## Come on at Once

Come on at once, oh spring, and hitch The south wind to your golden waggon, Oh, rush the north wind to the diton And crush this tireless, frosty dragon. We're waiting for you day by day, We're listening for your waggon wheels, Come on at once and sweep away The cold impatient nature feels.

Come on at once with flowers and birds, And start the timid rrasses growing; Come on and joy the sullen herds, And set the perfumed streamlets flowing. Come on at once and dress the trees With leaves of green and grasses sunny; Remember that the hungry bees Are almost out of wax and honey.

Come up at once and find the rose; With white and red and yellow blond her. You know the place the like grows, Come up and weigh her down with splendor Come on at once and blow your breach Upon the takked hill and yalley; Oh I stamp upon six months of death And life and hope will round you rally. The KHAN

Barnum in His Coffin.

THE KHAN

t

Harnum in His Coffin. A man of mark has fallen. Strange to think That he who boasted (and with reason too) The lofty and the uncontested title Of champion showman of the human race Should lie on exhibition now himself, In Death's grim cage a prisoner; the prey Of one thrice more voracious and more cruel Than all the monsters that he e'er displayed : Whose appetite's appeaseles; who will ne'er Rest satisfied until the latest thing Alive in earth or air shall disappear Before the sweep of his remoreaces scythe, Bergent being the state of the state

Farewell, bright Barnum ! many an hour Of wholesome pleasure we've enjoyed from

thee. If great historians can extol the man Who shows us in the field of wicked war How men can imitate the brutes, and orush Each other with as little thought or pity As they do-men in shape, but brutes in spirit-The poets may be pardoned if they weave A wreath of admination and regard O humanizer of wild beasts ! to thee, -W.M. -W. M.

This is Spring.

When the green gets back in the trees, and be

Is a buzzin' aroun' again, In that kind of a lazy "go-as-you-please" Old gait they bum roun' in : When the groun's all bald where the hay rick

stood And the crick's riz, and the breeze boaxes the bloom in the old dogwood, And the green gits back in the trees. I like, as I say, sich scenes as these, The time when the green gits back in

When the whole tail-feathers o' winter time

When the whole tail-feathers o' winter time Is all pulled out and gone! And the sap it thaws and begins to climb, And the sweat it stars out on A feller's forrerd, agittin' down At the old spring on his knees-Ikind o' like jes' a loaferin' roon' When the green gits back in the trees-Jee' a-potterin' roon' as I-durn-pleas-When the green, you know, gets back in the trees!

-James Whitcomb Riley.

CONVENTIONALITY.

How It Was Thrown to the Winds by Lady in a Street Car.

Did you ever think what an odd thing conventionality is? The unwritten code conventionality 137 The unwritten code of good manners, for instance-which is quite apart from the laws of etiqueste-places man on a plane higher than the animal, and makes the humblest human shims, and makes the humblest human being "behave" with propriety, not to say good breeding, in public. But the other day a street car was the scene of a bit of unconventionality that caused a commotion og the passengers. from its ver erness." The car was well filled when among the a well-dressed woman entered. From all appearances she belonged in the "lady" egory, for her gown was of the best and fitted her admirably, and she word fresh gloves, and, what is more to the purpose, her countenance bespoke refinement and intelligence. No sconer, however, was and intelligence. No sconer, however, was she seated than, opening a paper bag which she carried, togesher with her muff, she took out a corn bread muffin, and began nibbling it with the gusto of a hungry whild. child. The passengers opposite gazed at the operation with some surprise, but there observance made no impression, for, having disposed of this corn cake, she drew forth oond, and, after eyeing it well, devoured that in the same nibbling fashion as its predecessor. By this time every eye in the oar was fixed on the "lady," and more than one winked telegraphically to draw attention to the free and easy 10 lunch its but

