



"GET A MOVE ON!"

THE FEDERATIONISTS' OPPORTUNITY.

THE time seems ripe for McCarthy, Denison and Co. to strike a blow for Imperial Federation. Canada has just placed herself in the position of a Hebrew servant who has elected to remain in her master's household forever. Her ear has been bored to the old flagstaff by Sir John A. Macdonald, and there is now no reason why England should withhold from her a place in the Imperial kitchen, and access to the pots, pans and kettles of the scullionship she has chosen. She has made great sacrifices to secure this position of dependence. The Yankees fought on account of a small tax on tea, but Canada has re-imposed on herself a high tax on everything in order to avoid even the appearance of the evil of separation. It would be a shame to allow the monopolists to monopolise the whole benefit from such a loyal determination to be bled to death for the old flag. Let the Federationists seize the golden opportunity to consolidate their forces and march to victory. Let them show by thus rallying round it that the Union Jack has not lost its nobler attractions, in having lately served as an auctioneer's banner to gather a vulture crew where a Judas politician sold his countrymen for 30 cents on the dollar.

By taking timely action in urging the claims of Canada's noble self-sacrifice, important concessions could doubtless be obtained from Great Britain. Perhaps it would be too much to expect preferential trade, that Archimedean standpoint from which the Federation cranks expect to move the Old and New Worlds into juxtaposition. But other favors almost equally desirable may be readily secured. There is the matter of court presentation. I have no doubt our noble Queen would be willing to permit Canadians the same privileges now enjoyed by Americans, so that the lowly-born might not be barred from the Royal Presence merely on account of the accident of loyalty. Or if court etiquette be found too rigid to allow an obscure subject to kiss Her Majesty's hand, the Imperial great toe might be specially set apart for colonial osculation. Thus might the humblest Canadian find access to Royalty's Holy of Holies. This would be indeed a great concession, and among so sentimental a people as ours, would perhaps alone outweigh the pecuniary disadvantages of union on a free trade basis.

Then again it might become Canada's proud privilege to support some branches of the Royal Family. Grandchildren not in the direct line of succession, such as are at present outlawed from the Imperial Exchequer, might be given seats in the Canadian Senate, so that our plebian institution, now a byword and laughing stock, could be enriched from the stock of kings, and become in time the rival in august inutility of the House of Lords itself.

Such are some of the glorious boons it is in the power of the Federationists to secure for the Dominion, and by so doing earn for themselves the undying gratitude of their country. It is given to them to shape the destiny of this land in a manner worthy of its U.E.L. founders. Canada as a republic could have no future before her which would not be overshadowed and belittled by her southern neighbor. But as a transatlantic repository of old world ideas, kingship, lordship, class distinctions of every sort, as a kind of political junkshop, or antiquarian museum, where old cast-off fetters, and missing links of civilization may be displayed in all their harmless desuetude, her career may be pre-eminently unique, interesting and instructive.

WILLIAM MCGILL.

IN DAYS OF OLD.

O'BRIEN—"Yis, sor, as I was sayin', me family is descided from Brian Boru, wan av the ould ancient kings av Ireland in the days fwhin she was an independent nation, an' the bloody murderin' Saxons was nothin' but savages."

MULLIGAN—"Sure, I'm descided mesilf from the Earl of Innishowen, more betoken."

O'BRIEN—"Av coorse! Ivery thrue Irishman can thrace back his ancistors to kings an' earls an' jukes an' the likes av thim in the days av ould."

(A Pause.)

MULLIGAN—"Say, Pat!"

O'BRIEN—"Fwhat?"

MULLIGAN—"I'm thinkin' that av a felly had lived in thim days it wud have been a foiner sight entoirely to see about two dozen av thim kings an' earls workin' on the railroad, wid their golden crowns an' illigant robes hangin' up on the finces contagious."

GO-AT HIM.

THE *Labor Advocate*, commenting on the fact of Mr. Coatsworth, M.P., for East Toronto, having given a pledge to support an eight hour measure predicts that the capitalists will do their best to knife him if he keeps his promise and adds, "We only wish that we could feel equally certain that if he violates it the workmen, without distinction of party, would down him on the first opportunity. They could if they would but——" What does the *L. A.* take the workingmen of this city for anyway? Goats?

CAN SUCH THINGS BE?

SAMJONES—"Awful affair, that murder!"

JIMKINS—"What murder? Hadn't heard of any."

SAMJONES—"Why, the murder of Dean, whose remains were discovered tightly sealed up in a tin box."

JIMKINS—"You don't tell me. What Dean was that though?"

SAMJONES—"What Dean? Why sar-dine!"