

## WHO'S AFRAID?



ND it came to pass in these days that our junior devil, having read to our royal bird, Grip, a great many articles from a great many magazines and newspapers on the popular subject of annexation, the aggravated bird, drawing himself up after the manner of his noble ancestors, said in his most musical and sonorous tones, "Who's Afraid?" and Satan junior, feeling the full force and significance of the legend, laughed a laugh that meant nothing less than daggers and proud scorn, scythes, mitralisenses, and other fancy implements of modern warfare, and snapping his fingers in the faces of certain imaginary foes of the Old Flag, poured the contents of the first phial of wrath on certain imaginary heads as follows, and went back to talk to Grip and get his opinion of this the first effort of his lyric muse.

## TWEEDLEDUM AND TWEEDLEDEE.

Tweedledum and Tweedledee  
Put their heads together;  
"Let us make our country Free,"  
Said the oldest wether.

"Canada must go to pot,  
If we twain don't oil her;  
See, her soundest timbers rot!  
Big hole in the boiler!"

Tweedledee, with gravest nod,  
Held the same opinion:  
"We must give the ship a prod,  
And shake the whole Dominion."

Then your prophecy comes true,  
Uncle Sam rejoices,  
Singing 'Yankee Doodle-doo'  
Fifty million voices."

"Four frail millions looking on,  
Wriggling in disorder,  
While we three, Clark, you and me,  
Scoot her o'er the border.

"Not a tongue will dare to wag,  
Not a gun be triggered,  
But we're modest and won't brag,"  
Tweedledum he snickered.

Tweedledee he paced the room,  
"Sure as twankay's twankay,  
Old Canuck may fret and fume,  
Three cheers for the Yankee!"

Why, the thing's already done,  
Have we three not spoken?  
Pass her over now, my son,  
England's heart is broken!"

"Sarve her right," quoth Tweedledum  
"Sure as I'm a Prophet,  
We have saved this noble land,  
Going down to Tophet;

No more lords and dukes and that,  
No more Royal candy;  
Shoddy's King and Caliphat,  
Yankee Doodle dandy!"

Then the Eagle screamed a scream,  
Sent it down the ages,  
With the mighty names in full  
Of three loyal sages.

Jonathan he hugged the girl,  
Millions more have thronged to;  
Parson wed them with the Ring  
That Boss Tweed belonged to.

## Highly Improbable.

It is related that Mr. George Hague having met Dr. Wild just before service on Sunday night, the following colloquy ensued:—

"Will you preach the plain gospel this evening?"

"Not this evening."

"Some other evening?"

"Good evening."

There is one good thing about this whole business of a man's conscience smiting him—generally he isn't hit very hard.

## "Look at It."

Somebody in Charlottetown, P. E. I., sends us a paper in which the following advertisement is conspicuously marked:—

## A CARD OF THANKSGIVING.

Mr. Justice Young cannot return to his Chambers in the Law Courts, after an absence of TWELVE MONTHS, owing to the painful accident he met with in Broomfield Street Church, Boston, Mass., U. S. A., in June last, without publicly thanking God for sparing his life, and blessing the means employed for his recovery. He would gratefully acknowledge the marked consideration shown him by every member of the Bar; and also the sympathy and kindness extended to him by all classes of the community.

The sender of the paper writes in the margin, "Look at it!" Well, we have looked at it. Perhaps our funny correspondent expects us to poke a little ridicule at Mr. Justice Young for being so old fashioned as to imagine that he is under any obligation to the Deity for his recovery. If so, he must find somebody else to do the poking—somebody with less respect for the religious convictions of other people, and less sense of what constitutes a fair subject of humor. We do not know Mr. Justice Young, but we venture to say he is as much of a man as anybody who would take this ad. and "look at it" with the eye of ridicule.

## Now's Her Chance.

Montreal has been appealed to by her sister, Quebec, for a little financial aid to the sufferers by the past fire. Of course the commercial metropolis will be equal to the occasion. As in the case of the lamentable St. John fire, she will magnanimously put her hand in her pocket; but Grip hopes she will not, as in that instance, forget to take it out again.



## JOHNNY'S COMPOSITION ON "MEN."

Men are two-footed animals. They are sometimes big, and sometimes little. Extra big men generally travel with circuses, and so does extra small men.

Most men get married. My pa once got married and I've often heard him telling ma that he would never get married again. Ma says it's "sour grapes," or something like that. She also says that no one would have "such a bald-headed, grey-haired, 72 year old baby like him."

Men likes to join secret societies, leaseways my pa does, for he has a "lodge meeting" every time there is a public supper within twelve miles of town.

Ma, she says men are frauds, they are delusions. Pa says women are worse, though Aunt Sue chimes in with ma, and says not to mind what pa says, coz he'll just say that for pure cussed spite.

Another peculiarity about men is, that they can never find anything, not even a collar or a tie; and it's always, "Mary! where's my collar?" or "Where in the dickens has that tie gone?" and he gets twice as mad as a hornet when he gets the answer, "John, my dear, where'd you leave it?"

But, I've forgotton to buck my wood, and here comes dad up the steps, and I think his steps sound like biz. If he sees me at this composition he'll read it and,—oh! pity me! I think, however, it will never get to school if he once seed it.

JOHNNY.



## THE RULING PASSION.

SCENE.—Near Rosedale. A Part.

He.—A beautiful sunset, isn't it?

She.—Lovely! And such fashionable colors, too!!

## A "Poser."

Deer Editor, a'm seek ov luv;

I ax for u'r advice,  
Mi gurl is purty iz a duv,  
But feekil as a mice.Hur brow iz lak the yallo gold;  
Hur i s iz lak a dam,  
Wherin you'd wish, when u'd behold,  
U wiz a tod—to swam.Hur cheek is lik a heaped up plate  
Ov gud potato smash;  
Tu bus them—Oh it wud be grate,  
They ar mor sweeter than hash.Hur mouth iz lak what bootchers mak,  
In pigs necks—red az rose,  
Hur teengirs tallo candles lak,  
Lak polliwogs hur tose.Deer Editor, what I wud ax  
Is how tu cort an spark,  
A'm shi tu her as iz the wax  
Tu fire; ples listen up the dark.

Pictou, N. S. A. B. C.

## Deserted.

When the wildcat says the grace, before he tastes his meat;

When the wild boar cleans his face, before he goes to eat;  
And shines his boots and combs his hair, when he goes out to woo—

Then—then my love will I a tear let fall for losing you.

When the tiger joins the church, and when the Syrian bull,

When the hyena leaves his lurch, to ope a Sunday School;

When buffaloes mid-wives become, and jaguars nurses kind,

Then will a sigh for you be drawn, for my poor restless mind.

When in the pulpit cobra stands, and thunders against sin;

When with the wolf the lamb shakes hands, and monkeys cease to grin;

When hens invite the fox at night, to come and visit them,

And spark their daughters; then my sight tears (shed for you) may dim.

When across Niagara's fall, the hippopotamus With wife, stove, wheelbarrow, and all, runs on a rope like bliss;

And when the elephant and sloth, wheel on a circus pole,  
Then do I promise on my troth, to fill with tears a bowl.When wolves and bears are dubbed M.D., when skunks retail cologne,  
And when old women cease to say, "The best meat's on the bone;"

When hares are constables, and keep the lion locked in jail,

Then do I promise you to weep, the full of a big pail.

Pictou, N. S. A. B. C.

The poet may rave over the maid of Athens;  
but we prefer a good pot-pie. And, for that matter, it's made o' fat hens, too.