

A Card.

MACKENZIE & CO. GENERAL POLITICAL DEALERS, CONTRACTORS, MANUFACTURERS, JOBBERS, and ADMINISTRATORS. WHOLESALE, RETAIL, and for EXPORTATION.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS,

OTTAWA, ONTARIO.

Branch offices:—TORONTO, QUEBEC, HALIFAX, WINNIPEG, VICTORIA, and ELSEWHERE.

No firm with ours can make compare,
We deal in goods both rich and rare,
You can't buy like them anywhere
Else.

Pure Principles we have on view,—
Professions fine, both old and new,—
And Promises and Pledges too;
Lots.

For Liquor Prohibition, we
Have taken staunchest stand [N.B.
Our whiskey it is labelled "Tea"—
Twig?]

Such customers as wish our Teas
To try, should ask for Bob. Wilkes, please,
'Tis he who all the caddy keys
Keeps.

He knows where the prime *Tiwankey's* found
Pure stuff, which never we'll be bound,
Will make the buyers head go round—
Ha!

Of Wood and Minerals we've a stock
Unrivalled—Jobbers to us flock,
And say their bargains are tip-top.
Quite.

In fancy Railway work we stand
Unequaled still throughout the land—
Choice contracts, too, we keep on hand,
Hum!

In Budgets we the world surprise—
In Bonds and Debentures likewise
We make the public ope their eyes.
Some!

Inquiries are our special forte,
Committees of the proper sort,
Per hour or job can still be bought
Cheap.

In fact our Firm is boss we guess,
As all who try us will confess,
Fail not to copy the address,
Above.

Toronto by Gaalight.

Fasten more tightly your bullet-proof waistcoat, grasp in each hand your largest revolvers, hold firmly between your teeth your double-edged bowie-knife, and with calm countenance venture forth in terrible and treacherous Toronto. Fear not, is not with us the *Liberal* reporter, who knoweth all things, and much more? "Close," he says, "your nostrils with adhesive wax, he who inhales the noisome odours dies of frightful pestilence." Observe, what mansions! what colonnades! what vistas of dazzling light! Listen what bursts of enchanting melody! what appalling shrieks, what echoing profanations! See where, amid palatial luxury, repose the syrens, irresistible of fascination, voluptuous of form. What pictures! The pale, weird light of the waning moon glances gleamingly on their masses of raven hair, their vast dark eyes. Ha! stand back! hark! the rush of feet, the mingling oaths and cries for mercy! Beware the blustering bandits of the bagnio, who now, a frightful and blasphemous horde, pursue their screaming victim! Heard you his death-groan? heard you the splash of the sullen waters closing over their prey? Let us depart hence. O, for London!

Listen, mellowed by distance, the lightly tinkling harp, the musical violin, sound cheerily through the gloom adown the street. Ah! joy not therein! No happiness those notes announce! Lo, where, through the enlightened nineteenth century, advance in slow pageant the melancholy procession of youthful and harmonious slaves, reft by barbarian force from far and sunny Italy. Alas! what haggard faces; what languid

movements. Marvel not, but believe. Frightful, flagellated, deprived of food, compelled under dreadful penalties to tread the streets twenty-five hours each day! Horrible! Where is Garibaldi? Where are the police?

We could bear no more; our heartstrings, lacerated thus, had given way in several places. We left. But the *Liberal* man, iron of purpose and of nerve, went through the streets for two columns. We are going with him again. We are getting up our courage. He is getting up the Arabian Nights.

Address to the Canada First Club by the President.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Doth not this custom make our life more sweet
Than that of politics? Speak we not here
With less annoyance than to vulgar mobs?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam
Our dinner's difference, as the seasons yield
More pleasant food or less. When the good wine
Doth pleasingly pour o'er my palate here
E'en till my head doth wag, I smile and say.
No hostile editorial this; this friend
Almost persuades me we shall yet be great.
Sweet are the uses of adversity
When Grit and Tory jammed us to the wall,
They moulded us into this precious club.
And thus our life, exempt from public toil,
Finds joy in fish, delight in turtle soup,
Patience in beef, and good in everything.

Croaks and Pecks

How can a Reform Government make a Prohibitory law?

THE *Amherstburg Echo* is all sound: it goes in for echo-nomica government.

"THE editor of the *Stratford Beacon*, was in town looking happy and contented."—*Liberal*.—He's just the man to Beacon-tented.

WHY should the more sedate members of the OMIC CLUB be afraid to cross the ocean?—Because the sea (C) would make them Comic.

IT is evident that there was no Prohibitory Law in Denmark, because HAMLET says that one might "smile and smile and be a villain" (a-fillin').

SIR JOHN MACDONALD is coming in full force, "fire in his eye, reconstruction in his hand." He has three things to reconstruct—his newspaper, his party, and his reputation.

THE *London Herald* says a "contem." "steals like thunder," from it. Would't that have the effect to lightning its columns? However, the *Herald* is a "foeman worthy of its steal."

It is understood that Reformers are in favour of allowing the Tories a temporary return to power, that they may abolish the late Election Law. It is complained that, with matters in their present state, none of the Party of Purity have any idea of how they are to get in at the next elections.

PATRICK O'FLAGELLATE writes us from Dummer Street, and anxiously inquires if the Prohibitory *Lick-her* law won't allow him to thrash his wife. We are authorized to state that it is not the intention of the Government to interfere with any innocent and harmless amusement whatever.

An advertisement has lately been appearing in the *Liberal*, evidently emanating from the Model Farm, to the effect that a person possessed of all the Christian virtues and well posted in agriculture may find employment by applying at the *Liberal* or *Globe* offices. The *Globe* does not insert this notice. Even "Government pap" is nauseous if poisoned with the name of a hated rival.

A melancholy proof of original depravity is displayed by the readiness with which the unsophisticated countrymen of the *Liberal* staff have yielded to the fatal fascinations of city life. Scarce ten weeks here, they are already well acquainted with every bar-room and house of ill-repute. Their relations should be communicated with. They may yet be reclaimed.

We are glad to be informed that, with a proper sense of their position as an aristocracy, the members of the Canada First Club have decided on adopting armorial bearings. They are as follows:—An ostrich improper, *vert*, concealing its head in a club-house, *or*; with Bacchus *azure* for crest, surmounted by a knife and fork, argent, placed saltier-wise. Dexter supporter, Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, *sable, rampant, declamant*, Sinister, Hon. G. BROWN, *gules, regardant, triumphant*. Motto, *Baculo fretus*.