# TRIP OF THE ABERDEENS. "Through Canada With a Kodak"

## Her Ladyship. THE SOJOUBN AT MONTREAL.

(From "Onward and Upward.") (From "Onward and Upward.") "Glad to see you at Montreal !" "Well, and what do you think of Canada?" "Lord Aberdeer, I think? You're heartily welcome, sir !" "Grand hotel this ! Nothing to best if on the continent !" Such like were the greetings which fell on our ears as we entered the wast central hall of the Windeer Fatel Montreal effect. of the Windsor Hotel, Montreal, after a hot and dusty railway journey from Qaebec. This hall and the spacious Galaction and public drawing-rooms of the hotel are practically a club for the inhabitants of Montreal and its visitors. Here we find many of our fellow-passen gers from the Parisian again-here, too was our captain; this celebrity and that were pointed out to us by the head waiter, as they sat at the innu-merable small tables at meals, and before many hours had passed we feit ourselves quite *habitues* of Can-ada's commercial capital ada's commercial capital, and accustomed to her ways. Quite conscientiously, too, could we pass master with the most exacting Canadian in paying due tribute to the comforts, the conveniences, and the splen-dor of the Windsor Hotel.

As at Quebec, our thoughts irresistibly turned to the contrast between this proud and splendid city, with her beautiful building, and churches, and universities, to the nestling Indian village found by to the nesting Indian village found by Jacques Cartier at the foot of the moun-tain which he first called Mont Royal (the royal mountain), in honor of his King. We fancied we could see the groups of "braves," with their squaws and children orowding out of their listle huts to look at these strange brings : the women strabing these strange beings ; the women stroking the moustaches and beards of the explorers, the moustaches and beatds of the explorers, to make sure of their reality; the infirm, and sick, and feeble, with their paralyzed chief at their head, imploring for the "healing touch" which they believed these decizens of another world could give. The words which were spoken by Maison-neuve, the leader of the little band of forty-five emigrants who landed on the island of Montreal in 1642, with the inten.

but au revoir !

SLICK HOTEL BEAT.

His Clothes Seized in One House He Gets

Square With Another.

The fellow had no baggage when he egistered first at the Markham House

reached to his heels, which he put on over his underclothing, in order to go after some money, and walked to the Kimball House, where he boldly registered and was shown

Feary's Proposed Expedition.

island of Montreal in 1642, with the intention of founding a colony and a mission, have indeed come true. No sconer had the little party landed than they gathered together for prayer and in consecration of registered inst at the Markham House Saturday, but had a very glib tongue and told such a plausible story that he was permitted to resister and given a room, says the Chattanooga Times. He was well together for prayer and in consecration of their mission in this new land, and at the close of their worship Maisonneuve turned to his companions and said, "You are

to bis companions and said, "You are a startling proportions. grain of mustard seed that shall rise and startling proportions. grow till its branches overshadow the earth. You are few, but your work is the work of God. His smile is on you, and your children shall fill the land." Many were the vicissitudes which that little colony had to pass through, many were destined to nurture amidst the rough experience of a life spant in constant dread and his bill for extras soon assumed the beat. The clerk fixed up a scheme, and that evening he got into the fellow's coat, vest and parts told him they could be re-deemed at the office for the amount of his bill

scalping knife. But Maisonneuve's words proved prophetic, and in place of the small barricaded fort of Vills Marie of Montreal, defended by a few missionaries and devoted women, there rears itself the largest, most cosperous city in Canada, sheltered by her Royal Mountain, on which she lavishes her proud care. On the sides of the mountain itself large

On the sides of the mountain itself large and most carefully lended cometeries have been laid out separately for Protestants and Roman Catholics, and are considered one of the sights of the place. We drove through them, admiring many strange bright plants and trees, and then we wended one way to return a visit mede to no in the oar way to return a visit made to us in the morning by an old friend of the family, Mr. Crombie, who had been for many years a London city missionary. And then I must tell you of the evening

