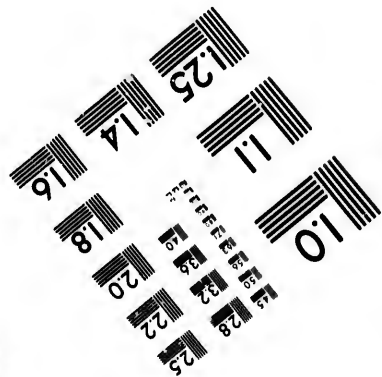
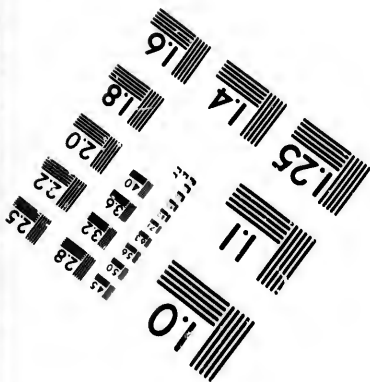
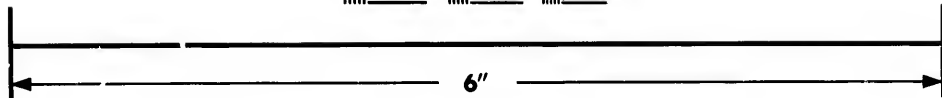
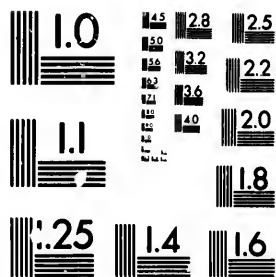


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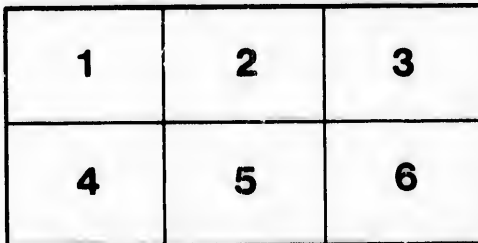
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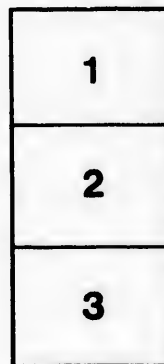
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# IMPERIAL BRITAIN:

A PATRIOTIC DRAMA.

SUITABLE FOR

PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

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BY W. M. McVICAR,

*Principal Annapolis High School, N. S.*

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AUG 6 1931

## To my Fellow Teachers.

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THIS short drama is placed before you at your request. It was prepared for especial use at home, during the few leisure hours of a busy school season. As there were days, and sometimes weeks, in which the pen could not be taken up, the author trusts indulgent friends will overlook lack of unity in treatment, and any inconsistency of character. If, through this work, our youth are aided in acquiring a higher and truer conception of their grand inheritance as members of the great British Family, the aim of the author is secured.

W. M. McV.



**CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.**

---

BRITANNIA.  
JOHN BULL.  
UNCLE SAM.  
CANADA.  
ONTARIO.  
QUEBEC.  
NEW BRUNSWICK.  
NOVA SCOTIA.  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.  
MANITOBA.  
BRITISH COLUMBIA.  
NEWFOUNDLAND.  
WEST INDIES.  
BRITISH AFRICA.

AUSTRALIA.  
NEW SOUTH WALES.  
VICTORIA.  
QUEENSLAND.  
SOUTH AUSTRALIA.  
WEST AUSTRALIA.  
TASMANIA.  
NEW ZEALAND.  
MALTA.  
EGYPT.  
BURMA.  
EASTERN ISLES.  
INDIA.

---

**SUGGESTIONS FOR  
CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.**

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- BRITANNIA.** Tall and stately figure draped with British flag, blue stockings, white slippers, Phrygian cap with red, white and blue feather, and holding a trident five or six feet in length.
- JOHN BULL.** Her man of all work. Should be a stout figure. Dress : blue-black dress coat, red vest, buff breeches, half boots with buff tops, short silk hat, red handkerchief conspicuous, stock for neck.
- UNCLE SAM.** A taller figure, sinewy and active. Dress : blue dress coat, blue vest with white stars, striped red and white pants strapped under boots, tall white beaver hat, blue handkerchief, high collar.
- CANADA.** Tall figure draped in white, arms bare, a chaplet of maple leaves, white slippers.
- ONTARIO.** Female figure. Costume at discretion. Students cap and gown is appropriate.
- QUEBEC.** French peasant girl ; blue skirt, white bodice, red jacket, black silk handkerchief over head, white stockings, low shoes.
- NEW BRUNSWICK.** A quiet female figure. Appropriate dress. Cedar trimming to skirt, cedar chaplet.
- NOVA SCOTIA.** Girl, in sailor costume.
- PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.** A Scotch lassie in plaid.
- MANITOBA.** Girl dressed to represent wheat harvest, carrying sickle and sheaf of grain.
- BRITISH COLUMBIA.** Girl, in aboriginal costume.
- NEWFOUNDLAND.** Boy, muffled as if sick. Costume, heavy guernsey frock, trousers inside of knee boots, muffler with several turns around his neck, sou'-wester on head, carrying a dried codfish under his arm.
- WEST INDIES.** Boy, in white suit, straw hat.

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BRITISH AFRICA. Larger boy, in straw hat, red shirt, trousers inside of knee boots, heavy belt with pistols. Carries pick axe.

AUSTRALIA. A tall boy, in blue shirt, Wellington boots, leather belt, slouch hat.

NEW SOUTH WALES, VICTORIA, QUEENSLAND, SOUTH AUSTRALIA, WEST AUSTRALIA, TASMANIA, are smaller boys in same costume or at discretion.

NEW ZEALAND. Boy, in jockey suit.

MALTA. Boy or girl in costume of Knight of Malta ; heavy cloak with hood, and Maltese cross on breast.

EGYPT. A girl wearing short yellow skirt over longer blue one, red bodice, fez, white gauze sash tied over left shoulder reaching to floor, yellow slippers ; wearing abundant jewelry arranged on one shoulder only.

BURMA. Girl, in familiar Burmese dress.

EASTERN ISLES. Girl, in Chinese or Japanese dress.

INDIA. Tall girl, in rich draperies ; arms bare, with heavy bracelets of bands of gold ; jewels abundant, necklace, etc.

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## ACT I.

### ARRIVAL OF GUESTS

SCENE I.—Britannia, John Bull, Uncle Sam.

SCENE II.—Canada and her daughters, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, P. E. Island, Manitoba, British Columbia.

SCENE III.—Uncle Sam, Newfoundland, West Indies.

SCENE IV.—John Bull, British Africa.

SCENE V.—Australia and his sons, New S. Wales, Victoria, Queensland, S. Australia, W. Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand.

SCENE VI.—John Bull, India, Egypt, Burma, Eastern Isles, Malta.

SCENE VII.—John Bull and Uncle Sam.

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## ACT II.

### BRITANNIA'S GRAND RECEPTION.

# IMPERIAL BRITAIN.

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## ACT I.

### ARRIVAL OF GUESTS.

*(Britannia seated. Enter John Bull.)*

*Br.*—Well! John Bull, this is to be a red letter day in my calendar; for I am now expecting my children from the wide world over to gather once more around the old hearth-stone.

*J. B.*—My h'eyes, my lady! Is they all to be 'ome with you to-day?

*Br.*—Yes, John, every one of the dear ones who have been absent from my side, some of them these many years, are to assemble by appointment to cheer their doting mother with their presence.

*J. B.*—Well! Well! Well! H'i am glad to 'ear it, that H'i am. Many and many's the time H'i 'ave said to myself " 'ow H'i should like to see the young masters and misses again." H'i wonder now if they will remember old John Bull who 'as so h'often trotted them on 'is knee, when they was h'only so 'igh. God bless 'em?

*Br.*—No! I assure you John they have not forgotten you; for, in their correspondence with me, every one of them makes frequent mention of your faithful service. I am impatiently awaiting the hour of their arrival, such longing have I to see the children of whom I have grown so proud. I am desirous for you to see very carefully to their comfort during their stay. Let each one feel that a warm welcome is extended to him, and when he goes, have him

entertain the kindest recollection of his visit to the old homestead.

*J. B.*—The werry best, the werry best, my lady, shall be given to h'every blessed child. 'A ven't, H'i played with 'em, and petted 'em and frolicked with 'em when they was in pettycoats, my lady? H'and now depend upon it, that John Bull will see to their comfort when they comes 'ome, —the little dears!

*Br.*—You must not forget, John, that many years have passed since they played with you, and that they are no longer children. Some of them have accumulated wealth, and to-day are men and women of influence, with children of their own to care for.

*J. B.*—You doesn't say so, my lady! You doesn't say so! H'i wonders now if they will put h'on airs with h'old John? H'i 'spects they will, H'i 'spects they will. Some of 'em got 'eaps of money, you say? Well, H'i do 'opes they wont lift up their 'eads afore their h'own blessed mother, what bred 'em, and teached 'em with such particular care, when they wasn't big enough to look after themselves, that H'i does.

