



AT MONTREAL.

ETHEL—"Oh, mamma, who's that?"

MAMMA—"That's Jimmy McShane, dear."

ETHEL—"But mamma, where's the baby?"

JIMMY McSHANE'S ASPIRATIONS.

HOW great surprise, our Jimmy tries
To show he's turned religious;
He prays "to heaven let thanks be given
For this honor so prodigious."

He's come, alas! to sorry pass,
The devil has deserted him;
But like monk of old, when third term he'll hold,
He'll forget what 'twas converted him.

But O, Jimmy dear, what is 't we hear
'Bout saluting men in ditches?
Ye're more at home with them we'll own,
Yet for kings yer palm still itches.

Shure yer third term baby 'ill live yet maybe,
If that Frost can but be melted;
And once more our Jimmy will be in the swim—eh?
Yes, mayhap a knight be belted.

MONTREAL.

A. KEYDON.

ANOTHER ANNEXATIONIST KICKER.

ORILLIA, December 3.

EDITOR GRIP,—It makes me sick to read in your paper of the *Old Flag*. Why, dam it man, we have no flag! Do you mean to say that we have to be loyal to a lot of bums that are sent over here every four years, and get \$60,000 of our good money and then rob the house they live in? It is rank, and what a lot of dudes come out here to suck the head off the end of a cane. Give us a good Canadian flag. Yours,

JOHN ABE.

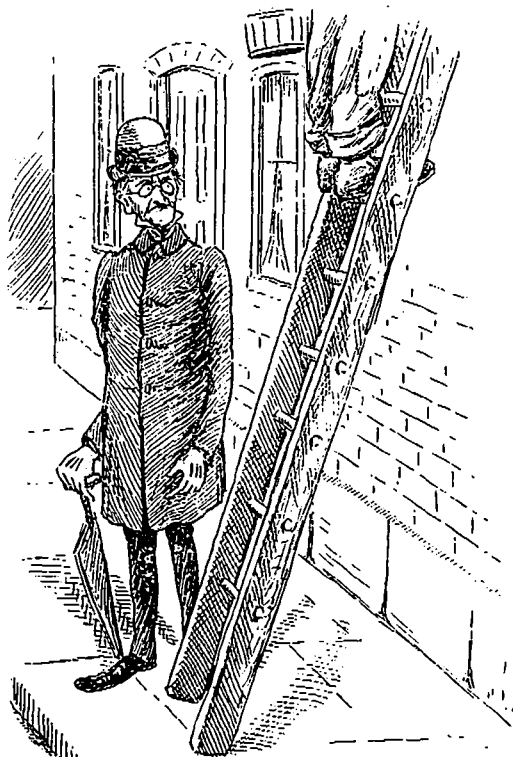


Flag," and spell such a frequent word as "damn" without the "n." We regret that Brother Abe's health and orthography are alike so precarious. He should consult a physician and purchase a cheap dictionary. It is surprising that any Canadian can be found so sordid as to take exception to the Governor-General's salary. Doesn't Mr. Abe see that the cost is strictly necessary in order to sustain the dear "Old Flag," and that the more we pay the dearer the "Old Flag" becomes? "It is rank," says our correspondent. Of course it's rank—very high rank. That's what we pay for, by thunder. It comes high, but we must have it. Mr. Abe's objections to paying his share of the salary of our beloved Governor Stanley appears utterly irrelevant and not worth an instant's consideration in view of the fact that the sun never sets on the British Dominions. We would also remind him that the flag has braved a thousand years, be the same more or less, the battle and the breeze. Furthermore, that Sir John Macdonald remarked, "A British subject I was born, a British subject I will die." Moreover, did not the poet truthfully and forcibly observe,

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said
This is my own, my native land?"

If these arguments do not convince Mr. Abe of the folly and wickedness of his rebellious frame of mind, we fear his case is hopeless.

He is a wise man who knows his own lie after it has travelled a few miles.



A SUPERSTITION DISPROVED.

I.

"They say it is unlucky to pass under a ladder, so I will go around."

We read the above in sorrow rather than in anger. It is very sad to think that we have persons in our midst who are made sick by the mention of the dear "Old