



MONS. LAURIER, THE SILVER-TONGUED TENOR,

HAS JUST ADDED BLAKE'S FAMOUS BALLAD, "MALVERN," TO HIS PARLIAMENTARY REPERTOIRE.

<p>"We cannot wipe Protection out, With one gigantic swoop, For if we did, without a doubt, 'Twould put us in the soup :</p>	<p>So Tariff-fed Monopolists You needn't be afraid, 'Twill be a very long time yet Before we get Free Trade."</p>
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TOO FRIENDLY.

INTERCEDING FRIEND,—"Jones, old fellow, I wish you and Brown would make up your quarrel! I know he's sorry he offended you, and would like to make friends again. May I tell him you are willing to shake his hand?"

JONES, *with whom the offence still rankles*—"Shake his hand! You may tell him that if he comes near me he'll find me more than willing to shake his whole body for him!"

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

(AN UNSEASONABLE TALE FOR THE YOUNG.)

It was last Christmas Day and the Plum Pudding and the Roast Turkey were warmly discussing the question as to which was the more important from a Christmas-dinner point of view.

"I always come before you. You're a big puffed up thing and there's a good deal too much sauce to you. What are you raisin such a row about. Now, don't I always come before you?" cried the Turkey.

"In course you do, but that isn't everything! People have been travelling to different countries all year to gather together things good enough to make me of, while you have just been running around somebody's back yard, eating dirt half the time. You have altogether too high an

opinion of your merits. The fact is you've no head on you, and I believe some one has been stuffing you."

At this merry thought the pudding burst into a peel of laughter, and seeing the subject seemed a tender one, began to per suet; but the Turkey stemmed the currant of its remarks before it could give him much of a roasting, by enquiring who had egged it on to come down so heavy on one who had never been known to shew the white feather or want of back-bone. "I know it was not the vegetables, they are all with me, most of them are mashed, and if it was your pasty-looking rival the mince pie," he went on, "she only did it because she's feeling rather flat and fears you may get more attention than herself."

"Indeed I don't," interrupted the mince pie with dangerous sweetness, "I should hope I'm rich enough to be sure of my position. You all know what a favorite I am, and that people will dream of me long after you both are forgotten. I don't know who stirred up the pudding, perhaps it was the grapes and oranges, they look sour enough to set one's teeth on edge."

Here indignant murmurs were heard from the centre of the table. The grapes were understood to hint that the mince pie was certainly not wasting any of its sweetness on the dessert here, the oranges asked what the juice they were talking about? The raisins and figs muttered something about "layers," and even the nuts remarked that next thing some one would be suggesting that they were a little cracked "though any one could see that the pudding's own top was holly!"

"Well," said the celery, crisply, "My idea is that we're all in the soup. Nobody need mind what the pudding and pie say, anyway, for I believe they both have been imbibing, don't you notice the brandy?"

Silence fell on the table after the celery stalk. And when she laid her lovely bleached head upon the tender breast of the turkey, who felt he had skewered her affections, she forgot even to shyly murmur, "Do you think the cran-berry sauce?"

And all was peace, and plenty.

Alice Ashworth.

OUR NOBLE LANGUAGE.

"What are you doing, Johnny?"

"Reading all about the sea horse."

"Well, go into the shed and you'll see the saw horse, also see the saw seen near the see-saw. Take the saw seen near the see-saw, saw some wood, let me see it on this scene soon and see you don't be saucy?"

WHY is West Toronto like Cardinal Wolsey the night before his execution?

Because it joyfully anticipates a condition of Marter-dom.



I.

I've lost my neck-tie Susie,
And want it pretty quick!