

LIBERAL UNITY.

CONCERTED PIECE FOR THE LEADERS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

(With apologies to Mr. W. S. Gilbert.)

Gladstone (sings)—

HERE'S a cup o' tea!
Strange it seems to me,
That those men returned to follow,
Where I choose to lead, won't swallow
Mild autonomy!
Here's a cup o' tea!

Hartington (sings)—

Here's a jolly joke!
Gladstone can't evoke
Much enthusiasm in favor
Of his scheme, too much they savor
Of the Papal yoke!

Together—

Gladstone { Here's a cup o' tea
Hartington { Here's a jolly joke!

Goschen (sings)—

Here's a splendid row!
Gladstone must allow
Things begin to look alarming—
Lib'ral's quarrelling—Ulster arming—
What's to happen now?

Together—

Gladstone { Here's a cup o' tea!
Hartington { Here's a jolly joke!
Goschen { Here's a splendid row!

Chamberlain (sings)—

Here's an awful lark!
This I will remark—
Gladstone spurns conciliation,
Let him take humiliation:
Oh! his ways are dark!

Together.

Gladstone { Here's a cup o' tea!
Hartington { Here's a jolly joke!
Goschen { Here's a splendid row!
Chamberlain { Here's an awful lark!

Gladstone— Here's a pretty plight!
Hartington— Whisht! we musn't fight!
Goschen— Come, let's drink a *dheoch-an-dorrus*;
Chamberlain— Let's ere parting sing a chorus:
All— Won't you? then, Good Night!

[Exeunt omnes.]

The Bailie.



HER FIRST REQUEST.

The Bride.—And now, Grover, dear, I want you to do me a favor. Say you will promise!

The Happy President.—Anything on earth, love?

The Bride.—Well, then, don't tell the newspapers what we had for breakfast!

AN EMERGENCY MEETING.

THAT something important was impending in the political world was evident.

Hon. Oliver Mowat, rushing bareheaded from his house at eight o'clock in the evening, called a cab, and ordered the driver to make all possible haste to the Parliament Buildings. Without waiting for a second bidding the cabman lashed his horses into a wild gallop. With terrific speed the vehicle swept on—but not too swiftly to prevent the excited occupant catching a glimpse of Messrs. Hardy and Pardee as they turned leisurely into King street. Instantly his head burst from the cab window, and the strolling ministers were thrilled with the abrupt and peremptory order, "Follow me, quick!" This they did, as rapidly as they could run. Arrived at the Privy Council apartment they found the Hon. Oliver in a frenzy of excitement, telephoning to the various other members of the Cabinet, and summoning them to an emergency meeting. One after another they were responding to the summons in *propria persona*, each of them as he arrived more puzzled and interested than the last. When all were present, the Premier by a supreme effort controlled himself sufficiently to say, "Come to order, gentlemen," which they did at once. The reaction had set in, however; before he could speak another word the Hon. Oliver had gone off in a dead faint. Restoratives were instantly applied, and meantime the strange affair was earnestly discussed. "What in the world is it all about?" asked Fraser. Nobody knew, but everybody was eager to find out. "I haven't the remotest idea," said the Treasurer—"but evidently the Premier has become possessed of information which has a most vital bearing on the Cabinet or the Party, or both." "That's evident," echoed the others, "but what in the name of Reform can it possibly be to excite him in this way?" "He's recovering, gentlemen," ejaculated Hardy, who had been holding a smelling bottle to the patient's nose. "He'll be all right in a minute." With an expression of painful solicitude the Cabinet awaited the recovery of their Chief. At length he spoke feebly. "Gentlemen," said he, "we must take instant action to avert the ruin of our party. It has just come to my knowledge that a desperate attempt is being made to commit us to—"

"What?" burst in the excited ministers, unable longer to restrain themselves, "You don't mean to say that any Reformer has declared for—"

"Yes! for *Reform*! It is only too true; read that," and he laid a newspaper clipping upon the table and fainted again.

"Read it out, Fraser," tremblingly demanded the others.

And Fraser with evident emotion proceeded to read the following extract from the address of Mr. Nairn—the Reform candidate just nominated in East Elgin:

Would a farmer hire a servant, a mechanic, a workman, a contractor, a laborer, a merchant, a clerk, unless he possessed some practical knowledge of the work he was expected to do and for which he was to be paid. Certainly not, and yet as matters now go, parties are pitchforked into some of the most important and lucrative offices, through party exigencies, many of them totally ignorant of and incompetent to the discharge of the duties attached to the position. This is a state of affairs that would not be tolerated in any properly managed business concern in the country. I think many of the offices now in the gift of the government, or in other words, the member, or ex-member, who for the time being, controls the patronage, might with safety and propriety be relegated to the choice of the people, and I am in favor of the change.

A "BUNK-CO." steerer.—The gentleman in charge of the Pullman car.