

The Artful Journalist.

A TALE OF THE N. P.

It was a thoughtful journalist,
Of Grit persuasion he,
Who waged a never ending war
Against the bad N. P.
The poor man's sorrows rent his heart,
And eke the rich man's loss.
He sometimes took the workman's part
And sometimes mourned the "boss."

He showed how manufacturers
By TILLEY's wicked tax,
Got richer by each burden laid
On farming-people's backs;
And then most logically proved
That factory and mill,
Were standing with their wheels unmoved
Forsaken, idle, still.

By many an argument he showed,
That though the poor man paid
To make the rich man wealthier,
The last was poorer made;
And that in fact Protection did
Make poverty to reign
In just the classes which he bid
The people see must gain.

He proved that many millions must
Be taken from the mass,
While not one cent of all the sums
To anyone could pass;
In fact, that everybody should
Be paying more and more,
While public chest and rich men would
Feel poorer than before.

This being done he stopped to think,
Then smiled a horrid smile,
To see the tariff unrepented;
And then, with fiendish guile,
He planned a dreadful, dreadful scheme
To utterly disgust
The people with the N. P. theme :—
"Twill do," he said, "it must."

He wrote down *hum*, then *boom*, then *hum*,
Then *boom*, then *hum*, then *boom*,
Inserted some few other words
And took a column's room
Each day for several months or more
With articles thus made—
The public tore, and swore "oh bore!"
Still he was undismayed.

At last that guileful journalist
Accomplished his design,
The people utterly refused
To read a single line
Of any paper's tariff talk,
Lest they should chance to come
Upon those dreadful words that balk
Endurance—*boom* and *hum*.

Still are those words in daily prints
Continued every day,
And now the people place the blame
Of them upon JOHN A.
"Death to the tariff" thousands cry,
"Kill it or else our doom
Must be, in boredom soon to die,
Murdered by *hum* and *boom*!"

Tempora Mutantur.

It is quite evident that new metaphors, phrases, and similes, will have to be adopted by public speakers and divines, to suit the changes of modern civilization. For instance, it will not do for the statesman to exclaim, "I call upon you, my brave countrymen, to fight for your hearths and altars." He must say "I call upon you to fight for your steam coils, your nickle plated base burners, and your crimson cushioned pews." The orator must not say, "Young man, launch your bark upon the restless sea of life, and turn its sails to catch the favouring

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Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities.

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December 5th, 1879. xiv-4-11

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breeze: should tempest rise, take in your sail and make for some safe port and anchorage." He must say, "Launch the black hulk of your ocean steamer, get up steam, and make for your destination. If tempests rise heave in the coal and drive her through the storm." There is no use of the poet writing:

"Maid of Athens, 'ere we part,
Give, oh give me back my heart"—

He must say, "Girl of the period, I am going to leave Toronto. if you don't mind, I would like to have back the albert chain and free-gilt locket I gave you when we were 'spoons,' as I'm hard up and it will save me buying a new one for my girl in Montreal."

He can no longer write,

"The bride was fair, the bridegroom gay,
Their steeds stood at the door—
The heuchman blew a joyful blast
Then passed the drawbridge o'er."

But "The bride was a good looking girl, and the groom was some pumpkin also. The cab was waiting for them, and they had taken excursion tickets by the Great Western."

The furbid preacher can no longer say, "I exhort you next Sunday to lay your offerings for the new church, upon the altar of the Most High," but "The ladies of the congregation purpose holding an entertainment in aid of the church debt. The entertainment will consist of concert, tableaux, and Mrs. JARLY's wax works, with refreshments. You are expected to aid in this good work by buying tickets for all your family. Tickets for the three shows will be 25 cts. There will also be a sale of useful and fancy articles, at the end of the Hall. You will still further aid the object we have in view by purchasing tickets for the raffles, with the chance of winning a prize worth ten times your money."

Reasons for Rejecting the Frontage Tax System.

Corporation Laborers—There would be less work scraping the streets and shovelling dirt.

Contractors—Every resident would constitute himself an inspector of work.

City Engineer—It would be harder than ever to keep up the appearance of having something to do.

Evening Telegram—The *Globe* is in favor of the change, the *Mail* neutral—must oppose something, anyhow.

Several Aldermen—No chance of re-election unless we could promise our wards new streets at the general expense.

Archbishop Lynch—This would be the first step towards the abolition of tax exemptions.

Metropolitan Methodists—We would be compelled to pave all round the Metropolitan Church Square.

Speculative holders of blocks of unoccupied lands—We would have to pay for streets when the time comes to sell out.

Carriage Makers—Carriages would not wear out so soon.

Blacksmiths—Horses would not want shoeing so often.

Furriers—Horses would not want doctoring so often.

Doctors—The health of the city would be improved to our great loss.

Undertakers—Thus there would be fewer people to bury.

Sevions—And fewer graves to dig.

United Boarders—The beastly Yankees have the Frontage Tax System in their cities.

Old Fogies—We hate all sorts of changes.

General Public—We like to pay as much as possible for the worst possible streets.