



"PUFF" AND "BUST."

#### CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER POETRY.

THE *Empire* tells us that Mr. McNeill, M.P., in the recent debate on reciprocity, quoted with "telling effect" the following verses :—

Britain bore us in her flank ;  
Britain nursed us at our birth ;  
Britain raised us to our rank  
'Mid the nations of the earth.

In the hour of pain and dread,  
In the gathering of the storm,  
Britain raised above her head  
Her broad shield and stalwart arm.

Stand, Canadians ! firmly stand  
Round the flag of Fatherland !

It appears that these lines were written some ten years ago, and consequently are somewhat out of date, as a good many things affecting the position of England and Canada have happened in the interval. However appropriate they may then have seemed, they read rather oddly now, in the light of the late surrender of Canada's fisheries as a sacrifice to secure the *entente cordiale* between England and the United States. If the poem were rewritten so as to square with the actual facts of the case it would read something like this :—

Britain sold us to the Yank,  
Britain gave our fish away,  
Britain to the level sank  
Of those who are their neighbors' prey.

In the hour of greed for gain,  
When Yankee pirates raid our shore,  
Britain shirked her duty plain,  
Preferring selfish interest more.  
Bow, Canadians ! humbly bow  
Before the Yankee Eagle now !

#### THE NEW DESPOTISM.

"FELLER-CITIZENS," said the 4th of July orator, "I congratulate you that we live in a land of liberty. While the bloated and effete monarchies of Europe are groaning under the shackles of feudalism, we of the western world exuberate in the sunlight of free institutions and enjoy the priceless boon of freedom. Alone of all the nations of the earth, America can boast that her people are the arbiters of their own destinies and know no tyrant master. We celebrate the anniversary when our patriot ancestors announced to the world that they had forever thrown from their limbs the shackles of colonial despotism."

"Jest so ; what's the price of coal ?" asked a work-ingman.

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of \$7 per ton," replied the orator. "But what has that to do with it ?"

"A great deal. If the coal owners can charge what they please for fuel, it's a blamed sight worse kind of coal-own-ial despotism than a tax on tea of a few cents a pound !"