

### The New Regime.

*Enter first Manufacturer. To him number of Manufacturers.*

FIRST M.—Hooray! Glorious news! Splendid! (*Throws his cap up and dances about room*).

SECOND.—What's the matter? Got a legacy?

FIRST.—Why, no. Better than a million legacies! Things are going our way at Ottawa. Canada'n't be better. Hooray! (*Falls on sofa*).

THIRD.—Don't see the point. Of course Protection will bring more work; but it will bring competition, and cut against us.

FIRST.—My dear sir. No! That's Protection pure and simple. What they're going to give us is manufacturers' Protection—quite another thing.

THIRD.—Nonsense! Same thing. Protection will do it.

FIRST.—Not at all. If a few in the Cabinet knew the subject and managed the thing, the country would get the Protection it was promised. But they don't. They don't know anything about it. Half of them,—three-quarters of them—have been Free Traders all their lives. They are pure, stiff, extreme old fogies and Tory fossils, and wouldn't let any man in who could tell them—they thought it was pride, but they were stuffed to do it by their clever hangers-on, who wanted to run the rings and make money. Now, they'll have to get a committee together to get up something—men from the body of the House. Some of us will be called to help—we'll get up a big committee too. We'll get up lots of committees. We'll teach them how to run Protection. We can always log-roll a committee of the House. If there were any in the Cabinet who could run it, we couldn't do anything; but now we have 'em fast as if they were cemented.

SECOND.—Well, suppose we can. I see now. We shall always stick on just so much tariff as will give us a good paying margin, but not enough to induce any more to come in.

THIRD.—Just so. Or if more come in, we, having control, can fix a tariff to kill them off. Splendid Model Government! Excellent Cabinet! Glorious JOHN A.! Canada's Greatest Stupid! Hooray! (*Dances round*).

FOURTH.—I see. Then if an independent Government managed it, of course they'd put tariff on our material, much of which might be made here. *We* won't! Catch us! I rather guess not!

FIFTH.—Why, it would pay me fifty thousand dollars to stick three words in a tariff!

SIXTH.—And you may be sure that among such a crowd as are going to have the running of it we'll find an odd one clever enough to have 'em stuck in for a tenth of the money! Magnificent! Grand!

FIRST.—I told you, boys. I have a head; I have. If they'd one in the Cabinet they'd floor us. But they haven't.

SECOND.—Why, the ninnies of Golconda are nothing to it! Immense!

THIRD.—But the country hasn't got Protection after all. Won't they make a fuss?

FOURTH.—Why, at the end of four years the new fellows will be knocked higher than a kite, of course. But they'll hang on till then. JOHN A. if he borrows some good loans, can get enough to pay a lot of supporters.

FIFTH.—But will the country stand it? Won't they clamour for a dissolution of Parliament?

SIXTH.—That's the principal danger. But we must back 'em up. I think we've a glorious prospects of monopoly and money ahead. Hooray! (*Scene closes*.)

### The Farmer's Complaint.

I be a varmer zo I be,  
And now I vouts to know  
Why that the price of wheat, I see,  
Goo lower and more low?

MACKENZIE put un down we knows,  
And gin us too much rain;  
Zurr JOHN is here, it lower goes,  
An rainin does remain.

I wants Zur JOHN the price to raise,  
And vix the weather zum;  
Or ven he cries "Come vote," I says,  
"No, I shall stay to hum."

### A Suggestion.

GRIP begs to suggest that the edge tool manufacturers of the Dominion,—as soon as their brilliant anticipations in connection with the N.P. have been realized—make and present to Sir JOHN MACDONALD a beautiful little hatchet, in commemoration of the WASHINGTONIAN conduct of that truly great man toward the reporters at Montreal lately. I might bear the well known motto: "I cannot tell a lie—without annoying the Montreal Star."

THE LIVING ISSUE.—P.P.—PHIPPS and Protection vs. M.M.—MACDONALD and Manufacturers.

