



PUBLIC NOTICE!

FRANCIS HINCKS, General Jobber, begs to inform his friends and the public in general, that he is about to re-open his office at the New Stand, in Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, where he will undertake Jobs and Contracts of every description on reasonable terms.

References—J. A. MACDONALD & Co.

N.B.—Railroads constructed with cheapness and dispatch.

A NEW BALLAD

AS SUNG BY A VETERAN POLITICIAN TO THE ELECTORS OF NORTH LANARK.

Air—"Capt. Jinks."

I'm Francis Hincks of the Windward Isles,
I come to seek your votes and smiles,
I'm sure to please you with my wiles,
If you send me to the Parly—ment:
So if you want a job, you know—
A job you know—a job you know,
You'll always be certain where to go,
If you send me to the Parly—ment.

Spoken—Yes, brother Electors! that's a part of political business I flatter myself I understand as well as any man; so if any of you want a berth in the Customs, a Commissionership, or a snug little sinecure of any kind, you've only to come to me, because you know—

Chorus—I'm Francis Hincks, &c.

When Rose resigned, Mac didn't know
For a good financier where to go—
So he fixed on me, and he'll tell you so,
If you send me to the Parly—ment.
At financing I'm a regular swell—
A regular swell—a regular swell—
And you'll benefit so, I can hardly tell
If you send me to the Parly—ment.

Spoken—Yes, brother Electors! I consider I *am* rather a swell at financing. Just look at what I did for you when I was in power, years ago. Why, you hadn't even a public debt worth speaking about before I took matters in hand; and you can't be a great country without a big public debt. So if you want it doubled, you've only to apply to—

Chorus—Francis Hincks, &c.

So now you've got the choice you see,
"Twixt Francis Hincks and Malcolm C—,
And if you're wise, you'll vote for me,
And send me to the Parly—ment.

Then if you want a railroad new—
A railroad new—a railroad new—
I'll tell you exactly what to do,
If you send me to the Parly—ment.

Spoken—Yes, gentlemen Electors! I know something about making railroads, and a very profitable business it is. I don't mean to the Shareholders, but to

Chorus—Francis Hincks of the Windward Isles,
Who comes to beg your votes and smiles;
And if he gets over you with his wiles,
There'll be the deuce to pay in the Parly—ment!

HOW TO RECEIVE PRINCE ARTHUR IN MONTREAL.

1. Let us bore him, run after him, stare at him and intrude on his privacy as much as possible. This is only showing respect and he has no business to be disgusted with it or he should never have been born a prince.
2. Let every society, small or big, present him with an address. This gets its name in the papers and the officers can say that they talked with His Royal Highness.
3. Should he, from good nature and desire to please, receive an address from some obscure body of very doubtful reputation but of which he had never heard, let us abuse him and vilify him in the strongest terms—this is the way to show our spirit and to make it clear to him that we are not to be bullied even by a member of the Royal Family.
4. Let the National Societies get up a row about precedence in his presence. This will give him a great idea of the dignity of our Dominion.
5. Let the St. Crispin Society insist upon presenting an address first.
6. After having satisfied our snobbishness by going through any quantity of idle, useless ceremony of quite a superfluous character, originated only in our own brains, let us go home to declaim against the "barbarous requirements of Royalty" and the immediate necessity for

"CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE."

JUST HOW THESE THINGS END.

We are sorry to record a breach of the friendly relations which have subsisted for so many years between our esteemed friends Jones and Brown. Jones, it seems, was explaining at some length to Brown the various causes of his ill-success in life. Brown, desiring to change the subject, proposed that they should step into Alexander's and have some soda-water. They stepped in accordingly, but Jones was not to be "shunted off" in that manner, so he resumed: "If I could only have a fresh start, that is all I would ask."—"Well here you are,—darn the expense!" exclaimed Brown with enthusiasm, snatching at the same moment a certain confection, value one penny, from the counter, and presenting it to his friend. "What do you mean?" said Jones. "Why," replied the other, "didn't I hear you say just now that all you wanted was a *fresh tart*? What do you call this?" The words were scarcely uttered before such an ominous change passed over the countenance of Jones, that Brown sprang to the door, where, however, he was overtaken by the tart, which deposited its *nucleus* of raspberry jam on the back of his New Dominion Paper Collar. Jones, we are told, talked for some time about a "hostile meeting," and was only led to give up the idea on reflecting that a man of Brown's propensities was sure of the gallows some day or other, and that, if anything, he would rather see him hanged than shot.