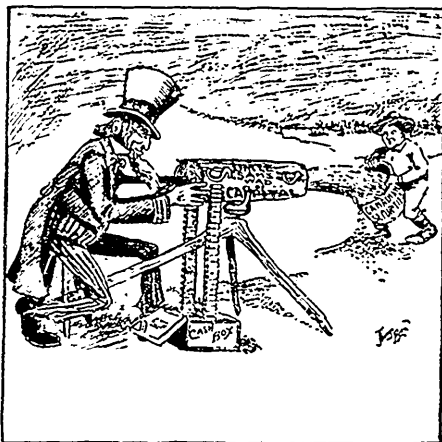


have failed to accomplish by fiscal expedients in later times, and all they have achieved has been their own d'scomfiture."



THE NEW AMERICAN INVASION.

JOHNNY CANUCK: "Fire away, Uncle Sam! I can stand any amount of this kind of thing. It's capital!"

—The Daily Witness, Montreal.

The late General Grant once asked the present writer if there was much sentiment in favour of annexation in Canada. We replied that there was not, that we were too democratic a people to wish annexation with the United States. The General laughed and asked us how we made that out. We rejoined that the Government was much more directly amenable to the popular will in Canada than it was in the United States, that if any Government in the Dominion could not command the majority of the Legislature it had to step out of power at once, whereas the President could not be deposed except by impeachment. The General laughed, and offered us a cigar (which we declined), and changed the subject.

THE STRIKE THAT FAILED.

The collapsed steel strike was one of the most disastrous in history. Seventy thousand skilled workmen not only lost the earnings of many weeks, but have been heavily burdened with debt. The total loss is estimated at \$25,000,000, but worse than this is the bitterness of feeling which has been engendered, and the widening of the breach between employer and employees. The walking delegate is often a walking nuisance, egging men on to strike against their better judgment, and as often as not failing to secure the object at which they aimed. Surely the resources of civilization can provide some court of conciliation that shall prevent such disastrous civil war.

SAFEGUARDING CIVILIZATION.

The American press is loudly demanding the suppression of anarchists who are in the country, and the exclusion of those who seek to come. In this it is quite within its rights. The safety of the people is the supreme end of government. Quarantine is established to exclude the germs of cholera and plague, much more should diligence be observed to exclude the more deadly microbes of anarchy and murder.



PUT THEM OUT AND KEEP THEM OUT.

—New York Tribune.

THE SINGER.

How sweet in all her ways is she
Who sings me songs of chivalry,
Of love, romance and courtesy,

As, pausing oft, we wander by
Her lake, where birchen shadows lie
In mazes that repeat the sky!

She sings them all so well, I see
Their wildly-castled scenery,
Their towers looking down on me;

And I become her knight, and bear
Within my heart her image fair—
All deeds for her to do and dare.

She knows they have a charm for me—
Who knows but I was born to be
Alive to such old balladry?

But deeply would she blush to know
How much to her pure lips they owe,
Her eyes that glance and cheeks that glow.

—Ralph H. Shaw.