

**COMMERCIAL UNION.**

"It is impossible to see how any interest of Canada or the United States could suffer by reason of an active, healthful trade between the two nations. The suggestion, to my mind at least, is absurd, and I greatly doubt if it has its origin in a patriotic love of country. There is about it a savour, if not a positive suggestion of selfish interest to be served by securing profits, escaping burdens imposed upon others as a means to secure those profits."—*Hon. Benj. Butterworth.*

(COMMENTS BY A CANADIAN MANUFACTURER.)

BEN. BUTTERWORTH, your head is all skew-gee,  
We do not want an "active, healthful trade";  
Your project does not suit my pals and me,  
That's not the way our boodle's to be made.

Our motives you have struck exactly square,  
Our patriotism's in our pocket-books;  
Commercial Union may be good and fair—  
But such ideas don't amount to shucks.

You want to give the general pub. a chance—  
The farmer, laborer, and artisan—  
Why, sir, for us these people work and dance,  
According to the present lovely plan.

Do you suppose that we're such arrant fools—  
We high-protected manufacturing lords—  
That we take any stock in "golden rules,"  
And will forego the spoils the law affords?

No, no; at your fair talk we only smile.  
We have the bulge—the power behind the throne.  
No doubt you'll think us very mean and vile,  
But we have just one interest—that's our own.

**AIRLIE'S VISIT TO LANSDOWNE.**

THE faculty o' imitation is strong in human natur, an' notwithstanding the ages that hae intervened sin' the evolution o' man frae a lower creation, still, the monkey is strong in him yet. I never felt the hale force o' the Darwinian theory till I faud mase' chappin' at the door o' the Governor-General's hoose the ither day, an' I dinna think I'll ever again look at a hurdy-gurdy man's puggie without recognizin' a man an' a brither.

Just picter me, a sensible man, rigged oot in a claw-hammer coat, a vest made so as tae exhibit three quarters o' a yard o' Chinese laundryn', a pair o' patent leather pumps on ma feet, white gloves on ma hands, an' a silk hat in ma hand, followin' th' multitude in ca'in' on Maister Lansdoone! But what cud I dae? I cudna let the man gae hame an' tell the Queen, douce woman, that I was sae proud and upsettin' that instead o' payin' ma respects till him, I tuk nae mair notice o' him than gin he had been dirt amang ma feet. Na! na! if there's a'e woman mair than anither that I respeck it's the Queen—an' for me, therefore, tae tak nae notice o' her representative—worthy or onworthy—wad, I ken vera weel, just break her heart. Sae ye see there was naething for me but tae swallow the puggie an' pay ma veesit accordingly. An', tae gi'e the deevil his due, I maun say, I faud his Lordship no' that onsensible ava, considering he was a Lord.

Mistress Lansdoone was particularly ceevil, the meenit his Lordship said, "My dear, here's a delightful surprise for you—Maister Airlie," up she flew an' curchied tae me like as gin I had been the Laird o' Cockpen—an' said she was extraordinar' pleased tae see me on this continent, the representative o' sic a historical an' auld family as the Hoose o' Airlie, for if there was a'e thing mair than anither that the Irish adored it was a "fine ould family." Then she flew an' dusted aff a chair wi' her apron, an' telled me tae sit doon an' mak mase' comfortable. Of coorse I thank her kindly, an' telled her no tae pit hersel' aboot, seein' I had only twa ree meenits tae stay, but she impressed me as bein' a rail fine woman.

I cud see by the way his Lordship was lookin' that he was terribly uplifted aboot ma veesit, sae I ventured tae remark that it was a "fine day for the craps." He quite agreed wi' me there, an' then I proceeded tae explain that though as a rule I didna believe in patroneezin' lords, still, when even a lord was sent oot as the representative o' Her Majesty I didna grudge tae lose half-a-day's wage in order tae come an' pay ma respects till him.

His Lordship replied that he certainly ocht tae feel flattered. I telled him he micht weel be flattered, for if it hadna been that I was just eaten up wi' loyalty, he wad never haen the privilege o' seein' me in this swallow-tail coat, for I never had sic a thing on ma back afore but ance, an' that was at ma ain weddin', an' then I felt just as I did noo, like a fish oot o' the watter—tae sae naething o' that abominable high collar that Mistress Airlie had just preen'd on, an' which was just sawin' ma twa lugs aff. By way o' passing a joke I suggested they should be ca'ed the O'Brien collar, on account o' their way o' makin' folk oncomfortable. Then we got crackin' awa, an' I telled him na tae forget tae tell the Queen hoo muckle I thoct o' her, an' the way she's aye conductit hersel', an' that I wad advise her tae reign as lang as she cud, an' mak hay while the sun shone; an' if ever she cam ta Canada ma hoose was there open for her, an' as for makin' parritch, which I heerd she was very fond o', Mistress Airlie cud tak the cake frae any Hieland woman for that, so she needna be oneasy aboot her meals. Mair than that, I wadna charge her a single bawbee, for the rent I cud get for a hoose the Queen had lived in wad mair than recompense me for any ootlay I micht be at, tae say naething o' what the chair she sat in wad sell for—an' then, of coorse, I could duplicate them by the hunder. I telled his Lordship that I didna believe in empty titles, still, gin the Queen insisted on ma bein' knichted along wi' twa ree score ither fellows, who like mase', were makin' freens o' the mammon o' unrichteousness by keepin' on the saft side o' his Lordship, I didna see hoo I cud vera weel refuse. Here His Excellency made a low boo—a thing I tuk as a gude sign. Wi' regard till himsel' I said I maun tak this chance tae express ma sympathy for his hard lot in bein' born a lord—but I telled him tae keep up his heart, by-an'-by we'll get the land a' divided up fairly, a' the hills an' howes o' society wad be straitened oot, he wad hae nae mair thoct an' care aboot rents an' the like; the Jews we'd hae a' packit aff tae Palestine in care o' Dr. Wild; Sir John wad be Governor-General o' Canada, an' afore we kent whaur we were the millenium wad be richt on tap o' us.

His Lordship, I cud see, was greatly affecket wi' ma speech; Mistress Lansdoone was sae overcome, she had retired intae the next room tae vent her feelin's, an' as for the half dizen flunky creatures hangin' aboot, there wasna a dry e'e i' the hale crood. When I cam tae tak fareweel o' His Excellency, he cud dae naething but clap his pocketneepkin tae his e'en an' wring ma hand, sae keenly did he feel aboot it. In fack, gin it hadna been for that collar aye jab-jabbin' at ma lugs an' chin I think I wad hae broken doon mase'; but at that meenit in cam Howland airm-in-airm wi' a Salvation Airmy captain, wha I jaloused was also a candidate for knighthood, in consideration o' his services tae his country in the way o' cripplin' auld Clootie, an' drummin' up recruits for the demolishment o' deevildom.

HUGH AIRLIE.

POET—"Do you want any of my blank verse?" No; we don't want any of your — verse.