

Suggestions for the "Canadian Monthly."

GRIP sympathises with the editor of the *Canadian Monthly* in his laudable desire to see the evils of partyism done away, and the millennium of peaceful coalition inaugurated. He has given a few moments of profound thought to the subject, and a few suggestions as to the best means of accomplishing the object in view have occurred to his mind. These he desires, with becoming gravity, to lay upon the table of "Current Events," and if they are found of any value, the consciousness of having done a patriotic thing will be considered ample reward.

1. By all means let Mr. M. C. CAMERON be taken into the cabinet. Let him be Attorney-General.

2. Let Mr. RYERST also be transferred to the Treasury benches. Create a new office—say Minister of Slander—for him.

3. Let Mr. McKELLAR go to the other side of the House, not for opposition purposes, but to ensure the personal safety of such Minister of Slander.

4. Let Mr. CROOKS withdraw his libel suit against the *Mail*, and place the manager of that journal on the half-pay list.

5. Let Mr. GEO. BROWN and the *Globe* newspaper be sent abroad for a few years.

6. Let Mr. JAMES BEATY suspend the publication of the *Leader*, and give the Government fair play.

7. Let Mr. Atty.-Gen. MOWAT give up his boisterous manner of speaking, and cease forever from wholesale corruption.

8. Let Mr. LAUDER have a contract for a few miles of fencing, leaving the cost to his option.

9. Let Mr. BOULTBEE have a commission of 25 per cent. for buying chromos for the Government, and send him off on his travels.

10. Let *Current Events* be bound over to keep the peace for an indefinite period.

11. Let—— (This space is to let.)

"Grip."

BY P. P. C., BROCKVILLE.

The waters laved the rocky shore
Where I was left reclining;
And "by your leave," I said, I'll try
A little bit of rhyming.

My Muse has struck, by Union Leagues
Seduced, for higher wages,
So let her strike the lyre for GRIP—
For GRIP now all the rage is.

And let her tune her newest reeds,
To all their sweetest gushes—
Where milk-white water-lilies lie
Among the leaves and rushes.

"And who is GRIP," my Muse replies,
"That I must sing his praises,
While all adown the dog-day sky
The solemn sunlight blazes?"

Then I said, "Who is GRIP?" you ask!
"Why! GRIP's a very grave 'un,
A most sophisticated bird,
A knowing blue-black Raven;

A bird whose ready bill is bent
To peck at whom he pleases,
And holds with most tenacious nip
The wretch whom once he seizes."

Then quick my Muse, "The day is hot,
The waters gleam and glimmer;
Let's wait the hour of eventide,
When all their sheen is dimmer;

Let's wait until the risen moon
That distant isle hath crested,
And then I'll sing the praise of GRIP—
At least, if I am rested.

I'll sing his praise through all my days,
That bird of gracious omen,
Who never spares a boorish man
Nor yet a silly woman;

Who pecks his beak against each cheek
With most superb assurance,
And rups the politician till
His wound is past endurance.

Nor Tory, Grit, nor Liberal
Escapes his careful vision;
He hold's the canting Purist to
The light, for men's derision.

'Tis he exposes all their wiles,
On all their knavery tramples;
Of rogues, for others warning, he
Delights to make examples.

He's fond of chaff, he has his laugh,
He many a home makes brighter;
And many a heart already light
Has render'd all the lighter.

Then long live GRIP 'mid winter's snows,
Or summer's bright laburnum;
I'll sing his praise through all my days,
Floreat in eternum."

Well done, O Muse, now rest thee long
Upon this grassy pillow,
And stretch thy languid limbs beneath
This overhanging willow.

May breezes gently kiss thy brow—
A blessing for thy task—a
Cooling draught from floating fields
Of ice about Alaska.

Already hast thou sung enough,
I thee no more require,
To whistle on thy penny-pipe,
Or strike thy sounding lyre.

Liberal Conservative Jingles.

BEDAD but the terrible BLAKE
Has made all Clear-Gritism shake!
Wid that spaych at Aurora
He gave thim, begorra,
A few bitter powthers to take!

Clear Grit—though 'he niver wud tell—
They thought him—but look what befel:
Of their foes he's the worst,
He's a *Canada First*,
And he'll knock all their Party to smithereens!

Retribution!

THOUGH the MILLER of Collingwood grinds slowly, yet he grinds exceedingly small, witness:—

BE ON THE LOOK-OUT.—There's a pup in Toronto, they call his name Grip, he is sure for to catch you should you happen to slip. I read in the paper just the other night, that our Collingwood poet got a very bad bite. I hope there's no poison at the end of his fangs, for out of his mouth comes a great many slangs. I can scarcely perceive whether cur, dog or hound, perhaps on the banks this puppy was found. To have him run at large it is a great pity, I believe in my heart he smells somewhat Gritty. The Mayor of Toronto will act as insane, if he ties not this pup with a good Tory chain. The way this brute howls, a lawyer 't would puzzle, if he barks any more we'll get him a muzzle.

A Paper of the Period.

ELORA has a new paper. In its prospectus it says:—"We intend to keep up the character of the paper as a Conservative journal of the first class, and we intend to show in all our dealings that we shall tell the wrong and do the right." This either means that the character of first-class Conservative journals is kept up by telling the wrong and "doing" the right, or that this paper will say one thing and do another. As a foretaste of what its readers may expect take the following sentiment from its editorial columns: "Truth is not perceptible to every person. 'Good.' Let it go!" Truth, however, is not like an egg, which dropped to earth will mingle with the mud. Truth will rise again; and they who let it go to seize on a refuge of lies, will fall while it ascends.

Serious Consequences.

THE London *Free Press* says:—"It is understood that Mr. WALKER, of British Columbia, has been so far successful in his mission to England, as to have been the cause of serious despatches to the Government." Does it mean to infer that the Colonial Secretary is ever guilty of sending a joking despatch, or does it merely announce the novelty that Mr. WALKER has at last been successful in being looked on seriously? It's wicked of the *Free Press* to try to make poor Mr. WALKER take courtesy for consideration, as he is only too apt to do.