

as the latest-arrived Englishman, who thinks he does us an honour if he comes to earn his bread in what he calls our "blaursted country," and fears he is about to be charged by a bull from the prairies when the driver of a sleigh who has been waiting for rugs, cries: "Here come the buffaloes." Great causes of division? Sir, they are like infinity—you cannot grasp them. Do you know the cry with which the Grits intend to go to the country at the next election?

GEORGE.—How should I know?

RONALD.—"Loyalty & Condyl's Fluid." They say they found this invaluable mixture most useful for purifying, deodorising, and disinfecting the Government apartments in Ottawa after the death of the late Government, and that it is very appropriate for the "Party of Purity." But the Tories will be even with them, for they mean to inscribe on their banner "Our Ancient Institutions and Chloride of Lime." The chasm that gapes between chloride of lime and Condyl's fluid is a measure in its way of the great differences between the two parties.

GEORGE.—But why will the Tories cry "Chloride of Lime?"

RONALD.—Because they contend that the present Government has become vicious at a bound, and not by the ordinary process of deterioration, and that they have out-Heroded Herod in practising the corrupt arts of their predecessors. Hence the great need of chloride of lime at Ottawa just now.

GEORGE.—Surely our politics cannot be such