*Br.*—I trust John, my good fellow, that they all have benefited by the careful training received in youth, and will not prove ungrateful to the kindness with which I have always treated them. Yet, we must remember, that at times they may act in a way seemingly at variance with my instruction, when they think their own best interests are served by so doing. In spite of such action, John, I have good reason to believe that my children entertain the warmest affection for the motherland, and should we ever require their aid, it will be readily given.

*J. B.*—That h'it will, on course, my lady, that h'it will, H'im sure, if the same blood runs in their veins h'as did when they was boys and girls.

*Br.*—I trust the time may never come when such assistance will be required. Should the necessity unfortunately arise, I feel that there is power in this family when united to awe the boldest into quietude. But, come, John, it is necessary for me to make personal supervision of the preparations, and I wish to consult you in the arrangements.

*J. B.*—H'i'm with you, my lady, to 'elp make the h'old 'ouse as cheerful as possible and put h'every thing in h'apple pie order to welcome the young folks 'ome.

*(They go out.)*

*(Enter Uncle Sam.)*

*U. S.*—"Welcome the young folks home"—eh? So this is the reason of all the hurry and skurry I've seen ever since I set foot on the old soil. Brittany is expectin' the small fry home on a visit, and she is jest layin' herself out to give 'em a bang up reception. If she only knew how we do them things up over the pond, she might talk. Great guns! wouldn't we make the fire-crackers speak and the torpedoes rattle, if this little performance was a goin' on anywhere in the vicinity of the hub of the whole created universe. But I allow the old lady is a little too feeble to stand the noise and confusion. We must make allowance for her years. I wonder now if she would know me, if I went in among the little folk when they were havin' their hand shakin'? I've a mind to try it anyhow. It has been a long time since I've seen the old dame, and perhaps her faculties are so far gone that she won't be able to recall my features. I hope she wont hold any grudge agin me for the tiffs we used to have about the time I set up for myself. That tea party I g'n her over in Boston so many years ago war'nt very agreeable to her feelins, but let by-gones be by-gones, I say, and if Brittany is willin' to bless her eldest, why his head is ready for the benediction.

(*Uncle Sam goes out by the left. Enter by right, Canada, accompanied by the Provinces.*)

*Can.*—Here we are at last, girls, beneath the old roof tree. How familiar everything appears even after so long an absence. This is the home of my childhood's happy hours. Around this spot the fondest memories linger, and my heart beats with fervor as I recall the associations of this hallowed ground. Here dwelt those who directed my infant footsteps, and when you first essayed to stand alone, help was cheerfully extended from the sagacious counsellors of the homeland. I wish you all, to-day, to pay grateful homage to the wise mother who has, with pains-taking care, watched over our growth.

*Ontario.*—What a delightful land is this motherland of ours. It is a revelation to behold on every side abundant evidences of refinement. Here we witness, not the creations of a day, but substantial structures that have withstood the decay of ages. Long have I desired to see with my own eyes the "Stately Homes of England." To-day the wish is gratified. How proud they stand amid their broad acres of magnificent park-land, the princely abodes of the most courtly and noble people upon the earth.

*Quebec.*—What took my fancy most were the grand cathedrals whose towering spires reached into the very heavens. Our chapels at home are rich with the gifts of our devotion, but in such temples as I see here faith has room for illimitable expansion. Worship at such shrines must be involuntary.

*Nova Scotia.*—The rich green of the verdant fields with their wealth of vegetation attracted me. How highly cultivated all the lands appear, while everything bears the stamp of permanence. I see no frail fences marking division lines, but substantial walls of stone and brick, or else those beautiful hedges so trim and neat that add delightful charm to an English view.

*P. E. I.*—The English landscape is such as I expected to see. The country is old and thickly peopled, wealth is abundant and widely distributed. These fine homes and well defined boundaries are the natural outcome of the conditions of life in this land. My enthusiasm was not aroused till my eyes rested upon a veritable ruin. Then I had to confess emotion. Did not those dark grey walls impress you all as well, as they rose before our vision with ivy covered battlements frowning defiance. Massive were the structures those stern old barons erected in the days of their might. What doughty deeds could these towers proclaim, had they a voice to speak. You may wander at will elsewhere, let me seek the grim and turretted sentinels that stand guard on ground rich in tradition of historic and legendary lore.

*Br Columbia.*—Of course we could not expect to find our surroundings here the same as at home. I for my part, delight in the mild and moderately varied features of this charming landscape, the interchange of hill and dale, the gently flowing streams wending their ways through the green meadows. Such peaceful, quiet scenery in comparison with the rugged grandeur of my rocky heights, has a restful influence.

*Man.*—The grand old sea has the greatest attraction for me. On every side it washes the coasts of our mother isle, dashing into snowy spray against the bold headlands of Dover, or lapping with gentle ripple the sloping sands of Solway. I love to watch its wild waves play, to follow its restless surges in their impetuous course. The ocean speaks to me of strength, buoyancy, vitality, freedom. Britannia holds the trident of supremacy, and ever may that sceptre prevail.

(*Here the Provinces join in singing "Rule Britannia."*)



*N. B.*—The great factories I see in the crowded centres of population fill me with wonder. Those tall chimneys with their smoke columns are very significant. They mean endless activity, industry, enterprise, and speak volumes for the enduring strength of grand old Britain.

*N. S.*—Yes! And then what wondrous stores of wealth lie buried beneath her soil to make all these manufactures possible. In mineral wealth, Britain is blessed beyond any other land. With such resources her power can never wane so long as her sons are true to themselves and their grand heritage.

*Can.*—Nor is it likely to grow less so long as she holds the axioms that have guided her conduct in the past: the freedom of each individual to pursue his avocation without restraint. This is the secret of Britannia's power, Liberty,—precious boon, for which British blood has been poured out like water in days gone by. The name of an Englishman is the synonyme for a freeman the world over, while Britannia's power has ever been exerted to relieve the enslaved and down trodden races of mankind. Once the slave stands beneath the folds of the red cross banner of England, he is free.

*Ont.*—This freedom is her bequest to us who are her offspring. When I read of the great work the motherland is doing to-day, in freeing the dark sons of Africa, despite the opposition of more selfish states, I am proud to rank myself a British Colony.

*Que.*—It is our privilege to read the roll of honor on which are inscribed the names of the men who have labored to obtain all these blessings. While they are names revered in Britain, are they not also sacred to us, her children? I look forward during my visit here to drinking deeply at the fountain of National life. What glorious monuments to genius and valor crowd the abbeys and temples of this favoured land.

*N. S.*—Yes! And what a privilege for us to visit the fields made famous in history by the triumph of the people's cause. The battle fields where marshalled valor dyed the soil, or halls where bloodless victory crowned success no less material. It is a liberal education to visit at one's leisure such a land as this and satisfy a lifetime's aspirations.

*Can.*—My children! You have rightly interpreted my intention in bringing you with me on this occasion. The interest you already manifest, and the intelligence you display in your criticisms on what you have seen are very gratifying to me. They prove that you will be wonderfully benefited by this visit, and will return to your several duties with enlarged ideas and firmer resolves. It is now time for us to prepare for the reception that awaits us at the hands of our august mother. You will accompany me to our apartments.

*(They go out by the right. Enter Uncle Sam by the left.)*

*U. S.*—Gone at last hev they? I thought they'd never git through with their lingo. Git a lot of wimmien together with their bridles off, and you'll hev a concert ekai to a summer evenin's frog entertainment. I hed to listen, I couldn't help it for the life of me. Jest to hear Kennedy talk to them young ones about Liberty and Britanny, and all that sort of bosh. It made me riled, you bet. Jest as if the Bird of Freedom wasn't hatched over on our side of the Atlantic! There's where he plumes his pinions, and screeches "Hail Columby!" Where the "Star Spangled Banner" waves o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave! There's where the pure air of freedom kin be breathed in generous draughts! You couldn't git more than a homeopathic dose over here if you wanted it! Why, it jest seems to me when I go out around here as if I must suffocate, everything is so stived up and contracted. I don't find room to exercise my limbs in this little kitchen

garden of a place. It wouldn't make an average size sass farm in our vigorous, growing republic. To be sure, it's a neat, tidy place enough, and they do keep the chips raked up around the door yards, but I don't see where a hustlin man, hungry for something to do, kin find work to satisfy his appetite. All day yesterday I never seen a grain threshin', or a corn huskin', or a choppin' frolic, or a stump pullin' or any real lively, energetic exercise. I can't stay here long that's a fact; but I'm curious to hear what the old lady and the young ones will hev to say to one another. I guess I'll give her a giniwine surprise when she sees my stalwart proportions towerin' above them little ones. But what chap is this I see comin' with such a doleful countenance? Why! bless my stars, if it isn't little Newfoundlandy!

