

**To the Globe.**

And art thou quite broke down, turned out to grass,  
Old warhorse of the past, whose sturdy charge  
Bore down Conservatives full oft *en masse*?  
What, art thou quite worn out, and sent at large?

Wake up; there's mettle in thy ancient breast,  
Life in thy toughened sinews: dare the chance  
Of war once more, trust fate for all the rest  
If but thou plann'st a new, a fresh advance.

Young Canada will have,—thou see'st it well,  
Protection; well, why not take up the cry?  
Shew them that how to run it thou can'st tell.  
Dash on, and pass the other teacher by.

Accept the situation as thou hast  
Defeat, and if Canadians will try  
The Chinese wall, why mix the mortar fast,  
And show them how to build it firm and high.

Free Trade—no doubt there's money made therein,  
Protection—there there's money also made.  
Lands have done well, with each. Go in and win,  
And shew folks how the second way to trade.

Throw BASTIAT far away: take CAREY up,  
For Canada will go his road to-day.  
Why not, old chap?—you are not bound to sup  
At taverns where you've breakfasted to-day.

Come: take the newer course: shake out thy mane,  
Take young Canadians up; let old ones slide.  
Back youthful force; and don't ignore again  
Strong men; see how they did you over-ride.

Take these few hints, old horse; why, thou art fit  
To brook the road as yet for many a year.  
GRIP points the road; come, do thou follow it,  
And he may give thee yet applauding cheer.

**Notes from the Capital.**

*By our Veracious Special Correspondent.*

OTTAWA, OCT. 1ST.

HIS EXCELLENCY'S recent speech on the Civil Service is creating tremendous excitement amongst the Grit leaders here. Mr. MACKENZIE has been in a wretched temper all day. He read the speech at his breakfast table, and left home for his office in his usual spirits, but on entering his private room a marked copy of the *Leader* was handed to him. Upon reading the article, to which his attention was invited, a great change came over the premier's feelings. He learned, for the first time, that the Governor's remarks referred entirely to the shameful manner in which he (MACKENZIE) had abused the Civil Service, and he naturally felt the humiliation of being held up to scorn by so illustrious a personage. The worst of it is that he knows in his heart how greatly he has sinned in this respect, and that no language can be too severe against him. He knows that he has made the Civil Service a purely Grit machine, and that it is harder to find a Conservative young man in any of the Departments than to find the proverbial needle in a haystack.

It is rumoured here that Sir JOHN intends to reform the Civil Service thoroughly. He is going to render all public servants independent of Grit politics. Amongst the first acts of this beneficent statesman will be a measure for the emancipation of Government employees from the bondage of being civil to Grits, and it is also hoped that he will do something towards abolishing the parsimonious MACKENZIE'S idea of making said employees give a fair day's work for a fair day's wages.

Mr. CARTWRIGHT is in town. He is looking very blue, and attributes his defeat entirely to the righteous wrath of the Highland clans of Napance, though he freely confesses that he doesn't know anything about finance compared with Senator MACPHERSON. Mr. JONES is also in the city. In conversation to-day, he told your reporter that his crushing defeat served him right, and he further assured your correspondent that he would never pull down another flag as long as he lived.

The B. & O. Railway is doing a wonderful business. Special trains follow each other day and night, all crowded to suffocation with persons on the way to the Capital. From the expression of the countenances of the visitors, it is safe to say they are National Policyists, coming to look after the interests of the Dominion. It is said that the new cabinet is about to be formed. The only portfolio that as yet has been fixed for certain, is that of Finance, which is to be entrusted to Mr. R. W. PHIPPS—and, by the way, it's one of the few sensible appointments Sir JOHN ever made.

Weather, chilly amongst Reformers; wind in the wrong quarter.

**A Political School Address**

THE school children of Mitchell have presented an address to Dr. HORNIBROOK, the late Conservative candidate, expressing their sincere regrets that they have not the pleasure of greeting him as the representative of South Perth in the Dominion Parliament. GRIP likes this, it is very touching, and something entirely new in our admirable school system. And if an unsuccessful candidate deserves an address from the youngsters, why shouldn't a successful ditto have one? There is DONALD A. SMITH, for example, who has just been returned for Selkirk, a gentleman who ought to be dear to all pugnacious school boys. But probably the pupils of the Selkirk school don't know any more about politics than those of the Mitchell school, so GRIP will write the address for them himself just as the grown up person of Mitchell wrote the one to Dr. HORNIBROOK.

**ADDRESS.**

TO DONALD A. SMITH, ESQ.

*Dear old feller:*

We the boys wot goes to the Selkirk school, want to tell you that we are mighty glad that you got in, and licked the other feller.

We have seen you goin round town for the last sixteen years or so, mostly talkin with our old man on the corners, &c., and likewise have been acquainted with your boy, which is one of the best on second base we got in our club. Most of us is thus acquainted with your political views and admires your character as a statesman and member of Parliament, which we hope to be ourselves bymeby.

Dear sir, if JOHN A., TUPPER, &c., goes for you agin in the House, you show pluck and punch their heads. Don't let any fellow call you a snide, nor liar, nor names like that, without you show him wot kind of stuff you are made out of. That you may long be spared to make things lively down in Ottawa, is our wish.

Signed on behalf of the boys of this school.

JACK HARKAWAY, JR.  
TOMMY COLLINS.  
JIM CROW.

SHORTY COBB.  
HI OLDTIME.  
JAKE BRUISER.

**Making the Cabinet.**

It was MACDONALD, cool and keen, would make a Cabinet,  
Then walked into his study straight, and did some paper get.  
Quoth he, "I've made 'em oft before, and so I can again.  
I'll take a pencil and jot down those who shall be my men."

Uprose a little sprite who does with Ministers still dwell,  
And frightens JOHN A. sometimes till he takes—no matter—well,  
The sprite did on the footstool sit, and hideously did grin,  
And kicked JOHN A., who yelled thereat, and rubbed his injured shin.

"Small fiend," the politician cried, "why comest thou to torment?"  
"Ingrate most base," the sprite replied, "why hast thou from these sent  
Myself, who ever gave advice which thou most sound did'st find?  
Why, that Pacific Scandal time, what said I?—call'st to mind."

"Tis true," SIR JOHN replied, "when I did thy advice despise  
I lost thereby, but now I need no admonitions wise,  
I have a big majority, which I can easily lead,  
And neither thy advice to-day nor company I need."

It was the sprite to him replied, with features strangely set  
In written malice, "What, dost thou not make a Cabinet?  
Dost thou not know there's danger more in that which now thou dost  
Than in that Scandal job which did quite all thy boiler bust?"

The people watch the thing thou dost, and if thy chosen men  
Be fogies old of party stamp whom thou stick'st in again,  
JOHN A., thy vast majority shall fall away from thee,  
As fall before October's winds the leaves of yonder tree."

The Minister—that is to be—grew pale and scared to view.  
And trembling said, "Tell thou to me the thing which I shall do."  
"Put in thy Cabinet," the sprite replied with thunder voice,  
"The men who understand the work; be those alone thy choice."

"In this fail not, I charge thee now, as I have done before,  
As thou art knight and gentleman." MACDONALD heard no more,  
The sprite was gone; the knight looked round, but still he saw him not.  
The knight pulled at the bell cord straight, and called for something hot.

**Wanted.**

A young man to answer the visitors' door. Must be healthy, powerful, and not afraid of work or anybody else. A hard kicker preferred. Apply to Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, Parlor No. 1, U. E. Club.