

TO THE CANADIAN PARTY.

Well done! for the time is close by you
 When your motto shall sound through the land,—
 Though asses and flunkeys belie you,
 Young Canada gives you the hand.
 Keep it up! there are hearts that beat higher,
 Voices ready in cheering to burst,
 Eyes now fixed on nothing, that fire
 For your motto of "CANADA FIRST."
 There are sneers on the veteran faces
 Grown gray in political war,
 Their parties and leaders and places
 Their watchwords and principles are,—
 Blame them not, they gave freedom to numbers
 In their youth, when the "Compact" they cursed,
 But they sleep,—we will startle their slumbers
 With our motto of "CANADA FIRST."
 As the volume and tide of a river,
 With the thousands that join it, flows free,
 Growing strong and resistless forever,
 Till it rolls to the measureless sea,—
 So the cry shall be taken and shout'd,
 By men whom the country has nursed,
 Till rogues and dullards are routed,
 And the motto is "CANADA FIRST."
 How can we be contented with stories
 Of loyalty, mumbled by age,
 Not ours but theirs are the glories,
 Written bright upon history's page.
 We are proud of the race that we spring from,
 And shall we of its sons be the worst?
 No, we hear louder victories ring from
 The motto of "CANADA FIRST."
 Do they think, who deery and pooh-poo us,
 Of the future, when nations shall pour
 Their starving and naked ones to us,
 To be trampled and trodden no more,
 Will they turn to a country as distant
 As the lands of their hunger and thirst,
 With loyalty staunch and persistent,
 Or love our fair "CANADA FIRST."
 Hear the wind! it has gathered its motion
 Far away over mountain and plain,
 It blows from the westerly ocean
 To the rocks on the easterly main.
 It has passed over prairies unbounded,
 Over forests and lakes—where we durst
 Over that a Nation will sound it
 Their motto of "CANADA FIRST."

E. D. THOMSON.

"VIOLATING THE LAWS."

A horrible occurrence of which neither newspapers nor police seem to have heard, is reported to *Grip* by Mr. MUNCHAUSEN JENKINS, as happening on a public street of this city the other evening. Mr. JENKINS is probably a truthful man, but he has two palpable weaknesses—the first is an ambition to contribute something to these columns—(this, however, he shares with many respectable politicians and scholars)—and the second is an abnormal "pick" at lawyers of all grades, accounted for by the fact that he was 'plucked' before the Benchers at Osgoode Hall in his youth. We state these things only because we desire to deal fairly toward the public in the matter of news. But to the "particulars." It appears that shortly after five o'clock p.m., on the day in question, several promising young barristers, attorneys, solicitors, conveyancers and head clerks were passing along the leading thoroughfare on the way to their several and respective dinners, all and sundry carrying learned looking black bags over their shoulders. The business of the day was finished, and they were wending homeward to refresh their jaded energies, and do a hard night's reading over the books that deformed the sides of the aforesaid bags. So the public, passing them, thought. But all at once the inoffensive gentlemen were set upon by a crowd of roughs, and a desparate fight commenced. Our informant couldn't learn what it was about, but in his own words—he claims them as his own, and avers that he never so much as heard of BUST HARTS or the "Heathen Chinese"—he says:

In the eceno that ensued
 I did not take a hand,
 But the side-walk was strewd
 Like the eaves on the strand

with the parcels of grocery sundries that these legal persons are in the habit of carrying home in their bags, instead of law books, as they would have the public believe, you understand.

FIRST OF ALL.

BY AN EX-PREMIER.

Some people praise the Fatherland,
 Its polity and laws,
 Vow to preserve unbroke the band
 Which bears us onward hand-in-hand,
 Make "EMPIRE FIRST" their cause,
 Let such prate on; I, now as e'er
 Keep "OFFICE FIRST" my humble prayer.
 "FIRST CANADA," some others cry,
 Our native land so dear;
 Hands joined across the sea we'll try
 To keep—but while their feet are dry
 And Britain's sky is clear;
 Corruption seize them—new-born fools!
 All will go well if JOHN A. rules.
 Now ye who for the Empire vote
 I nose-led flunkeys call;
 And ye who howl with lusty throat
 That we should launch a sep'rate boat,
 I brand disloyal,
 Strengthen the band or let it burst,
 My motto will be "OFFICE FIRST."

WHAT EVERYBODY ASKS.

I'm told a new party is started,
 With "Canada first!" for its text;
 Dear *Grip* will you kindly inform me
 (For of course you are able) what next?

PLANS FOR THE WINTER.

Being an intercepted letter from BILL SYKES, one of the criminal class, to his pal, JERRY PIRE at Hamilton.)

MICK'S ALLEY, 7 decemr.

DEAR FRIEND,—i want to rite to inform you i hev jes made up my mind concernn what i wil do this hear winter months wich times is a goin to be Aful hard hear. i jes herd yesterday from MICK about the New Central Prisin of Ontario. That's what they calls it, and they givs 1st rait boord & the men wot boords thare they work to the car shop an goes home to the prisin for thare meals, and jes like men does wot aint prisners: ise goen to put a hed onto sum rooster & see ef i cant g-t in thare cause i dont care for wages ef i can git good boord and logins free, wich Mike is goin away from hear & we got to dig out. ef you like cum over hear and git in to.

Yours truly pal,

B. SYKES.

Croaks from Grip's Basket.

NOT THE MAN.—We are requested to say that the Mr. NORT, who did not speak, as was incorrectly stated in the daily papers, at the "Canada First" meeting on the 29th. inst., and the "Empire First" meeting last Friday evening, is not the Hon. J. PROCTOR KNOTT whose "Duluth" speech should be obtained by everybody who hasn't got it already.

"ONLY AN ATTORNEY."—FACTS IN PAIRS, etc.—The responsible editor of the *Mail* seems from the tone of his remarks on Mr. MOSS, to have a proper contempt for lawyers. The following cases will be tried at the Toronto Winter Assizes; *McMullen v. The Mail*, (libel); *Davis v. The Mail*, (libel); *The Queen v. The Mail*, (libel.)

OUR OWN MRS. PARTINGTON says she rejoices at the establishment of an Hospital for Incurables; as there is now a good hope that many of the poor sufferers may be restored to the blessings of health.

ASK a fashionably dressed helle, one of those beauties with a hat like a warped soup plate, an eye-glass, kiss-me-quick's that look like the work of a prolific ring-worm, a collar as high as a politician's honour, a Grecian bend that would incommode a Dromedary, and a "knowing-blade" expression in her eye that would disconcert a city councillor. Ask such an one, what is her beau-ideal of a man, and ten to one she'll say: "Sir! My idea of a man is summed up in these words, by the poet Lorryat."

Shallow he may be,
 Heartless, conceited and false,
 He's an angel for all that,
 Merely because he can waltz.
 Intel ectual he may be,
 With a hatred of all that is false,
 He's an ass though for all that,
 Simply because he can't waltz.