

That this meeting is of the opinion that upon the maintenance of the N.P. the prosperity of Canada depends, and can only be continued by the success of the Conservative sparity, the tariff policy of the Opposition being uncertain and indefinite.

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ing and evasive.

Rich in thy years, yet poor in earth's conceits, You stand alone, the foremost in the land, An honest man that triumplis and defeats Has te'en with equal grace from Fertune's hand.

hand. O. uncrowned King of this domain of ours. Why should doubt ver that generous heart of thine When thou must know that we but count the hours Till we shall send thes a fond Valentine In the shape of a good, robust majority of about thirty.

about thirty. TO HON. EDWARD ELAKE, Dear Edward, do not vex thy soul O'ar matters thou eanst not control, Do not worry, do not fret After that thou eanst not get; Learn to labor and to wait Patiently outside the gate, And if thou wilt cease to cry We promise to call upon these to govern country in the vague and vapory s bye-and-bye. However, if the 22nd is fine We won't neglect to send these Tory Valer

TO CANON FARRER. You're a big gun, and you're loaded to kill. No Opposition to Bir John in Carleton.

Scott! Who would have thought You would e'er turn to run us down the hill. Just as on we had caught.

LONDON, Ont., Feb. 11.—The Liberals of his dity had a great demonstration and torch light procession to-night in honor of the Hon. Edward Blake. After marching through the opena House where speed Mr. Blake A

light procession to night in honor of the Hon. Edward Blake. After marching through the principal streets, they proceeded to the Grand Opers House where speeches were made by Mr. Blake, Mr. C. S. Hyman, the Liberal candidate for this city, and several ether local That goes up our nose with a "sizz"

light wine We'll get Moses Oates to send you fruity, Catawba Valentine.

TO DALTON MCCARTHY.

As the piace where scales are plonty To the piace where good fat is vors Shall reward the faithful worker. Mean while, Dalton, will you tell us If the boodle the Globe prates of Is conceled in the small hand bag Which you always carry with you,

TO SIR CHARLES TUPPER Where Fundy's ide two times a day Bents an iron strand, Where coal crops up and codifab bring Their livers is the land.

You, great sledge-hammer worker, sta Proud Nova Sectar son, Before whom foemon cower and quail, And mean seegabers run. vital and whole pel-

The Conservative Party You Bot Your life, Won't take any such advice. And if you don't at least let us have

TO DALTON MOCARTHY. From the home of the cold north wind, From the wilds of far North Simcoc. Where the bayseeders, the grangers; Smite then with the stroke of winter Comest thou forth with words of wisdom To discuss the suring issues Now dividing all the wigwams, And a people true, big-hearted Leok with love on thee, O Dalton, As the brave who yet will lead them To the clace where seeing are plonty.

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