

Canada there may be a young woman who also thought that the end of 1886 might see her in a domestic establishment of her own. No comments. We dare not enter upon a question of that kind further than to say: "May her expectations be realized early in 1887, and may the fee be a good one."

We see a body of stalwart men, ninety strong, respectable-looking men for the most part, but somewhat haggard and depressed. Most of them are hoarse. They are jaded, and do not wish to say much. They are not so fond of the people as they were a few days ago. They do not admire representative institutions now as much as they once did. Gentlemen, you expected to become members of Parliament last Tuesday, but your expectations were not realized. You thought you ought to be elected, but the majority of the electors thought differently. It was just a simple difference of opinion, you know. The real cause of your trouble is that you had not enough of votes to send you to Parliament. You are elected to stay at home. Well, be thankful you have a home to stay in. Many a good man hasn't. Draw consolation from the source that ministers sometimes draw when they don't get a call—assume that the people are not sufficiently educated to appreciate your ability.

Compliments of the season to all readers, and many happy returns.

ANOTHER GENERAL ELECTION.

Mr. A, who is an active man in the Church, meets Mr. B, a very keen politician, and the following dialogue may be supposed to have taken place:

Mr. A.—Good morning, Mr. B. I suppose you are glad the election is over.

Mr. B.—Well, yes, rather. Pretty hard work electioneering for weeks at a time. The municipal elections, coming immediately after the Provincial contest, kept us pretty busy.

Mr. A.—I suppose you took an active part in both.

Mr. B.—You're right, I did. Before the contest came on I made up my mind I would not spend time and money in the contest, but when the fight became hot my resolution went to the winds, and I sailed in as brisk as ever.

Mr. A.—I suppose you spent a good deal of time in one way or another since the contest began?

Mr. B.—Oh, yes; a good deal. Sometimes I felt a little guilty at spending so much time at this season of the year; but then, you know, when a fellow once gets fairly in he has to go through, and do his share.

Mr. A.—You were a member of some committees I suppose?

Mr. B.—Oh, yes; I was a member of our ward committee, and also of one or two other committees.

Mr. A.—These committees met often, I suppose?

Mr. B.—Nearly every night. At first they did not

meet so often; but when it came near polling day they met nearly every evening. Some evenings I had two committee meetings.

Mr. A.—When the Provincial elections were over you began work at the municipal elections?

Mr. B.—Oh, yes; I kept right on, and worked more or less until the municipal elections were over.

Mr. A.—So, according to your own showing, Mr. B, you have been giving a good deal of time to elections for the last month?

Mr. B.—A good deal.

Mr. A.—And some money too, I suppose?

Mr. B.—You're right. Can't do much at elections without money. Legitimate expenses, you know.

Mr. A.—I suppose you are aware that another general election is near?

Mr. B.—No, I don't think so. I don't believe Sir John will bring on the Dominion elections just now. I think there will be another session.

Mr. A.—Oh, Mr. B.! Your head is too full of politics. I was not referring to the Dominion elections?

Mr. B.—What were you referring to?

Mr. A.—I was referring to the election of managers and other office-bearers at our congregational meeting.

Mr. B.—Congregational meeting, eh! Congregational meeting! When does that take place?

Mr. A.—Next week. Didn't you hear our minister give the intimation yesterday?

Mr. B.—Well, no; I wasn't out yesterday. Had a bad cold, and lay over for repairs.

Mr. A.—Our congregational meeting takes place next week, and we have to elect managers and other office-bearers for next year.

Mr. B.—Managers—yes—er—um—er—yes—managers. Are the old managers dead, or did they resign, or what?

Mr. A.—I am sorry to see that you are not so familiar with Church affairs as you are with politics. Don't you know that we elect managers every year at the annual congregational meeting to take charge of the business affairs of the congregation?

Mr. B.—Yes, certainly I do; but, that is to say, I haven't been giving much attention to congregational affairs lately.

Mr. A.—Sorry to hear it. Don't you think that congregational affairs are as important as political or municipal affairs?

Mr. B.—Well—yes—um—er—'spose they are.

Mr. A.—Come now, Mr. B, honestly, don't you think that the affairs of the congregation to which you belong, and to which your family belong—the affairs of the Church in which you hear the Gospel—in which you hear nearly all you ever do hear of God and heaven, and your immortal soul, are as important to you and your family as the affairs of the Local Legislature?

Mr. B.—Well, yes, I suppose they are.

Mr. A.—And don't you think that the affairs of the