*(Enter Newfoundland wrapped in pea jacket and muffler as if sick).*

Well Newfoundlandy, how dew you do? I'm right glad to see you. *(They shake hands).*

*N. F.*—How do you do, Jncle Sam? I didn't expect to find you here to-day! How are you?

*U. S.*—Tolable! tolable! But it seems to me, Landy, you're not lookin' your very purtiest! Got that old complaint hangin' on you yit? hey! 'Bout time you was gittin' rid of that, sonny.

*N. F.*—Yes, Uncle Sam, I'm still bothered in the same way, and I don't know but that my trouble is worse instead of better.

*U. S.*—Jest what you might expect my boy for refusin' my prescription. Why in the world didn't you take the medicine I prepared for you and fixed up so nice, all ready for you to swaller? It was sugar coated and nice tastin', all you had to do was to close your eyes, open your mouth, and the thing was done. If you hed taken that dose, it

would hev set you on your legs agin and made a new boy of you, do you hear ?

*N. F.*—Do you think it would, Uncle Sam? I wanted to take it, but mother said that I should have to look to Canada to nurse me, and Canada wouldn't hear of my taking such medicine. She said it would poison my whole system and make the disease worse; that it might then become contagious, when others might catch it. After that, when I said anything about taking it, mother put her foot down and said she would take Canada's advice in the matter, as Canada would have the bother with me if I got worse. Since then I've thought that perhaps it was as well for me that I let it alone. When you begin to take medicine you don't know when you are going to stop, and doctor's bills are sometimes pretty heavy.

*U. S.*—All trash, Landy! All bosh, my boy! Kennedy is afeered, that if I work one of my marvellous cures on you, every ailin' child will be comin' to me for treatment, and that she'll lose her occupation as nuss. I'll be even with that Kennedy yet, see if I ain't. I s'pose she wants you to try one of her nostrums instead, and if you do, jest as true as allspice, Landy, you'll be a weaklin' all the days of your life.

*N. F.*—Your talk seems reasonable Uncle Sam, and I'm going to ask mother to let me try one dose anyway, for I'm not going to be tied to Canada's apron strings, I can tell you.

*U. S.*—Jest what you do Landy. While we're over here we'll arrange it with the old lady. (*Turns his head*). Hello! Who's that?? I see some one a comin', so I guess I'll stroll out while I'm waitin' for the little show to open,

(*Uncle Sam goes out. West Indies comes in*).

*W. I.*—How do you do Newfoundland, how are you? We meet here I suppose upon the same errand. You have

come from the north with its cold winds and fogs. I am here from the warm and sunny south, but we agree in rendering common homage to our right royal mother, Britannia.

*N. F.*—I cordially return your kind greeting, West Indies. I wish I could truthfully say all was well with me, but there is much to perplex and worry me. My health is not good. I have met with financial losses, have been in actual want, and been imposed upon by those who were my superiors in strength. When I undertook to defend myself, I found that mother Britannia was not inclined to sustain my action. Then again when Uncle Sam was about to take my case in hand for treatment, both Britannia and Canada interfered, so here I am to-day no better off than before. Uncle Sam and I have just now been talking it over.

*W. I.*—"Uncle Sam" and you? You don't tell me that our old friend is here on this occasion, do you? What mischief is afloat now, do you suppose, that the old gentleman favors us with his marked and special presence?

*N. F.*—I don't know what his business is, but I heard him say as he went out something about a show. Perhaps he is intending to give some sort of an entertainment, as you know this occasion is one of no ordinary moment.

*W. I.*—He can entertain us if anyone can. As an entertainer he has no living equal. I have seen him before now have the whole world laughing at him, and after that achievement it ought not to be difficult for him to interest us. However, I don't believe he is here simply on pleasure. You may bet your money that our friend has some speculation in view, for he dearly loves to turn his dollars over. Have you had much dealing with him?

*N. F.*—Yes! we used to do quite an amount of buying and selling, and I was in hopes we might arrange a fine trade

this year. I have several articles that he wants badly, while he is anxious to sell some of his loose stock to me.

*W. I.*—You must keep your eyes open in bargaining with our shrewd neighbor. He is cute as a fox. But I think, Newfoundland, you might do better, trading on your own account elsewhere, than in allowing Uncle Sam to make profit on your goods. What is this you have here? (*Takes a dry codfish that N. F. has under his arm*). A cod-fish, as I'm alive! What a fine one too! What are you doing with it?

*N. F.*—I brought it along as a present to mother Britannia, do you think she will be pleased with it?

*W. I.*—To be sure she will. What do you do with these fish?

*N. F.*—We sell them wherever we can find a market.

*W. I.*—Does Uncle Sam buy them from you?

*N. F.*—O yes! He gets a great many from us.

*W. I.*—Do you know what he does with them?

*N. F.*—Eats them, I suppose, and distributes among his people; he has a great many mouths to feed.

*W. I.*—Yes! He has, I know; but they don't eat all your fish, I assure you. What does he do, but put your fish into nice looking boxes and send them over to me, and I give him a good round price for them.

*N. F.*—Do you think he does?

*W. I.*—I know it. Now, Newfoundland, if you are wise, instead of repining over your lot, just you open your eyes and look about you. I want your fish, and my neighbors to the south of me will buy all you can furnish. Don't go begging Uncle Sam to buy, send them to us. It will employ your ships and your men, while the big profits will be yours instead of his. We have many things that you need as well, which you can get direct from us instead of going elsewhere and paying more money.

*N. F.*—I should be glad to trade more with you, West Indies. Anything you require I shall be pleased to sell you and purchase from you in return.

*W. I.*—I think we shall both be better off for it. We can trade with Uncle Sam for his own products as well. I have lately concluded an agreement with him, which I trust may be mutually beneficial.

*N. F.*—It is my wish to be on friendly terms with every one, and I hope to arrange my trade on a satisfactory footing some of these days. I think our talk has done me good. I am glad I met you. If you are going my way, we can talk the matter over further as we proceed.

*(They go out. Enter John Bull.)*

*J. B.*—My heys! my heys! What a greeting my lady is preparing for the young ladies and gentlemen. Such dusting and cleaning and setting to rights we 'aven't 'ad for many a day. And some of 'em are come halready! Just now as H'i was a comin down the passage, h'only a few minutes agone, what should H'i see but a 'alf dozen of the brightest lookin' young misses I h'ever seed, with tall fine lookin' young woman talkin' to 'em h'as they came slowly along towards me. Well, bless me! H'i 'ad to watch 'em, H'i couldn't 'elp it. H'and when that young woman sees me a lookin', she threw up both 'er 'ands and came rushin' towards me. She caught my 'ands and shook as 'ard as she was able. "Why, its John," she says, "its John." "Girls come 'ere and shake 'ands with John, the dear good old soul," she says. H'i didn't know what to say. H'i didn't know what to do; but the next thing, says she, "you don't know me John!" "H'i don't believe H'i does," says H'i. "Don't you remember me," says she? "Such dear good times h'as we used to 'ave together! "Now, don't you know who it is?" "H'its one of the girls, h'isn't it," says H'i, kind of hesitatin' like? "To be sure h'it is, you old stoopid, don't you recollect Canada?" "Canada! says

H'i, "this fine lady is never the little Canada that used to frolic so with old John, h'is it?" "Yes!" she says, "the werry same, John, and not a particle changed save in happearence. "See, John, here are the girls," says she,—such a bloomin' lot h'as they was too. John, says H'i to myself, Britannia will be a proud lady to-day with such a home comin' 'us H'i 'ad no hidea of. She never will know what it is to want, while the young people are prospered h'as they are. (*Looks around room as he talks and arranges furniture.*) Well now, H'i thinks h'every thing is pretty well prepared for their comfort, and I must be on 'and to meet 'em as they come.

(*Enter British Africa.*)

*Br. Africa.*—The first man my eyes fall on is John Bull himself, and I find him, as usual, putting things to rights. Well John! How are you old boy?

*J. B.*—Did the gentleman speak with me?

*Br. A.*—To be sure I did. You haven't grown hard of hearing, have you John?

*J. B.*—Not as H'i knows on. But so many strangers has been 'ere makin preparations for this big gathering my mistress is 'aving, that H'i pays little h'attention to comers and goers now. Has the gentleman h'any commands?

*Br. A.*—John Bull, look closely at me, and then dare to say you do not know me.

*J. B.*—H've seen that 'ere bloomin' countenance somewhere before—but bless me if H'i can call you by name.

*Br. A.*—John, one day not so many years ago, you and I lay low behind stone walls on Majuba Hill, and had an unpleasant experience with Dutch bullets. Can you forget so soon the youngster for whom you fought that day?

*J. B.*—No! No! No! No indeed! H'i do not forget the plucky lad who showed what was in him then. But this is never the little fellow H'i went to 'elp at that time, is it?



