

**BILL DUNKIN and his Foes.**

A grin of delight  
Convulses them quite,  
Those dealers in drinks and red noses;  
For they say that BILL DUNKIN  
Makes people more drunken,  
On account of his five gallon doses.

Their spouters they spout  
Of the woe-begone rout  
Which DUNKIN is meeting wherever  
He's been put into action,  
Giving no satisfaction--  
And small drinks are sold worse than ever!

They guzzle and reel,  
And shout for repeal,  
In the haunts of old rye and of swagger;  
For in Brant, or in Grey,  
Or in Napanee, they  
Have seen a few veterans stagger!

But hold a bit, pray,  
You donkeys that bray,  
And see your false logic abolished;  
Because some men will kill,  
Would you bring in a bill  
To have laws against murder abolished?

**The Railroad Bonus.**

PRESENT.—The Mayor, surrounded by a sharp-looking crowd on the platform, and confronted by a dirty-looking one in the hall.

HIS WORSHIP.—Gentlemen.—In conformity with the duties of my—hum—hum—hum—position as laid down in the Act before me, I have called this large meeting of influential—hum—hum—and am sorry to see so few—hum—present. I have been—hum—will the requisitionists—really very sorry—come on the platform?

Nobody comes on the platform. The crowd yell and shout. The requisition is read. The names appended are called out. None of them come.

MAN IN CROWD.—Offer a reward for 'em.

2nd MAN IN CROWD.—Give 'em a bonus to come.

3rd MAN IN CROWD.—Send police after 'em.

Everybody looks everywhere, and at last MR. JONES, an unhappy requi-  
quit claimant who merely signed his name at the request of his next door  
neighbour, who "thought it a good thing," is discovered in a dark  
corner.

CROWD.—JONES! JONES!! JONES!!!

MR. JONES, more frightened than at any previous moment in his life,  
does not move.

HIS WORSHIP.—MR. JONES!

CROWD.—JONES! JONES! JONES!

HIS WORSHIP.—MR. JONES, as a requisitionist—

Put man behind JONES pushes him out into aisle, and JONES comes on  
platform.

MR. JONES.—Mr. Mayor, Gentlemen—I do not—that is to say—I  
do not know anything—(CROWD.—Then why did you sign?) I do  
not know anything in the world—(VOICE.—And you look like it!). I  
must say, gentlemen—(VOICE.—Then why don't you say so?) As I  
said gentleman, I know nothing whatever (VOICE.—We see that) about  
the objects (VOICE.—'Taint about objects—this here's a bonus palaver)  
the intentions—in fact, I came here for information. I did not know  
anything. I signed that some one might tell me something. (MR. JONES  
now completely collapses, and wet through with perspiration, takes a  
back seat amid terrific cheering by crowd, who haven't had any one to  
cheer yet, and must begin.)

HIS WORSHIP.—I call on the promoters, if the scheme has any—to  
come forward—hum—hum—hum—Act of Parliament—hum—vested in  
me—hum.

MR. SQUAT, (first promoter).—Gentlemen—beg pardon—Mr. Mayor  
and gentlemen—this has been got up to oppose the line. Awful! No  
one should oppose the line. All the municipalities have signed little  
bonuses on condition you will sign a big one, which is but fair, as they  
get most of the profit and you most of the honor of the road—and  
honor is—well, I trust—Honor of Toronto—Queen City of the West—  
Honor is preferred here to gold. (Immense Cheering.) Yes, gentlemen,  
it is true you have lines there already, but this is a rival line. Are they  
to charge what they like?—is there to be no opposition? (Cheers) It is  
true there is only traffic for one, but think of the future—future of mag-  
nificent Toronto. (Loud Cheers.) It will give work (Cheers) to the  
citizen (Cheers) to the men (Cheers) to the poor men (Cheers.) Only  
five hundred thousand dollars wanted—what's that to this great city?  
We will commence work at once. (Cheers.) As to—

CITIZEN.—What traffic will it bring us? (Hisses.)

MR. SQUAT.—Traffic! Immense! (Cheers.) I cannot tell you where now;  
but you know—new districts (Cheers) fresh opportunities (Cheers) new

openings (Cheers). Would any sensible man ask more? (Cheers). Citi-  
zen sits down squashed amid hisses.

