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Lords, are rather rough in their language occasionally. The reports this week are full of personalities of a kind almost out of date in the Common Council. Mr. Hibbard, for example, twits the Carleton County railway men with having stolen \$22,000 from the Province, and Mr. Lindsay twits Mr. Hibbard with having legislated a mining grab into his own pocket. The reports give many other minor samples of "spicy" language from the lips of the venerable Councillors, and we are forced to the conviction that they take this plan of proving that they are as worthy of popular confidence as the members of the Lower House.

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JUSTICE REWARDED. Up with your head, poor down-cast Kent,
Your importuning days are spent;
No more you'll need to represent
Your railway claim
Your delegations, often sent,
Are freed from blame.

At last your wrongs are all redressed, Friends have proved true so long professed Now will your Branch be built and blessed With prosperity, Since Fraser kindly has expressed His "sympathy."

Throw off despair's black chilling shro Retract the vengeance you have vowed. Though long in grief your sons were bo They'll now be free— Since Fraser has proclaimed aloud His sympathy.

Away with horses now, so slow,
Steam engines will speed to and fro;
A stream of trade will overflow
Kent like a sea;
Since generous Fraser did bestow
His sympathy.