

[All rights reserved.]

Commercial Union.

COME, put your discords to the rout !
Old grievances go smother ;
For pray what good has e'er come out
Of vexing one another ?

Let's both forget all that is past
Of trouble and vexation ;
And like wise men adopt at last,
A business annexation.

Erase at once the needless line
Of business demarkation ;
With heart and hand join in one grand
Commercial annexation.

The children of one mighty race,
We emulate each other ;
And Jonathan is no disgrace,
E'en to his British brother.

Then wherefore should we disagree ?
Rivals in civilization ;
Join hands and let our union be
Commercial annexation.

'Tis wonderful how things come round,
And there's hope for the nation
That takes its stand on higher ground
Than mutual botheration.

'Tis only those who strive to make
Our hearts and homes some better,
E'en for poor human nature's sake
That make the world their debtor.

When errors old we have outgrown,
When this last one we smother,
Then the Republic and the Throne
May reverence each other.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

BABY CARRIAGES.



BABY carriages—the very words raise a thrill. But the thrills vary in different individuals. There is that young husband of twenty-five summers and no winters; for example; mention the word “perambulator” to him, and he immediately suffers from a variety of thrills. “The price of those things,” he exclaims; “preposterous. And of what earthly use are they? The diminutive occupant has but to utter a single approach to a cry, has but to make a grimace, and at once it is

whisked out and carried for the rest of the way by its mother. And what becomes of the baby carriage? Why I have to wheel that empty thing along; have mildly to follow that precious infant inanely pushing along his recent receptacle, unable to smoke; unable to talk; unable even to glance at the passers by. Into the stove with baby carriages say I. ‘Let the mothers carry their own infants.’”

Then there is the mother herself. What delightful thrills the baby carriage excites in her! What a sweetly pretty thing it is; with its lovely blue ribbons and gay satin cover. And all the appurtenances thereof, how elegant! Here is the little cushion, soft and downy, which goes under the little one's head, and here is another that is tucked

under the small of his back. Yes, a beautiful thing to the young mother.

A beautiful invention also thinks the nurse maid. Why, would you believe it, it ain't no more trouble takin' that there squealing child out for 'is airin' than nothin'. Jim—that's my beau—he comes along and shoves it along for me, and I does nothing but admire 'is 'andsome figger, and wonder if 'e'll be a-doin of the likes for my—Drat that child. Here, be quiet, you.

Then there are the people who have no baby carriages, who have no babies, and do not expect any. What thrills these things raise and create in these people! How they hate them! They are always in the way. If there is an excursion, or a crowd, or a narrow pavement, or a difficult crossing, or a fire, or a theatre coming out, or a drunken man reeling about, or a horse running away—there there is always a baby carriage, and always an infant in it—sometimes two. Truly that was not a bad suggestion made by one of these babyless individuals, that under every street there ought to be a special subway or tunnel for these things.

SCOTTIE ON COMMERCIAL UNION.

THE WAREHOUSE,

At 5 o'clock i' the mornin'.

MAISTER GRIP,—I'm a man that expresses ma opeenion very freely, and especially on maitters connecit wi' ither folk's as weel's ma ain business. But lordsake man, if there's a'e thing mair than anither that sets up ma birse it's tae hear men haudin' meetin's an' passin' resolutions o' indignation, an' workin' themselves up until a white heat, a' for the gude o' the kintra an' the precious interests o' the “horny-handed workin' men,” when the fact o' the maitter is that deil a hair is vexin' them but the thocht that it's their ain pouches that'll be the only sufferers, an' that that same horny-handed object o' universal pity an' pautronage will be able in the event o' Commercial Union to buy a' his needed supplies at a cheaper market, an' save the surplus tae build a bit biggin' for himsel' instead o' helpin' to buy palaces for a' the pheel-anthropic an' most disinterested middlemen. A Chinese wa' may be a vera weel for Cheeny, but a Chinese wa' atween folk sae closely connecit by bluid an' kinship as we are wi' the Americans, is an idea that even the Chinese wadna father. As I said tae Tam 'Iamson the ither day when he was gaun tae the meetin' o' the Board o' Trade, “Tam,” says I, “for ance in yer life be honest an' speak the truth; tell the folk ootricht that ye dinna care a tinkler's curse whether the country thrives or gangs tae the deevil, sae lang's ye can get extra profits oot o't, tell them that the farmers may gae tae Jericho, wi' the lumbermen an' the fishers at their tail; tell them that if the horny-handed majority hae tae pay dooble for what they eat, an' wear, an' burn, that's their lookoot an' no yours—but gin they try tae deprive ye o' yer profits as a middleman, then ye'll fecht Commercial Union as lang's ye've a stump tae stand on. An' dinna forget tae tell them that ‘The greatest gude tae the greatest number,’ is an auld exploded Grit maxim, fit for naething but a headline for a boy's copy-book—or—the *Globe*. Tell them that ye're just fechtin' for yer ain private interests, just as the farmers, an' the lumbermen, an' the fisher folk, and the consumers are fechtin' for theirs—but for gudesake, an' for the sake o' yer dead grannie that brocht ye up i' the way ye should go, hae dune wi' a hypocritical pretences o' opposin' Commercial Union on the ground o' an earnest