*Br. A.*—It is, John, the very same lad, now grown to years of more discretion, and good friends with his worthy neighbors who gave him such a hard time that day. Indeed, John, we are strongly talking of forming a partnership and running our business under the old flag.

*J. B.*—That news seems too good to be true, sir. H'i only 'ope you may bring it to pass. You would be a power in that part of the world, h'indeed you would.

*Br. A.*—Whatever the issue may be we are now on the best of terms. Our territories are connected by rail, and in the late trouble with my savage neighbors to the north, my Dutch friends freely proffered any needed help. My possessions have extended away beyond their boundaries, until now I have completely surround them.

*J. B.*—This h'is a day of surprises, it h'is h'indeed. H'i didn't know Miss Canada, and now who should this fine, strapping fellow be, but the weak little lad my lady thought she never would raise. Wonders will never cease.

*Br. A.*—True it is, my good fellow; that I have been wonderfully blessed, and I am looking forward to the time when the influence of my name shall be felt in the councils of the Empire. But, my good John, I need your assistance now to direct me further, for I am weary after my long journey.

*J. B.*—The young master will come with me. H'i will show him one of the werry pleasantest rooms what 'as been reserved for his own particular use. (*They go out.*)

*Enter Australia, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland,  
South Australia, West Australia, Tasmania,  
New Zealand.*)

*Aus.*—Well boys, I am glad enough to be landed at last. Such a tossing as we have had is enough to discourage any one from ever leaving home. However, we can't complain about our accommodations here, can we? Everything

seems to be in first class order awaiting our coming. What do you think of the place?

*N. S. W.*—It's royal, isn't it? Beats anything we have at home. I thought we had everything about right in Sydney, but I suppose we shall have to wait for time to put on the finish. It's quite evident we can't do the work of a thousand years in one tenth of that time.

*Victoria.*—We don't wish to. Boys, when they start out in life, need not expect to begin with all the comforts they leave behind at home. Let them work for these and accumulate for themselves.

*Queensland.*—And be the sturdier characters in so doing, I think we appreciate much more highly what we work hard to acquire. We value everything at what it costs us.

*S. Aus.*—I agree with you, boys. In one sense, everything we see is our own, and I mean to acquire a very extensive capital before I leave this charming vicinity. Wonder heaped upon wonder has been my experience to-day, until I am moving about with a sense of unreality. I can't get rid of the impression that the forest of masts gave me, as we wended our way through the dense crowd of shipping. This is the world's emporium without a doubt. Here you will find represented every people on the globe. This is the great heart of commercial life; from it radiate the world-wide arteries of commerce, through whose channels the pulses of its mighty beating throb to the most distant shores.

*Tas.*—Well said my boy. It is true enough that the world's trade centres in London, and just as true that British ships are the circulating medium. Where can you go to escape the omnipresent red ensign of the Old Country? In this respect, many of her children emulate her example, though they may build ships for themselves, they love to fly the old flag.

*N. Z.*—Well they may. That old flag may be tattered and torn, but it represents the might of Britain. Did you see that fleet of noble ships at anchor as we steamed through the Solent? They were Britain's war dogs, and an enemy may well grow pale when they show their teeth. Britain's fleet now equals in power the fleets of any two nations combined. Within the last few years, an extraordinary expenditure of one hundred million dollars has been made upon her ships, in addition to the ordinary expenditure every year of seventy-five million dollars. Forty of these ships are iron clad leviathans, averaging ten thousand tons each; eight, just now completed, and called the R class, are over fourteen thousand tons displacement, while three larger and more powerful still are under construction. In addition to these monsters, she has forty iron clads of somewhat smaller dimensions. All of these are built to meet an enemy in line of battle. She has ships of another class to protect her world-wide commerce. These consist of swift cruisers. Hundreds of them are ready to dash to the rescue at the first alarm. The "Blake" and "Blenheim" are two famous sister ships of this class.

*W. Aus.*—I have heard of the "Blake." She is now on the North American Station, and bore off the palm in the Grand International Naval Review held not long ago in New York. According to all accounts she must be a magnificent ship.

*N. Z.*—She is without doubt one of the swiftest and most powerful cruisers afloat. She is of nine thousand tons displacement, with engines of twenty thousand horse power; sufficient to drive her through the water at a speed of twenty-four miles an hour. She is built of steel throughout, and, while not iron clad, has a deck of solid steel six inches thick to cover her engines and magazines. Her guns are protected as well by steel shields.

*S. Aus.*—Has she many guns?

*N. Z.*—Yes; thirty, large and small, of the most improved pattern, the largest being capable of piercing twenty inches of steel plate. However, she is not intended to fight iron clad ships, but to catch an enemy's cruisers when after British commerce. Such a ship could quickly dispose of a score of ordinary vessels.

*S. Aus.*—How I should like to go on board such a ship. Are there many like her?

*N. Z.*—The "Blenheim," an improved sister ship, has been spoken of. She has attained a speed of 25 miles an hour. Eight other new ships of about the same size, speed, and armament are now finished, while the monster cruisers building, called the "Terrible" and "Powerful," are to surpass in size and power anything attempted by any nation. In addition about thirty twenty-knot cruisers of four thousand tons each, are now ready for commission. Fourteen smaller ships called torpedo boat destroyers, are now completed. These have tremendous speed, the first one that was tried, called the "Havoc," running ninety miles in three hours, a rate never before equalled. The ships already mentioned, with two hundred torpedo cruisers and boats, complete the new navy, in addition to the hundreds of staunch and efficient men of war already doing effective service.

*Queensland.*—What a tremendous power all these ships represent. I have often read of Britain's navy, but I never before realized what an arm of strength it was.

*Victoria.*—Strong it is indeed, but we have heard only a part. New Zealand has not told us of the Ocean Greyhounds that fly the British flag, all built to carry guns in time of war. These swift ships that make such marvellous passages to America, India, and Australia, would be converted into cruisers twenty-four hours after war was declared. The "Campania," "Lucania," "Umbria," and "Etruria" of the Cunard Line; the "Teutonic" and "Majestic" of the White Star Line; the "Alaska" of the

Guion; the "City of Rome" of the Anchor; the three "Empresses" of the Canadian Pacific are familiar names the world over, and every one of these with three score others would scour the sea in search of Britain's enemies.

*W. Aus.*—But where is the use for such a great number of ships? They must entail an enormous expense upon the country, and for all I can see are of no great benefit. That money might be better invested, it seems to me. It means so much withdrawn from trade, and consequently so much dead loss.

*Aus.*—Boys, I am interested in this talk of yours, it shows that you are informing yourselves upon the current topics of the day. Your question, West Australia, is a pertinent one, whether such an outlay, seemingly enormous, can be defended on economic grounds. It is readily admitted that quite a fleet is necessary at all times to do preventive service in foreign seas; to watch the coast of Africa, for instance, for the suppression of the slave trade; to put down piracy in Chinese waters and about the Eastern isles; to survey, sound, and map the coast waters of every land under the sun in the interest of safe navigation; to uphold the dignity of the flag in cases of dispute, wherever that flag may float. Such are a few among the many duties that Britain's fleet has to perform. But I have spoken only of the peace establishment. You understand that owners of property commonly insure it against loss by fire or water. They are commended as prudent men in taking such precautions. Let us look at the case of Britain. You have spoken of her merchant marine. Do you know how immense that is? Last year the British flag covered twelve million tons of shipping, over one half of the earth's ocean tonnage. If we spoke of steam shipping alone, the supremacy of Britain is much more strongly shown. Of every five steamers afloat three are British. Now, what trade do you suppose all these ships represent? Last year

British trade amounted to about four billion dollars. You don't grasp that, do you? It is equal to the trade of France, Germany, Sweden and Norway combined, or equal to that of the United States, Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, with Greece thrown in to make the scale balance. This is the trade of the home country. Add to this the trade of all the colonies and we have a grand total of five billion dollars. What security to safeguard all this value has the mother country in time of war but her invincible navy? She expends yearly seventy-five million dollars to sustain her fleet. Without this fleet, not only must her commerce cease in time of war and all this trade be stopped, but food could not reach the people, since the motherland depends upon other countries for her supply of bread. Do you think one and three quarters per cent per annum an extravagant premium to pay, as a price for the security this mighty fleet guarantees?

*W. Aus.*—Indeed I do not. I am glad that you have made the matter so clear. It is evident we could not afford to do without this powerful protector, and I for one am ready to acknowledge the obligation and share the cost.

*N. S. W.*—We Australians are the first to acknowledge indebtedness in this respect. We have entered into an agreement with the admiralty to contribute yearly towards the support of the five new cruisers which are to remain constantly in Australian waters. In case of war, we shall not be in a defenceless condition, thanks to wise forethought in times of peace.

*Queensland.*—To organize in peace is the best guarantee for continued peace. I hope the other Colonies will take similar steps. What an irresistible force would the English speaking seamen the world over present, if properly equipped to uphold their common interests.

