

### Wanted, an Exemption Bill.

Now OLIVER, come to the front! Now MOWAT, toe the scratch. "Abolishing Exemptions"—is a bill you'll please to hatch, And introduce, and advocate, upon the House's floor, Or down and out you'll please to step, a Premier nevermore.

We don't care in Ontario, good OLIVER, one straw, If you've instructions got or not from distant Ottawa. We say to you as we'd say to MACKENZIE, in your case, You've got to pass this Bill for us, or got to leave your place.

From East and West, from North and South, petitions by the ream— Thick as those chaps the *Leader* man saw coming in a dream— Come pouring in from every town your jurisdiction through. All asking in this matter you will simple justice do.

They ask for justice, OLIVER; they ask you but for right, For what is fair 'tween man and man, and plain as black and white— Nay, what you know yourself is fair, and now GRIP asks of you, Will you, when asked, still hesitate an action just to do?

An honest judge we thought you once as ever jury saw, Come, be an honest Premier too, and pass this honest law, And we shall say, "One name at least, Canadians can with pride, In their official records see; they have few such beside."

Away in South Ontario the jolly farmers yet. Say, "MOWAT didn't bribe us, but we run him in, you bet, When he run here; but cash for votes was what we didn't see, Till G. B. kem and run; that Prince of darkish Purity."

Superior then to bribery, why not superior be Unto that weakness baser yet than basest bribery— That vilest trick of politics in this and other lands, Which stoops to wrong for sake of help from party cliques and bands.

There is a day, good OLIVER, which comes alike to all, When folks are apt their actions past to memory to call. More pleasing then the thought that you by right had firm remained, Than that by wrong each clique's support in all the land you gained.

Break loose; we thought you had some pluck, perhaps we think so still, From churchman and from clique; bring in a just, an honest bill. Sweep those exemptions all a way which in our land secure To Church, and Bench, and Government the right to rob the poor.

Then GRIP shall say, though Tory scream, and though Reformer shout, Just as they will, you are a trump, and none shall put you out. While you shall live; and GRIP shall praise your memory when gone, While changing centuries shall pass, long as the world rolls on.

### Confidential Conversation.

*Enter two antiquated politicians.*

1st A. P.—Good morning, GEORGE. How about Digby? What happens when the Vail of the temple is rent in twain? Occurs at times of dissolution, eh, don't it?

2nd A. P.—Haud ye're tongue, sir! Ony man no sae shameless wad na venture on sic blasphemy. The *Globe* will soon tell a' about the Digby mistak. The evidence o' corruption securit there against ye is sae croosing as to mak it a glorious Reform treumph, sir!

1st A. P.—Wish you many happy returns of such successes, GEORGE. A few more, and the flag of Protection—I mean Conservatism—will waver over all your strongholds.

2nd A. P.—Of a' the deceivin', crawlin', croochin' for a bane hunds in the Tory combination, ye are joost the warst. Ye never carit for Protection—ye aye shouted for Breetish prenciples! Did ye no?

1st A. P.—As my speeches have said, a Briton I was born, and a Briton I will die, GEORGE. Hooray!

2nd A. P.—Hear till him! hear! A Breeton! And ye wad shut oot the manufactures o' Breetain, ye wad! A Breeton! Did ye daur say ye wad do sae in London, when ye were hame—pity ye werena droomit! Did ye daur say it there, sir?

1st A. P.—Don't say so yet, GEORGE.

2nd A. P.—What? Leuk at ye're Consairvateeve Convention the ither day. Wad ye daur to say it wasna in ye're raiscally, traitorous programme?

1st A. P.—Not at all, GEORGE. Increasing age is gaining on you; your once fine intellect is failing fast. The programme demands reciprocal tariffs. What would a reciprocal tariff with Britain be, GEORGE?

2nd A. P. (*astounded*).—Ye maist monstrous veelyan! It wad be Free Trade! Ye wad close up every factory we have—I mean the hairet times have—allooted to remain partially at work. Ye wad deescreemeneate in favour o' Breetain sae as utterly tae deceive and deesapoint a' thae Protectionists wha trustit ye!

1st A. P.—I did not say so, GEORGE. You attacked the Convention programme. I showed you all it really meant.

2nd A. P.—Wad ye daur to say they wha drawit it up kennit what it meant?

1st A. P.—Certainly.

2nd A. P.—And they wha votit for it?

1st A. P.—That's another thing, GEORGE. Do you think we allow you a monopoly of Convention manipulating?

