



"SORROWS OF A WORKINGMAN."

I want, dear GRIP, your sage advice. Assist me if you can,  
For I'm a humble and, I trust, a truly honest man;  
I want to vote the proper way, but somehow always fail  
To strike an even average, betwixt the *Globe* and *Mail*,  
And after gazing on their bright Kaleidoscopic Views,  
Have really failed to find, as yet, the proper side to choose.

I read both *Globe* and *Mail*, of course, but 'tween myself and you  
There's not a more annoying thing a working man can do,  
For when I read the *Globe's* account of meetings at the Grand,  
It seems to me that Edward Blake's the saviour of the land;  
But now I've read the morning *Mail's* satirical report,  
I feel that all my hopes of Blake have somehow come to nought.

The *Globe* avers the late award's scandalous "land slip,"  
The *Mail* declares that doubtful act is Heaven-born statesmanship;  
That Tory "Gerrymander Bill," the former claims to be  
But second in iniquity to Mr. Phipps' N. P.,  
The *Mail*, about the latter says, Reformers must confess  
Protection is, and always was a glorious success.

And now, far worse than *Globe* or *Mail*, the melancholy fates  
Make me the wretched object of ambitious candidates,  
Who always kiss the babies and admire my homely wife,  
And swear the welfare of myself is all they want in life!  
They always walk with me to work, by early morning light,  
And patiently at 6 o'clock escort me home at night.

Alas! if I but walk out "West," I'm brought up face to face  
With Jamie Beauty's legal form, or Mac's seductive grace;  
When sweetly "doing" King and Yonge, I'm sure to meet Bob Hay,  
Or Edgar's *nisi prius* laugh is heard across the way;  
Then Eastward, I'm in Thompson's arms, and last and worst of all  
Is, when I've pass'd the Maunmoth House I'm button-holed by Small.

Farewell, dear G—! I'm losing weight, my soul is plung'd in doubt;  
"Twixt catholic and colored plots, it seems "a black look-out"  
At all events I'm sure to be as honest as I can,  
For am I not my country's pride, a humble working man;  
And if the worst comes to the worst, I'll make an "Irish steu,"  
And be a full-blown Senator like John O'Donoghue.

PORCUPINE.

THE LION LYING DOWN WITH THE LAMB.

A learned Professor of Queen's University, visiting the city of Toronto this week, expressed much interest in the *Canada Educational Journal*, and inquired anxiously for Mr. Houston and Mr. W. J. Gage, whom he fondly imagined to be deeply interested in the above-named excellent magazine, as its editors and proprietors! We may expect that other "wise men from the east" will inquire for the *Globe* office to ask after the welfare of Professor Goldwin Smith, or ask at the lodge-gates of the Grange, after the health of Gordon Brown. All which illustrates the saying of an ancient heathen observer, in the early ages of Christianity: "See how these Christians love one another!"

GARIBALDI.

Hush! for earth's grandest spirit sleeps the sleep  
In which none dream or waken!  
Hush! let God's judgment-book his record keep  
Of shrines and kingdoms shaken!  
False shrines, where high priests fed men's souls with lies,  
Godless, in God's name reigning,  
Whose sword ruled earth, whose incense hid the skies,  
Truth, Peace and Freedom chaining!  
Oh, Garibaldi! thy brave voice and hard  
Woke Italy from slumber  
Austrian and Pontiff, thou bad'st, thy own fair land  
No more curb or encumber!  
And by thy lips was Freedom's clarion blown;  
From land to land it sounded,  
And from thy hand, fire mightier than their own,  
Earth's tyrannies confounded!  
Pure-hearted, Freedom's Saviour and her Son!  
No need of power or station,  
No gold was gaudier for thy service done,  
From her thou mad'st a Nation!  
Thou wou'd'st not stoop to counterplot and feign—  
A wily politician!  
Or with base tricks of knavish statecraft stain  
The pureness of thy mission!  
For sons like thee our Canada may pray  
In this dark hour, Heaven head her!  
And for the strife that shall not end to-day,  
God send her such a leader!

C. P. M.



Dr. Strathy's Pianoforte Players' Classical Club gives two concerts in the Pavilion of the Horticultural Gardens this (Friday) evening and Saturday Matinee. The Club will play Beethoven's Grand Symphony, No. 5, "Egmont," Overture and Mozart's Overture, "Titus," besides other pieces, with 28 hands, given for the first time in Canada. Vocal and instrumental solos will also be given. These concerts will be well attended, we have no doubt, as their advantage to music students and music lovers is apparent. We are glad to see, also, that Dr. Strathy has made the general admission only 25cts., thus enabling all to hear the best of music at a trifling expense, and as he promises to give such concerts frequently if duly appreciated, we wish him every success.



POTATO AND BEEF:  
Members of Canadian "High" Society.

Happy is the father whose children are so young that he can delude them into the belief that the procession is all there is of the circus.  
—*Buffalo Express*.

[ADVT.] TO THE  
ELECTORS  
OF  
WEST TORONTO.

GENTLEMEN,—

As it will be impossible for me to call personally upon every elector in West Toronto during the short time at my disposal, I take this means of soliciting your vote and influence, and, if elected, will endeavor at all times to act in such a manner as will advance the general interests of the Dominion, but particularly of this Province, and my native city. The living questions of the day, now agitating Ontario and Manitoba, viz., the *Boundary Award* and *Provincial Rights*, must be decided at the polls. I uphold the award as just, fair, and honorable, and will vote for its confirmation. Justice to Ontario demands its ratification instead of repudiation, as is the policy of the present Government.

The right to manage our own affairs in this Province is a right we must strictly maintain, and I strongly oppose the Government in their endeavor to deprive us of this great heritage. I cordially advocate the right of Canada to make her own commercial treaties, as past experience has shown that we can attend to our own interests much better, and more profitably, than when confided to those who are utterly unacquainted personally with them. We should have *no Monopolies*. Our North-West lands should be thrown open to actual settlers, with no reserved sections to separate them, instead of being placed in the hands of speculators.

The present high tariff, which requires to be maintained now for revenue purposes, should be so amended as not to discriminate against the working classes; it should be the same for the rich and the poor, and I am therefore in favor of taking off the specific duties now levied upon textile fabrics, and on such goods favor an *ad valorem* duty. I advocate the abolition also of the present *coal tax*, and am in favor of assisting our manufacturers by admitting the raw material free. I am strongly opposed to the policy of the present Government in placing the labor market here in competition with that of the world, by granting assisted passages to *mechanics* to this country, thus making our mechanics contribute towards bringing competition against themselves. I am opposed to building our railways with Chinese labor. Our Militia Department should, I think, be controlled by Canadian officers, and we have the material in our midst to do this successfully and creditably. I trust to be able to explain my views on these points more fully as I have the opportunity at the various meetings I may hold.

As a Canadian—as one deeply interested in this city and Province, and anxious to build up on a solid basis our grand Confederation, I ask you to support the principles I have thus enunciated, and by returning me as your member enable me as your representative to advocate the same in the High Parliament of the nation.

Respectfully Yours,  
W. B. McMURRICH.