we spent at the beautiful house of Sir Donald Smith, whose name is a household bonaid Smith, whose hame is a household word in Canada, as well it may be, for he has acted the part of a fairy godfather to his adopted country. I think your editor must some day try if Sir Donald cannot be persuaded to tell the H. H A. some of his bisition of the human days of the Hidopp' lunch, but its consumer apparently took no heed, for she went on eating corn cakes until the little wars on eating corn stories of the by gone days of the Hudson's Bay Company, of which he is president, Bay company, or which he is president, and in whose service he has taken many an adventurous journey. He could tell us not only of the hardships of cold, but of the hardships of heat, which beset the hunter. That very evening we were with him he told us of the terrors of the Labrador mosthat the attention of the orowded public conveyance was fastened on her. Some one suggested that the three muffins were eaten on a wager, but is is more likely that the well dressed being was defiant of con-vention, and belonged to the new class of "independents." At all events, she amused a lot of people, and carried some of them beyond their destination in their desire to see the end of the performance. for amongst Sir Dopaid & President of the Shaughnessy, the Vice President of the Canadian Pacific Railway; the Rav. Mr. Barclay, whom many of you may have heard of, as he was colleague with Dr. Maggregor, at St. Outhfor amongst Sir Donald's guests were Mr. Shaughnessy, the Vice President of the heard of, as he was colleague with Dr. Macgregor, at St. Outh-bert's, Edinburgh, for some years before going to the Montreal congre-gation, by whom he is held in such high esteem; and last, but not least, Father Lacombe, a priest missionary among the Indians, who has given all his life to their former. Law outting a point of him Indians, who has given an his file to their cause. I am getting a photograph of him engraved, so that you may have a gimpse of the kindly, noble old face. He lives far away in the Northwest, and is not often seen in civilized haunts, but his name is everywhere loved and respected among Protestants and Roman Catholics alike. His life of love and whole-hearted devotion influence amongst "mes sauvages," as he playfully calls them. His talk with us playfully calls them. His talk with us will always be a happy remembrance; his fatherly solicitude over his flock and the way in which he identifies himself with them is most touching. "You must never drive the Indians or frighten them; you must draw them by ever tell-ing them of the love of the Father." Only once, he told us, was he in momentary

 had remembered the words spoken to him
 TRADE, PRESTIGE AND SENTIMENT.

 a few days before, and thought
 TRADE, PRESTIGE AND SENTIMENT.

 that Father Lacombe had the power
 The Relations Between Great Britain and

 to bring punishment and death upon him
 Amongst other

 work done for the Indians by this good man
 The Relations Between Great Britain and

 has been the making of grammars and
 Her Colonies.

 SOME PLAIN SPEAKING.
 SOME PLAIN SPEAKING.

During the recent Dominion election campaign, the duty of Canadian loyalsy to the Mother Country was often referred to, and the man who dared to suggest that

love and loyalty should be reciprocal—that a Canadian was under no obligation to care more for England than Englishmen cared

staying of much consequence in itself; but the example would be so useful. It is the premier pas, the first move in these matters, Canal street, and when his father dies that makes the difficulty. If Newfound will come into guite a bit of the dies premier pas, the first move in these matters, that makes the difficulty. If Newfound-land would only go, perhaps the other colonies would follow suit. What I want to know, is England the better for her Colonies ? Not a single brass farthing. On the contrary she would be

arthing. On the contrary she would be infinitely richer, infinitely, super infinitely, in more respectable, more respected, and be-yond all comparison whatever more power-ful without them. Why, the only one of the colonies she has had that is a feather in ber cap is the United States of America. This independent colony, because it is in

and who hatled this opportunity of joining in public prayer and praise once more, and to whose eyes the sound of the well-known tanes brought tears of joy. But the boat which is to take us west-ward is waiting for us at Lachine, and if we are to arrive at Hamilton next month we must hurry westwards. So, good-bye, Sir Donald, and good-bye to your guests; but aurevoir ! This independent colony, because it is in-dependent, and great, and power-ital, and progressive, really is a credit to the mother country But as for the others, I don't see that we get much credit out of them while they remain in a state of impotent (and per-petually squalling) babyhood, and if we get no credit out of them. I are supe we get

