

Canada First Exclusivism in Toronto.

Canada First he rubbed his head,
I mean to govern the land he said.
I hav'nt the right material got,
But I'll take care you don't know I've not.

I'll build a club house high and deep
And there we'll quite exclusive keep,
Dinners we'll eat and healths we'll toast
And if not the land, we'll rule the roast.

We must keep ourselves out of the vulgar way
For they might find out we're no better than they;
There's a fable of pots down streams that go
And we're not quite sure of our metal, you know.

Mr. Jones to Mr. Brown

Oh! Mr. Brown
Why do you frown
Reformers down
In such a stupid fashion?
The Tories say,
'Tis just the way,
In a former day,
You plied to them the lash on!

Now for a Grit,
To make a split,
By bandying wit
Against his old Colleaguers—
Is quite too bad!
It makes me sad
To think you're mad,
Like other queer intriguers.

Repent and try,
To live and die,
With smaller fry,
In some congenial manner.

[Or if this modest request be incompatible with senatorial dignity.]

Lay on Mc.Duff!
We've read enough
Such paltry stuff—
REFORM is on our Banner.

Spring.

By a Sentimental Lawyer's Clerk.

Whereas on sundry streets and lanes
The ice and snow now turn to slush;
And gurgling streams, to sewer-drains,
Down gully-holes, impetuous rush.

Whereas fierce gales no more from north,
Or east—"Tocs, nose, or fingers nip."
While gay on sidewalks, and so forth,
Pedestrians roam, nor fear to slip.

Whereas the Robin *alias* Reel,
Is vocal now at early hour;
And male-fowls wake me in my bed
With strengthened rooster-doodle power.

Whereas my great-coat laid aside;
My clothes beneath I seedy see,
But vainly have my tailor tried
At replication, save for fee.

Whereas with whirling mop and broom
And white-wash brush, the women poke
Through all the house, and not a room
Is left me for a peaceful smoke.

These presents certify, that mild
And pleasing Spring doth now begin
Ejection suit 'gainst Winter wild
And putteth due appearance in.

Then come, sweet Jane! by *fieri fa*,
All duly stamped in Love's high Court,
Who nab'st thy Richard's heart away.
And lock'st up ev'ry truant thought.

In pensive ramble let us go,
Where King-street's murmur'ring gullies steal,
Thou art my Doe—and I thy Roe,
As witness here my hand and seal.

Church Exemptions.

1. Now GRIP was going to and fro on the earth, and walking up and down on it.

2. And he came into a city, and lo, there was much land set apart therein, and vast churches erected.

3. And the stones thereof, and the carved work thereof and the cunning ornamentation thereof, were of great cost, so that much wealth was lavished on the same; likewise the land around, belonging to the same, was of exceeding great value.

4. And there was a man in black garments, even a preacher, standing by the same.

5. And GRIP said unto the man, even the preacher. How get ye so much land, and so great buildings, seeing that the times are exceeding hard?

6. And the man said, Son, the great cost of these things in cities, be the taxes thereon.

7. And it hath been enacted that these lands and edifices shall be free thereof, so that we now do hold much land, and shortly will be able to lease all the overplus at high rents.

8. So that it shall be for a perpetual endowment to our churches, and it may well be shortly thereafter that we shall be in the good condition of churches in the Old World.

9. For they have not need to depend on the voluntary principle, and they do even preach and do as they please.

10. And GRIP said unto the man, even the man standing by.

11. Tell now unto me this. Do not many men in these cities help to pay for these churches who do not believe in the same, nor in any, and is not the taxation thereof hard and grievous to bear, and are they not inflamed against all religion thereby, thinking it unjust.

12. And he said unto GRIP, Son, it is but a spoiling of the Egyptians, which is permitted unto the devout, and also the power and riches of the churches, and their freedom from the domination of the laymen therein, will be mightily increased thereby. And the man spake no more unto GRIP.

Au Revoir.

GRIP bids you God-speed Clandeboye
While on your trans-atlantic trip,
And hopes you'll find where'er you go
A friendly, warm, Canadian grip.

You won't forget "the girl you leave
Behind" as "gaily goes the ship;"
When in "high latitudes" your mind
Will oftentimes revert to GRIP.

"A life upon the ocean wave,"
Will be embraced by you with joy;
The winds will chant a welcome stave,
And whistle round you Clandeboye.

Tell "Emily" * when you get across
"We love her still," we'll ne'er let slip
The hand that nurtur'd us in youth,
But clasp it with a firmer grip.

God guide the bark that bears you on,
In speed, may she the winds outstrip;
May time pass merrily till you
Come back to Canada and GRIP.

* England, is what was here meant but our intelligent compositor *would* have it so.

ORO says tulips always makes him think of kisses.—*Danbury News.*
An 'Oro-ble joke.

WHY does a certain city in Ireland bid fair to become the largest city in the world? Because it's *Dublin* every year.

IN two consecutive paragraphs of a late issue of a contemporary we read that "match-making is a process especially dangerous in Sweden" and that the Grand Duke Alexis has made a complete success in his runaway wedding." Wherefore we would suppose that the process is less risky in Russia, though, to judge from the fact that the happy couple can't go home, there must be impediments even there. The Baltic would appear to have somewhat of a softening influence. Yet match-making is a hard business anywhere, as Brigham Young appears to have found by the result of his experiment in making not merely one, but a whole bundle of matches.

What is home without a mother—in-law?

If the moon is made of green cheese, was the cheese made from the milk of the cow that jumped over it, and how much of the Milky Whey was left?