



ARMING FOR THE FRAY.

people love to make sacrifices for the Old Flag, and the tariff might be gradually lowered."

SIR F.—"Gradually! Oh, that would never suit at all. The only condition upon which the English people would even consider the matter would be immediate and complete free trade."

COL. McN.—"Our manufacturing interests would strongly oppose it, but there would be compensating advantages that would secure support in other quarters. Of course England would discriminate in favor of our imports, as against those from foreign countries—"

SIR F.—"Good gracious! What are you talking about?"

COL. McN.—"Certainly the idea is that England would put a duty on American and Russian breadstuffs, so as to give us the advantage."

SIR F.—"What! re-impose the Corn Laws! Never heard of anything more preposterous in my life! Absurd, sir! Why, if I were to get up on a platform and propose such a thing I'd be hooted down—perhaps mobbed."

COL. McN.—"What! you want to ruin our manufacturers by flooding us with cheap goods and give us no advantage over the Yankees! Is it possible that in England the question is regarded in this sordid narrow spirit? Consider the prestige of the Empire—the glory of the Old Flag."

SIR F.—"Old Flag! Rot and nonsense! We're practical business people in England, and we look at things from a business standpoint. If we can make

more from dealing with Yankees or Russians than out of colonial trade what do we care about the prestige of the Empire?"

COL. McN. (*hotly*)—"You're a traitor, sir!"

SIR F.—"And you're a fool, sir!"

### THE NIGHTS GONE BY.

AFTER (YOU) RILEY.

OH! the nights gone by! Oh! the nights gone by!  
With their hours of wild carousal on an ocean-tide of rye!  
The apprehensive married man, with home reflections pressed,  
And thoughts of what his wife would say, that caused him much unrest;  
When the floor seemed grown with clover, and the ceiling seemed a sky,  
And we all were half-seas over in the genial nights gone by!

Oh! the nights gone by! Oh! the nights gone by!  
When all without was aqueous and all within were dry;  
The song that Williams used to sing about a little tart  
His mother made; that, sung full oft, ne'er failed to reach the heart.

The Ben Jonsonian chorus with its Bacchanalian tie,  
And the spell it wafted o'er us in the jovial nights gone by!

Oh! the nights gone by! Oh! the nights gone by!  
They were nothing to the mornings in the "coming thro' the rye";  
The recollections of the hour—that bore ironic sting—  
That held a total, reckless disregard of everything;  
The head swelled out of measure and the lips so parched and dry—  
The sequel of the pleasure of the happy nights gone by!

CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

Ottawa, Canada.

### JOHN IRWIN'S AMBITION.

(ADAPTED FROM HORACE.)

WHAT does John Irwin modestly desire?  
What boon from Fate and aldermen require?  
He does not ask the grounds where turbid Don  
Or Humber's stream glide slow meandering on.  
He asks that Island Park shall bear his name,  
That thus posterity may learn his fame.  
Grant Irwin this he's amply satisfied,  
And scorns whatever Fate may give beside.



THE POP GUN.

MR. SPOONEY—"Oh, Maria, be considerate and put me out of my misery at once!"

MARIA—"I will; you stay there till I get t revolver."