

"Who'll Put me Out?"

(Municipal Version, by permission of W. JOE MURPHY.)

"I'm going for re-election
 "And hav'n't any doubt;
 "I'm certain of a second term,
 "Who'll put me out?"

"They say my boasted *square toes*
 "Have got the moral goul,
 "And that they're goin' to oust me—
 "Who'll put me out?"

"McCord and Morrison, my foes,
 "I'll put them both to rout?
 "I shan't give up the civic chair—
 "Who'll put me out?"

"As for the License question,
 "I know what I'm about;
 "I'll not go back on whiskey votes—
 "Who'll put me out?"

"The city needs more grogeries,
 "'Commodation, gin, and stout;
 "The dence take your "Petitioners"—
 "Who'll put me out?"

"So up and vote for SQUARE-TOES,
 "Come, don't you hear me shout!
 "The *Leader* is my organ—now,
 "Who'll put me out?"

(GRIP, AS A POLICE COMMISSIONER, hereby joyfully licenses the Mayor to print the foregoing verses on the back of his election card in the same way that he printed out of the Genial Raven's effusions last year.

An Experiment in Political Chemistry.

DEMONSTRATOR—PROFESSOR McSCANDALOUS.

At a recent meeting of the Ontario Scientific Society, at their rooms on Front street, an interesting lecture on political chemistry was delivered by this well-known *savant* and his talented assistants, Messrs. CAMERON and McKELLAR. Reports of the proceedings have been given in the *Globe* and *Mail*, but, as each of these journals has somewhat impaired the lesson gained from the experiment by incorrect reporting, we think it as well to give that of our own stenographer.

The Professor, on rising, was greeted with the usual ebullition of enthusiasm which marks the proceedings of this learned body. Cries of "pitch him to the devil!" "Yah!" gallery whistles and inarticulate howls resounded as far as the Union Station. After thanking his audience for this enthusiastic reception, the Professor commenced:—

MR. SPEAKER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—We propose to vary a little the usually dull routine of our lecture by showing you one of the most wonderful experiments in Chemistry the world has ever witnessed; one which may be (if people only have common sense), one of the most useful, morally, socially, politically, and every-other-ally. Some of you may doubtless have been told in your infancy by the oldest inhabitants, that in *their* childhood people used to say "Two blacks don't make a white." This idea might have passed current in the dark ages. Now, I am about to demonstrate to you that this antiquated idea is altogether unworthy of a progressive people in an age where the light of science beams on us from Mimico to Guelph. The experiment is very curious, so curious indeed that it may almost be said to belong to the supernatural. We proceed thus. (Attention, gentlemen, if you please.) We take an article which is black and place it on the table. You perceive it is uniformly dark all through. In order the better to explain my subsequent proceedings, we will call this C. P. R. (A titter in the gallery.) Gentlemen, this is not a cigar, I can assure you. Smoking is prohibited here. It is in a different *line* altogether. Now, we take a smaller article. Suppose we call this M. F.—what color is this gentlemen? You say—"is it black enough?" We can easily manage that. I will remove a little of the dirt (the object was in a filthy condition), and with my brush I apply a few strokes artistically—thus. Now, you perceive it is of the required blackness. This is absolutely necessary, as it will not be effective unless dark enough. Now, I place M. F. in juxtaposition with C. P. R. (Gentlemen, your undivided attention, please.) Look! Behold! What a most wonderful result!!! That which before was black as night becomes suddenly white as the driven snow, and, as if by magic, our small specimen grows to such gigantic proportions

that it completely hides the larger from the gaze of the beholder. Now, my friends, I trust you will bear this lecture in mind, and show your country that you have been enlightened. For, indeed, this discovery has cost me many a weary hour, many a bottle of—ink and many a headache. But what of that? Don't unselfish philanthropists and heroes have headaches and use bottles of—ink, I want to know? For me, I rest assured my name will be henceforth surrounded by a halo of glory, bright as the burning flames of barley on the fields of the Model Farm.

The Chieftain's Death Song.

SUNG IN THE ONTARIO LEGISLATURE, DEC. 17, 1874.

"And hast thou, then, forgot," (he cried, forlorn,
 And eyed the Right with half indignant air),
 "Oh! hast thou, Christian Chief, forgot the morn
 When I, with thee, the name of Grit did share?
 Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
 That now is white as Algonquian snow;
 But, if the weight of many years' despair
 And age hath bow'd me, and torturing foe,
 Bring me to Oxford—it will its defeated know!"

"And I could weep"—Niagara's chief
 His descent wildly thus began;
 "But that I should not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father's son!
 Or bow this head in woe;
 For, by my wrongs, and by my wrath,
 But two days hence PLUM'S Tory breath
 (That fires you heaven with storms of death),
 Shall light us to the foe:
 And we shall share, my bully boys,
 The foeman's scalp, the avenger's joys!"

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
 By milder geni ruling here,
 The spirits that for thee have striven
 Forbid not thee a tear;—
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
 To see thee on the battle's eve
 Launting, take a mournful leave
 Of him who loved thee most;
 He was the rainbow to thy sight!
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!"

"Yes, you can nothing do but die!
 But when the bolt of death is hurled,
 Ah! whither than from thee to fly,
 Shall STEPHEN RICHARDS roam the world?
 Seek I my once-loved home?—
 The seat is gone that once was ours!—
 Unfriendly scowling, Lincoln lowers!—
 Grit are the votes!—Theirs both the bowers!—
 And should I thither roam,
 Its echoes and its empty tread,
 Would sound like voices from the dead!"

"Or shall I join the Griets anew,
 Whose views my kindred soul once quaffed;
 And by my side to party true,
 All gave the vote, however daft?
 Ah! this my desolation cold,
 Their action is and theirs alone,
 Tho' them grass hides each mouldering bone,
 And stones themselves to ruin grown
 Like me, are death-like old,
 Thou seek I not their camp—for there
 The author dwells the author of my despair!"

"But, hark, PLUM's trump!—Niagara, thou
 In glory's fire shall dry thy tears;
 Even from the land of shadows now
 JOHN SANDFIELD'S awful ghost appears:
 Amidst the clouds that round me roll,
 He bids my soul for battle thirst—
 He bids me dry the last—the first—
 The only tears that ever burst—
 From STEPHEN RICHARDS'S soul;
 Because I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of a Tory chief."