



SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED, SOMETHING DONE.

HE—"Mabel, I claim your promise. You said you would let me hope if I gave proof of my manhood by doing something in the world.

SHE—"Well; what have you accomplished?

HE—"You mock me! Surely you are aware that my dog there took first prize in his class at the Exhibition?

THE MESSENGER.

(WITH HUMBLEST APOLOGIES TO MISS PROCTOR.)

I had a message to send her,
To her whom my soul loves best,
But the boy I engaged to take it,
Was remarkably fond of rest.

He paused in the park that morning
To lie on the grass and snore,
Till a thunder-storm aroused him,
And the rain began to pour.

He paused in a porch for shelter,
Till he saw the bright sun shine,
He paused to watch a dog-fight,
He paused, at his home to dine.

Then he heard a strain of music
That seemed to his ears so sweet,
That he followed the organ-grinder
Through many a square and street.

Where else he paused or rested,
I know not, but this I know,
He was virtuously indignant
When I said he was slightly slow.

* * * * *
I've another message to send her,
But this time, I'll go bail
I'll hire no boy to take it,
But trust it to the mail.

H. F. D.

THE MARCH OF PROTECTION.

THE noble and humanitarian policy of Protection goes on its conquering way. The State of Maine has just declared by an overwhelming vote against the destruction of the American working-man by the removal of taxation; the colony of Victoria, Australia, has risen in its might and annihilated the absurd Free Traders who contend that artificial restrictions do not help trade; and here comes a report that in distant Morocco, "an Imperial tax of £5 is now demanded for free passage on the principal roads," a measure which cannot fail to make the country prosperous. We haven't yet heard from Central Africa, but we have no doubt that the Protective system is in operation there, too. It is just about up to the level of a cannibal civilization.



THE BRAVE GARRISON MENDING THE BREECHES IN THE FORT.

GLORIOUS WAR!

MR. School Trustee Hambly of this city gives his distinguished approval to War, as an admirable means of "keeping down the population." That is why he voted in favor of the school-boy demonstration with wooden guns in the Queen's Park on the anniversary of the Battle of Queenston Heights! Bravo, Hambly! By all means, yes, let us have war in Canada. Our population is increasing so rapidly that before long we may have as many as four people to the square mile!



A NOVEL SITUATION.

JACK, (who has taken his cousin and two of her friends to the picnic)—They say the three-volume novel is going out. I wish to gracious it were gone!"