

The Lay of the Credit Line.

Toronto gave a bonus,
As much as she should give,
And leave her hard-worked people
The chance to pay and live.
A hundred thousand dollars,
She gave with impulse rash,
Towards the line called Credit,
Because it won't pay cash.

Then might you see the farmers,
In buggies driving round,
All boasting they should double
The value of their ground.
Then might you hear their Councils
Discussing payment o'er,
"Don't give too much; Toronto
Perhaps will give some more."

The half-built work is ceasing,
Right well the farmers see
Themselves most interested
That it should finished be.
That they, and not the city
The benefit will get.
But still they hope Toronto
Will do the paying yet.

Now spoke the Reeve of Splashtown.
A cunning Reeve was he.
"The end of man upon this earth
Is just to get money,
And how can wise men better
Take care of Number One,
Than rob Toronto people,
Who have of wisdom none?"

Then said old Farmer Pumpkin.
Another Reeve was he,
And eke a preacher local,
Of loud celebrity.
"We farmer folks has plenty,
Toronto chaps has not;
And from such ones, says Scripture,
Shall be took what they've got."

Then said a village magnate,
"In evil strait be we.
If they don't pay the balance,
By us it paid must be.
Far more the road will profit
Us than Toronto, yet
I gladly would the city
Make pay for what we get."

Then spoke a keen promoter,
They shall pay all of it,
If but the City Council
The bonus will submit.
And we shall reasons give them,
Which, as old proverbs show,
Will make, in due direction,
Both Mayors and Councils go.

The reasons have been given,
The by-law's to be tried,
And soon we'll see the placards
Announce it far and wide.
And then some dozen voters
Will make us pay, no doubt,
A quarter of a million
For what we'd get without.

"Grip's" Critique on the "Telegram."

"Calm-toned," 's the *Nation's* observation.
Yes; calmer, though, would be stag—
If they have'n't been blowing about a myth,
Why don't they bring on ———?
Every soul's declaring that
So far they're most extremely ———.
Some fresh mental dishes she thought 'twould have brought her]
But Toronto didn't want mere dish ———.
But don't let it fret—poor beginnings ensure
Good endings, and this is sufficiently ———.
Fear not, 'twill yet be a successer.
It's not so dull as is the ———.

Mr. Grip Prorogues the House.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate :

Gentlemen of the House of Commons :

It is my intention during recess to do many things useful and ornamental. Treaty arrangements will be made with the Indians west of the Saskatchewan by which a large and fertile tract of country will be opened for settlement. The deluded and industrious immigrant who may, by a "vigorous immigration policy," be induced to settle, can amuse himself alternate seasons carting his produce two thousand miles to market.

It is a matter of congratulation that the depressed state of trade can not continue many years longer, as the manufactories have been closed, if that don't mitigate the evil Heaven only knows what will.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons :

I thank you for the supplies you have voted,—especially for the Pacific Railway. I am forced to say you are more generous than just. That this line, when in operation, will meet with the approbation of the country no reasonable man doubts. Ice boats will be constructed to run on the ice stretches during the frozen months, the speed of which, all know, far exceeds the ordinary locomotive, and it is hoped they will somehow or other connect with the trains.

Hon. Gentlemen of the Senate :

Gentlemen of the House of Commons :

The province of Keewatin (a kind of jumble) has been annexed to the Dominion which will strengthen and add to the resources of our youthful empire, and as the country is uninhabited I think it quite unnecessary to appoint a Governor.

The Report of the Depression Committee:

Would you list to our report—will you hear our full confession
That we really can't account for all this talk about depression.
We've heard a lot of witnesses, and now we hereby bring
Our statement that we really don't comprehend the thing.
Don't comprehend the thing; won't comprehend the thing;
The *Globe* would squash us if we dared to comprehend the thing.

We know, if we high tariffs place on what can be made here
A many thousand folks would come and make 'em; that is clear.
This would encourage idleness—it would—it would, we say.
Don't laugh at us, pray; *DYMOND'S* here; he's looking round this way.
Don't look so doubtful, pray; don't look so doubtful, pray.
We daren't prejudice our seats—he tells us what to say.

In twenty years Protection has, down in the Yankee land,
Just twenty times their factories increased, we understand.
So have their mines—their railroads—all their works, it does appear;
And capital's been pouring in; we don't want such things here.
We don't want any here; we don't want any here;
Oh, do believe us if you can—he says we want none here.

They've an unhealthy state of things; diseased, we do declare,
And half a million of our folks have gone to catch it there.
Now why Canadians still depart for those unhealthy lands
Is one of those things which, you know, no fellow understands.
No fellow understands; no fellow understands,
But *him*; we dare'snt doubt when he declares he understands.

There's lots of manufacturers all coming here aghast,
Who say they'll close if foreign goods keep pouring in so fast.
We tell them all—we don't want you this nonsense bringing up.
You can't keep open?—very well, oblige us, and shut up.
We make 'em all shut up; we make 'em all shut up.
That's what *he* does with us, you 'know; he makes us all shut up.

These vile Protectionists!—they say we drag things to and fro.
We might make here as well as there; say it's a loss, you know.
Now just remark—our carrying trade—we put it to you flat
What would become of it on any principle like that?
He put it to us flat; *he* put it to us flat.
We have to flatten down, you know, when *he* comes out like that.

In summing up, we'd just remark, we don't think all we say.
The *Globe's* got foreign friends, you know, and we must walk its way.
The foreign manufacturer—it can't go back on him.
We can't go back on it; the boat we row in would'nt swim.
It really wouldn't swim; it really would'nt swim,
And so we take the word from *him*—*he'll* give us leave to swim.

What City in the States answers to a consignment of fowls? Why,
Chicago (chick-argo). N. B. This is not intended as a foul allusion.