



THE NEW NURSE FOR THE IRISH CHILD.

GLADSTONE (to Dufferin).—HERE, TAKE HIM AND HUSH HIM UP, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE!
(AND IF THE NEW NURSE FAILS, IT'S A HOPELESS CASE).



REFLECTIONS OF THE HON. C. BUFFER.

Aw—I have been questioned a good many times of late as to my opinion regarding the idea of having Canada—aw—represented in the British parliament, and as to the—aw—propriety of mixing ourselves up with the—aw—European affairs of Great Britain. It is argued by some that in dealing with European—aw—other powers' complications may arise that will produce serious consequences to our interests here, that if a state of hostilities should follow any disagreement between England and some other country, the war would very probably have a detrimental effect upon our commerce, et cetera, and that therefore we have a right to have a say in matters that so materially affect us. This is all very well, as far as it goes, but we must recollect that we are, after all, a dependency of Britain, and that we expect to have her—aw—support in case of any trouble on the part of filibustering waders or other irresponsible invaders, and that likewise we expect that we shall be—aw—protected free of cost to ourselves, so far at least as the Imperial troops and—aw—munitions of war are concerned. So I really think our interfering in any way with the action of Great Britain's "foreign policy" would be highly injudicious and lead to consequences that would not be looked upon by any means with a favorable eye in—aw—Canada. If we insist upon interfering with the home authaw-

wities; in anyway powers they may take into consideration the propriety of putting their—aw—Downing-street finger into our pie, a proceeding that I don't think would be much welcomed by us, however patriotic we may be. I am, as the lawyer says, strongly of opinion that the less we have to do with the legislative executive powers in England the better for the preservation of the good feeling between us and the—aw—old country. Everything in our relations with England goes smoothly enough. We excel in—aw—loyalty, so much so, in fact, that our spontaneous—aw—demonstrations excite surprise in the breasts of the—aw—old country folks, and I think, I do really, that we better remain as we are, retaining our wretched sentimental enthusiasm for "the Crown," for when we begin to mix the Crown up with the—aw—legislation of Mr. Gladstone or Lord so and so, the "divinity" which the "divine William" weds to as appertaining to royalty is not quite so apparent, as when looked at from a distance. Familiarity, as everybody is aware "breeds contempt," hence possibly the great amount of "radical" or democratic element so—aw—offensively prominent now in England, which the pleasing glamour (if I may be allowed the expression) regarding royalty seems to be—aw—dissipated to a very great extent. Therefore I can't help thinking that we are all right now. We are good, loyal subjects of the Crown, which is a—aw—source of pride and pleasure to us, but let us not aspire too high, and assume the *aut Caesar aut nullus* line of action, for powers the old country may "come down" on us, and the most loyal, it is said of all Her Gracious Majesty's loyal subjects, will be inclined to frown upon the crown and scepter, and cry like that old woundhead Cromwell "Take away that bauble." Yes, things are all right as they are—at least that is my opinion—it is indeed.

During the summer season the ice man is the most devout worshipper. He goes to serve ice every day.

The Bugler.

A TALE OF NIAGARA CAMP.

With a Moral.

"Blow, bugle."—*I emerson.*

A sturdy lad yet in his teens
Was Roderick Macdougall,
And in the gallant "and Queen's"
He blew the E flat bugle.
When on review and "marching past,"
'T would do you good to hear the blast
That Roderick blew
When on review,
Upon his E flat bugle.

Now, young Macdougall everywhere
Was highly complimented;
For, any operatic air
That ever was invented
Young Roderick could play at sight;
And out at camp most every night,
La Trovatore
Or Pinafore
Delighted all the tented.

Now this was creditable to
Young Roderick Macdougall,
In being so well able to
Discourse upon his bugle;
But bugle music night and day,
"Tattoo," "Lights out," and "Reveille"
Does hardly suit,
When p'raps to boot
You've fed on rations frugal.

But night or day he'd never tire,
And still his bugle sounded;
His "Halt!" "Lie down!" "Advance!" and "Fire!"
Kept the whole camp confounded.
He'd vary regimental "calls"
With airs sung at the music halls
Of Roderick
The men grew sick,
And wished him shot or drowned.

Before the morning gun had fired
Its usual round at sunrise,
Would Roderick, but half attired,
Begin to blow! So unwise
It was of him to wake the men
With bugle blasts; and it was then
That Corporal Blue
Of Company 2
Said, "let us have some fun, boys!"

The boys turned out, and with a shout
They seized the young musician.
And brought him by the shortest route,
With soldierly precision,
Down to Niagara river's brink,
And gently dropped him in the "drink";
And then each scamp
Went back to camp
And said they had been fishin'.

So scared was Mac, he swam away
Until he did a plank seize,
And just about the break of day
Was picked up by some Yankees—
Some boys in blue, who in a boat
Espied poor Roderick afloat,
And pulled him back,
For which kind act
They were repaid with "thanky'es."

Up spake the coxswain of the boat,
A man both tall and lanky;
His voice and manners did denote
Him what he was—a Yankee.
He said, "I first did calculate
You dodged the sentry at our gate,
So dust and run
You son of a gun,
I guess you're slightly cranky!"

Then Roderick made for his camp
As fast as he could totter.
His uniform was very damp,
His boots were full of water.
But Sergeant-Major Cunningham,
Who saw the bugler running home,
Had him soon caught,
And straight he got
Ten days from Colonel Otter.

MORAL.

Take warning all ye soldier boys
By Roderick Macdougall;
Be sure you don't make too much noise
In blowing your own bugle.
Don't think that anyone much cares
To see or hear your fancy airs,
Your valve keep shut,
Or off your nut,
You'll go like young Macdougall.