

St. Valentine.

BY OUR OWN GENIUS.

The name of this saint is not to be found in the *Church Chimes*. St. Valentine's Day was invented for the especial benefit of fancy stationers. It is on this day that the interchange of sentiment and other kindred foolishness between young men and maidens who do not know their own minds usually takes place. The number of designs employed by designing females, anxious to captivate bachelors' hearts, are intricate and instructive. Aspiring damsels who set their minds upon making a "good match" invariably send valentines picturing love in a cottage near the sea, with a church in the distance. The "cottage" is generally void of any architectural beauty, as if to have the recipient infer that anything like money is but a secondary affair. Poverty and bliss are by no means identical, but it looks well on paper, more especially if the view is highly coloured and the perspective a little out of line.

As there is much room for improvement in the ordinary valentines GRIP begs to submit to his readers a few improved samples:—

From a Dry Goods Clerk to his Love.

The yards of affection which for you I possess
Far above a mere matter of "cheap lines" in dress;
My whole heart is yours, and if you want more,
You shall have it at cost if you come to our store.

From Miss CANADA to SIR JOHN.

The spicy speeches which you made to Ma
I really think most captivating are,
Enchanted by your honeyed words, I feel
I'd like to trust you, if you're only real.

From ALEX. MACNABE, P. M., to LUKE SHARPE.

The traffic in liquor is the trial of my life,
It's the promoter of quarrels, the chief cause of strife;
But then, my dear LUKE, I think kind o' sorter,
It isn't so bad if you leave out the water.

From DEAN GRASSETT to the BISHOP of TORONTO.

Most Rev'd Father, deign on me to look,
Who sorely troubled am, thus brought to book;
But perhaps, like many others, you are not aware
The Bible is my Book of Common Prayer.

From ARCHBISHOP LYNCH to the BISHOP of TORONTO.

Right Rev'd Bishop of a factious church,
It doesn't need a very lengthened search
To find the whereabouts of stragglers from your fold—
I take 'em in to keep 'em from the cold.

From a Celebrated Irish Barrister to his Constituents.

My byes, believe me, if I'm but elected,
(And it's throe it's what I long ago expected,)
Cheap justice I'll go in for, now d'ye see,
Your Police Court cases I'll transact 'em free.

From HER MAJESTY to GEORGE BROWN.

To see our subjects from whatever shore
Is our delight, as you have heard before.
You'll find a welcome when you do come o'er,—
A British hand-shake; but GEORGE,—nothing more.

From the Queen City to her Aldermen.

Your Aldermanic fights are getting weary,
Your weakly meetings of a kind most dreary,
It may amuse you thus to waste your time,
It don't please me; you'd better all resign.

From Miss "GRIP" to MACKENZIE.

Dear Mac,—Long ago, when you used to come round,
Saying John A. was lavish, and couldn't be sound
In the head, and that you'd never spend on yourself
Or on others, such lots of the Government pelf.
Why I thought then, of course, that it never would do
Any good to be friends with close fellows like you,
How much I mistook you! Your pay, the first chance,
To twelve thousand dollars you mean to advance.
And your friends all ten thousand! Oh, how very nice!
All good little thieves give each schoolmate a slice
Of the cakes that they steal. Oh, I cannot refuse
Your advances. How pleasant you are when you choose!
So acquisitive still be—so liberal still
And I'll be your Valentine; yes, if you will.

From Mr. MACKENZIE to Miss PLATT.

Pretty creature, come with me,
To my little Treasury,
Don't so Independent be,
I have lovely gifts for thee
And thy Lonn Society.
Be not fair alone, but free.
MOSS and WILKES are here by me,
Come, and form the Graces three,
Then I'll be your constant V.

Sir JOHN MACDONALD highly disapproves of Mr. BLAKE's retirement from the Ministerial ranks.—*Ottawa Cor.*

From SIR JOHN A. to Miss BLAKE.

Willful fair one, why not be
Still my charming *vis-a-vis*?
Opposite I would thee see.
Think with thee once more in range,
What delightful interchange,
Closer come; be not so strange.
Angel like thee there is none—
Be a Minister-ing one
Or your Valentine's undone.

Sir John's Position.

KINGSTON, February 9, 1875.

MY DEAR GRIP.—Yours is the only reliable newspaper; I am the only reliable politician; I send you the only reliable statement of my position in the LEPINE business. I should have acted in the matter just as MACKENZIE has acted. My course would have redounded to the honour of the country, allayed excitement, fostered national spirit, strengthened our union, improved our finance, increased our credit, and secured the happiness of Canada. Mr. MACKENZIE's course is remarkably demonstrative of Grit incapacity and imbecility. It will create discord, promote dissension, result in rebellion, introduce fratricidal subjugation, and final annexation.

Yours admiringly,

JOHN A. MACDONALD.

GRIP fears the statement conflicts. The *Mail* editor says it don't. GRIP knows it don't. Ho prints it.

Sir Geordie Broon.

Gang I maun across the sea,
Ken yo what I'm noo to be?
Think you what they'll mak o' me?
SIR GEORDIE BROON!

Wha said knighthood's collar, sir,
Wad be fastened on a cur?
Daur ye, wad ye be infer?
SIR GEORDIE BROON?

Joost for incapacity,
Whan did Queen his knighthood gie,
Ony ither mon than me,
SIR GEORDIE BROON?

Common folk on ilka day
Come to wark and get their pay,
Me they mak to stay away,
SIR GEORDIE BROON!

My support, if in the Hoose,
Sune wad cook MACKENZIE's guse,
Sac he sends upon the loose,
SIR GEORDIE BROON!

First for Reciprocity,
Then to England they send me;
What care I see I may be
SIR GEORDIE BROON?

Letter from the Premier.

MAISTER GRIP.—Ye hae been urg'in' the claims o' Toronto. In ao word, I canna be fashed wi' Ontario. I maun attend to my Quebec and Maritime majorities. I hae made agreement wi' Mr. BROON for the support o' Ontario lang syne. It's no my fault if Toronto hae quarrelled wi' BROON; she should ken better. As I explainet in the Hoose, we hae postponed the enlargement o' the canals; they're na immediately wantit; that is, no while I'm Premier. We hae sub-deezeeed Sir HUGH ALLAN to rin the Montreal line to French River, whilk will tak the hail northern trade frae Toronto. As ye say, in five years hooses in Toronto will be saxpence the dizzen. It's ye're ain fault. Why diinna ye send the richt mon to Ottawa? What did WILKES, or MOSS or sic like ever say for ye? Why diinna the *Mail* or the *Globe* say a word for ye? Speak to them, no to me.

ALEX. MACKENZIE.

A HINT to parties who go to the Toronto post-office.—"Keep to the right."

SOMETHING to crow about.—GRIP's increasing popularity.