

### The Coming Elections.

The fatal day is coming fast—the day of hope and fear  
Which is to tell who is to rule all us Canadians here,  
And each declares such awful things will come if 'tothers win,  
It seems the best thing is to hope that neither will get in.

“Black death and ruin,” Tories yell, “if they get five years more,”  
“Now if we don't the country's lost,” cry Grits in answering roar,  
“You mean the factories to smash,” cry all MACDONALD'S clan,  
“You'd starve the farmers,” cries G. B., “you would, yes, to a man.”

It's very plain the very deuce is certainly to pay,  
If either of them rule the land, so that some other way  
Must be found out, and GRIP, who comes to help in time of need,  
Would like to say he can't allow his native land to bleed

In such a style, and would himself a small proposal make  
Which will the matter settle quite (it will, and no mistake)  
Promising first, what's very clear, as every one may see  
If neither Grits nor Tories win, these dreadful things can't be.

Which were to be. So now he begs in kindness to propose  
A better way—the following that better way now shows,  
A little plan which will at once all trouble take away  
And fetch the sun of happiness all shining bright and gay.

If either party gets the job, some twenty millions clear,  
They will demand to do the work, on each successive year,  
And GRIP would now in business tones say “Give me millions five  
Per annum, and I'll run the thing, as sure as I'm alive.

“Why not?” says he, “you all observe half of it goes away  
In paying folks who do no work, but substitutes who pay,”  
Dismiss 'em; that's ten millions saved; and then, folks who know best  
Say talking of what's to be done takes nearly half the rest.

Dismiss the talkers; other five are saved; the job is done,  
Remit the other five, and GRIP the whole machine will run,  
And then you'll see what you shall see, and find what jolly times  
Are coming when you've done what is suggested in these rhymes.

When politicians—Tory, Grit—each demagogic Turk  
Has shut up shop, and set himself to do some honest work,  
And no more shall there be a *Globe*, nor any more a *Mail*,  
And peace, and happiness, and joy, shall everywhere prevail.

### Tierney at the Point Farm.

Misther GRIP,

SUR:—At the prisint toime I am takin it aisy, doin the summer risi-  
dince at the sayside business, only it happens to be the lake an not the  
say I am at the side av. Fwhin I was radin me copy av GRIP in the  
busom av me family, lasht wake, which it is always me custom to do that,  
me wifc NORAH was sittin forinist me chair, an gazin at the back av the  
paper, as is most generally her way av doin. She was radin the adver-  
toisements, as I aftherwards foun out, for fwhin I had finished wid me  
column av *Joker Club*, she called me attintion to a notice about the *Pint*  
*Farrum*. The notice said it was a foine shpot for annybody that wud  
loike to take a bit av a rest an enjie the cool breezes av Lake Huron,  
an that the terms was reasonable. “Fwhin cudn't we go up, there  
TERENCE, dear?” sez nie wife; “sure, ye have nothin at all to do just  
now, an there's plinty av money in the banks.” “F'what wud I be doin,  
goin to the sayside NORAH,” sez I, wid a shimile. “An fwhin not,” sez  
she, “begorra, you're as good as thim that does, an deserve a rest more  
nor most av thim, for they niver work at all at all,” sez she. “But  
ann't I havin a rest now,” sez I, “sure, I havn't done a han's turn this  
three wakes, bad luck to the policy av the prisint government, an I duno  
av I'll ever get another job to do.” “O chare up, me laddybuck,” sez  
me wifc, givin me a nate little hug, “chare up! the elections is comin  
soon, an the gran National Policy av STR JOHN that you was radin out  
av the *Mail* lasht night will be to the fore, an thim the workinim will  
get protection, an have slathers av work an shtacks av money. Chare  
up, ould man, an let us go to the Point Farrum for a couple av wakes,  
jist for the shtyle av the thing.”

I cudn't resist the shwate an winnin luck she gev me, an at wance  
I towld her to go an pack up the ban box an we wud shtart nixt day,  
an, be the same token, so we did.

