



#### A NECESSARY PRELIMINARY.

"Now, then, Patrick, the ice is in prime condition; we can take right hold and do some lively sawing."

"Bedad! will we, thin? Not till oi'm sure av wan thing—which ind av the saw will oi be takin'?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

#### SERIOUS DANGER OF INTERNATIONAL COMPLICATIONS.

(FROM OUR WAR CORRESPONDENT.)

KINGSTON, Jan. 20, '91.

THE city is greatly agitated over a question that is quite likely to assume graver proportions than the famous Behring Sea embroglio. Carleton Island, a few miles from the Limestone City, but on the American side of the river, has suddenly acquired interest, through the appearance of a veritable seal. The timid animal has no doubt been driven by the fierce anger and the subtle diplomacy of Salisbury and Blaine, from his favorite haunts in Alaska to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and has made his way, by forced marches, up the mighty stream. He has chosen Carleton Island as his new home, and ever and anon makes his appearance, through an air-hole in the ice.

All Kingston is in a state of furious excitement over the matter. The ladies have quite exhausted the supply of seal caps and jackets, and are at their wit's end what to do. The last one was bought at 8.30 o'clock Xmas Eve. There is not another at any of the shops. Several have been racking their brains in the Knave's Word Contest, and are living in daily expectation of being declared winners of the sealskin jacket. The majority, however, have centered their aspirations on the lively animal at Carleton Island. All classes of the community are determined to have him as soon as spring opens. Several fleets are being fitted out. The Folger Bros. are preparing the *Pierrepoint*, *Maud*, *Islander* and *St. Lawrence*, besides several tugs and schooners. The St. Lawrence & Richelieu Company have several steamers wintering here. They have given orders to have new engines

placed in the *Corsican*, and for the whole fleet to be ready to sail at a moment's notice. The design is evidently to get ahead of the Folgers, who are considered pretty smart men. The Montreal Transportation Company will have all its tugs and barges in order, and will be able to send out a very formidable flotilla.

In view of international difficulties, Col. Irvine has just inspected A Battery and declared it ready for action. Col. Cotton is drilling the men night and day. The Bloody 14th has a round of ammunition served out, and, under Col. Smith, will give a good account of themselves. The Cadets of the Royal Military College are drilling daily, and, with Major Mayne in front and Major Edwards and Capt. Huskisson as a rear guard, are expected to drive back all the force the U.S. can spare from its Indian War. There is but one sentiment, "The seal shall be ours." This is no *mare clausum* or *E pluribus unum*, and we are determined to "*veni, vidi, vici*." So say we all of us.

#### A WEDDING IN HUMBLE LIFE.

FATHER TIME, that ancient Bluebeard, has lately taken to himself a new wife. Like her predecessors, she comes to him dressed in white, as the most fitting costume for a maiden bride. She is a young person of unexceptionable character, and is believed by some to be a near ancestor of that Good Time Coming. Let us extend to her a hearty welcome as she comes from her parents, Fate and Fortune, to join her future with that of our old servitor, to be our maid-of-all-work. Let us lighten her drudgery with our cheerful good humor and not take her to task too severely, though she break a few cherished but essentially useless ornaments in her zealous sweepings. What are plaster Cupids or other bric-a-brac household goods compared to an upper chamber from which all cobwebs have been thoroughly swept?

Welcome, then, thou brisk, youthful Mrs. Time, to our hearth and home. We wish thee all happiness in thy conjugal relations with the old curmudgeon who lords it over us so completely in our own house. Kindly exert in our behalf all thy influence over the idle, fussy, scheming rascal. Necessity alone has made us endure such a rude, unwilling servitor, one who has to be dragged up early in the morning by the foretop before he will do the least turn for us. WILLIAM MCGILL.

#### SAMJONES' LAST.

SAMJONES—"Brethren, I have an easy one for you. Why is the granolithic pavement like the emblem of Ireland?"

OMNES—"Give it up!"

SAMJONES—"Oh, pshaw! Any schoolboy ought to be able to tackle that successfully. Because it's a sham-rock."

#### A CASE OF EMERGENCY.

BRICKTOP—"No, thank you, Budger. You really must excuse me. Fact is, I promised Mrs. Bricktop that I would never drink except in case of emergency."

BUDGER—"Well, when we emerge from the saloon that'll be a case of emergency, won't it?"

BRICKTOP—"That's a fact, old man. That lets me out."