



ATEST advices from Carlton street indicate that the Precentor war is still raging in the little Presbyterian church up there. It appears that the minister is set upon appointing a certain individual to lead the singing, while the congregation are unanimously in favor of another person. The result is an occasional

scene which is far from edifying. Might we suggest in the interests of peace and good-will that a compromise be made by abolishing the Precentorship altogether and substituting the excellent system formerly in vogue in Dr. King's church—namely, the simultaneous bursting forth of the voices of the whole congregation. Mr. Douglass, of Her Majesty's Customs, could teach them the trick.

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HOW best to get access to that field (the rich mercantile republics of Central and South America), is a problem well worth the study of both Government and Boards of Trade," says the *Week*. To which we ejaculate Amen! It ought to be simple enough, too. The people down there want the good things that we in Canada produce, and we want the good things that they possess in abundance. What's the matter with a fair and free exchange, to our mutual profit? This is common-sense, but it isn't Protectionist politics. The problem, as debated by our profound Government is, "How can we get those foreigners to take Canadian productions while we bar out theirs from our markets with a high tariff?"

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ALDERMAN PIPER made a pathetic valedictory speech before the Council on Monday evening. He described himself as having been "bowled out." The figure of speech was most felicitous, as it is well understood that the worthy ex-representative of St. John's ward was knocked over like a nine-pin by a ball-shaped substance known as the *Morning World*. We are far from contradicting the assertion that "it pays to advertise"—but if you want to be an alderman you should take care that your advertisement does not appear just before election day in a paper which is under the ban of the all-powerful Union.

REFLECTIONS.

PEAKING generally, when you see a man walking down street and looking as if he were strolling behind himself admiring his own shape, you usually find that his mouth is so near the top of his head that he can't comb his hair without biting his fingers.

It is reported that Professor Wiggins has predicted another storm. Wouldn't it be well for that learned man to go out to some solitary place and sit on himself, and then spend a few hours in meditating on the folly of forecasting the mysterious workings of



Providence? "The wind bloweth where it listeth," Professor, and you don't "knoweth" much more about it than anyone else.

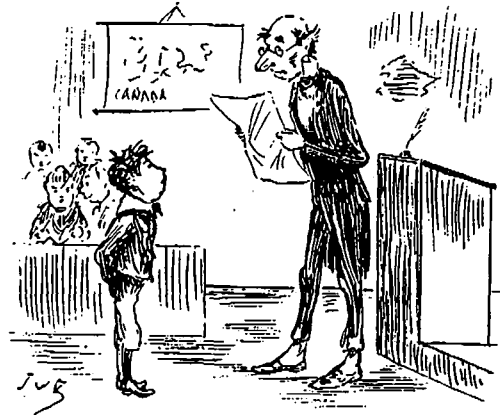
A PUNSTER is an enemy to society and should be struck with a club wherever met. Punching him is not a severe

enough punishment. In fact it only seems to encourage his wickedness.

AT a recent wedding in the rural districts a maiden of forty summers was united to a widower of over fifty winters. When the minister reached the part of the service where he enquires whether any person has any reason to offer why the parties most interested should not be united and conjures the possessors of such knowledge to speak immediately or forever be silent, he paused, as is usual at such times. Just as he was about to resume his reading the bride's father, a man noted for making remarks that were often more amusing than appropriate, shattered the silence by saying with truly scriptural solemnity, "They are of age, let them speak for themselves."

AT the Veterinary Colloge the other day a dapper youth undertook to inject the usual coloring matter into the veins and arteries of a subject that had been brought in for dissection. He inserted the nozzle of the injector into what he thought to be an opening in the carotid artery and began to work industriously. After using about two pailful of the injecting fluid he thought it was disappearing rather rapidly, and accordingly paused to investigate. His horror and chagrin can scarcely be described when he found that he had been forcing the fluid through the horse's esophagus into its stomach. This is another incident that goes to prove that all men are liable to make mistakes.

P. KUS.



"CANADIAN LITERATURE."

SCHOOLMASTER.—"There's a gross error in this essay, Master Doestick. In giving the names of Canadian authors you write Jimuel Briggs with a small j and b. Don't you know that proper names must *always* be written with capitals?"

MASTER DOESTICK.—"Yes—but that isn't his proper name!"

WHEN is a victim of assault and battery like a broken barrel? When his head is staved in.

WHERE should a policeman be when a fight is in progress? He should be riot there. Correct.

"As hard to find as a needle in a haystack." This adage probably originated in the idea that it would be needless to look for the missing object.

A POLICEMAN should never be accused of over-officiousness until he has threatened to arrest earthquakes for creating disturbances, and comets for vagrancy.