

The City Engineer.

It was a City Engineer,
Who passed the road along,
And thought—Myself am useless here ;
I do the city wrong.

I draw considerable pay,
Expensive staff I keep ;
But they and I must go away,
Or we shall go to sleep.

No doubt, there's plenty we could do,
If money were but here ;
But they and I are idle too,
Until it does appear.

But yet a gleam of hope I see,
Though gone the cash in store,
This always is the remedy,
Proceed to borrow more.

He said unto the Councilmen,
"I do at present need
Two hundred thousand dollars—then
Your street work shall proceed.

Please borrow it." That Council, though,
Did glance askance at him,
And answered with decided "No!"
And looked exceeding grim.

Then homeward went the Engineer,
Full sad he was to view,
And to his staff he said, "I fear,
The work we cannot do."

But GRIP says to the Councilmen,
"Don't do the work by half.
If cash you have not got, why then
Keep on so large a staff?"

Conversation on the Turkish Question.

SCENE.—A club room in London. PRESENT.—Two British Diplomats.

FIRST DIPLOMATIST.—Is it not remarkably strange that nothing which was expected to check the Russians turns up?

SECOND D.—Nothing expected ever does turn up. It is the unexpected which happens.

F. D.—But we were certain Austria would not allow Russia to acquire such preponderating power as the acquisition of Turkey would give her.

S. D.—Not unless she is paid for it.

F. D.—Paid for it! What *can* you mean? And then Russia! Who ever supposed she would stand by and acquiesce in Russia's acquirement of the enormous additional strength the possession of Turkey will give the Moscovites?

S. D.—Not unless *she* is paid for it.

F. D.—Pray explain. What *can* pay them? What do you mean?

S. D.—My dear sir, you have often heard it remarked that Britons did not know when they were beaten? Well, they are beaten now and do not know it.

F. D.—As I said before, pray explain.

S. D.—If you will be good enough to believe—what was told you by spies who had never deceived you with false intelligence—the Russo-Turkish war is but the first move on the checker-board. The triple alliance in which you refused to believe is a fact which even you have no excuse for doubting. I defy you in all the occurrences of the two past years to find one ground for doubting its existence. For example, you know Germany has no reason to fear an attack from France as yet? Yet whenever we have pressed her to interfere with Russia's movements, you know fear of France has excused non-compliance?

F. D.—I allow that. Prussia *must* have deceived us there.

S. D.—And Austria? When we have urged her to move, poverty was the alleged cause of delay. You know a declaration of intention would have cost nothing, and would have been effectual.

F. D.—I cannot deny that she is evidently playing a double game.

S. D.—Believe this. As soon as Turkey is Russophized—a not difficult task, for three-fourths of her subjects are so at present in heart—you will see the payment of the other powers commence.

F. D.—Again I say, explain.

S. D.—Russia, Prussia and Austria will divide Europe between them. We may stay on our island, if they let us. But torpedoes are likely to play the deuce with our wooden—or rather iron—walls.

F. D.—I cannot think such dreadful events possible.

S. D.—People never learn by history. Think of what the last hun-

dred—the last fifty—the last twenty years has shewn possible. Think of the propositions made to England by NICHOLAS—to Austria and Russia by the first NAPOLEON—to England by the third NAPOLEON. Think of what was done—done by civilized quiet gentlemen, sitting at ease as we are now. Why will people, who know the life of empires but a record of strange occurrences, think strange occurrences impossible?

F. D.—Well, what do you think really *will* occur?

S. D.—Austria will get Italy, and revive the glories of the Papacy. Prussia will take Denmark and the small central states such as Belgium and Holland. Russia will have Turkey in Europe, and press onwards to Turkey in Asia.

F. D.—And France? And England?

S. D.—France will see some more provinces go after Alsace and Lorraine if she says anything. England will get leave to stay where she is, if she says nothing.

F. D.—Good Heavens! Can such things be possible? And nobody here seems to apprehend it!

S. D.—Nobody apprehended the deluge—or the French Revolution—or the Indian Mutiny—or Sedan. Here in England we have a something—a bee in our bonnet—which blinds us to a good deal. It is called conceit.

F. D.—I must go out and walk. Positively my nerves are jarred. I hope you are mistaken, though the facts seem with you.

(Scene closes.)

The Toronto Tavern-Keeper's Soliloquy.

There was a man,

His name was JOB. Dare not to mention JOB,
Or think of him, or calculate, or hint.

Suggest, or any supposition make

Which would presume his patience ever had

Been tested as has mine. Behold my kegs,

My bottles and my vicker-covered jugs.

Think of what lies below, my cellar full

Of barrel and of hoghead, row on row,

Of aquavita strong, and GOODERHAM'S

Most choicest Malt Extract; the beer of BASS,

The ale of SEVERN and of CARLING great,

The sherry and the port—these last perhaps,

Dearest to me of all—my children both

Work of my hands—home-manufactured here

Within my cellar walls, and cheapest too

Of all—think of them all, and think what I

Must suffer here a thousand times a day,

When I bat glance their road. That fatal day,

The Sixth of August—by that fatal eve

They are of value and of worth as now,

Or they are next to naught. The DUNKIN Act—

Oh name, of fearful and of dread import!

May pass, and what befalls? I cannot sell,

I cannot then export, and all my stock,

My barrels and my bottles, and my all,

Yea, all my pretty ones, may be as things

Once good as gold, but then as useless dross

And cumberers of the soil. What can I do?

I haunt the Amphitheatre, and hear

DONIS make a speech, which straight convinces me

My stock is value still; and then comes out

DEWART or DYMOND, POTTS or HUNTER, or

Some other of the screaming ones who haunt

The rostrum in the eve, and quick my heart,

By their denunciations inly shook,

Falls to the depths again, and I would sell

My stock and license for the smallest sum

A stock has ever brought. I dread the *Globe*,

It darkens all my soul. I read the *Mail*,

A ray of gladness flashes through the gloom.

I am myself again. O voting day,

Come fast and end this wild uncertainty,

Or changing doubt will make an end of me.

Scene in Toronto.

TRAMP (*big, fat, and strong*).—Can you give me a bite to eat?

PROPRIETOR OF HOUSE.—Why don't you go to work?

T. (*who looks as if he didn't like work*).—None in town.

P.—Plenty, at this season, in the country. Plenty of farmers glad to have you. I do not give to tramps. People must learn that those who will not work cannot eat.

T.—If folks talk like that they'll soon find lots of burglary and murder around.

P.—We shall know how to put that down. Be off.

T. (*Going out of gate*).—"Put it down." Just like the blamed old country. (*Exit*) [*Fact.*]