> It is said that trade follows the flag. is no interference. Usually it is not al-lowed to follow its natural bent, and then trade takes a sensible view of the situation,

dressed and a very pleasant spoken fellow, and his bill for extras soon assumed trade takes a sensible view of the situation, and paying not the slightest regard either to the flag or the language, follows the customs duties. Where the customs duties are low or nil, trade goes on; where the customs duties are high, trade keeps out. Trade is not a fool at all. Trade does hot conduct its business on the principles of an after-dinner speech at the Mansion House. "But then," it is said, "there is prestige. Has prestige no value?" Well, of course, it has some; but the question is, as Dr. and pants told him they could be re has prestige no value r well, of course, deemed at the effice for the amount of his it has some; but the question is, as Dr. Johnson would have said, what do you give The fellow's nerve did not desert him tor to rit? It is not a more profitable transaceven in this extremity. He borrowed a mackintoch coat from the clark which reached to his heels, which he put on over tion to give a shilling's worth of cash for a sixpenny worth of prestige than to give two fas pheasants in the hand for one sparrow in the bush. I can understand prestige being sometimes valuable as a "chesp de-fence of nations;" but here we are paying to a room, leaving word that when his infinitely more to guard our prestige than baggage arrived it was to be kept until he we pay to guard ourselves, maintaining Baggage arrived it was to be kept until he got up in the morning. At about 8 o'clock on Sunday morning freat noise of a tale of robbery, in which he had lost his clothes and \$85 in cash. The hotel management, without atomic we really want is a good fleet in the "Silver streak" that surrounds us. Again it is objected, "but there is senti-

The hotel management, without stopping to investigate the fellow, got him a new suit of clothes and paid him \$85 rather than have such a notoriety attached to the honse. The fellow then walked back to the Mathem Honce mid him thil obtained him Again if is objected, "out there is senti-ment." Well, I confess I have no senti-ment about the Colonists. I am, indeed, in what a theologian would call "perfect charity" with them. I wish them no evil. Markham House, paid his bill, obtained his clothes and jumped out of town. far from it. But I can't distinguish them from people of a host of other national-ities with whom I have nothing whatever in common. The mere facts that they are

certain very much mixed ly conventional sense, my Lieutenant R. E. Peary, of the United States Navy, who has already made a trip into the interior of Greenland, is about to start on another expedition to flud the northern extremity of that country. There is no intention of trying to reach contrary, I find them profoundly uninter-esting, and as for the "Great Statesmen" esing, and as for and "Great Statesmen" whom they occasionally send over, on a return ticket, well, they may be great statesmen "over there," just as "over there," as I am informed, the common there," as I am informed, the common Scotch thistle sometimes forgets that it is a weed, and lifts its head with something like the magnificence of a forest shrub. But "over here," as distinguished from "over there," they always appear to me very like what any British vestryman might be, if what any British vestryman might be, if he had been watered a little more (well, yes, and perhaps scaped a little more), and grown under a bell glass-just about the difference, in fact, between a cauliflower bought at Les Halles and a cauliflower bought at Covent-garden. If, therefore, the emancipation of the Colonies is desir

THE DEMON JEALOUSY.

#### How It Feparated a New York Couple.

Fears, Tender Missives, Poison and & Stomach Pump Play Important Heles in a Romance of Real Life-Pretty Termination of a "Little Family Affair,"

They were the happiest married couple

There are doubless many advantages in a Newfoundlander, but I happen to be a much-enduring taxpayer of the dispute, and wish from the bottom of my heart that the Newfoundlanders. Not, of course, that I consider Newfoundland's going or staying of much consequence in itself; but the example would be an exclusively british view of the dispute, and the example would be an exclusively british view of the dispute, and wish grant and state the painter. Not, of course, the example would be an exclusively and the painter. Newfoundlander is the dispute, and wish grant and course, the explanation of the properties and wish from the bottom of my heart that the Newfoundlander Newfoundland's going or staying of much consequence in itself; but as Ella Wassmann couldn't help but comes home early nights and give up his money every Saturday with the seal on the pay envelope unbroken. Fred was a packer in the brass foundry of John Oroder, 225 Canal streat and when his atthe dis will come into quite a bit of money. Ella's parents live in Essex street.

