

# DIRECT TAXATION IN QUEBEC.

JEAN BAPTISTE, it would appear,  
Is now kicking like a steer,  
And Quebec is all torn up by a novel agitation,  
For no one would expect  
That a Frenchman would object  
Above all things to a little more beneficent taxation.  
*L'Echo des Deux Montagnes*  
Is beginning to complain,  
And *La Patrie* squeals aloud like a pig beneath a gate,  
Just as though it wasn't plain  
That the higher powers ordain  
That heavy taxes evermore shall be the people's fate.  
The State the burden packs  
On the people's ample backs,  
The Church additional loads thereon is nowise slack to bind.  
The person who'd resist  
Is called several kinds of "ist,"  
Which conveys a nameless horror to the French Canadian mind.  
But a sudden burst of squealing  
Seems to show a tired feeling  
On the part of J. Baptiste, so long submissive as an ass.  
What rouses his vexation  
Is that *now* direct taxation  
Shows him plainly how the law exempts a favored priestly class.  
He was taxed and never knew it!  
So of course he couldn't view it  
With alarm and indignation and such sentiments as those:  
'Tis so different in the morning  
When you get a sudden warning  
To give up at once more money than you have about your clothes.  
So he feels inclined to go for  
Every parasite and loafer,  
And the clerical exemptions once so sacred in his eyes  
Don't appear so much a blessing  
As a burden most distressing,  
As his swollen tax bills show him to his wonder and surprise.

WHY is a mosquito like an unsuccessful financier?  
Because he repeatedly presents his bill for our acceptance, but it is always refused and protested.



## IN THE DISTANT FUTURE.

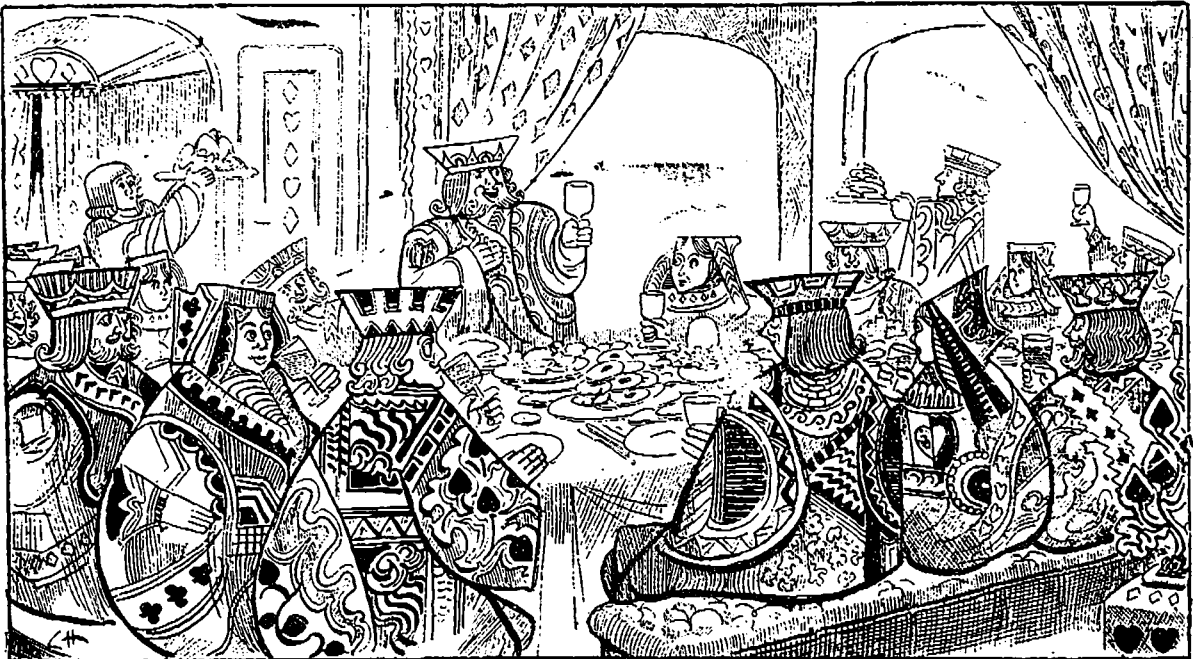
A descendant of Sir Oliver M—— turning the family armor to practical domestic account.

## A SLIGHT VARIATION.

THE dude on a warm afternoon sauntered by  
With tight pants on his limbs and a glass in his eye.  
His demeanor was proud as he slowly drew nigh  
And loftily held up his head.

When Samjones caught on to the style he displayed,  
As if seeming to notice the vulgar afraid,  
And beheld him in superfine vesture arrayed,  
"Is this haughty 'nuff for you?" he said.

"HELLO, Jinglesnap, where have you been to get so many mosquito bites?"  
"In darkest sting-land."



## BIRTHDAY CARDS.

"The birthday of playing-cards is to be celebrated in Vienna this year."  
We give, in anticipation, a sketch of the festive and joyful occasion.—*Funny Folks.*