*Aus.*—I hope the day may soon come when we Britons the world over will be more closely united, for defense at

least. But boys! we linger here too long, let me conduct you further and show you more marvels to excite your wonder.

*S. Aus.*—I am ready. Come boys! Let's be going!

*(They go out.)*

*(Enter John Bull conducting India, Egypt, Burma, and Eastern Isles.)*

*J. B.*—Young ladies you h'is welcome, that you h'is to h'all we can h'offer. My mistress says to me, "John," says she, "spare no expense nor pains to make my guests comfortable." H'and now H'i wants you to make yourselves to 'ome. H'i 'ave my mistress' h'own words for it.

*India.*—We are grateful for your warm greeting, John Bull. Nothing is lacking in your thoughtful preparation for our comfort.

*Egypt.*—How can any other than a warm welcome be experienced at the hands of good mother Britannia?

*J. B.*—You h'is right, young lady. The kindest of mistresses! the kindest of mistresses as h'ever breathed.  
*(Goes out.)*

*E. Isles.*—Yes, worthy John Bull, you have well said the kindest of mistresses, and with her kindness is combined a most clever shrewdness. The lands I represent were naught till taken under the control of our gracious Britannia. Look to-day, and see the wonderful development of energy and wealth. Our protector has not enfeebled us with undue nursing, but with consummate tact encourages native industry and talent. Our wealth is largely the product of home labor, that makes us proudly conscious of independence. May the imperial aegis of Royal Britannia ever be the safeguard of my domain.

*Egypt.*—Her kindness to me is too recent for me possibly to forget her goodness of heart. In my desolation and distress, when no other hand was outstretched, our

fond dear foster mother came to my relief. She has treated me as her own child, so that to-day I am enjoying a peaceful prosperity.

*Burma.*—Sister Egypt, am not I too a noteworthy example of her far reaching charity? When my land was torn with dissension and civil discord, where else could I have obtained succour? We, who are separated far, pursue our own way under different skies, but, by bitter experience, we have learned to know the terrible depression of that life passed without hope. To wake, to rise, to move, to lie down to sleep with no prospect of better things in all our lives. Thank gracious heaven, a new day has dawned, and I bless the guiding providence that sent Liberty to down trodden, prostrate Burma.

*India.*—Mine is an older story and a longer one, but it's moral is the same. Where to-day should I be, had not the prudent counsels of our guardian divinity directed my conduct? Vast as are my resources, how could I ever hope to weld together the divided interests of my realms, were there not at my command to support my authority, not only the wisdom of Britannia's experience, but the strong hand of her power?

*(Enter John Bull.)*

*J. B.*—Ladies, you will h'excuse this h'interuption, but h'it is time you was preparing for my lady's reception. H'allow me to show the way you are to go.

*(They follow him out. He returns alone.)*

*J. B.*—They h'is h'all h'arrived, I think. What a fine lot they be too! 'Ow mighty pleased their h'own blessed mother will be? That's a fact!

*(Enter Uncle Sam as John is talking.)*

*U. S.*—That's a fac', Johnny! that's a fac'! No doubt about it!



*J. B.*—H'a fact it h'is that you've no business 'ere on my mistress's grounds, and H'i doan't 'esitate to tell you so.

*U. S.*—Why, Johnny Bull, you've got your bristles right up, haven't you? What's the matter neow that you treat an old acquaintance like that?

*J. B.*—When H'i goes to make h'acquaintances, H'i doan't want no h'acquaintance with such h'as you, that H'i doan't.

*U. S.*—I guess you don't remember me, John. Don't you know I used to be kicken up around here when I was a shaver?

*J. B.*—A shaver you h'is—a werry good name it h'is for you. H'and as for kicken up, you're at h'it whenever you gets the chance.

*U. S.*—See here, old fellow, jest you go a leetle slow. It's a mighty sight easier to git my dander riz than it is to git it down agin, once it's up. I guess you ought to know that yourself, if your memory isn't too defective.

*J. B.*—H'i goes slow enough to suit me, and H'i goes sure. H'i remembers you, h'as the same outrageous willian what's been prowlin' about my missus' premises time and time agen, a seein' what you could get to lay your 'ands on; h'and H'i wants you to get h'off afore H'i puts you h'off.

*U. S.*—You measley old puss in boots, do yeou know who you're gabbin' at? I'm a tail twister, I am! I twist the tail of the British Lion till he howls in agony, I do! I'm a roarin' tornado, a cyclone, an avalanche, and a dozen earthquakes all in one. Did you ever hear me holler? No living, created bein' ever survived the first shock.

*J. B.*—H'i knows that there's nothin' more than 'oller in you. You tries to frighten people what's scared of noise, but 'eres an h'individual what looks to see whether the thing that makes so much noise isn't a h'empty wessel' any way! You've h'allways been sneakin' h'around a tryin' to

take h'advantage of Mrs. Britannia. You stole a slice of land from New Brunswick, h'and another from British Columbia, h'and then what should you do but trump up a big bill about that h'Alabamy. You know you cheated my missus, and she paid you ten times too much, h'and your livin' on it yet—you willainous rogue! Then lately you've been tryin' to steal Miss Canada's fish, h'and to prevent honest folks 'from travelling the h'open ocean in peace. H'i knows your tricks, H'i does, and H'i wants you to vacate the premises.

*U. S.*—I'm not a goin' to kiek up a row with you, you old scally-wag—when you've got such a crowd around you to back you up. That's what makes you so mighty brave. Jest you wait till I ketch you alone.

*J. B.*—Yes! You likes to square h'up to me, when H'i 'ave a 'alf dozen h'others at me. That's what you did afore, but John's alone now, h'and he wants you to take your departure.

*U. S.*—Don't you fret, I'm a goin'. But, payin' my debts is one of the few virtues I practice, and I'll be even with you for your bullyin', one of these days, see if I aint? You bellicose old beer barrel. (*John Bull advances in threatening attitude towards Uncle Sam who retreats.*)

*Curtain drops on 1st Act.*

## ACT II.

## BRITANNIA'S GRAND RECEPTION.

*(Britannia seated upon a throne in the centre of the stage.  
John Bull enters.)*

*Britannia*—Have my instructions been carried out in every particular, to ensure the comfort of my numerous and illustrious guests?

*John Bull*.—In every particular, my lady. If they didn't h'open their h'eyes wide, when they first seed the way things were fitted up for them at the old 'ome, h'i'm greatly mistaken.

*Br.*—I consider no outlay too lavish at such a time, my worthy John. I wish to impress upon my children at this reunion, not only the depth of my affection, but, as well, the height of my esteem. The names of many of them are already honored the world over, and are worthy of all consideration at our hands. The hour has come when I am to grant them a public audience, for the purpose of receiving their declarations of fealty and devotion. You will see that they are duly informed of my pleasure.

*J. B.*—H'i will, my lady, this werry h'instant.

*(John goes out and returns.)*

*J. B.*—They h'is comin', my lady, to pay their respects, h'and, my h'eyes! What a bloomin' lot they be!

*(Enter all in single file and arrange themselves in a semi-circle with Britannia seated in the centre, John Bull standing behind her. They then make low obeisance.)*

*Br.*—My children, welcome to the home of your youth ! Welcome to the presence of a fond parent, who has with vigilant and watchful interest regarded the successive stages of your growth ! Your progress has been more than a joy to me, it has been a glory and a power, for the reflection of your brightness has added lustre to my renown. Many a lofty distinction is claimed for me, but, far and away beyond all others, is the proud boast of being the mother of nations such as I see before me. In all your youthful trials you have had my sympathy, in your success I have been scarcely less exultant than yourselves. Strong emotion prevents the fullest expression of the feelings which sway me at this instant. Britannia has been called great among nations, her influence is acknowledged in all deliberations, her wealth and power are undoubted ; but at this moment arises before me the vision of a nobler nationality, a more royal sovereignty than I have ever wielded, when you, my sons and daughters, making common cause with me, lend virile strength and fervent ardor to matured and prudent counsels. The results of my rich experience are your heritage, while from you I shall gain the buoyancy of fresh spirits and vigorous courage.

“ How beautiful is youth ! How bright it gleams  
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams ;  
All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands.”

Welcome again, thrice welcome to the warm mother heart that beats with joyous throbbing at this evidence of your devotion. The blood that warms my veins courses in your own ; the ambition that launched my early ventures impels each one of you ; the principles that guided my bark through stormy and troublous seas are those that shape your course ; while the honor of a noble name is still sacred with the sons and daughters of my devotion. Accept the fond love of your royal mother, who waits with yearning impatience to hear the voices of her children.

*(All together, or a few selected step forward and repeat in concert the following address.)*

ADDRESS TO BRITANNIA.