The Wassmanns had no children and no intimate friends, save a big policeman, who figures in the story only as Billy, and to whom they confided their occasional small troubles. Billy's eyes nearly bulged small troubles. Billy's eyes nearly bulged from their sockets in astonishment when he heard what happened a few days ago. From no cause at all, except perhaps the supersensitiveness that accompanies such deep mutual affection, a cloud came upon the Wassmanns' honeymoon. It became such a big cloud finally that it threatened all of a sudden to send both husband and all of a sudden to send both husband and wife broken hearted to a common grave.

Three weeks ago Fred stayed an Three weeks ago Fred stayed away irom work one day on the plea of sickness. He never told his wife about it, no one knows why, and when Ella accidentally discovered it the whole fabric of their marital happipetually squalling) babyhood, and if we get no credit out of them, I am sure we get no cash. On the contrary we are always being compelled to put our hands in our pockets on account of these British bant lings and ne'er do wells, till they learn to set up for themselves and run on their own 

It is said that trade follows the flag. there could be no other explanation. There never was such nonsense. Trade all men did sooner or later, sad-eyed follows the language, naturally, when there is no interference. Herein there women had told her. She didn't believe them then, but it must be true, she thought

When Fred was away, Ella oried all day, but she was too prond to let him know it. She had a brave face when her husband came home, but she was quieter than usual and Fred thought she was cold. Then be began to brood. He was only a working. man, he thought. Perhaps some one better locking and better dressed, some one better locking and better dressed, some rich man's son, had taken his darling's fancy. So the breach widened. It doesn't take So the breach widened. It doesn't taken much to make trouble between husband and wife when once suspicion or jealousy

and while when once suspicion or jakousy enters the door. When Fred came home from work Mon-day night his wife was gone. No suppor had been prepared. He gasped at fice, and then he made uphis mind to the awful truth bis wife had desorted bim. He trath-his wife had deserted him. Ha packed his best suit of clothes and a few other things in the values and left the house. He spent that night with a fellow workman who lives in the neighborhood. MES Wassmann came home late from a visit to ner mother at 167 Essex street. her mother at 167 Essex street. She almost ran up the stairs, only to find the rooms dark and deserted. She sobbed her-self to sleep that night, and Tuesday wents to the brass foundry. Fred had not been at work. He could not work. He was walking the streets trying to that out the at work. He could not work. He was walking the streets trying to shut out the awful thoughts that crowded into his brain. But his absence confirmed the heart broken wife's suspicions, and she went home and wrote this letter :

