

The Return to Toronto.

BELIEVED TO BE THE PRODUCTION OF SIR JOHN M———D.

Once more I return to my peaceful retreat.
Alas, that I only return from defeat;
But yet there's a good exchange made
From hearing MACKENZIE eternally grind,
Or BLAKE with his periods strive reason to blind,
Or CARTWRIGHT talk vapid Free-Trade.

But still, in this scene of my quiet repose,
Remembrance, arising, will often disclose
Some thoughts of a long-vanished day,
When my voice was the chief in the law-making hall,
And "de members" came thronging at CARTIER's call,
And HINCKS o'er the cash-box held sway.

But away with such visions; I've work must be done—
Must my party replace e'er my course shall be run.
It's a deuced slow party to move,
Yet Protection and Time are two sturdy allies,
And the Grits may not wisely our trio despise,
As the sessions approaching shall prove.

Then arouse ye your spirits, true hearts that remain.
Though the gold of MACKENZIE draw some to his train,
All such fair-weather friends we can spare,
Though the night may be dark, yet joy comes with the day,
And we shan't drown our woes in the waves of the bay,
While there's anything better elsewhere.

R.W.P.

Examination Scene.

Present—Board of Examiners.

Enter student; bows, and, slightly startled by the rather odd appearance of the learned examiners, waits to be questioned.

1st Examiner—(with red eyes)—Whash firsh presheed'n n' case dish—dishshelcasha?*Student*—Abate the inflammation, if great, and then reduce the dislocation.*2nd Examiner*—(who nods perpetually)—Non-shensh! How'sh overcomsh 'sistansh mush'ls?*Student*—By mechanical or other means, according to the nature of the injury.*3rd Examiner*—(who smiles vacantly and steadily)—Exsh-lent! But when aberrashun intellect'sh 'shintinctly visible? Eh?*Student*—(who thinks it is)—The case is supposed to be one of dislocation, sir.*3rd Examiner*—(propping himself on his elbows)—Young man'sh been 'ndulging 'n shpiitsh. Case under 'siderashun, injury to craniamsh.*1st Examiner*—(with unsteady sternness)—Sir, shorry 'ter'mark, mush directsh you tefire.*2nd Examiner*—(almost gone)—Quite rightsh! Mush go, there'sh door! (drops head on table.)*3rd Examiner*—(holding on to table)—Let it be a warningsh in all y'r futursh shistence. Bewarsh toxicashun. Just shposh I'm called on shddenly performsh amptashunsh both your legs (student shudders.) How'd I be foundsh? Under inf'nsh liquor? No! Shober'sh 'm this momentsh! Leave buildingsh! Certificate 'fused.*Exit Student; enter another, who comprehends the situation at a glance.**1st Examiner*—Case frostbitsh? Give treat—treatshmentsh.*Student*—Restore circulation, at first, by the administration of strong branly and water, properly mixed. Very few really know how to mix it.*3rd Examiner*—(sleepily)—Correctsh. Case low fever.*Student*—I believe, in these cases, if we can only procure them in their purity, the exhibition of cordials is highly beneficial. Sound port wine, for instance; not the chemical decoction sold in stores, but the pure, true, exhilarating juice of the grape —*1st Examiner*—(int'rested)—Fraidsh not pro—procurable!*Student*—My dear sir, a friend of mine has sent me four small casks direct from Oporto. Could I induce each of you to accept one, it would be the proudest moment of my life, and the crowning honour of my professional career.*All the examiners*—(almost sensible.)—No'hjectionsh. Most hupsh.*1st Examiner*—Answers extlentsh. Certificatsh grantedsh. (Drops off asleep.)*2nd and 3rd Examiners rise to shake hands with student but fall on floor insensible. Exit student; scenz closes.*

What instruments played in hostlerics on festive occasions is like the one who denies the existence of a Creator? Why an In(n) *addle* (fidel)

The Credit Bonus Correspondence.

Mr. GRIP was, at first, disinclined to publish this correspondence. Not but that it is highly interesting, and well calculated to instruct his readers; but, simply he fancied that, if published, he might find public opinion adverse to his acceptance of the slight honorarium so kindly pressed upon him. But he is given to understand that these things are now so well known that no one is surprised, and no citizen objects. In fact our Toronto eels are now so well used to being skinned that they rather like the process. So he presents this latest item to his readers:—

Office of the Credit Bonus Line,
April 24, 1876.

My Dear Mr. Grip:

How could you think of publishing that most injudicious poetry last week, turning into ridicule our means of bonus-getting? My dear sir, you cannot imagine how good a thing we really have struck! We find absolutely next to no opposition. We have come, asked, and as good as got the bonus. Every newspaper has accepted a leaf out of our book—I mean our cheque-book. Every moment some Alderman is coming round to be squared. Read the papers—not an anti-bonite can get in a line; but every column has a letter from some bonus-boner, glorifying the grab. You, who love amusement, should not oppose their most complete burlesque of the nineteenth century. The county municipalities would of course finish the road without Toronto assistance—they have half-built it; if it be not built they lose all; if it be built their property doubles in value. The Toronto bonus is an extra affair; if we get it we——keep it.

Yours,
THE CHIEF PROMOTER.

To GRIP, at GRIP Office, Toronto.

GRIP Office, April 25, 1876.

Sir—I feel extremely indignant at the mere idea that such a piece of robbery could be proposed to me. What reason should I have to support it? I demand that you instantly state the reasons, and what they amount to.

Yours,
GRIP.

To the Chief Promoter, Office of the Credit Bonus Line.

Credit Bonus Office, April 25, 1876.

Dear Grip:

You know you could not expect as many reasons as the *Globe* or *Mail*. But on presentation of the inclosed to the teller of the Montreal Bank, he will furnish you with five thousand of them, which I trust will prove convincing.

Yours,
THE CHIEF PROMOTER.

To GRIP, GRIP Office, Toronto.

GRIP, on perusing these reasons; found them unanswerable. He therefore assures the citizens that they should not make the slightest objections to the quarter million bonus. The quality of giving is twice blessed. It blesses him that gives and him that takes—which is GRIP and the ring. Moreover there is nothing sordid about this gift, for the city will get nothing by it.

GRIP would, formerly, have thought himself wrong. But so many officials and prominent individuals have been convinced by smaller reasons, that he knows he must be right. He has a list of these gentlemen, and if the bonus is passed, he is going to publish what number of reasons convinced each.

The Song of Mackenzie.

Whatna wad the ithers do
Were the fules in number sma?
Gin the Lord had made them few,
Hoo wad I hae dune ava?

Slee Sir John is pitchit oot,
Here in state I govern noo,
Muckle is my inward doot,
Whilk did poorest o' the two.

Had he keepit helm in hand,
He had rin upon a rock,
I hae snatchit full command,
Hae ye scapit frae the shock?

Oot we gae, and in we gang,
Whatna need we care at a
Sae oor term be somewhat lang—
Sae oor salaries we draw?

Gin St. PAUL controlled the land,
Think ye that ye wadna see
JUNAS, wi the bag in hand
Buy his hail majority?