

YE FISHERIES.

SCENE.—*England, United States and Canada assembled round a kettle of fish placed over a fire.*

ENGLAND—

When shall we three meet again,
In England, Ireland, or in Spain?

UNITED STATES—

When this hurly-burly's done,
And old Erin's home rule won.

CANADA—

Which e'en now is half begun.

ENGLAND—

Well, I my work must now begin.
For the States I now throw in
To the cauldron, fish and fin.

CANADA—

But I object; it's *my* fish.

ENGLAND—

It doesn't matter what you wish.
To hand your fish is very well,
As long as I don't suffer for it.
More quickly thus the time will pass.

CANADA—

Alas, my fish! Alas! alas!

UNITED STATES—

Come, come, don't fret, all will be well,
Exactly how, I'll quickly tell.
Send me your fish and I'll sell mine,
And so our goods we will combine.

ENGLAND AND CANADA—

Agreed, agreed, that's what we'll do,
And our agreement ne'er will rue.

UNITED STATES—

And as it meets with your opinion
We call it, well—Commercial Union.

ALL THREE JOIN HANDS—

Agreed, agreed! that's what we'll do,
And our agreement never rue;
Then mine is thine, and thine is mine,
Our fish and fowl we will combine,
And thine is mine and mine is thine;
This arbitration now may cease
And we shall have perpetual peace;
And, as it falls with our opinion,
We'll call it—well—Commercial Union.

WHY SHOULDN'T HE BE BONUSED.

THE following letter addressed to the mayor and corporation of Toronto was recently received by the city clerk. It speaks for itself:—

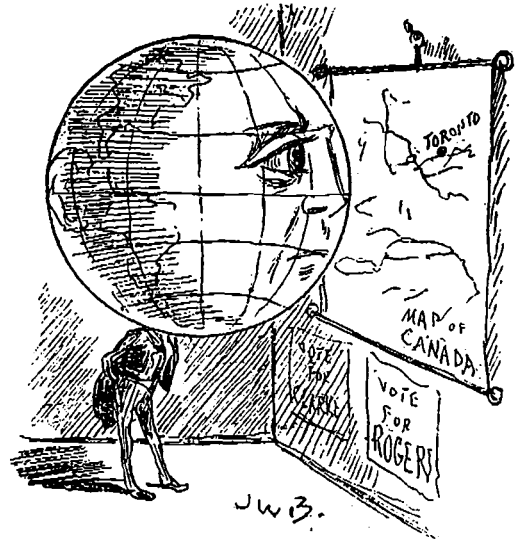
TORONTO, Dec. 1st, 1887.

GENTLEMEN,—I have been for some time a resident of Montreal, but not relishing the prospect of French domination, have about concluded to move west. I like Toronto better than any of the places I have visited, and if sufficient inducements are offered will certainly become a citizen of your enterprising community. When I enumerate the benefits which will result from my doing so you will not consider it unreasonable that I should ask for exemption from all taxes and a bonus of \$10,000 as an inducement to select Toronto in preference to any other locality.

I am a gentleman of means and leisure, accustomed to live in elegant style, and spend a large amount of money in keeping up my establishment and gratifying my social and artistic tastes. I shall purchase or lease a commodious mansion on some fashionable street, and have it fitted up and furnished in the latest fashion. I shall give regular employment to a dozen servants. Of course I shall keep a carriage, and, as I have a taste for horse-flesh, shall have extensive stables. I intend to patronize art, literature, and the stage liberally, and to be a generous subscriber to all worthy public and benevolent objects. Having a large circle of friends and relatives I mean to entertain freely and give numerous balls and dinner-parties

during the season. All these things, of course, will give many people employment, put money in circulation and help trade. The merchants will find me a good customer, and in a hundred ways my residence will prove of practical benefit. Under the circumstances I think the least the city can fairly do is to give me a cash bonus of \$10,000 and exemption from taxes for twenty years. I may say that I am also in negotiation with Guelph, London, Wingham and Bobcaygeon, and should you refuse my offer it is altogether likely that some of these other places will give me substantial inducements to settle there. Yours respectfully,
J. DOOLITTLE.

GRIP is unable to see any substantial reason why, upon the principle which has hitherto obtained in granting bonuses and exemptions, Mr. Doolittle's modest request should not be granted, as he certainly makes out a clear case as to benefits which will accrue to Toronto trade from his presence amongst us.



CLARKE OR ROGERS.

ELECTORS OF TORONTO, REMEMBER THAT THE EYE OF THE WORLD IS UPON THIS CITY!

SCOTTIE AIRLIE.

MY DEAR GRIP,—Sic anither bisness! really this mischanter o' mine gars me believe that Job wasna faur wrang when he remarkit that man is born tae trouble as the sparks flee upwards. Wha cud hae foreseen that yer humble servant wad be under the needcessity o' appearin' at the warehooose wi' a head as bald as a copper kettle, tae say naething o' ma chin an' chowks as clean scrapit as a weel plottit pig. Every time I luck in the glass or pass by a muckle store windy, I can see "Ichabod" as plain as parritch written on every feature o' ma coontenance.

Ye see, when I cam hame tae ma supper the ither night, wha should I meet but Mistress Airlie, rinnin' for a' she was worth tae the nearest druggist for ten cents worth o' the "speerit o' squirrels" for the bit laddie, wha was extraordinary croopy, so she said. "Gae awa hame," says I, takin' the bit bottlie oot o' her hand, "you get ma supper ready an' I'll stap intae the druggists an' get the stuff." an' accordin'ly in I draps for ten cents worth o' the speerit o' squirrels. The time the bit clerk creater was poorin' oot the stuff ma e'e lichtit on a raw o' bottles a' labelled "hair dye," an' as I had spent a hale half oor that very afternoon pykin' oot gray hairs here an' there on ma side whiskers, I thocht a bit slake