

Grip's Political Digest.

MACKENZIE's a leal canny Scot, so they say,
But like all has made some mistakes in his day.
When Tories are cornered, one charge never fails,
Their spirits revive at the sound of "Steel Rails."
With gusto refreshing they glory to tell
How this job exceeds e'en the "Neebing Hotel."

To Kamanistiqua next they resort,
Where sensitive Tories make very good sport,
In vain try the Grits to explain it away,—
The others of course don't believe what they say,
Tho' FLEMING located! 'Twas they paid the price,
And here's just the point where they smell a "big mice."

Conservative virtue recoils at the shock
Of "Goderich Harbour" and "St. Francis Lock;"
Things truly sometimes strange directions will take,
And here all the fault falls on innocent BLAKE,
MACKENZIE discovers, alas, in the end,
What trouble sometimes is attached to a "Friend."

MACKENZIE no doubt looks well after the dimes,
But how can he 'scape from the charge of "hard times?"
And as for "Potatoe Bugs" who doesn't know
Turn the Grits out of office, and off they will go,—
The Farmers all know the crops didn't begin
To improve in the least till "reaction set in."

Sir JOHN and his party believe they are sound,
Go in for increasing the duties all round,
Dub that man an ass who expresses his doubts
He can raise himself up by a tug at his boots,
The plan is so simple, the blindest may see,
Their fortunes are made if they can but agree.

Pray w'ould the Yankees send over their goods,
Made out of the product of Canada's woods,
And ruin our men with the wood at their doors
Who are at their wits ends, and idle by scores?
'Tis enough I'm persuaded to make HAY declare,
I'll cross o'er the border and set up shop there.

And then I will show you what Yankees *can* do,
With a seventeen per cent. and the railway freights too.
I'll soon make my fortune, and undersell all
You stay at home Canucks. Your profit's too small!
And thus Sir JOHN A. using means to his ends,
Says, Let us win HAY while the sun shines. My friends.

Our Coal needs Protection. But friends in the west
Say, "Let it alone, that will suit us the best,"
'Twould tax manufactures. What next will you do?
Sir JOHN gives his answer, We'll tax the bread too,
When lo! from the east comes a wail of despair,
And TUPPER unconsciously feels for his hair.

Astonished! confounded! He feels ill at ease
To find their attempts have as yet failed to please,
And so he gets wrath at the Quebec affair,
Blames Mr. MACKENZIE for more than his share,
And wonders what now is the best to be done,
Since Grits down at Kingston have mounted their GUNN.

His dreams are of Ottawa, power and place,
With Grits at his feet, with a woe-be-gone face,
And he and Sir JOHN with a whip in each hand,
Driving Hard Times and Poverty out of the land,
With smoke-stacks all round them, belts, pulleys, and wheels,
And prosperity trotting along at their heels.

Does anyone think that these men cannot cope
With the evils around us? They're wrong let us hope,
A wise legislation relating to Trade,
And proper adjustments of duties once made,
Will make the great centre of industry feel,
They have what they needed the "Fly" off the wheel.

Those Purists MACKENZIE, BLAKE, CARTWRIGHT and BROWN
Will see the grand fabric they builded pulled down,
Our Trade disincumbered from impotent thrall,
Will rise with a bound that will overtop all,
And those little "Boys" who have suffered such pain
In the washing of hands, will be happy again.

Prospects of Toronto.

Several parties address the citizens.

THE MAYOR.—Ah, when, ah, yes. Allow me to mention—that is to say, gentlemen, I congratulate you, yes, on the prosperity—progress—
—and—anything else—I see around me (*aside*)—I get four thousand—
very prosperous for me.

THE TREASURER.—Yes, gentlemen, we are progressing, and when I have funded the debt, and induced your creditors to take five per cent. instead of six, which no doubt they will, as they have good security for six. I think we may say we are prosperous—very, (*aside*) I get four thousand; never was so prosperous in my life.

THE ALDERMEN.—Prosperity, tremendous, grand; why, we want \$400,000 spent for sewers. \$400,000 for railways, \$75,000 for carrying the exhibition out of the city and putting it where we can speculate in the country round; lots of money wanted at once, rate of taxes must be six per cent. next year. Aint we doing well?—guess we are. Prosperity, grand, tremendous. Hooray!

THE CONTRACTORS.—Hooray! Never was such times. Nothing to do but let some aldermen go snacks, and you get contracts such as no one ever heard of. Work cheap, twenty men standing idle where you want one, materials for a song. Prosperity! Borrow some more! Hooray!

THE PROPERTY OWNER.—If this is prosperity, let us have a little poverty. Half my tenants are gone to the States; the rest can't pay the rent; no use selling them out; their furniture wouldn't fetch the auctioneer's fees. Well, I must go borrow some cash from the Loan Company to pay my takes. If better times don't come I had better pull down my houses.

THE TENANT.—Prosperity! Bless us! Where is it? I have had no work for six months; my family are half starved; three families of us in one house to pay its rent, and can't pay it at that. I must go to the States.

THE MERCHANT.—Well, if the banks won't carry me through, there's no chance, I must smash. No customers; no money; bankrupt stocks everywhere.

THE BANKER.—Well, what's to be done I don't know. Here we are carrying the whole business of the country, and running in debt more and more every year.

THE MANUFACTURER.—Gentlemen, I could make this all square. Take care that I get plenty of work; I can give your people constant work at good wages, and you will see a change very quick. But you don't expect I am coming to a city with taxation like yours. No. If I had protection to-morrow, I could give lots of work, of course, but it wouldn't be in Toronto. No, gentlemen. You choose to think you can make money by running in debt; I wish you joy of it; but you can't expect me with you. (*Scene closes with general howl.*)



MISSKEEToes rarely miss.

L. L. D.—Long Live DUFFERIN.

GRIP moves that the "Glorious 12th" be changed to the "Goryous 12th."

BUSINESS is beginning to move in the west. They have a bakeshop on wheels in Ingersoll.

THE tariff on pills and medicine properly belongs to the department of the minister of the interior.

HAS ANN ARBOUR MILLS anything to do with the Ann Arbour grave robbery business. This is a grave matter.

HALF a loaf is better than no bread but those ill-bred tramps and loafers think a whole loaf is better than bread.

THEY have had a brass band competition in Montreal, and now the bands are mad because they didn't all get the first prize.

THE GOLDWIN-SMITHIAN dream of uniting the two political parties of this country is about to be realized. The Conservatives of Lambton Co., have brought out JOHN A. MACKENZIE as their Candidate. Elect him, and then make him Prime Minister and the thing is done.