

PEACE DECLARED.

THE municipal struggle is over, and now the victors and the vanquished sit down to enjoy their inner feelings. Clarke smiles as he recalls the way in which he wiped the floor with McMillan, and McMillan gloats over the cruel jabs he gave Clarke in many a hustings speech. No memory of undue courtesy to an opponent arises to embitter the review of the contest in the mind of either, and amongst the aldermanic candidates there are none who can justly reproach themselves with having used kind language where rough would do as well. In some few cases, no doubt, the fight has been the beginning of enmities which will be cherished and enjoyed for years, if not for ever. The unsuccessful candidates will drop back into the seclusion from which they emerged, entirely satisfied with the issue of the election and indeed happy beyond expression to know that they are *not* required to sit in council with such fellows as their opponents were; while the members elect will be equally happy to think that they have had the good fortune to save the City Hall from the presence of such a set of incapables as the defeated. Thus peace and harmony will reign all round, and our taxes will go as before.



APOLOGIES TO THE ORIGINAL.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dude lamb is there;
There is no clubside, howso'er defended,
But has one vacant stare.
—N. Y. Time.

SIGNIFICANT.

IT has long been the "correct thing" for Ministers of the Crown in Ontario to pay their formal respects to the head of the Government on New Year's Day. This is why Hon. Geo. W. Ross waited upon His Grace Archbishop Walsh on Wednesday last. We do not find the name of this distinguished statesman among the guests received by the Lt.-Governor—but the Lt.-Governor is only nominally the head of the Government.

TO ARMS!

WHAT does the leader of the Opposition mean by signing himself, in his letter to Archbishop Cleary, "Your Grace's obedient servant, W. R. Meredith"? Hasn't he been demanding Oliver Mowat's expulsion from office for being that very thing?

THE way of the transgressor is hard everywhere but in Toronto.



THE PLAINT OF THE GRANITE RINK SHAREHOLDER.

LOSH sake! I canna understan'
What's comin' o'er this queer like lan'.
It used to maistly be jist gran'
For skatin' rinks;
An' siller in stock-hauder's han'
Gaed pleasant klinks.

But noo—guid faith—the rink's a flood,
It's rain an' slush, an' muck an' mud
Frac day tae day—I really should
Say week tae week;
Auld Proabs has gaed stark, starin' wud—
Else it's his cheek!

Here's my bawbees loaked up i' shares
O' Granite stock, an' where, oh, where's
The skaters or the roarin' players
Wha'r over-due?
It gars me breathe internal swears
An' loud anes, too!!

PARADOXICAL.

"I SAW three very loose characters on the street to-day," exclaimed Mrs. B—. "They were all disgracefully tight!"



UNANSWERABLE.

ANGEL CHILD—"Wow! Stop. Say, ma, I don't see what you allers whip me so hard for."
FOND MOTHER—"I do it for your own good, you little scamp."
ANGEL CHILD—"I s'pose you'll give me the old racket now, that it hurts you more'n it does me."
FOND MOTHER—"Of course it does."
ANGEL CHILD—"Well, if you do it for my own good, I don't see why you always wait till you are so all-fired mad."