2nd A. P.—Ye paltry creature! Ye ken weel I allooit SHEPPARD tae speak at the Confederation Convention!

1st A. P.—Yes, and he spoke against you, and almost killed your plan. You sent him about his business, but could not retrieve the evil done. You don't do it now; nor do we. GEORGE, there were men who would have wanted a different programme, but we took care they never got there. Why, we called it and run it through just in a flash. Those only knew who were needed to know. Come now; your own tactics, you know. Secresy, cliqueism, keep-clever-men-out-ism. Knock you over with a feather from your wing, GEORGE.

*So the struck eagle, kicked from Treas'ry out,  
No more 'mong office sweets to soar about,  
Views his own feather in his vitals stick,  
And yells, "I taught 'em in the *Globe* the trick."*

2nd A. P.—Joost like ye. Ye ken weel ye never were a Protectionist! Twenty years ye had, and never introductit it. Why did ye no, if ye likit it? If what ye gabble aboot hame muirkets be true noo, it was true then. Read GREELEY, CAREY, BYLES—a' the Protectineests—they a' wad hae applied their prenciples then. Ye were in; why did ye no, if ye kenned onything aboot it?

1st A. P.—GEORGE, GEORGE, if you come to that, when did you ever propose onything? You were the very VITRUVIUS of Canada—Always ready to pull down, but with no replacing plan whatever.

2nd A. P.—That's naething. Then doon in the East—leuk at TUPPER'S Truro speech—no a ward aboot Protection! Leuk at ye'er prencipal organ in a' Western Canada—the *London Free Press*—disna it maist vehemently uphauld Free Trade? If ye were in the day, ye wadna protect against Breetain! Ye are deceivin' a great pairt o' ye're supporters, ye ken ye are!

1st A. P.—Don't admit it, GEORGE. Still, not so bad as you, who deceived all yours.

2nd A. P.—Ye lee, Sir! Peety for ye're age and frailness o' body alone heenders me frae gieing ye the coarporal deesceipline ye reechly deesairve.

1st A. P.—Weakness, GEORGE, vents itself in abuse. Remember how you jawed the judges. Then your powers of discernment are failing. Take my advice; try diet. Nothing like oatmeal for the brain, which accounts for the vigour of your articles when you came out from Scotland, where you got nothing—

2nd A. P., *now boiling over, rushes at 1st, who runs off. 2nd follows, catches another individual instead, mauls him awfully, and is taken to station, where the P. M., the mistake explained, lets him off after paying damages. 1st A. P. dodges up alley, and goes home chanting:*

*"Convention was the dwarfish deen styled,  
Who foiled the Knights in Marialva's dome."  
And it shall do a trick for this here child,  
And keep some over-clever chaps at home."*

### Committee on Choosing Form of Prayer.

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, TORONTO.

*Committee in Session.*

1st MEMBER.—Very awkward thing. Wish some one else had been put in my place. What do I know about this business? Not a clergyman.

2nd MEMBER.—Be quiet. There's really nothing to do.

3rd MEMBER.—Nothing! Why, we have to make a prayer for the House. I'd rather draw up bills for a week.

2nd MEMBER.—Tush, tush! Make one? No! Decide on one. See what's going and take the best. Now, here's the plan. Take the collects for the Queen, the Royal Family, and the Parliament from the English Church Service, stick the Lord's Prayer after them, and there you have it. What's easier?

3rd MEMBER.—Bless me! No trouble after all. But isn't it—eh—something like—eh!—stealing?—eh?

1st MEMBER.—Stealing! No! Appropriation! That's all. Why, every Dissenting church does it every Sunday.

2nd MEMBER.—Oh, if they steal—beg pardon, appropriate—we surely may.

3rd MEMBER.—Of course. But by the way. (I am a Methodist) we don't do it so glaringly. A bit here and there, you know, by accident, as it were. But to do it wholesale! I am afraid it is rather countenancing Church and State, written services, and all that. No, No. The Church of England! What! Be indebted to her—openly—never! It won't do!

1st MEMBER.—Listen to reason. Granted you take it from her, well? Spoiling the Egyptians, eh?

2nd MEMBER.—Besides, after all, it's only a wedge to get in a salary. We'll get a chaplain; next, we'll have to have one of every denomination. I tell you what unless we have something to give away we'll lose our majority—vamose the ranch—absquatulate—skeddadle.

3rd MEMBER.—Anything but that. Pass the bill. I mean, make out the report.