

throw down the saffron pamphlet in disgust, did it not suggest the enquiry as to why Wiman, who left Canada when a boy, who has no part nor parcel in our national life, who has no material interest in Canada, should be so concerned about our future. The answer comes speedily: Wiman was a junior partner in a mercantile agency, that gives no status in New York; Wiman was born in Canada; why not assume to speak for the whole of Canada, a la the three Tailors of Tooley Street speaking for the people of England; and Wiman did it, and it brought grist to his mercantile agency, and to his Staten Island schemes. The Fenian press of the United States quoted Wiman, who was a self-expatriated patriot, like themselves, who had showered upon Canada blessings, in the form of a telegraph monopoly; when our own Montreal and Hamilton telegraph companies had fought each other to a draw, a la Kilkenny cats. Was he not, like themselves, an enemy of Britain, etc., etc. ?

Something different to this, however, had to be furnished to a more intelligent class of Americans, and so we find their cupidity tempted by the following description of the land lying north of the boundary line:

"Here is room for future millions
 " that must from Europe come this
 " way. The United States have
 " already exhausted their arable
 " soil, and a land hunger has set in
 " that only Canada can be appeased.
 " Canada must be relied upon as
 " the future granary from whence

" must be drawn the future food
 " supply of the world."

This is all quite true, Rastus; and more's the pity you did not use the fact for a worthier purpose than the "veiled treason" that is disclosed in your lying assumption that either we do not know what our country is worth, or that, knowing it, our free will as to what to do with it is any way bound. That you are billious, Rastus, over the result of the last Presidential election, is suggested by the bile-colored cover of your pamphlet. *You* keep your adopted side of the line, Ras; *we* will keep ours; and when you praise our country or praise us, we are reminded of the plan of the anaconda, that of slaving over with the mucus of its forked tongue prior to swallowing its crushed victim. We are not yet crushed by your friends Hitt, McKinley and company, and till we are we want neither your praise nor your advice, when we know that both have one common end—annexation.

This is the way Rastus puts it:

"How miserable seems the subterfuge that binds within narrow bonds this huge Sampson of strength and power, this sleeping giant of the world; this vigorous forceful home of a section of the Anglo-Saxon race. What possibilities abroad has this land of raw material, of cheap food products, of abundant water power, of a brave and patient people, and enormous distributive facilities."

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AMERICAN Politics have an interest to us only in proportion to the nearness or remoteness of the Presidential election, at which time