



THE DEACON'S PETITION.

We sincerely hope and pray that Providence may direct Sir John Macdonald to dissolve Parliament and bring on the general elections this year.—*London Advertiser.*

WILL our esteemed conferees of the Protectionist persuasion kindly explain how it happens that they can consistently applaud the enterprise of the Grand Trunk Railway in building that Sarnia tunnel? This splendid and expensive piece of work has been performed for one single purpose, namely, to make trade with the United States easier. The single object of the Tariff, so far as it is protective, is to make trade more difficult. How is this contradiction reconciled? We can't imagine, except on the well-established principle that there is no such thing as consistency about Protection.

THERE is something of a "thrilling collision" between the accounts given of the steamship *Vancouver's* adventure with that iceberg. In the press despatch we were told the noble ship plunged into the towering mass with such force as to knock down a couple of tons of ice,



THE SILLY CYLINDERS.

At the Stanley marriage phonographs were placed so as to catch the voices of the bride and bridegroom.—*Telegraph.*
 EDWIN (after one short year)—"How dare you say that? Listen to what you promised at the altar!"
 ANGELINA—"Yes; and I had another phonograph under the table when you proposed. Listen to what you said!"
 He gave in at once.

and that it was with great difficulty she was backed off. And now comes our fellow-citizen, Mr. James E. Smith, who was a passenger, to testify that at the time of the alleged collision he was in the barber-shop being shaved, and the shock was not great enough to make the razor cut him. It will require a formal investigation to get at the exact facts. We will then learn whether the writer of the despatch was a mendacious fictionizer, or whether the razor was dull, or whether our citizen Smith's cheek is unduly hardened.

A BUSTED COMBINE.

THE hydra of monopoly may rear its hideous head,
 And the people writhe in anguish 'neath its heel,
 It may corner our provisions, raise the price of beef and bread,
 Taking tribute on the poor man's scanty meal.

The trusts and combinations may prevail on every hand,
 And glut the greedy plutocrats with gold,
 While the wail of starving poverty goes up throughout the land
 And the cup of their distress no more can hold.

In the fetters of monopoly there's just one broken link,
 Which the man-starving extortioner laments,
 The whiskey combine's busted, and the tariff for a drink
 Hasn't gone above the olden-time five cents.

MUSINGS OF MODESTY.



I OFTEN muse in my modest way
 And wonder what 'twould be best
 to call
 The garments worn by the sterner
 sex—
 By each and all.

However modest a maid may be,
 To mention them oft she has a
 chance;
 And in such a case, oh, my soul revolts
 To call them p—ants.

It often happens that damsels coy
 Must speak of them in a manner free;
 And tr—s—ers has ever been a word
 That jars on me.

If some kind person would help me out
 It would be unto me the chief of boons;
 For my sensitive nature loathes the sound
 Of p—nt—l—ns.

And so, till someone some name invents,
 My modest mind I will not disclose,
 And I never will mention them by name
 But will call them "those."

H. B. SMITH.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

CUMSO—"How are the waiters in that restaurant?"
 BANKS—"That all depends on circumstances."
 CUMSO—"???"
 BANKS—"When I go in for a business lunch I think they're terribly slow. When I go in with my girl to have a quiet lunch I think they're altogether too prompt."

PROBABLY THE LATTER.

CHOLLY—"What a stunning girl! Bah Jove! I believe she smiled at me."
 ROLLY—"So she did—either at you or at your appearance."