



THE COLONEL DELIVERS JUDGMENT.

"We ought to be content with our lot in spite of what a few pessimists may say about terrible depression in Canada. Our country is progressive, and I do not think we have anything to grumble about."—Col. Denison's 1st of July oration.

TRULY LOYAL.

AN ACROSTIC.

BRAVE hearts for their country will never despair
Or succumb to the traitor's demand,
On high wave the flag—keep it flaunting up there,
Don't forget that the loyal the offices share,
Let every true patriot boldly prepare
Ever firm for his chances to stand.

For the country which helps us a living to gain,
Out of other men's earnings by muscle or brain,
Right up to the handle we're bound to maintain.

Exertion is difficult—easy to shout
"Victoria!" "Rah for the Flag!"
Ever keeping in mind that should trouble break out,
Real patriots can fight while we brag.

GIVING UP BUSINESS.

(CIRCULAR.)

To the Protected Manufacturers, Railroad Corporations
and other Monopolists of Canada:

THE Pinkerton Detective Agency, anticipating in the near future their withdrawal from the United States, owing to the prevalence of conditions unfavorable to their business, offer to Canadian monopolists the balance of their stock in trade at considerably reduced rates. No manufacturer who desires to be abreast of the age should be without a private army, warranted to fire without the slightest provocation, and thereby facilitate the settlement of labor disputes. Annexationists,

dudes and other unpopular persons provided with escorts, and secured against mob violence.

A remnant of our force, somewhat damaged by exposure to fire at Pittsburgh, Pa., will be disposed of on specially favorable terms. No reasonable offer refused.

A job lot of politicians and judges, warranted unsound, for whose valuable services we have no further use, can be had exceedingly cheap.

As the demand for perjurers is active in the United States in connection with divorce court proceedings, we have only a few remaining in stock, and those wishing to secure them should apply at once.

CHICAGO, July 9, '92.

A DRAMATIC SITUATION.

MUSING on the stormy ocean
Stood a youth and maiden fair,
Billow roared at billow hoarsely,
Still no word was uttered there.
He was young and she was younger
And the ancient hoary sea
Saw them standing side by side there
While it roared its boisterous glee.
Surges rolled in, saw them standing,
Split with laughter on the shore,
But no sound the stillness awakened
Save that never ceasing roar.
Silent were the youth and maiden
Thrilled they seemed with thought intense
Till an hour sped, then he whispered,
"Golly, isn't it immense."