



THE STREETS OF TORONTO.

THE SQUIBOGRAPH.

WHEN Mr. P. Kus stepped into our office the other day, his customary smile faded from his sleek face like the glow of sunset from a desert waste, as we pointed to the Squibograph and told him to take it away, for it was a fraud, and to take himself away with it, for he was an impostor.

"Why, what's the matter?" he enquired in a tone as soft and exasperating as the tread of a muddy boot on a housewife's new carpet. "Won't it work?"

"Work," said we, "we have been laboring with that thing for a week, trying to get something out of it about the 'Jesuits' Estates Bill,' and we couldn't get it to move a cog."

"Shall I try it?" he mildly asked.

We gave our consent with a haughty gesture, and he went to work.

In a few minutes he placed this on our desk:—

(With apologies to many authors. SCENE—Parliament House, Ottawa.)

Tory Whip—"Great are the Jesuits!"

Tory Party—"Many their votes!"

Grit Whip—"Great is their influence!"

Grit Party—"Then who for motives

Will seek in their eyes if they help us to office?"

Tory Party—"Not we!"

Grit Party—"Nor we!"

Party Leaders—"Then let each member of Parliament doff his Hat to the potentate over the sea,
And let us all sing with hysterical glee,
While the vote of the Jesuit, solemn and stolid,
We're sure we will win for the future all solid!"

(The House then divides, and O'Brien's motion is defeated.)

Toronto Mail—"A plague o' both your parties! Braggarts!
Time-servers, cowards, who vote by the book of arithmetic!"

O'Brien—"O Liberty! with profitless endeavor
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;
But thou ne'er swell'st the victor's strain,
nor ever
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human
power!"

Orangemen—"Now down with our leaders,
And down with their ways,
A horrible rumpus
We're now going to raise.
On those who've betrayed us
Our vengeance we'll wreak,
And make them all hustle
To — i.e., Salt Creek."

Grits and Tories—"Ratz!"

Mackenzie Bowell—"That's
The utterest kind of abominable rot
They're talking just now, for I know the whole lot
Of those fellows, and know just about what they want,
And know what they mean by this deluge of rant.
It's just a trim office that each has his eye on—
Which I'll give—then my lambs will lie down with
the lion."

Both Parties—"Our land is great and glorious,
And justice reigns victorious,
And if folks get uproarious,
We'll simply be ignore-ous."

Jesuits—"Ha! Ha! Ha!
You and we
Will make things boom
For the Holy See!"

Voice from out the distance, probably GRIP's—

"Slowly comes an angry people, as a lion, drawing
nigher,
Glares at one, who nods and winks behind a slowly
dying fire."



SPRING HAS COME.