split.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

*Dramatis Personæ*:—CLUB SWELL, WORKINGMAN, CLUB FOOTMAN.

ACT I, SCENE I.—*Club Chambers—Swell at Table C. sitting reading Phipps on Phallacies.*

SWELL.—I wonder what those wooden headed caitiffs mean by kicking up such an infernal row about their "rights" as they call them, and at this time of all others, just on the eve of an election! But 'twas ever thus—the old tale of Sops to Cerebus; they don't know when they've got enough. Because they have thought fit to help us and themselves they want to run the whole—

*Enter FOOTMAN, Door R.*

FOOT.—A gentleman wishes to see you, Sir.

SWELL.—A gentleman? Has he any indications of having any "papers" about him? Has he been here before? (*Uneasily*) It's not that—

FOOT.—No, Sir it's not him (*aside*) TED the bailiff.

SWELL.—Show him in.

*Enter WORKINGMAN—Walks with hostile expression straight to C. SWELL.*

W.M.—Sir, I represent the noble workmen of the Noble Ward, and I want to know at once the course you intend to take as regards me and my feller workmen. Now, I wish to inform you, Sir, that if the bloated arist—

SWELL.—My good fellow—I should say my dear Sir, kindly be seated, and might I suggest that you remove your hat, the weather outside is severe and you might take cold.

W.M.—All right, Guv'nor (*takes off hat and sits opposite C. SWELL*)  
SWELL.—Sir, you are a workingman and I am rejoiced to see you—  
JOHN, bring a bottle of port (*wine brought*). The object of my existence has been since I first conceived the idea of entering into public life to benefit the workingman. Sir, I admit and respect the horny handed worker. I could, Sir, look for hours with pleasure on the workingman toiling at his honest task. I venerate him—take a glass of wine, Sir, do.

W.M.—Thankee, 'ere's towards us. (*drinks*)  
SWELL.—Now, my good fel—dear Sir, may I enquire what your particular work is—your trade in fact, I am deeply interested in the cause I assure you, now, what do you work at?

W.M.—Well, Sir, ye see, I'm appointed President of the Young Men's Working Association, and I 'ave so much to do with Committee affairs—

SWELL.—Now tell me, when did you work last?  
W.M.—Well, Sir, you see the times have been so 'ard in concivence of them infernal Grits 'olding the reins of power, that I 'ave not worked for a hawful long time; but if you will hact with us and—

SWELL.—Why confound you for an egotistical tool of a blatant gathering of ignorami! you're no more a working man than I am. Look you here, Sir! when we have arranged a plan to better your condition, don't you presume to hinder its working by any of your shallow treacheries, or by the great JUPITER TONANS, we'll have you up for conspiring, and act with you as did the ruthless tyrant BROWN, who if ye heed not will remain in a position to trample ye again under the iron heel of his Juggernaut—I mean his boot! JOHN, show this fellow out. (*Exit workingman I.L.E. on the double*)

Tableau—Curtain.

### The New Adaptation.

SIR JOHN MACDONALD as "Falstaff."

MACFALSTAFF—(*To Canada*).—I am called to offices of state. Miss CANADA, say what thing thou wouldst most in the world, it is thine. Hark thee, lend me \$7,000; it shall be quintiply repaid. Come to see me at Court. What, shall we not be brave? Marry, we shall.

TUPPER—(*As Pistol*).—A fico for the worklings base I of Protection speak, and gilded joys. Prithee, Miss CANADA, lend me also \$7,000. I will repay thee. Gogswounds! I will! Death and basket-blades! I will most unutterably strike off the head of the base cottrel who squeaks I will not! Why, I am about to do thee such favours (what they are I know not, but I read them in a pamphlet) as that mighty Afric and great Ind should be poured into thy lap. Knowst not me! What reach me of thy pecuniaries—thou shalt have interest, coz, I am PISTOL, I! Wilt have the plunder of the Celestials? Shall I take ATROPOS by the ear; shall he not disgorge for thee? (*Roars*) I will-l-l hau-l-l him-m-m from the depths of his-s-s infernal-l-l pit-t-t. (*Softly*) Lend me the \$7,000, chuck.

SCENE II.

PISTOL-TUPPER in front of casement. *Enter gang of Speculators.*

FIRST SPECULATOR—(*Exhibits Manufacturers' Policy leak*).—Goot master PISTOL, I do peg you will eat this leak.

PISTOL-TUPPER—(*Fumps up*).—Fire, Fiends, Death! Fury! What ho! Help! Sir JOHN! Sir JOHN. (*Knocks at casement*).

SIR JOHN—(*Within*).—Can't attend at present! Most important session—matters of State; be off! (*Heavy fall heard on bed*).

PISTOL-TUPPER.—The Great Sir JOHN Lies ill of present and contagious hurt, Leave this, besognios, vanish, scuttle, tramp, Or I with ra-a-a-ge unquench-h-h-able shall-l-l-l—

2ND SPECULATOR—(*Beats him*).—I pray you eat this.—(*Gives leak*).

PISTOL-TUPPER—(*Eats*).—All hell-l-l shall-l-l smoke for this!

3RD SPECULATOR.—Eat well, I pray you; it is good for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

PISTOL-TUPPER.—But I did swear

To put the National Policy in force,

Nor eat such stuff as—

1ST SPECULATOR—(*Beats him*).—Eat.

PISTOL-TUPPER.—Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

CANADA—(*Enters with her Parliamentary servants*).—These be two coggng impudent knaves who imposed themselves on me. Turn them out, and others who were with them likewise, I must have capable men.

### Tough on William.

GRIP is prepared to read almost anything about his friend the Hon. WILLIE MACDOUGALL in the Grit papers, but he confesses to his astonishment at finding the following words of truth and soberness in the editorial column of the Conservative *Free Press* of London:

"It is a pity that Mr. Macdougall will not consent to go where he is so much needed, and where he could effect so much through that moral courage so deficient in the Grit ranks. But surely he will not stay long in Ottawa, where he has been so shabbily treated by Sir John and all the rest of the Conservative magnates. He has not only met with the cold shoulder, he has been absolutely ignored in official circles. Cold comfort this for Wandering Willie, and a poor return for such services as he rendered to the patriotic cause during the late campaign. But then it is just like Sir John. He is always alienating his friends, embittering his foes, and snubbing those who have served him and the country at the very moment when service tells.