



ADAPTATION.

Uncle.—Whar you git dem pants, Silus?

Silus.—Oh, got two pars from a thin gen'lman, an my wife, she fixed 'em up for me.

STRONG-MINDED WOMEN,

THE poor strong-minded women who get so little fun out of life seem for once to be having a good time with their conventions, etc., in the States. Eliza Pencherman isn't the woman to grudge the superfluous or unhappy a little jollification once in a way; so I've nothing to say against their plans (if any of them know what they are). Live and let live, is my motto. But I feel I must reassure the man who feels alarmed at these signs of emancipation of women. The papers say that a strengthening of the feminine brain means weakening of man's. Quite a topsy turvy look-out. Now I can prove from personal experience that that is a mistake. Intellectual acumen in a woman tends to harden a man's mind (particularly when it's made up), and makes his will hard as nails. There's Lucius, who holds his own better than he did the first three months we were married, though perhaps you'd hardly believe it had you heard him trying to compliment a lady of advanced ideas, the other day.

"How delightful it must be," he said, "Madam, for you to feel yourself so intelligent and superior."

"I suppose you think you are trying to suit your conversation to her opinion," I whispered when I got a chance. "She'd a great deal rather you said she was charming."

"A strict regard for truth" (which seems to be growing on Lucius this last session at Ottawa) he told me prevented him saying so. Yes, poor little men who are afraid of strong-minded women, take heart of grace by the example of L. Pencherman, Esq., blessed with a wife of superior intelligence. I've known points on which,

despite all the argumentative discussions I could think of, he held on to his own way like adamant rock *till I began to coax him*. Don't you know that the women who look soft and sweet and innocent are far cleverer than the ones who having missed those desirable gifts, think they'll go in for the consolation stakes of "Woman's Rights?" If the pretty ones *wanted to vote*, how long do you think it would be before they would be allowed? I don't suppose if they got the idea *en masse* it would be more difficult to accomplish or require more effort than it does for the idol of your heart to get a new sealskin jacket at present. She prefers new jackets to voting, that's all. ELIZA.

RESURGAM.

The following specimen of Bostonese is from a sale catalogue just issued by a noted book auctioneer in the "Hub":—

"714. Pocket-Book and Needle Case. Taken from the body of a Union Colonel killed at the battle of Gain's Mills in the seven days fight around Richmond, and used by the owner during the remainder of the war.

The "Union Colonel" referred to was a little ahead of the lamented Witherington mentioned in the battle of Chevy Chase, of whom it is said:—

"Alas, alas! poor Witherington was all in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off, he fought upon the stumps."

The "Union Colonel" continued to use his pocket-book and needle case after he was killed, but how or where, we are not informed. It surely cannot be that the gallant colonel had to pay for any "hot-stuff" with the former?

OUR "LOYAL" MONOPOLISTS.

"COMMERCIAL Union! pshaw! pooh, pooh! Why, that's a thing that will never do; 'Tis a fad, 'tis a fake, 'tis a traitorous scheme 'Tis a most nonsensical, foolish dream; 'Twould flood the country with Yankee wares, And sow our wheat-fields with foreign tares; 'Tis flat rebellion against the crown, And would cut our exorbitant profits down; No Yankee imports—no Yankee rag! Hurrah, hurrah for the good old flag!"

So the bloated Manufacturers shout And the Loyalists echo, "C. U. knocked out! No annexation—that's the talk!

And we are the fellows that game to talk;

We're Britons true in our inmost souls—

And will be as long as the planet rolls;

Instead of your Yankee annexation,

We'll give you Imperial Federation.

Let's knit the Empire with closer ties,

In that direction our interest lies.

No hostile tariff should bar the way

To trade 'mongst the nations beneath her sway.

Throughout the world Britons all should be

A happy, united family."

The Manufacturer muttered a curse,

"Why, this is getting from bad to worse,

Free Trade with England! never a doubt

The scheme will ruin us out and out;

If we dread the Yankee, our pushing neighbor,

Just think of competing with pauper labor!

Of cheap made goods from where spindles whirl

In Birmingham and Manchester!

The 'good old flag'—all rubbish and rot,

For England's interest who cares a jot?

From C. U. frying-pan who'd desire

To jump into English free-trade fire?