Hail Britannia, great and free !  
 Guardian of Liberty !  
 Thou hast ever led the van,  
 As champion of the rights of man,  
 When blows were struck in Freedom's name,  
 To break Oppression's slavish chain.  
 We, thy children from afar,  
 Salute thee, fair and radiant star,  
 Illumining with lustre bright,  
 The selfish century's cheerless night :  
 We bring to thee rich treasures, rare,  
 Guarded with close and jealous care ;  
 Product of soil, of sea, of mine,  
 From Arctic Pole to Tropic Line :  
 We bring to thee the love of truth,  
 Thou taughtest us in days of youth ;  
 And make return of talents ten,  
 For one, imparted to us then :  
 We bring the love of honest hearts,  
 With faithful service it imparts :  
 We bring to thee our force and might,  
 To crush the wrong, to aid the right ;  
 Until the battle fierce is done,  
 The victory gained and Freedom won.

*(Each character steps forward and addresses Britannia.)*

*Can.*—Royal mother ! August and noble lady ! Canada comes to-day before thee to offer the incense of her adoration. With firm reliance upon the potency of thy support, I have advanced with steadfast tread upon the ascending path of assured progress. Though to my unaccustomed eye the way before seemed trackless, with courageous heart and unflinching resolve I have followed the guiding star of manifest destiny. With strong faith in the righteousness of my cause, I have gone onward to fulfil my mission, breathing, with uplifted heart, a prayer for divine direction.

Intricate and perplexing problems have demanded solution. Questions involving the welfare of millions yet unborn have arisen, and are still being worked out by the brave and true-hearted sons of my Dominion, until, in part has been fulfilled the prophetic words of thy own gifted Dufferin: "In a world apart, Canada dreams her dream and forbodes her destiny. A dream of ever broadening harvests, multiplying towns and villages, and expanding pastures; of constitutional self-government and confederated empire; of page after page of honorable history added to the annals of the mother country and to the glories of the British race." My fair young provinces, united now to face the mighty issues of growing national life, present themselves before you. With interests diverse and aims seemingly conflicting, it has been our labor to evolve a policy as free as possible from jarring discords. We are learning to think and feel in common, until, in the full fruition of our hopes, we experience the impulses of proud nationality. Our young Dominion has passed the experimental stage, and is moving onward to occupy a loftier place upon the roll of nations. No colony of the mother land has made greater strides in trade, wealth, population, or aught that tends to the material prosperity of a new country. The eyes of the world are turned to the illimitable wheat fields of the far west, to behold there the broad areas for the hungry millions of the future. Magnificent canals, aided by one of the most extensive systems of railway upon the globe, afford an outlet to the pent up freight of the interior. Fifteen thousand miles of iron track are already laid, while every year we count a thousand more. The Canadian Pacific railway crossing my Dominion from sea to sea stands conspicuous as a monument to my maiden enterprise. This mighty life belt is a source of strength and prosperity to me, while it forms one of the bulwarks of thy mighty empire. The brawny tars of Britain speed

on their way across its rails to guard thy realms. Should sudden danger menace thy interests on the Pacific, this avenue, straight and narrow, lies through my territory. Noble mother, the child whose early footsteps were thy concern, and whose course thou hast watched with indulgent pride, now stands before thee to avow her filial attachment. The energies of my millions are fixed intent upon the peaceful avocations of the hour; but let the day arrive when the motherland is beset with enemies, and every Canadian arm will be bared to hurl the foeman from thee. May that hour of peril never come, dear mother, for thy efforts deserve for their reward the dawn of that glad day when peace shall abound the wide world over.

*Ont.*—As one of that bright Canadian band I here announce unswerving attachment to the red cross banner, the meteor flag of Britain, beneath whose folds the true and tried lads of Ontario marched to turn the invader from their soil, and dyed the turf with their hearts best blood. Nestling amid her circle of mighty lakes, a queen of beauty, sits Ontario. Upon her borders proud cities rise, humming with the busy industry of an active population. Her fair fields are rich with teeming harvests, amid which her people dwell content, surrounded by every evidence of thrift and comfort. Her wealth of mine and forest lies, as yet, almost untouched, awaiting the coming of thy crowded sons, Britannia, to assist in the mighty work of development. But Ontario boasts of more than brawn; she glories in the proud possession of brain, and points with glowing pride to the neat school house in every hamlet, to the handsome high schools in her towns, and finally to the stately piles of her metropolitan universities; all of which stand as monuments to the culture of her people. Upon such a foundation may safely rest the fabric of an empire.

*Que.*—My sister Ontario and I have pursued our way together. At times the paths diverged, but yet again they

met and we journeyed on as one. Ontario boasts with reason of her intelligence, Quebec relies upon her faith. Amid his humble surroundings the peasant dwells in simple constancy, serene and happy, obedient to the voice of his superiors. His eye is ever raised to invoke the aid of Heaven that watches over and protects her trusting child. Quebec rests proudly secure in her magnificent resources. Mighty rivers course her virgin forests, upon whose waters float the stately ships of commerce. Along her coasts the hardy fisherman pursues his trade to win a sustenance from the teeming wealth of Ocean. The speech of England falls in broken accents from our lips, but our hearts falter not in their allegiance to the noble land that shaped our growing aspirations. Unfettered, we have developed our own civilization suited to the genius of a peculiar people, a people ready in return to bear aloft to victory, as they have done before, the glorious ensign of Britain.

*N. B.*—I come in humbler guise than my proud sisters; yet my quiet land has its attractions. In the forest solitudes the woodman's axe is heard; the fruit of his prodigious labor floats lazily upon the waters of my thousand streams. The sportsman loves these haunts of the wary game, and oft his rifle rings its echo through the glades. The angler casts his line to reap a rich harvest from the dark pools. Upon my shores rise the giant frames of ships, that take a form of beauty, then leap into the Ocean's arms to bear to other lands the wealth of forest, sea and mine. Thus, with even tenor, I pursue my way, thankful for the good that in my pathway lies, and growing into more perfect accord with my sisters of the young Dominion.

*N. S.*—Noble Britannia! Upon the threshold of a great continent, sits the fair and happy Province of Nova Scotia. Both sea and land contribute in unstinted measure to her support, and appropriately may she be termed the child of their auspicious union. What thou hast ever been to the



continent at thy door, that Nova Scotia hopes to be, in the fulfilment of her promise, to the great new world of the West. She has thine own rich stores of marvellous mineral wealth, the essential combination of coal and iron, that fit her to become the busy workshop of the manufacturer in the coming future. Her ships of wood that bear thy flag on every sea, will in time give place to ships of steel from the sooty forges of her own Sheffields and Glasgows. The steel rails for our flourishing Dominion may well be manufactured at its doors, while a hundred tall chimneys will rise for one to be seen now. Safe harbors are to be found at every point along her coasts, affording shelter and security to the noble ships that rank so proudly in the world's marine. In her quiet valleys spread rich meadow lands, and luxuriant orchards bend bowing beneath their weight of luscious fruitage. Her myriads of trim and natty fishing craft float buoyant upon the surface of the rolling main and train to deeds of bravest hardihood a race of heroic mould. They possess the qualities of heart and head that characterize the canny sons of Auld Scotia, and should the day of trial come, would prove as stern defenders of country, faith and home.

*P. E. I.*—Britannia, the island of Prince Edward greets thee. A tiny gem it is in thy proud coronet of power, but it sheds a light of purest ray, whose lustrous sheen remains undimmed. The tumultuous heavings of the uneasy sea forever moan their low complainings upon my shores, or rise into foaming fury in thunderous response to the shrieking hurricane. With these sounds always in their ears, my sons move on to ply their avocations, unspoiled by luxuriant excess, rewarded always with sufficient plenty. They learn to love their bonnie home, so if you seek the patriot come with me to see the hardy sons of the little isle which rests upon the bosom of the deep St. Lawrence Gulf, From Scotland they came in the olden days, they hold the

Scottish faith, and they bring a firm and stirling character to all their undertakings. Our broad Dominion embraces a variety of types, but none more constant and abiding than the Celtic stock of Prince Edward.

*Man.*—Manitoba has been called the keystone of the mighty arch of sister provinces that span the continent from Atlantic to Pacific. "Here, Canada, emerging from her woods and forests, first gazed upon her rolling prairies, and learned as by an unexpected revelation that her old territories, though themselves more extensive than half a dozen European Kingdoms, were but the vestibule to that undreamt of dominion," whose illimitable dimensions stretch vast and wide beyond the horizon's verge. Across these boundless plains the eye now sweeps to behold a waving sea of bending grain whose magnificent harvest will tax every means of transport. An inpouring population of the better class adds daily to the industrial sinews of this rich and progressive region, whose area must soon comprise a number more of growing, energetic provinces. Then, when the hungry nations of the old world are no longer able to secure their bread from the great Republic to the south, they will come clamoring to the crowded granaries of the boundless North West, whose hoarded stores of golden grain will be poured out to satisfy their impatient need.