DEAR FRED, -I see ycu took your suit and 1 Cau see all hope is lost with me. You know x cance live without your love, so I will end it all when I have the courage. I have waited with your supper for you until I looked in the closed and saw that you took your clothes, and that settled me. Good-bye, darling: dear, dear love. settled me. Good bye, daring idear, dear love, good-bye. God bless you and the one you love. I have nothing against you. Good-bye. Your ever faithful wife, P. S. -Don't think hard of me. At the foot of Market street is my grave. Market street is my grave. Ella pinned this letter to the tableclotia and then went to Essex street to cry here eyes out at her mother's knee, as she did when a little girl. But Fred had shut out the thoughts of death in the river, and the Pietol and the cope, and he went home Wednesday, thinking that perhaps his Eills had come back, and knowing that if he only six her dear face once more he would forgive everything. Then he found the letter. the letter. He sought blue coated Billy and the policeman told him that it would all come out right and to go home and wait for his wife neul character. wife until she came. This cheered Fred a little and he went to his lonely home and little and he went to his lonely home and waited. But no Ella came. Yesterday morning about 9 o'clock the dark thoughts had crowded all the hope and desire for life out of Fred's brain. He found some Paris green in a closet. His wife had bought it to kill roaches, and he smiled grimly as the recollection as he mixed it in a one and drank it off. grinny at the reconcerton as he maked to have a cup and drank it off. Arzenical poisoning is very painful, and Arsenical poisoning is very painful, and although Fred lay down on the floor to die he was very soon rolling around in terrible pain and crying lustily for aid. The neigh-bors heard him and an ambulance ratiled up and Fred was taken to Gouverneur Hospital. Dr. L. F. Donohue applied the stomach mum an vigoronaly that Fred will Hospital. Dr. L. F. Donohue applied the stomach pump so vigorously that Fred will live, and he is very glad of it now. A neighbor went to Mrs. Wassmann's mother when Fred was taken to the hospi-tal and told Ella all about it. She rushed to his bedside in ward 12. There were to his bedside in ward 12. There were shricks and tears, explanations and em Baricess and Hears, explanations and em-braces and finally eternal protestations of fidelity and affection. There is no more jealousy or suspicion in the Wassmann household. Fred is pretty sick but very happy, and Ella, betwixt smiles and tears, is bustling about the apartments on Madi-on streat making them brighter and prois busting about the apartments on Madi-son street, making them brighter and pre-tier than ever before against tomorrow's midday, for then Fred will be well enough to leave the hospital, and the honeymoon of the Wassmanns will enter on its second torm — N. V. Recorder. term.-N. Y. Recorder.

# books for their use. He says that when he is quite worn out with active work he will come and build a hermitage near Haddo House and write books for and about his Indians. I wonder if he will write for Onward and Upward. Some day I must tell you of other mis-sions amongst the Indians, of the Church of England's mission and of our Presby-terian Church mission, which are doing splendid work, and for which I would like to ask your support. To day I have simply told you our experience of one who is surely following Christ, if ever man did,

and taking his message of love and meroy to dark souls, and to whom therefore all to dark souls, and to whom therefore all Christians can with heart and soul say, "God speed." Meanwhile I must tell you how Mr. Barolay joined with Pere Lacombe in telling us of the Northwest. He had gone with the Canadian troops as chaplain, on this expe-dition to quell the last insurrection amongst the half-breeds, and we were told on all hands how magnificent his tall, manly figure looked in uniform, and how his con-duct with the troops won for him universal duct with the troops won for him universal respect. I wish you could have heard him describing the services he had in far outdescribing the services he had in far out-of the way places on the Sabbaths. The military band led the Psalms and hymns, and the host of men's voices rose up in the open air where divine worship had never

before awakened echoes, and amongst the worshippers were found lonely settlers who had for years been far from any church, and who hailed this opportunity of joining

oakes until the little paper bag was emp-tied, and then, squeezing is into a ball, she cast it on the floor. Her unconsciousness was the most singular part of the whole performance, for not a sign escaped her that she was doing anything uncommon or that the attention of the crowded public them beyond their destination in their desire to see the end of the performance.

Persistent in His Doings. New York Herald: Sanso-The young fool wouldn's listen to reason. He tram-pled all family and social ties under foot and went on the stage. Rodd - And what is he doing now?

Sanso-Still trampling ties under footrailroad ties.

Under Ground. Bridges-How is your son getting on with that paper he is running? Brooks-Well, he got it so far under ground that he's had to change its name from the Setting Sun to the Colliers' Gazette.

Might Object.

New York Herald : Maud-This book New Fork Heraid: Maud—This book on "Health" says young girls who wish to have bright eyes and rosy checks should take a tramp through the woods each morning before breakfast.

Gladys-'Spose the tramp should object?

Small Profits.

