



THE OBLIGING SERVANT.

The Madam—BRIDGET, I AM ABOUT TO LEAVE TOWN FOR A FEW WEEKS, SO YOU MAY GO ON A VISIT TO YOUR PEOPLE FOR THAT LENGTH OF TIME.

Bridget—THANK YE KEINDLY, MA'AM, BUT SURE THIS PLACE IS PLENTY GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME; AND YE'Z NEED HAVE NO FEAR OF ME BEIN' LONELY WHILE YE'RE GONE.

desire for the gude o' the kintra, forsooth!" Hech, man, but he was mad! "It means naething but Annexation," says he. "The only thing that'll prevent Annexation," I says. "When a lassie gets hauden doon an' keepet in by her pawrents, the first thing she does is tae flee an' get marrit tae the first fellow that offers—for nae ither reason than that she is crampit an' discontented at hame, though very often that just means loupin' oot o' the fryin' pan intae the fire. Whauras gin the creature had been granted a reasonable chance o' baith profit an' pleasure, it's ten tae ane she wad bide in the auld nest till she was fit tae flee. Noo, the only preventitive o' Annexation is *contentment*, an' he wad be a bauld man wha wad tak upon him tae say that the majority o' the people o' Canada are *content* with the present state o' affairs, financial or itherwise. Gin Canada canna be made mair contented an' comfortable than she is, gin ye dinna either let oot the tucks an' lengthen the skirts o' the auld garments she's fast growin' oot o', or mak her new anes suitable tae her fast developin' figure, the first thing ye'll ken she'll rush

intae the airms o' Uncle Sam, an' I'se warrant ye he'll gie her a' the new goons she wants—come frae whaur it likes. Tak my word for't, Tam, half a loaf is better than nane—an' gin I'm no mista'en, the choice lies no sae muckle atween Reciprocity an' connection wi' the Breetish Empire as atween Reciprocity an' Annexation tae the American Republic." For a' that, I saw by James' face I micht as weel hae hained ma breath tae cool ma parritch—for arguin' against self-interest is naething but "gnashin' at an iron wa'." Hooever, in self-interest lies my houp o' Commercial Union; that's tae say, the self-interest o' the majority an' the country at large. There's seven o'clock ringin', an' me has a' the basement tac soop up—tae say naething o' four-an'-twenty windys tae clean aff wi' whuskey. It saves time, though, tae just swallow a moothfu' or twa o' the liquor, an' then blaw yer breath on the glass—so I've read—an' I think I maun try that, seein' I'm in a kind o' a hurry.

Yours truly,
HUGH AIRLIE.