### The Military Furor.

Now is the time when your volunteer is in his glory. The Tories are coming in, and he knows there will be a lot spent on fuss and feathers. He knows ten new brigades will be immediately raised, besides artillery and cavalry. Major PUFFY sent at once for his sword—that one with the gilt handle and the imitation diamond in the top—which has been in pawn for two years. Capt. BLOODYMIND set to work to scour his cross-belts, and paid a shoemaker a quarter to put military heels on his gaiters. Colonel SKINNER telegraphed to Sir JOHN that he had two sons fit for lieutenants, or anything where there was any money. All heroes of the parade ground are in a state of frenzied delight. There is going to be a big volunteer force, there are to be budgets, allowances, expenditures, contracts, officers' gratuities, reviews, field days, new uniforms, everything that is good and warlike.

### Sir John's First Words.

THE final words of great men are always of interest, so are the first words of great men after a momentous crisis in their lives. For this reason our reporter has "shadowed" Sir JOHN ever since the 17th September to catch his first public utterances as Prime Minister of Canada. At last he has spoken. The French *Club Cartier* at Quebec on 18th inst. were the fortunate ones to listen to the flow of eloquence and wisdom from the Premier's lips. The importance of the occasion was present to his mind, and he was neither flippant, insincere, nor undignified. He explained, first, that he himself was a Frenchman—an English-speaking Frenchman—his *Riel* name being not JOHN A. but JEAN B. otherwise *Jean Baptiste*. (great cheers). The people of Ontario were all Gallicized. To prove it he had brought Hon. MACKENZIE BOWELL before them that night arm in arm with LANGEVIN. He would leave his audience to say which was the lion and which the lamb. This suggested to his mind a touching and noble proverb that he would endeavour to express in their own beautiful language—"Revenous a nos moutons." (Tremendous applause, during which Mr. BOWELL took off his Grand Master's hat and bowed to the audience. This provoked great excitement, and amid cries of "Shoot that hat," etc., it was tossed to the crowd by LANGEVIN, and soon torn in pieces by the deputation of the Hibernians who had visited Montreal on 12th July). The speaker went on to say that it was now clear from the fate of a comparatively innocent hat that no Grit or rouge could or ought to live in Canada. The party which would sacrifice an ornamental hat to the popular wishes were prepared to sacrifice anything for the honour of serving their sovereign. He abhorred profanity himself, and he would not call his opponents d—d Grits, but dodo Grits. (Applause and cries of "give it to them," "go for them," "*vive* Sir JEAN B.!") The Grits were crocodiles—(cheers)—alligators—(loud cheers). This was apparent from their having so much "jaw" about election time, and "cheek" to try and govern the country. GEORGE BROWN'S "jaw" and "cheek" together made his face fifteen feet long. (Applause, and cries of a *bas* GEORGE BROWN!) The Grits are all a scurvy lot of beggars—put them across a horse and they ride to the devil. He was a jack-in-the-box himself—the Pacific Scandal could not hold him down. The great Chiefstain then digressed for a time into a discussion of the National Policy, but at the conclusion of the speech he rushed down to our reporter and implored him to suppress all reference to that subject. This request, he said, had been acceded to by the representatives of the *Mail* and other Government organs—so that we suppose the National Policy is not worth newspaper space for the future, and are satisfied with having given our readers the substantial and eloquent portions of this speech of Canada's Greatest Statesman.

### The Lawyer's Office.

*Enter Client.*

LAWYER SHARP.—Good morning, sir. What can I do for you?

CLIENT.—Want to borrow a little money on chattel mortgage.

LAWYER.—Not in our line, but can recommend a friend. In fact, can arrange it. 25 per cent

CLIENT.—Monstrous! take 20? (*Fat man in next office nods to lawyer*).

LAWYER.—No. Can do it for 25; settle it all.

CLIENT.—Well, if I must. (*Makes arrangements and exit client.*)

FAT MAN (coming in)—Why not take 20 when I nodded?

LAWYER.—Wanted odd 5 for additional commission for myself. (*Scene closes*.)

GENUINE SCOTCH TWEEDS.—The Directors of the Glasgow Bank.

THE Berlin *News* says the chief editor of the *National* used to be engaged in the honourable employment of working in a woollen factory. This accounts for his adroitness in pulling the raw material over the eyes of the working men and farmers. Aren't we Wright?

WE understand the Departments at Ottawa are going to be found in a very filthy condition. Now, don't let us hear anything more about it. Let the new Ministry get a supply of MORSE & Co's. soap and make everything sweet and clean without further remark.