MR. GAUNT (Second promoter).—Mayor and Gentlemen—I can't  
help expressing delight at the prospect. You know what benefit rail-  
roads do you—railroads—roads—roads (Loud cheers.) Any direction;  
no matter what (Cheers) give us roads, roads, roads (Cheers). Gentle-  
men, I say a railroad anywhere, even to the moon, offers wonderful in-  
ducements. (Cheers). Why not? (Cheers). Right of way free. (Cheers)  
What if there is no water on the route?—think of the profit in carrying  
it there for the inhabitants! (Cheers). And on the return track no steam  
needed. (Cheers). What a saving. (Cheers). We want a road to the  
moon. (Cheers). I shall submit it, and ask a bonus of two millions from  
Toronto. (Tremendous Cheering.) This road however, at present under  
discussion, offers great inducements in the way of—but you know the  
advantages of railroads. We are educated to that. (Cheers). I know  
you will vote for it. (Immense Cheers.)

SECOND CITIZEN.—I should like to point out that we already have a  
line there, and there is not, and cannot be for twenty years, traffic for  
two. (Tremendous hisses) "Would you give a poor man work? What  
if you are wealthy? Get down! More hisses till CITIZEN gets down.)

THIRD CITIZEN.—I must point out that the city is too much in debt  
to bonus useless undertakings like this—(More Hisses. "Oh it's him  
and tyrannize!" "Shove him down!" "Down, down!" Second CIT-  
ZEN collapses.)

THIRD PROMOTER.—I am heartily glad to witness such unanimity  
on the part of the ratepayers. You will never be sorry for it. The  
prospects are immense. Toronto will increase wonderfully! I am de-  
lighted. (Great applause). The plan will be laid before the Council at  
once—the Council must put it to the people, or we'll mandamus 'em.  
I can see which way it will go. I congratulate you. (Aside.—And if  
I don't get a good haul out of the bonus, if you are fools enough to give  
it, I'll agree to eat the railroad). Now, gentlemen be early at the polls.  
Talk of debt, nonsense! (Great cheering—resolution passes; meeting  
adjourns.)

**Agricultural Protection Made Clear.**

Mister GRIP, Dear Sir:

I am a Farmer and what I wants to know is about this Protection  
queshun, I have herd a lot of speeches at Picnics out our way this sum-  
mer by Sir JOHN and others, but owing to being delf an on account of  
so much noise made by Grits wat was sittin' near me i cudden hear and  
understand wat they was a drivin at. Wud you be so kind enough to  
explain the Protection Bissness so as plain farmers like me can under-  
stand it wot aint got much eddication.

Fog Township, Nov. 6.

Yours respectfully

A FARMER.

GRIP is always delighted to have an opportunity of this kind. His  
special mission is to enlighten the farmers and everybody else on this  
and every other question. Owing to the limited space at his command  
his reply must necessarily be brief, but he hopes, notwithstanding, that  
it will be perfectly lucid and satisfactory.

The question of Protection, as relating to farmers, when divested of all  
nebulousities, technicalities, and irrelevance, is a simple question. In or-  
der to arrive at a solution of it, however, it is necessary for you to look  
at it from the standpoint of statesmanship, namely, a picnic platform,  
and to give careful attention to the following considerations: The natu-  
ral resources of Canada being, by virtue of the retaliatory tariffs, and  
of the blundering incapacity of CARTWRIGHT, created into a great mon-  
opoly which crushes the producer under the iron heel of the consumer,  
the sphere of action of the native manufacturer is extended to such a dis-  
astrous degree that the market of the old country governs the price of  
grain here, and a bad harvest is the result. If a change of government  
could be effected, and a vigorous national policy inaugurated, the im-  
mediate effect would be that these intolerable monopolies, not being any  
longer supported by the influx of labour, and being further strengthened  
by the vast development of our matchless resources, which would ren-  
der hurtful competition more easily done away with, the effect would  
be a general revival of trade and the increase of our expenditure which  
would have the effect of making all the farmers of the country rich. As  
to increased taxation, that is easily explained. In the first place CART-  
WRIGHT is the antithesis of GEORGE WASHINGTON (with his little axe),  
which sufficiently proves that the importations of live stock and the  
cheap transportation of grain and other cereals, would immediately  
show an upward tendency, and the slaughter market of the American  
labourer would be greater than 10 per cent. custom duty in advance of  
all transshipment duties, canal tolls, and the efforts of the Wall street  
bulls and bears, making Canada a dear country to live in, if not more  
so. These great changes can only be brought about by placing in  
power a set of statesmen who fully and sincerely believe that the bal-  
ance of trade under all circumstances, depend upon the amount of impor-  
tation and exportation controlled by a wise executive in the interests of  
all classes of the population, and the imposing of such duties as shall  
secure a sliding scale and make Canada both feared and respected in the  
markets of the world. With these few remarks, we leave our friend the  
farmer to the torture of his own mind, only hoping that he will see it is  
his duty to vote for the friends of Protection when the time comes.