

Fair Canada is sacrificed
To that hydra-monster "Party."

Our Parliamentary Chamber 's but
A scene of rude contention—
Where members wish each other at
A place too hot to mention.

Day after day some story 's told
How honesty 's defeated;
How votes are bought and sold for gold;
How members are unseated.

Of "Model" Farms we've had enough,
Till almost sick are, really;
And managed on a system which
Would be disowned by GREELEY.

A half a million dollars spent
Upon contracts (s)peculative
Is only just a little lent
To benefit some native!

So on such stories go and grow
(Alas! they're but too truthful);
And splendid precedents to guide
Our politicians youthful.

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Oh "Purity," how strange thy name
From lips which but betoken
A virtue never practised, but
In self-deception spoken.

And "Tory" too, how misapplied
In the sense our fathers used it,
They may have fought; but never stole;
Or public trust abused it.

Cast such knaves out; they but disgrace
All that's manly, true and hearty
Let better fellows take their place
Uninfluenced by "Party."

"Ring out the old year," "Seventy-four,
With its "jobs," deceit and mystery;
And 'Seventy-five a record show
On the credit page of history.

Then hail the New Year, joyful theme,
Of bright anticipation;
God bless us all, God save the QUEEN,
And prosper this fair nation.

PAUL FORD.

January 1st, 1875.

Grip Among His Exchanges.

"LIES—WHITE AND BLACK"—is the title of a discourse preached by the Rev. C. S. WILLIS, of Stratford, on Sunday last. We presume the subject was painted in very dark colors.

"MR. D. D. HAY IN THE FIELD."—Thus is headed a piece of correspondence to the Stratford Beacon. It seems too bad that the intelligent yeomen of Perth should leave their Hay standing in the field right in the dead of winter. We do not glean from the title whether or not it is Timothy Hay. At any rate, the Hay should be taken care of.

Those who are interested in the reformation of our ambiguous English orthography will be delighted on hearing that right here in Canada—although at some distance from the "hub"—we have some true phonetic reformers. They live—a small but noble band—away up in Thornbury; their leader, we presume, being the responsible editor of the Thornbury Standard, and the village printer. Here is a specimen of the new language, which we commend to the notice of our learned linguists:—

"Shooting match & Raffle at ——— christmas frida Dec 25 1874 a large quantity of turkies and geese to be shot & raffled off also those wishing to diance will find the best of accomidations & first class music also the dancing master from feversham will be here to call off come one come all Tickets 75 cts Single ticets 50 cs."

We have been wondering what has swerved the St. Thomas Home Journal from its usual very staid, unobtrusive style into that of the "enterprising" newspapers now so common. After much cogitation

we have solved the mystery. The proprietor has gone into the chromo business. After describing a picture of Her Majesty which subscribers for 1875 are to receive as a premium, Brother McLACHLIN, the undermentioned "proprietor," warms with enthusiasm, and shouts:

"It is decidedly the finest premium issued with any newspaper in Canada. The enterprise of the proprietor of this journal is by this time so well recognized that anything like a penny picture would only create disappointment. When he does a thing he does it."

We cannot help thinking that the proprietor of the Journal has done it this time.

Rykert.

Sing, O Goddess, the deeds, the horrible cheek of this RYKERT—
RYKERT, who went to and fro on the earth, and walked up and down it,
Bearing the largest sized scrap-book, recording wrong-doings of mem-
bers;

Watching and noting, and pointing out all every Grit did or did not:
Holding them fiercely in order, calling the Speaker to check them;
Sharply declaring that "usance of Parliament would not permit it;"
Pompously moving "this House cannot with propriety see it."
RYKERT, the front and the head of the much-shattered column of
Tories;

Conservative—Aristocratic—Dignified—all things of that sort.
See how the RYKERT has fallen—also he has been and done it.
He hath accepted the tin, tipped by retaining solicitor.

He, too, hath gobbled the swag, forked over by corporate bodies;
He, too, hath nobbled the needful, shelled out by innocent clients;
Taken the shekels of silver likewise, and the Amalekifish garment.
Tell ye it never in Lincoln—publish it not in St. Catharines.
Shall we then let him down easy, using the "term least offensive,"
As lately the Nation remarked to the Globe's most confirmed klep-
tomaniac?

Say it was but a small error—a trifling confusion of meanings;
Wishing to act quite appropriate, appropriation he acted.
No, we shall loosen upon him our full editorial vengeance;
Seeing he now hath no friends, it becometh our duty to kick him.
Never again must he read in our Commons his elegant extracts;
Never more there be delighted by Cnoors' clear articulation;
Never more there swear belief in the desperate statements of CAMERON;
Never more there rage in fury at MOWAT, the calmly-controlling.
Let him return whence he came, and deep in some cave of Niagara,
Fenced in by columns of scrap-books, list to the roar of the torrent.
Once every thousand years shall Gurr croak remembrance to him.

How Friendships are Broken.

Here is an incident, a counterpart of which may be found in any locality. A pathmaster near Granton, and a certain ratepayer working on his beat had for years been on very amicable terms, and always helped each other, each holding his friend up before the world as an upright, honest, and model man. But this year DAMON wanted all the roadwork in the beat applied towards draining his own farm, while PETHIAS thought only of the pressing need of a proper approach to the front of his shop. The consequence is that these men no longer sound each other's praises, but on the contrary PETHIAS exposes the crafty character of DAMON, while the latter does not hesitate to speak of the selfishness of PETHIAS, each divulging the knowledge gained of the other's character through their former confidences. Reader, ere you condemn them, see that you have no similar experience.

Ring Out the Old Year, Ring In the New.

Ring out the old year, ring in the new,
Peal forth wild bells in the frosty night,
Mourn the old with a sorrow that's true,
And hail the new with a pure delight.

Out with the old plans, in with the new,
Bury all feud as we bury the year;
Out with the false deeds, in with the true,
And let new life with the morn appear.

Ring out the old year, ring in the new,
And let petty party strife be past,
Out with dishonest men, in with true,
Bring honest Government at last.

Out with the old members, in with new,
Give us of honor the surety,
Ring out the men who have unclean hands,
Ring in the party of purity.