*B. C.*—Great Mother! I stand upon the verge of a vast and trackless ocean. Its waters lave my feet. My face is turned towards its heaving bosom. My gaze far reaching to its farther shore, discerns a countless multitude who stand with arms outstretched beckoning me to span the treacherous sea and win the golden favors of far Cathay. At my back rise, cloud-piercing in their dizzy heights, the thunder riven Cascades and Rockies, with gleaming snow white pinnacles. Within my forests the giant forms of towering pines stand majestic in all the vigor of their mighty growth, They fall before the hand of man, to rise

again as lofty spars of some proud ocean beauty. My mines pour forth their hidden treasures in lavish plenty, while fish to feed the nations of the earth crowd all my rivers. My life story is but begun, few pages have been written, but clear and definite are the impressions made. 'Twas yesterday, when an encircling arm was thrown around our maiden Dominion, its iron zone touched the broad Pacific while the lethargic nations awoke to wonder for a moment. To-day, an arm responsive stretches across the mighty Pacific to join hands in clasp of fellowship. To-morrow will dawn to see the same warm grasp repeated upon the Atlantic, as thus, across our fair land, Britannia reaches out to touch the distant shores of China and Japan.

*Britannia.*—Fair Canada, my proud and peerless beauty, and these thy graceful daughters, my children all, Britannia knows your worth, and thankfully acknowledges the sinewy vigor of your youthful strength. Go forward as you have begun, to win the laurel wreath of fame, and wear it ever on a spotless brow. Let not unworthy counsels turn you from a steadfast purpose to pursue the right, and always wear emblazoned on your shield in boldest characters the noble device—"Honor Only."

*W. I.*—Britannia! The golden seas of the tropics are bespangled with island gems that glitter bright and sparkling in thy diadem of power. In the olden days these western waters witnessed incessant contests for supremacy, when the bold naval veterans of England drove from their vantage ground the valiant warriors of France and Spain. Hot and fierce waged the conflict, for the prize they strove to gain was held at noble value. It proved a rich possession, till the changeful course of trade swerved to other lands and neglect chilled the blooming industries of these noble islands. However, a brighter era is dawning, for labor is seeking new channels, products are becoming more varied and wider markets are sought for the fruits that grow in

such plentiful profusion. The mother land, as well, recognizes the increasing worth of her West Indian possessions. Ere many years elapse, the barrier that shuts out the vast Pacific will be pierced, and the mighty trade of Europe seek this avenue to the thickly peopled East. These islands here stand sentinel to guard the direct approach to either of the great projected canals. St. Lucia and Port Royal are being strongly fortified and thoroughly equipped as places of arms, should the day come when the sword must be drawn in defence of thy world wide Empire. Long may that dread day be deferred, while upon their sunlit waters float in peaceful security the thousand islands of our archipelago.

*Nfld.*—Britannia! I stand in your presence to-day, the oldest British Colony. When Cabot braved the tempestuous northern seas, his glad eyes rested at length on my stormy coasts, and Prima Vista was the first jewel in thy colonial crown. The bleak winds of the inhospitable north forbid rapid growth, and I find myself o'er shadowed by my more favored brothers of the south. Look not on us for the Lotus-eating dreamers of southern climes, who float on sapphire seas to breathe the air of sweet perfumes; ours is the Bersark race, the sons of vikings, whose deeds are sung in the heroic songs of the ancient skalds. As they went forth to beat the winter floods in days of old, so now our hardy sons of toil brave the icy barriers of the north on voyages of perilous hazard. Rich rewards may amply repay their venturous courage, or else alas, too often, the hungry sea yawns to devour its devoted victims. In such a school are reared the patient, enduring sons of toil, who invoke the potent aid of the mother land to secure for them the rights and privileges enjoyed by brother Britons throughout the Empire.

*B. Africa.*—August lady, our noble mother! Of all thy wide possessions, Africa, to-day, shows the greatest attrac-

tions. The veil of mystery is being drawn aside to disclose the hidden wonders of the mighty continent. In all the recent past, the Briton bold has been found foremost to penetrate her forest recesses, to unearth her fabulous treasures and reveal the secrets that have been for six thousand years locked in that silent bosom. In the coming centuries thy power must be manifest in Africa as it is to-day elsewhere. The older colonies of the south are working with feverish energy, pushing their way to the north and west. Already they have reached the Zambesi, and we may confidently expect to see within a few years a confederacy of English speaking states, including the Dutch Republics fast becoming anglicised. These states will comprise the rich gold fields lately occupied in Mashonaland, believed by many to be the Ophir of Solomon. North from the Zambesi up the great water way of Shiré and Nyassa on to Tanganyika, Britain holds the natural highway to the vast recesses of the Dark Continent. Still north of Tanganyika, around the great inland waters of lakes Victoria, Albert and Albert Edward, from the rich alluvial plains of Uganda and Unyoro, to the waters of the Indian Ocean, stretch the great protected regions of Britain Zanzibar and Mombasa, upon the coast, are already rich emporiums. A railway to Victoria lake is to inaugurate the downfall of the iniquitous slave trade. On the eastern coast the possessions of the Niger company extend far into the unexplored interior, until they may in time join hands with their confreres on the shores of the Victoria. From the lakes northward to the borders of Egypt, reaches the great Soudan, soon to be again subjected to British influence. Thus, from north to south, from east to west, the sign of a mighty cross upon the bosom of Africa, rests the sovereign impress of Britain.

*Egypt.*—Britannia! I come to thee as thy foster child, raised from penury to this proud position by thy benevo-

lence. No tale from the Arabian Nights reads with more startling romance than the unvarnished story of my deliverance. From slavery to freedom, from oppression and hopeless degradation to happy independence. Eight years ago, anarchy and confusion prevailed, ruin irretrievable stared me in the face, debt augmented beyond power of seeming redemption weighed me down. Kind mother, you came to my rescue. You alone, with unselfish motive, sent to my assistance the wisest counsellors of your realm. Look to-day at the Egyptian land! With a balance of trade in her favor of four million pounds sterling—with a surplus of revenue—yes, a surplus! A word never before heard in Egypt. A surplus, I repeat, of one million pounds sterling, to be directed, when the selfish greed of Britain's enemies is satisfied, to the reduction of my national debt. With swelling heart, I convey my sincerest thanks to thee, noblest of mothers, through whose aid Egypt stands almost alone in the enormous growth of her industrial resources.

*Malta.*—Three mighty fortresses stand guard over the great inland sea, upon whose extended waters the stately fleets of England hold their triumphant course. Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus are England's towers along the deep, huge arsenals, where the colossal bulk of her ironclad monsters may congregate, ready to hurl the destructive bolts of direful war upon the venturous power that challenges her pathway o'er the sea. For centuries, Malta was the home of knights who stood the bulwark of the ancient church against Saracen and Turk. The hearts of defenders as valiant beat to-day with the same knightly courage. But Britain boasts not of her warlike prowess. Her pride is in the wide expansion of her commerce. In these havens thousands of merchantmen lie at rest, or come and go upon the ceaseless errands of trade, an aggregate equal to four-fifths the commerce of the great sea port of New York. At the far extreme, Cyprus guards the great Suez Canal,

through which about eight millions tons of shipping pass every year, seventy-seven per cent of which is British. This highway to her Indian Empire must lie open, and Britannia guards with ceaseless vigilance both avenues of approach, for Aden, another bristling Gibraltar, stands at the Red Sea mouth, an effective barrier against hostile approach.

*Aus.*—I have listened, Royal Mother, to the warm and heartfelt utterances of thy devoted children, which indicate the depth of the attachment that binds every colonial heart to the noble land that gave it birth. The great Canadian Dominion has spoken, the Isles of the Eastern Tropics, the Dark Continent with all its hidden problems, the Island strongholds of the Midland Sea, the daughter of the silent Sphynx as well. Such a recital causes thy maternal bosom to swell with pride. Be kindly attentive now to the words of thy sons who live far remote beneath the Southern Cross. Let me speak for thy numerous offspring there, stalwart and vigorous scions of an intrepid race, who have knocked with resolute persistence at the portals of the mysterious South and forced an entrance to her secret chambers. They have compelled her to relinquish her choicest treasures, and commission me to lay them at thy feet. I represent not only the island continent, but the sunny isle of Van Dieman at the south, and the vast recesses of New Guinea at the north. In this immense and unenclosed arena of the great southern world the Anglo-Saxon race is advancing with prodigious bounds. Under strange and untried conditions it is solving the problem of existence with striking success. Where spread the flowery fields a century since, rise now the crowded marts of commerce. Cities of half a million people crown the slopes of capacious havens. More than twelve thousand miles of railway are already built, and thousands more must be constructed to satisfy the growing needs of an expanding trade. Mineral

wealth of untold value lies beneath the soil. Upon my pastures feed over one hundred and twenty million sheep, whose fleeces go to supply the looms of the old world. In some of my colonies the wealth reaches the astounding sum of ten thousand dollars per head of population. Individual land owners possess estates larger than the kingdoms of Belgium or Bavaria. These several colonies we trust will soon unite to form the Commonwealth of Australia. Though disunited now, they combine for defense. A formidable body of volunteers is thoroughly equipped for service on shore, while an Australian Navy is being rapidly constructed to guard the coasts against invasion. Education is universal. Our Colonies are well governed, enlightened and progressive, jealous of the position Providence has assigned them as custodians of the southern waters. Manfully they assert their rights, and even now, it would be a mighty power that dare venture to dictate to the imperious Australian in matters of southern concern. Hands off! is the word to every foreign interloper, and Britain needs no other champion of her cause, while the valiant sons of Australia stand shoulder to shoulder.

