



A FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.

John Bull—PON ME SOUL, YOU WOULD TAKE THEM TO BE BROTHERS!

Columbia—ISN'T IT WONDERFUL AFTER WE'VE BEEN STRANGERS FOR ALL THESE YEARS?

—*Rambler.*

interest in the question to proceed to England, on the announcement of the dissolution of Parliament, and take an active part in the salvation of the integrity of the Empire. It became my duty to exclude Mr. Gladstone from office, and I did so. It was a painful duty, but I did it. To everything explosive in the realm he had applied his match, and there would no doubt have been an appalling catastrophe had I not arrived in the nick of time. I relegated him to the cool shades of Hawardon, where I trust his internal machinations against his country will pass away in the impotency of postal cards, and in his place I put the Marquis of Salisbury and Lord Randolph Churchill. I then returned to Canada with the consciousness of having served my day and generation. But I am not here to make a speech, ladies and gentlemen; I am here simply to introduce to you the distinguished gentlemen who are to discuss in your presence this great question of Home Rule. Speakers representing both sides have already addressed Canadian audiences, but upon separate platforms and occasions. It has been thought well to have the issue discussed fairly in the form of a debate, and the distinguished orators of this evening have therefore been secured for that purpose. Mr. Phelim O'Terence Muldoon, of Ballywhack,

County Kerry, will on this occasion represent the Home Rule view, and Mr. John McKoy, of Londonderry, Ulster, will speak for the Loyalist cause. I trust you will give the arguments advanced your very best attention. I will now have the honor to introduce Mr. Muldoon.

MR. MULDOON:—Misther Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. I am plazed to sthand before yez and to plade the cause av poor ould, down-throdden, persecuted Oireland, that for long ages has groaned under the iron heel av oppression, and with inaudible voice and in incoherent accints has cried loudly and distinctly for justice. Sir, what is the raison that Oireland shouldn't be free the same as Tasmania, California, Parkdale, or any other civilized country? Do yez tell me that Oireland doesn't knowenough to take care av herself? Am I towld that Oirishmin are not fit for self-governmint? It's not thrue! Look at Patigonia! Isn't that a free country wid a good government, and isn't it Oirish? What else wud it be, wid the name av Paddygonia? I scorn wid all the vehemence av pathriotic vehemency, the libel they wud put on me counthrymen whin they say we couldn't work the machiane av we had the chance. Luck at America. Luck at the big city av New Yark and tell me who rules that? Oirishmin! Luck where-ever yez likes, and yez 'ill find Oirishmin sittin' on the Boards av Aldermin and in Parlymint and knockin' the spots aff all the rest for brains and spach-makin', and everything else that belongs to a shatesman. Not fit to govern! Begorra, av there's innny man more fit, I wud be plazed to be interjuced to him! And didn't Oirishmin govern Oireland before, when we had a Parlymint on College Green? Tell me that, ye omadhaun!

THE CHAIRMAN—If that remark is jintended for me, Mr. Muldoon, I must ask you to respect the amenities of debate. We cannot permit insulting language.

(To be continued.)

RIPPLES.

"WELL, Pat, and what do you think of this Italian, Dr. Succì's, way of living on next to nothing?"

"Och, Sir, it's a great thing intoirely; that is, if it's Succì-ssful."

AN English clergyman was, the other day, pursued through the streets of the village over whose spiritual welfare he presides, by his irate wife, armed with a cricket stump. He might better have remained a bat-chelor.

UNDER prohibition, the largest saloon in Raleigh, S.C., has been turned into a shoe factory.

That is, when the *last* glass has been drunk, the business winds up, all things *whisk* about, and shoemakers begin to brandish the awl in the altered rooms.

THE charge of overpraising Kansas' plains
So vigorously Blake has sent to grass,
That his detractors soon must own that he
Is not the sort of man that they *can* "sass."

J. H. B.