



THE PATRONS AND THE PATRON-AGE.

SIR OLIVER.—“Oh, oh! Gracious, goodness, dear Patron Giant! take anything, everything you want, but spare, oh, spare this, my pet and favorite che-ild.”

(But that happens to be the one particular thing the Patrons are reaching for!)

“VOTE FOR UNCLE THOMAS!”

It being understood that Uncle Thomas' opponents are to be legion, the following lines are respectfully dedicated (in the way of an admontion) to his old-time supporters:—

West Quebec men, to the fore!
Ever loyal to the core!
Your battle-cry peal forth once more,
“We'll vote McGreevy!”

Who are those now in the field?
Think they that we'll to them yield?
Never! for the fray be steeled,
And shout “McGreevy!”

What of Barney—shining light!
What of Dick—the would-be Knight!
Let them come in all their might
And face McGreevy!

M— F—! heav'n be praised!
Would from tailor's board be raised:
Th' upstart must be truly crazed
T'oppose McGreevy!

Larry Lynch, too, longs to see
His name in print with M.P.
To't affixed, but crushed he'll be
By Tom McGreevy!

Nor would Carbray have a chance
Gainst our hero in this dance;
My faith! he'll ne'er cross a lance
With Tom McGreevy!

And the People's Jimmie, eh!
Who knows well the game to play,
Thinks in this he'll have a say—
Whilst smiles McGreevy!

Is it thought our old chief fears
Opposition where for years
Pre-em'nent amongst the peers
Stood Tom McGreevy!

Pshaw! Mac's prestige on the wan!
And for what?—a boodle stain!
“Innocent,” his friends maintain,
“Is Tom McGreevy!”

Boodle's in the very air,
Boodle's met with ev'rywhere,
Ev'rything's considered fair;
Why blame McGreevy?

No pow'r can be found to stay
Boodling, once it's under way;
Come! your tact again display
Bold Tom McGreevy!

But, enough! why need he care
Who says “wrong” where we say “fair”;
Vote him in! the good we'll share
With Tom McGreevy!

Heed no cry of boodle, men,
Make of Mac your choice again;
Votes! I wish I'd ten times ten
For you, McGreevy!

As you've done so oft before,
In the good old days of yore,
Swell aloud your slogan-roar,
‘Rah for McGreevy!

P. K.

AN L.E.G. ON PROTECTION.

READ this newspaper clipping to your Protectionist friend, and watch the expression of his face. If he doesn't blush, you may put him down as a hard case:—

“A Canadian spent some time in the United States. While he lived there he met with an accident that compelled him to buy an artificial leg. Then he moved back to Canada. Being concealed by his nether integuments, the new limb escaped the lynx-eyed Canadian customs house officer at Windsor, but not for aye. Five years have elapsed since then, but an order issued that the duty on the artificial limb must now be collected. Under pains and penalties \$100 has been paid, and the majesty of the nation has been maintained.”



DIRECT TO THE CONSUMER.

ENTERPRISING AGENT.—“I am taking orders for the superb set of World's Fair Views. Would you like me to—”
NATIVES.—“Yes, we would like you very much. Step inside!”

[And he subsequently does.