*N. Zealand.*—Britannia, when thy children leave their own loved shores in search of fortunes new, have them direct their steps to thy counterpart on the other side of the globe—the fair Britain of the south, New Zealand. There awaits them a genial climate adapted to furnish the accustomed fruits and plants they left on the shores of Britain. They find iron, coal, and copper in unfailing qualities, agricultural facilities unsurpassed, and grand mountain scenery, varied with the quiet beauty of peaceful valleys and sunlit waters. There, too, the active pursuits of commerce enlist the energies of thy children, for New Zealand points with pride to a trade of over sixteen million pounds, with a balance of trade in her favor of three and a half million. In that



happy island of the Antipodes, enjoying the familiar surroundings of their youth, may thy sons labor with contentment to build upon a sure foundation the proportions of a glorious state.

*E. Isles.*—On the golden shores of the gorgeous East, bathed in odorous perfumes of orange and cinnamon repose the rich possessions for which I speak. Hong Kong and Singapore with states adjacent, though small in extent, are a concentration of energy. Here congregate the world's great marine. Every year twelve thousand ocean ships laden with the varied products of every clime enter these ports. They bear away to other lands the accumulated wealth stored in the capacious granaries of the Orient. Twenty thousand smaller craft of every description, and gathered from every side, cover the waters; the Chinese, the Jap, the Malay, the Papuan, the Fijian, the native from every little islet of the vast Pacific guides his frail craft to these emporiums of the east to exchange his little store for the products of the civilized world. The trade that is carried on in this way in these small dependencies of the Empire exceeds in volume the combined trade of the four European Kingdoms of Norway, Denmark, Portugal, and Greece. What wonder, Britannia, that thou thyself art great, when thy children in the far off corners of earth thus wield the sceptre of supremacy?

*Burma.*—Burma is the latest state brought under thy protection, gracious Britannia. These years of firm and stable government have worked almost a miracle for my benighted millions. Already order is evolved out of chaos, confidence has taken the place of doubt and fear, indeed the day of prosperity is dawning upon those who never saw its blessed light before. The establishment of courts of justice and a scheme of civil administration, the extension of public education, the mild and friendly attitude of British

officials, and the respect shown for the religion of my country have won Burmese hearts, that now invoke the favor of the blessed upon their benignant guardian.

*India.*—India, stands the last to greet thee, gracious and royal benefactor. I am the representative of a thousand states, of a population of three hundred million souls. My territories stretch three thousand miles from east to west, two thousand miles from north to south. Within these limits vegetation grows luxuriant in infinite variety. Vast areas of grain afford food at home and a supply as well for the hungry millions of Britain. My fields of cotton, rice, jute, cane, indigo, tea and coffee, my groves of cinnamon and cinchona require for cultivation the toilsome labor of these crowded people. The generous forests produce in untold variety woods useful and ornamental. Coal, and iron, and petroleum, supply light, fuel, and manufacturing facilities. But India is better known for hidden treasures of a rarer sort. Her diamonds, rubies, emeralds, amethysts, garnets, turquoises, and pearls bedeck the brows of pontiff, sovereign and peer, and flash resplendent on the coronet of beauty. All the wealth of mine, of field, of forest, the commerce of half a continent is regulated by the wise control of Britain. None may question the advantage India has derived from contact with western civilization. With the establishment of peace such as was never known before, and with the introduction of railways and other forms of British enterprise, the wealth as well as the population has been increased. Government, according to law, has taken the place of capricious despotism. By means of the introduction of systematic education, intellectually the gain has been incalculable. Trade has grown in thirty years from two hundred millions to eight hundred million dollars—over three times the trade of the great Empire of China. Of tea alone India and Ceylon now export one hundred and fifty million pounds per annum. Twenty

thousand miles of railway afford means of conveyance, forty thousand miles of telegraph give means of communication, irrigation works on an immense scale provide against famine in the years of drought. For defense, India relies upon the steadfast support of her contented sons. A sufficient force guards the great mountain passes at the north, which are impregnable against attack. The day that dawns to see a bold enemy assail the great foster daughter of Britannia, will close to find his shattered battalions hurled back in ruinous confusion beyond the arid steppes of Turkestan; for countless myriads of my dusky native warriors would rush to arms to repel the invader, shouting with vast acclaim the glorious battle cry: "Maha-ra-née Kai"—"Victory for the Empress."

*Britannia.*—The shrill bugle cry of the British soldier, taken up and repeated by the wearied sentinel on his lonely beat, rings round and round the world. On a thousand strands, a martial ardor fires the patriot blood when the deep roll of the drum sounds the British call to arms. On every breeze, 'neath every sky floats the prevailing banner of England. Never before waved standard over such an empire, never before has sovereign ruler listened to words of such universal homage. In days of Rome's imperial splendor, captive kings in golden fetters followed the victors triumphant car. It remains for a later day, a more glorious era, to witness sovereigns of states grander than any Rome ever conquered, led in more gorgeous triumph by chains of greater tenacity than golden links. In this supreme hour Britannia triumphs, and leads you captive, ye rulers of earth's fairest, proudest realm, by the strongest of earthly ties—the God-like quality of Love. The drum beat arouses us, not to arms, but to deeds of emulation in fields of conflict, nobler far. It is our mission, advancing hand in hand, with reverend step, in fear of God and love of righteousness, to teach the cringing slave to stand erect:

to bear the lamp of knowledge where its ray serene may penetrate the blackness of superstition ; to stay revenge and temper justice with mercy ; to plant the seed of truth and nurse its growing germ ; and lead the world in forbearance, temperance and law.

*Uncle Sam.*—(*Uncle Sam has been outside the circle, an interested listener. He now breaks through the ring and faces Britannia near centre of stage, talking as he comes.*)

—Them's my sentiments ! Them's my sentiments, to a tee ! But am I awake, or am I dreamin' ? Is this S-a-m-u-e-l, (*spells*) in possession of his usual faculties, with his feet planted on the old soil, or is his spirit wanderin' on some other distant speer ? Where be I ? That's what bothers me. Where's the decrepit old lady, I've been hanging round here waitin' to see these mortal hours ? I had a hankerin' I couldn't shake off to set my eyes once more on her venerable features. I've been an independent customer, I'll allow, and purty high steppin', when I first got the bit between my teeth ; but blood's thicker than water, and when I've been actin' sassiest, I was longin' all the time to hev a better understandin' with my old mother. But, Sam, here's the trouble. Where's the old lady ? It can't be possible you've hed your eyes shet all this time ! Yes ! I guess that's about the size of it. (*Turns to Britannia.*) I know that voice, and them clothes look just as natural as when she used to trot this very chicken on her knee. But, my gracious goodness ! She's found the "Elixer of Life," and drunk the Fountain of Perpetual Youth, dry !—yes sir ree, dry as tinder ! That's what the matter. And, Sam, you're a confounded idiot, a waitin' all these years to be called home to pay your last, sad respects to as vigorous a female as breathes the vital air. (*Uncle Sam offers his hand, she takes it, rises, and both advance hand in hand.*) Mother Britanny, here's my hand, and you kin bet your last

dollar that my heart palpitates right deown through it. (*aside.*) It's the same old British grip, only more so—steadier and steadier, tightening a little, and purty hard to let go when once it gits a hold.

Britanny, I heard you a talkin' to them globe trotters of yourn about the work you hed cut out. Well now, jest count me in, won't you? There's quite an extensive appurtenance of this footstool that doesn't fly the blood red flag—a piece of worsted of quite a different complexion suits our folks jest about as well. But we're goin' your way and workin' the same ticket. What's the use in disputin'? John, here, and me hed a spat an hour ago, but what does it amount to? I huld no grudge, and John jest wants your good sense to regulate his conduct, that's all. We've been workin' together for years to improve things in general all over the patch work of creation. Find an Englishman at work, and at his elbow, see if you don't ketch a Yankee brother, fired with the same resolution and wieldin' the same implement of speech. And, Britanny! The Anglo Saxon's the Lingo that's goin' to swamp every barbarian dialect from Dan to Beesheby. That's the natural tongue of the roarin' British Lion, and the proud American Eagle screeches in the same melodious accents. When them two intelligences sees eye to eye on eny one subject, the rest of animated nature hes got to take a back seat; (*To the audience.*) So I make bold to ask all our kind friends who have listened with such patience this evening to bless the union, in every good work, of Royal Britannia and her proud family with the glorious Republic of the West.

(*Curtain falls.*)

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