New York Times: Drug Clerk (to stranger) – What do you wish, sir? Stranger – I wish you "good morning," sir. Where is your directory? Clerk (to

LUCKY are the women who live in New Both Wales. Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier, announced in Parliament yester-day that his Government would introduce a Bill providing for their enfracchisement. —The salaries of New York school teach-the are year noor the vacations in a year

-The sataries of New York sonool teach and laying his hand on his knee, asked him ers are very poor, the vacations in a year amount to about three months, and the inconveniences they suffer are keener than the world is aware. and laying his hand on his knee, asked him how he was The boy jumped up in a fury, and seizing a knife, made a lunge at the missionary, which, fortunately, the latter eluded by a rapid movement. The boy

ing them of the love of the Father. Only once, he told us, was he in momentary danger from any Indian. An Indian lad had been failing into bad ways, and Father Lacombe told him that if he persisted in the damage of the second second

these ways he would surely reap the fruits of his sin. A few days later the boy was ill, and Father Lacombe went to see him, and laying his hand on his knee, asked him how he was. The boy immed an in the first

There is no intention of trying to reach the North Pole, but simply to explore the unknown northern coast of Greenland, and set at rest the question whether that country is a continent or an island. To accomplish this purpose Lieutenant Peary proposes to start with sledges and a well equipped party over the inland ice from the neighborhood of Smith Sound and to trail alout of Smith ice from the neighborhood of Build Sound, and to travel along the margin of the ice within sight of the west coast of Greenland to its northern limit. Peary's anter the state of the state past experience will be useful in this enter prise, and the establishment of depote along the route, well stocked with provisions, will be of material advantage. Geographers are agreed as to the impor-tance of completing the map of Greenland, especially its northern boundary; and past efforts show that nothing more in this direction is to be constitution. sions, will

direction is to be expected by the Robeson Channel route. The successful journey of Dr. Namen across Greenland in 1888 is evidence in favor of the feasibility of using the inland ice as a means of travel, and the daring Peary has certainly a fair prospect of success.

One Customer Found.

New York Weekly : Stranger-Have you Rudyard Kipling's oriticism of Chicago ? Chicago Dealer-Yes, sir. Don's see behaves the second seco

#### In No Danger

Mrs. Chugwater-Look out, Josiah ! I'm going to throw at those hens. Mr. Chugwater (alarmed)-Where are they? "Right behind you."

(Relieved)-Fire away Samantha, fire away.

### Is There a Hitch

The Rochester Herald of yesterday said : The Canadian Pacific has not got into New York yet, if the reports are true. Opposition on the part of the Lake Shore and Michigan Central portions of the Van-derbilt system may lead to a revision of derbilt system may lead to a revision of the agreement between the New York Central and Canadian Pacific.

the emancipation of the Colonies is desirthe emancipation of the Colonies is desir-able on other grounds, I see no reason to oppose it on the ground of sentiment. Sofar, in fact, as I can see, the main thing in common between Englishmen and Colonists is the bad language which they both use in moments of irritation. Now, a curse is a trumper, thing to be continued.

both use in moments of irritation. Now, a ourse is a transpery thing to be sentimental about. As for the Colonists themselves, I cannot for the life of me understand how they can be content to go on in their present hobbledehoy garments, trundling their little one horse chaises of countries which are the furgement of the approximation of the sentiments. their little one-horse chaises of countries which not one European out of ten can spot without he sid of a map. Howsver, that is the Colonists' own affair. I don't want to hurry them ont of knickerbookers and to stir them up to the dignity of a latch.key, if they do not themselves feel old enough. Personally (but, of course, it is a mere matter of taste), it seems to me preferable to be the native of a country of some sort than to be merely the native of some country's back garden. I don't think I should care much to be a native of a South American Republic. But I would sooner (at least when no revolution was sconer (at least when no revolution was going on) be a native of a South American Republic than a mere colonist of any kind. Republic than a mere colonist of any kind. As a Chilian, a Peruvian, or a Brazilian, I think I could hold up my head. Now, I really don't think I could as a New South Welshman, or rather New South Welsh boy. But, as I said before, it is all a matter of taste. If a man likes to be all his days a hobbledehoy, let him.

The orisis in the Lisbon Cabinet has The Dominion Trades Congress will petition the Dominion Government to pro-bibit the importation of Chinese labor.

been settled.