That's how I kem to be here doin the fashionable, as aforesaid, at the  
beginning av the prisint lether. The Pint Farrum, as yez are aware, is  
a few moiles out from the cartwheel town av Goderich, cillibrated for the  
taytall proclivities av its lawyers, an for bein the residence av Mr.  
SMITH, the discoverer av the flat theory av the earth. Misther WRIGGIE  
is the man that owns the Farrum an summer hotel, an av yez know av a  
loivher little man, plaze sind me his address, becuse I'd loike to go an  
luck at him for a curiosity. I have always hard that it is wan av the

impossibilities for a man to be in two places at wanst, but I blave Mr.  
W. cud do it aisy av he had a little practice. He met us at the dure  
fwhin we first kem, an bein intherduced to me be a notable judge av  
Taranty (wan av his guests) he shuck me warmly be the han, an axed  
me wud I loike a room on the third flure. Afther thankin him kindly,  
I inthergued NORAH, an I obsarved wid pleasure that her beautiful  
appearance seemed to make a deep impression on his feelins. Av coorse  
she had her other clothes on, an raily lucked nice—av I do say it that  
shudn't say it, bein her husband. We wor most comfortably shtowed  
away in a couple av jiffies, an afther washin an brushin up a bit, we  
began our sayside expariences be goin down to tay arum in arum. I  
had on a swally tail coat—the same wan I was advised to shoot be some  
av the Taranty bies. I have raison to blave I lucked well, but I cudn't  
help feelin odd, bein the only gintleman in full dress. I was aftherwards  
towld that the people comes here for rest an relaxation in a free an aisy  
manner—jist loike they wud go to live on anny other farrum—an full  
dress was not on the program. I am wearin me owld shootin jacket iver  
since. The people comes here from all over the Shtates an Canady, an  
jist at prisint we make up a big family. Begorra yez ought to see the  
purty girls shtrollin up an down the verrandy. I cud faste me eyes on  
thim, an I wud—only for NORAH bein wid me. In the avenings we  
spind the toime in the big drawin room, conversin on the National  
Policy an dancin, an other divarsions av that keind. Sometoimes wan  
av the nice Yankee girls plays a jig, an meself an NORAH seizes the  
opportunity to welt the flure a bit. We have all soorts av fun, from a  
quiet snooze in the corner av a summer-house to a game av base-ball on  
the green. Doin the sayside agrees wid me betther nor workin on the  
road; I am plazed to inforrum yez that me fightin weight is increasin  
wid fearful rapidity be good livin. I have med up me moind to come  
out to the Pint Farrum ivery saison afther this, for the gud av me health,  
an to keep up me reputation as a man av fashion. NORAH is de'lighted  
wid the whole affair, an sez it's a wamin to all min to take the advice av  
their wives wanst in a fwhile.

Yours thruly,

TERRY TIERNEY.

### G. B. and Sir Francois.

“Aha!” cries G. B. in the greatest of glee,  
“Here's a new case of little JACK HORNER,  
For just now, methinks,  
I have Sir FRANCIS HINCKS  
In a rather ridiculous corner!”

At Montreal, in the Orange-green trial  
He went in the box and said this:  
If the law won't defend  
Us from those who offend,  
Then mob force wouldn't be much amiss!”

Then spoke up Sir HINCKS, “If the *Globe* fellow thinks  
I am “cornered” he's very much out,  
As to saying a word  
That cud make me “absurd”  
The base inuendo I scout!”

This sneaking *Globe* man, as his usual plan  
Is to have his politic fling,  
’Tiswits the words that I said  
For to plaze his own head,  
But I niver said anny such thing!”

### Confessions of a Politician.

I AM getting old—or the times are getting new—don't know which,  
astonishing how the situation is changing, especially in the political  
line.

It used to be quite enough on a stumping tour to shout for the flag  
that braved a thousand years—the British Constitution—the empire on  
which the sun never sets—and the moaning drum beating all the way  
round the world. Mixture of abuse of opposite party with this, well  
shook up, would floor and confound any oppositionist one met—at least,  
it would make the crowd shut him up—all the same.

But now, why, no sooner do I come out, fully primed with ammuni-  
tion of the old sort, than somebody interrogates me in such a manner as  
shows one has to be a sort of compound of ADAM SMITH, Professor  
FAWCETT, CAREY, BAIRD, FARADAY, GARIBALDI, KRUPP, BISMARCK,  
and ever so many more—or at least to know everything they ever did—  
or thought of, or might have thought of—and what would have occurred  
in certain cases, or wouldn't, or couldn't, or didn't. In fact, things are  
changed. I'm not changed, I could get along on the old track, but it's  
torn up. I must leave. Even steel rails, Pacific scandals, and Neebing  
hotels won't do now, nothing but a regular steam engine, red-hot, mass  
of facts and figures politician will answer. I'm played out. Good-  
bye; if you see Sir JOHN, ask about that little place—if he gets in. I've  
bored MACKENZIE till I'm tired.