



NE of our most highly-esteemed and most intelligent exchanges, the Sidney, Australia, *Bulletin*, to wit, comes to us regularly with the address slip reading, "Toronto, Canada, U.S.A." This from our "fellow-colonists," too! Now, what was the use of our whipping the Yankees on two distinct occasions, if we are not to get credit for it? And why have we struggled and toiled for twenty years

to build up a great commonwealth under the British flag if nobody in the outside world knows that we are a separate nationality. It's dreadfully discouraging, so it is. "Toronto, Canada, U.S.A.!" Just think of that, brother *Empire!* It's worse than Commercial Union or Reciprocity.

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EMPEROR FREDERICK, the noble and high-minded, is at rest, and the destinies of the great German Fatherland are committed to the care of his son, now William II. The world has of late been looking upon this young man with a certain want of confidence, due to his apparent lack of filial affection, and his manifest weakness for swords and drums. The well-wishers of Germany will be gratified to learn from the new ruler's address to the army and navy that he deeply loved his father—notwithstanding outward appearances—and it will be but fair to give him a chance now to show how worthy he is to succeed that splendid Christian gentleman. Meanwhile, Germany ought to have that scrap of paper on which the late Emperor wrote, "I hate war more now than ever I did," framed and hung up where it could always be seen from the throne.

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SOMETHING has got to be done about this Liquor Traffic business, and the country is holding its ear toward Montreal to learn what that something is. The convention which meets in that city on the 3rd of July promises to be a large and lively one, and the question it has to decide seems to be whether the industry of drunkard-making shall go on in this country with the Government as a partner, or whether it shall be declared outlawed. This question is easy and simple, and could be answered right away, only that the country is afflicted with stuttering.

THE Trades Union to the employers, "Throw up your *Hands!*"

OUR Grand Old Highlandman, Evan McColl, has just issued a new and complete edition of his poems, bearing the imprint of genius and also of the Kingston *Whig* printing establishment. No Canadian library is complete without McColl and McLachlan.

OUR HUMOROUS VOCALIST.

NO. I.

"It's slipped my memory, I declare."

We all have our defects, they say,
And none can stand severe inspection,
My little weakness is, I think,
A want of perfect recollection;
And yet I can recall the time
When I loved Julia, sweet and fair
Her other name was—hang it all,
Its slipped my memory, I declare.

CHORUS.—Now isn't it very annoying
To have things slip away?
And yet with me, as you can see,
It happens every day!

I'm married now; my little wife
Is what they call a perfect brick;
Domestic bliss inspires my life,
I've not the slightest cause to kick.
Of children, bouncing boys and girls,
I've got a fairly average share;
How many? well there's—let me see—
Its slipped my memory, I declare!

CHORUS.—



THE EMIGRANT'S JACK-O-LANTERN.

I live in very tony style
Upon a fashionable street,
In friendly way I raise my tile
To every lofty swell I meet.
I failed in business, don't you know,
That's how I managed to "get there"—
How many times? ha, let me think—
Its slipped my memory, I declare!

CHORUS.—

L'ENVOI.

You're very kind to call me back,
Extremely kind, I'm bound to say,
But—you can see I'm quite confused—
I'm looking for the big bouquet.
Where is that floral offering gone?
I do not see it anywhere—
It cannot be and yet, alas,
Its slipped your memory, I declare!

CHORUS.—