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NICE ARRANGEMENT. FOR CANADA.

Mr. Tupper, all by himiself, has arranged this nice little programme for Canada. The blessed ness of royalty and aristocracy are clearly demonstrated, it will be observed.

"A Throne,—with its titles and places and gifts, A peerage, a Court, and all parties made one By loyalty's wholesome romance, that uplifts And quickens a Nation its new race to run,—This, this is the plan to make Canada strong, To keep her united and English and free, To have her at once from unneighborly wrong.

"I suppose you don't know anything about that. The nasty, brazen huzzy! Sent her picture, too, and it's just as bideous as your sent that.

"We could not protect her, should perils assail; Herself must provide both the spear and the shield,
Our distant defending would certainly fail,
Three-thousand-mile absence is too far affeld:
That frontier so vast might be hard frozen in
While foes were close by and all friends f away, And if in the fight she would go in and win, Herself must in chief be her strength and

"Let England attract to new homes in the West (By land she might grant, or unrented may lend) with my children to earn a living. Sir, I won't live any longer with a gambler—yes, a vile and wicked gambler, and I'll prove it. lend)
Her emigrant poor, in such bounty well-blest, By office and rank as the chiefs of their race; Let patriot zeal be promoted and praised, And the name of each lordship be link'd to Toronto, Quebec, Montreal and St. John's, Hamilton, Halifax, Ottawa,—these, With scores of like names, and as rich in great

Might yield them their titles is varied degrees; Let the duke and the earl and the baron be there, Each in the just grade of his wealth and his worth, And the people's free voices be glad to declare Who best should be ranged with the nobles of

"As War with his laurel was eager to deck
For conquests of old each illustrious name,
As Brock of Niagara, Wolfe of Quebec,
Are throued on their columns, high trophled
in fame,—
So Peace has her victories too, and accords
Her olives and paims to the patriot band,
Whom Canada claims for her heroes and lords
Round a Prince of the Blood as the King of her
Land: "And an Order for Canada well might be found

In a star, or a cross, or a badge, or a name,
To win her respect from the peoples around,
And cheaply reward the first heirs of her fam
So, her King, well surrounded by commons as peers.
With millions of acres to grant to free men. Will prosper, till Earth shall have ended her years,
And stand as the child of Old England till A BOMESTIC DIFFICULTY.

BY JOHN QUILL. There has been a magnificent row at our house, and the way it happened was this: I was out of town on business for a week, and when I returned my wife, instead of greeting me with a bland smile and loving kiss, looked mad enough to snatch the few remaining hairs off of my finely-developed head. I felt that there was going to be a riot, and so I disposed of my supper in silence, while the partner of my miseries sat there scowling at me as if she would like to commence hostilities at once with the

tea-pot.

When we reached the parlor she said:

"Sit down; I have something to say to you."

I sat down. She looked at me a minute, as if she were trying to select the most forcible language with which to express herself, and then she went in as follows:

"So, Mr. John Quill, Tye found your out, have I? I've been suspecting for some time that you were playing the hypocrite, but I'd no idea you were such a perfectly scandalous wicked old reprobate as you are. I just give you notice that you and I have got to part. I won't live another day with a wretch who, if he had his dues, would be in the peni-

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