

The Train Swindle.*(From the London Free Press).*

HAVE we a Government? Has it the Audacity? Is there an Opposition? And would it Dare to Coalesce? For what object? To Crush Out with an Early Train at one Fell Swoop the Whole Vigour and Intelligence of Conservative Rural Journalism, which is now and has lately been Embodied, Massed, and Consolidated in the columns of This Paper!

But we warn The Fiend of the *Globe*, and in Sorrow and Terror we enjoin our base collegue, The Benighted Miscreant of the *Mail*, that they cease to attempt at the Expense of the Groaning Taxpayers of Canada, to Drive their Car of Juggernaut through the Bleeding Affections of a Loyal Conservative Newspaper! What! Induce our Subscribers to forsake us and take the *Mail*—nay, perchance Take the *Globe*! Reduce Our Subscription List! Sooner Perish the Cause! the Conservative Party! the Universe! No! Sooner shall the Hurricane Winds, Rumbling through the Vaulted Immensity of Time, project our Corporeal Infinitesimality beyond the Border of Eternity, and Waft our Recumbent Remains down the Far Darkness of the Indescribable Everlasting, Unwept, Unhonoured and Unsung!

The Inferior Harvest.

GRIP, whose agricultural knowledge is more than equal to that of six model farms, hears that the whole fall wheat crop is in danger of being lost by rust. He considers this most disgraceful. If it were anything else, there might be some excuse, but to allow valuable articles of this description to get into such a state is inexcusable. Let the farmers instantly get out their bath-bricks and sand-boxes, and proceed to put it in order. After being properly cleaned and brightened, it should be well oiled, to keep it from rusting again. Let this be seen to at once. That farmers should go round talking nonsense at Grange meetings, with every joint of their wheat creaking for need of a little oil, is a phenomenon of laziness hitherto unequalled in the nineteenth century.

Borrow Some More.*Sung by the Aldermen and the School Board.*

Oh we beg you, good folks of Toronto's good town,
Don't on us in your fierce indignation come down;
And don't call us hard names, nor make such an uproar,
For there's no such harm done; we'll just borrow some more.

Just borrow some more,
Yes, borrow some more,

Oh! it all will come right if you borrow some more.

We assure you, though you our proceedings think queer,
With the best of intentions we came in this year;
We expected, its true, to make more than before,
But we always supposed that you'd borrow some more.

You'd borrow some more,
Yes, borrow some more,

Quite absurd to suppose but you'd borrow some more.

Word had last year passed round through the hangers-on all
That in '76 they should make a big haul,
And in crowds hungry candidates came to each door
To get leave it to spend, when you'd borrowed some more;

When you'd borrowed some more,
When you'd borrowed some more,

Oh, they saw their way clear when you'd borrowed some more.

If you'd only have done it, you know that you might,
For we drew up correctly, in black and in white,
Certain by-laws—about a half-million they bore;
But you voted them down, for you'd borrow no more.

You'd borrow no more,
No, you'd borrow no more,

Flabbergasted us quite—said you'd borrow no more.

Now invectives at us every citizen flings,
Talks of actions at law, and malfeasance, and things,
And retrenchments demand, which would quite run ashore
All our gain-bringing barks—Can't you borrow some more?

Pray borrow some more,
Do borrow some more,

We'd make such a good year, if you'd borrow some more.

Talk of cutting down salaries—all very well,
But you don't know what stories some of 'em could tell.
The contractors as well, but pray do not feel sore,
It will ruin your credit—but borrow some more;

Ah! borrow some more,
Please borrow some more,

Your debentures will fall—but pray borrow some more.

Edax Rerum.—By John A.

You've heard of the tooth that eats its way,
That's me.

Going a gobbling every day,
Do you see?

And Grits so soft that thought me floored,
Now cry:

"He'll eat right into the Treasury Board!
Oh my!"

Just as Samson mowed 'em down,
As is known;

It shall floor the hosts of BROWN—
My jawbone.

First it penetrates the beef,
Mighty slick;

Then goes through each Clear Grit chief,
Just as quick.

Next disposes of the pie;
And the game,

With each Ministerial lie,
Does the same.

If of liquor there's good store,
Why—I—

Pr'aps as well to say no more,
Good-by.

SUPERNATURAL.—Mr. MACKENZIE is not afraid of ghosts, but it is said that he has been rather disconcerted by the appearance of certain Gobblings in different parts of the country.

BURGLARIOUS, PROBABLY.—The *London Free Press* has threatened to lay an information against certain individuals of the Mail sex, who are coming around his subscribers' premises at unseasonable hours.

Correspondence.*Hon. Mr. Mackenzie to Hon. Mr. Blake.*

DEAR SIR:—

Wad it no be soond constitutional law to stop the practice o' poleetical picnics by Order in Council? The practice threatens the vera warst and maist deabolical consequences to the country. Answer at ance.

A. MACKENZIE.

Hon. Mr. Blake to Hon. Mr. Mackenzie.

MY Dear Sir:

You surely should be aware that separated from my invaluable authority on constitutional law, Mr. MILLS, I cannot say exactly. But another course lies open. JOHN A. boasts his poverty, you know. Have him arrested at once as an indigent, wandering vagrant, lock him up, and don't let him out.

EDWARD BLAKE.

Advice.

FATHER—JOHN, you are now home for the holidays. I trust, at the school where I have placed you, you are learning to become a rising man, and to succeed in life.

SON—Yes, papa. What is it to succeed in life?

FATHER—To succeed in life? What a question! What can they be teaching you? Why to acquire property, to get on, to amass a fortune, to make money, in fact.—

SON—But, papa, you have four times the property of Mr. JONES next door, and he seems to be much better off than you. His life appears to be more of a success than yours.

FATHER—Better off! A success! Why, what do you call a success?

SON—I mean that I would much rather propose to pass my life as he does than as you do. He minds his business, and saves money; but he does not seem absorbed in it. He takes an interest in many things, and is well informed on many subjects. You seem to care only for one. His house is a pleasant place, where one meets agreeable people. There is some one there who can talk to one. Ours is a very dull one. Everybody seems to know him and like him. Nobody out of the city seems to know you at all.

FATHER—My boy, money can buy friends, attention, amusements, consideration, everything.

SON—Perhaps, pa. But it seems to me that you have never bought any. You say you are over sixty; how can your life be a success when it's nearly gone; and you've never had anything from all your money? You go to the store in the morning, and come back at night, from one year's end to the other. If you are a success, why should I want to be a success? It seems to me an unpleasant sort of success.

FATHER—My boy, we must change your school, and send you where you will learn the value of money.

SON—Pa, I know its value; but what good's its value if it never fetches its value?