

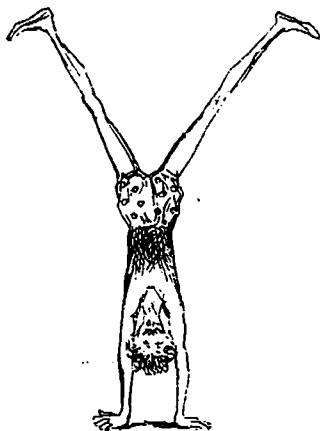
ever, and we expect to receive word by the next mail that Messrs. Denison, McCarthy & Co., have permanently retired from the business of reorganizing the British Empire.

HIS Lordship on the same occasion expressed the fear that the scheme of unrestricted Reciprocity between Canada and the United States, while it would probably prove a good thing for Canada commercially, might be regarded by Great Britain as a moral affront. We trust not. We would be sorry to give Mr. Bull any pain in his finer feelings, but really, you know, if we can get Reciprocity on reasonable and honorable terms, the old gentleman across the water will have to try and reconcile himself to it. If Lord Lansdowne will kindly call and explain to Mr. Bull, when he goes home, that we have a tremendous debt to struggle with and cannot struggle successfully unless we get a bigger market, he will understand that we *must* have Reciprocity—unless we can get what is still better, Free Trade with the world, but which is too much to hope for at present.

WE gladly welcome the Crofters to Canada, and only wish we could assure them that on coming to our shores they are in very truth coming to the land of the free—which phrase if it means anything ought to mean a land free from land-“lords.” The Crofters are driven from their native Highlands because, in the eye of the law of Britain, those Highlands were made by a wise Creator for Lady Mathison and a few other superior human beings, and these “owners” of Scotland prefer sheep and deer to Crofters. When they land in our North-West will they find themselves the free tenants of the state, secure in their holding so long as they pay a fair rental value for the land they occupy? We trust they may, and there is no reason why they should not be so accommodated, as there is an abundance of land not as yet “owned” by any individual. But we greatly fear that the poor Crofters will have no such luck. They will probably have to pay rent to some Canadian landlord, who is clothed with greater powers of ejection than Lady Mathison possesses.

AN ODE.

BY OUR OWN LAUREATE.



And she has done it all because
She's loved her people so!

Then let the small boy shout with glee,
Let the fire-crackers roar—
But do it where no cop will see,
And where there ain't no straw (r)!

AH!—that's to say, hip, hip,
hurrah!
For the glorious twenty-fourth;
The date that some years back
first saw
Victoria's gracious birth!
How good of our illustrious
Queen
Thus to ennoble May,
By condescending to be born
Upon that common day!
How ably she has ruled the
State
For fifty years or more,
By holding levees for the great
And weeping for the poor.
How wisely she has made our
laws,
And conquered every foe,



SPRING CHICKEN AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE!

THE OLD FLAG.

(OVER THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE.)

To His Excellency the Marquis of Lansdowne, Greeting

YOUR Excellency! once again,
With feeble gait and slow,
I've tumbled up my tottering mast,
To greet you ere you go.

No flimsy flag of modern day
Now claims your listening ear;
Age lendeth weight to all I say,
For many a bygone year
Hath into silence passed away,
And left me floating here!

With colors faded, tattered edge,—
One corner torn away,—
Thy British heart is fluttering still
With loyal pride to-day.

Not first to thee, vice-regal guest!
A welcome I proclaim,
How throngs my mind with memories dear
With every honored name
Of gov'nors, who, in days gone by,
To our fair city came!

Long ere Lord Lisgar trod our shore,
I floated on the breeze;
To Dufferin I greeting gave,
Lorne welcomed, and Louise.



Now Stanley comes. I'll wave when he
Shall shortly from us sever;
For gov'nors come and gov'nors go,
But I float on for ever!

Say not: we've no antiquity!
Thy trembling tatters show it;—
The emblems of true British pluck,
And—of the thrift of Mowat!

CARET.

LACTEAL.

MOTHER—He is one of nature's noblemen. He is full of the milk of human kindness.
Daughter—I knew he was full of something, but I thought it was milk punch.