

A Song of Canadian Independence.

[Respectfully altered from the Poet Laureate's "Drink, my friends," except that, being intended for the forthcoming Elections, *hatchanadian Sentiment* is omitted, as inconsistent with our Canadian Election Laws.]

Again the strife on worn-out party lines,
For potty, trite, and personal interests, see!
As each old war-horse of the hustings pines
For fight of Tweedledum with Tweedledee!
The good old rule suffices for their hour,
Their life's ambition ends where it began!
Canada last: first, Place, Party, Power!
Take all you get, and keep it if you can.
But nobler aims shall yet the Place-man's greed confound!
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
And pass your GRIP all round.

With generous love for the old mother-land
We mind, to us, her sons beyond the sea,
She gave each privilege we asked ere while—
The free gift that can come but from the free!
Grateful her help our years of nonage own,
The Past with which our future's hope began;
Not less her sons that now we stand alone,
And bid the Boy be father of the Man.
For manlier aims shall yet throw leading-strings aside!
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
And read your GRIP with pride.

The Tories in their camp, without a cause,
Their only bond, one statesman of the past,
Whose mind and manners have from all the applause,
With which great men are greeted at the last
Our Kingston Beaconsfield; but who can win—
Opponents, sway debate, when he lies dumb?
And Tory issues, grown at last too thin,
Die, like Niagara, with the Poet Plunk?
But national pride shall soon each lower aim confound.
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
For GRIP subscribe all round.

The Liberals, with Brown, Baldwin, Lafontaine,
For National life at every step fought well,
But somehow, hardening heart or softening brain,
Have marred the Organ's wit, the Leader's spell!
"Whom the gods kill, they mult of common sense,"
Was said of old, and in this case it fits.
Thy lack of "Light and Sweetness" so immense,
Most unmagentic Leader of the Grits!
For fire of national will shall soon mere Party fads confound.
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
And great GRIP's praises sound.

The flunkey race, with "Fanning's Etiquette,"
With Knight and Bishop, each a sham "my Lord;"
With shoddy swell and ladies' Parson-pet,
Exempt from taxes, we can not afford!
Our cause the idle non-producer hates,
Pomp, pride, wealth, superstition, when they can,
Accuse and curse the coming hour that waits
The equal sway, the hope of man for man.
That hour shall Fraud and Flunkeyism confound.
For Canada's Independence, hope, my friends,
And get your GRIPs gold-bound!

My Creditor.

Who fills my life with thoughts so sad,
And makes me wish I never had
Become indebted to the cad?
My Creditor.

Who, smiling when I wanted cash,
Produced the shukels—Oh so rash—
And now prowls 'round my skull to wash?
My Creditor.

Who in the morning early rings,
And news quite stale so briskly brings?
'My note's o'er due'—thus blandly grins,
My Creditor.

Again at noon-time who appears,
And wild reiterates his fears,
And mops his crocodilian tears?
My Creditor.

Who, when the sun has calmly set,
Still fills my soul with mad regret,
Calls my attention to that debt?
My Creditor.

Who always keeps my steps in view,
Lest off I skip to pastures new,
And to my shadow sticks like glue?
My Creditor.

Who fills this world with Cimmiann gloom,
As if for two there were but room,
And dunning were the popular "boom"?
My Creditor.

Shakespearean Mottos for Toronto Celebrities.

FOR MR. G—N—R—N.
"O good old man, how well in thee appears,
The constant service of the antique world:
Thou art not for the fashion of these times—
But poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry."
—As you like it.

TO MR. COLLECTOR P—N.
"The times have been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
But now—"
—Macbeth.

FOR THE PACIFIC R—Y SYNDICATE.
"If I had a mind to be honest I see Fortune would not
offer me: she drops booties in my mouth."
—Winter's Tale.

FOR MR. E—D—R—E.
"Naughty and sour to those that loved him not,
But unto such as sought him, sweet as summer."
—For Professor G—N—S—TH.

"Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor
make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is
a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to
sea, that their business might be everything and their in-
terest everywhere, for that is it that always makes a good
voyage of nothing."



Mr. Torrington, to whom the citizens of Toronto already owe a great debt of gratitude for his earnest and persistent devotion to the cultivation of a taste for high class music in our midst, has determined to try the effect of an orchestral concert. The performance will be given at the Pavilion on the 9th inst.,

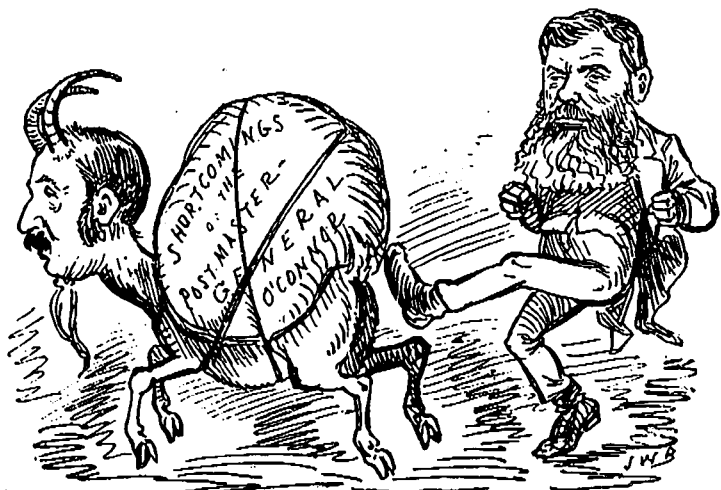
and a very fine programme has been arranged. Several of our leading soloists, with the addition of an accomplished baritone of Montreal, will also take part.

Large audiences greeted the Guernsey-Listemann Company on Saturday, at both performances. The orchestra fully sustained their high reputation, while Miss Guernsey proved herself worthy of their artistic society, by the exhibition of dramatic and elocutionary ability superior even to that of Mrs. Scott-Siddons. Miss Barnes, the solo vocalist, was also well received.



A base-baller—A baby.
Hum bug—a mosquito.
State craft—Royal yachts.
Is London, Eng' a Chinaman?
Passing things—Railway trains.
Ill-gotten gains—Physicians' fees.
Job lots—Land sold in paper towns.
Waxed ends—a dandy's moustache.
A cross poodle is a pugacious animal.
Animals consider the new wire fences barbarous inventions.
The best puffer for the north-west lands—The locomotive.
Is a country where the women are in excess of the men, a miss-governed land?
"Tis but a little faded flour," as the lady remarked when told she had a creamy complexion.
"A feeling reply"—that of a boy being thrashed when his father asks him if he has had enough.

Our Funny Contributor, speaking of his religious convictions, says that the denomination he has most respect for just now is a ten dollar bill.



A CONTEMPLATED WRONG.

IT IS REPORTED THAT THE POSTMASTER OF WINNIPEG IS SOON TO BE DISMISSED. THAT IS, HE IS TO BE MADE A SCAPEGOAT FOR THE BLUNDERS OF THE INCOMPETENT POSTMASTER-GENERAL, TO WHOMSE MISMANAGEMENT ALL THE TROUBLE IN THE WINNIPEG OFFICE IS ATTRIBUTABLE.