

War News.

It was a summer evening
Prince ALFRED'S work was done,
And he before his palace door
Was sitting in the sun.
And by him seated, not afar,
Was his wife, daughter of the Czar.

Prince ALFRED read the paper,
The news was of the war
Between Russia and England's hosts,
And, as he read the hor-
rid tales of fire and blood
And death by famine and by flood,

At last his eye did brighten
And he smote upon his knee—
"Again we've whipped those Russians,"
Cried ALFRED in his glee,
"What's that you said?" inquired his wife,
With a frown that threatened further strife.

"I said," said ALFRED meekly,
"That the Russians failed to win
The latest battle fought, my dear."
And here he paused to grin.
"Besides," pursued that Prince so rash,
"We licked 'em to eternal smash."

"We," cried his wife in awful rage,
"How dare you say 'twas 'We,'
The English hoards defeated us,
Defeated YOU and me."
"No, I am English," ALFRED said,
"His face the meanwhile glowing red."

"Then I'm Russia," said she,
"And here upon this spot
The Anglo-Russian war will be
Most gloriously fought."
A moment after he was down
A flat iron having struck his crown. (*)

What need to here recount
That dreadful Russian fight;
Prince ALFRED came the combat from
A truly dreadful sight;
And when he reads of war's sad scene
He says, "We have defeated been."

(*) Of course the Crown of England is not here referred to but ALFRED'S own individual crown as that Prince is not heir to the other crown.

Croaks and Pecks.

ENGLAND is Russian things.

THE duty on malt—don't drink it.

BARBEROUS LANGUAGE—"Next."

ALL-OVER-TWIST—CRUICKSHANK.

TALKING FRUIT—Jab(b)er PLUMB.

A GEM OF A STATESMAN—DYMOND.

'SNEEZY matter to catch a cold just now.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE.—BEACONSFIELD.

A RIFLE ASSOCIATION.—A gang of thieves.

IF PLUMB is plumb he must be an upright man.

A NEC(K) ROMANCER—A hangman's biographer.

A MURPHY MOVEMENT.—The TIM MURPHY bill.

TO RUSSIA.—Take the Bull by the horns—if you dare.

O-FISH-AL.—The Fishery award must and shall be paid.

A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.—Quitting the Indian troubles.

PARIS Star is the bright particular star poetically referred to.

THE MOYLAN accounts cause no end of tur-MOYLAN' trouble.

QUEBEC members of parliament expect to go east about Easter.

IRONICAL.—That purchase of Rails for the Credit Valley R. R.

ENGLAND should get Mr. KILLIAM M. P. as the Secretary of War.

LONDON used so much liquor, that water-works became a necessity.

IF a business man loses his trade he should advertise for its return.

PITY O'DONOVAN ROSSA was not as hard to find as CHARLIE ROSSA.
A. BUNSTER of Vancouver had a narrow escape from being A. PUN-
STER.

I'LL take a little for my stomach's ache—as the boy said of the pare-
goric.

"A HORSE, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."—TIMOTHY
MURPHY.

A CHEVAL-ROUS SCENE.—That between BUNSTER and CHEVAL the
other day.

"BULLY BOYS."—America has its SITTING BULL and Russia has its
JOHN BULL.

THE proprietors of the Ocean House at Hamilton hope it will not be
an Oh-Shun House.

THE battle of Waterloo (Ont.) will be fought over again, as a lacrosse
club has been started there.

GEORGE PALMER tried to pass an unsigned \$10 bill on the Consoli-
dated Bank but he couldn't Palm'er off.

THE Paris Star has turned Tory and the Grits now call it a dog-star.
'Tis a Sirius offence evidently, to turn Tory.

CONUNDRUM.—Why was JONES made Minister of Militia? Because
of his malicious tendencies—towards the flag.

HOW to save gas.—Hold parliamentary meetings in the day time. To
save more gas—Don't hold a session of parliament at all.

IF parliament wants to economize why not cut down the name "Kam-
inistiqua Committee" and save money on the printing thereof.

An exchange displays its motto to the legend, "Public Opinion is
the pillar that upholds the Commonwealth." Where does this leave
money?

"One of the rarest and most curious of works is entitled "Kin ting Kookin too
Shoo Tsein Ching." It is a Chinese Encyclopedia, and a copy has been secured for
the British Museum."—*Exchange*.

We have always maintained that cookin' is an ancient and valuable
art, but it is wrong for our contemporary to say the work is a Chinese
encyclopedia. It is a cook-book.

A TELEGRAM appears in the dailies headed "Major WALSH on SIT-
TING BULL." We have not read the telegram but on general principles
we hope the Major will stay there.

SENATOR SKEAD is a good man to give opinions on the lumber
trade, as skeads are always used in getting logs on sleighs, and besides,
Senators ought to be posted on log-rolling.

THE SITUATION.—"Reformers are looking decidedly blue as election
approaches."—*Conservative papers*. "JOHN A. and his hosts seem
stricken with hopelessness."—*Reform papers*.

THE COMING JOKE.—Pestered mamma: "I wish y was like a
photograph, my dear." Little Girl: "Why mamma?" Mamma:
"Because it never speaks unless it is first spoken to."

IF Russia catches hold of the lion's tail she will be in the rather
uncertain frame of mind enjoyed by the hunter in a similar position who
wondered whether he had the bear or the bear had him.

A VISITOR going through the goal was asked for a match by one of the
prisoners. On receipt of which, he split it with a needle, remarking,
"we are obliged to be economical in this establishment."

By some strange oversight, the words "In God we trust," were
printed on the new American dollar, but the accompanying phrase
"All others cash," was by some unknown means left out.

MR. BUNSTER was troubled while he was speaking by bugle playing.
He don't think every man has a right to blow his own horn, although
members of parliament claim the right to take a horn when they choose.

HOW absurd it is to claim that Sir JOHN A. would pay \$1,200 to
DESBARATS for getting his picture in the *Illustrated News* when Sir
JOHN could have got a dozen pictures taken at a photographers for \$3
per dozen.

SOME think Mr. MACKENZIE in danger on account of that threatening
letter; however, no man is apt to be harmed unless a letter is found in
his coat pocket by his wife and if it is in lady's hand-writing then it is a
threatening letter indeed.

THE London *Free Press* is enterprising. It lately purchased the
Atlantic Cable and now what used to be "Associated Press Despatches"
appears on its first page as "By Cable telegraph to the *Free Press*."
Nothing like enterprise—or check.

THE ART OF CRITICISM.—ETHEL (*criticising a poet's latest effort*):
—"How preposterous! Here he speaks of 'the sweet, ethereal flood-
ing sunshine.' Now who ever saw sweet sunshine?" AUGUSTUS
(*incautiously*):—"Well now, I must say!—Never saw any sunshine?
I have. They keep it in bottles."

THE other day a number of men were zealously working on the street
railway track, unmindful of an approaching buggy until alarmed by the
driver roaring "Clear the track." An old fellow, looking up at him
with a knowing smile, says, "Its little, matter sir, if ye kill a half a
dozen there's plinty more comin' in the spring."