

MADAME QUEBEC EXPLAINS.

"It is quite true, Jonathan, that I control the mouth of the St. Lawrence, as Mr. Glen says, but I do not control Mr. Mercier's mouth, and you must not take his Annexation talk as expressing my opinions."

THE TROLLEY.

OF all the modes upon the roads
For locomotion, jolly,
In which we share, none can compare
With riding on the Trolley!
In shays and gigs, and double rigs—
Mail coaches and postchaises—
With horses four, in days of yore
We drove and went our paces:
On bicycles and tricycles—
Wheels of whim and folly—
How we did dash, and come to smash,—
Until we got the Trolley!

Wonderful steed, of lightning speed,
Of Science great the dower,
'Tis you that *rs*, with buz and whiz,
The new Improvements' power.
At morning break, when us you wake,
With noise loud as a volley—
Car of Progress, we do confess
You're the resistless Trolley!

And then, just scan the motorman,
Of careful, proud attention,
You'd think the while, (just from his style),
He owned the whole invention.
His lightning steed ne'er stops to feed,
As old coach horses oughter,
Nor does delay upon the way
To take in wood or water—
Like that great joke, with it's big smoke—
The locomotive folly—
Now all give place in the great race
Unto the rushing Trolley!

—H.

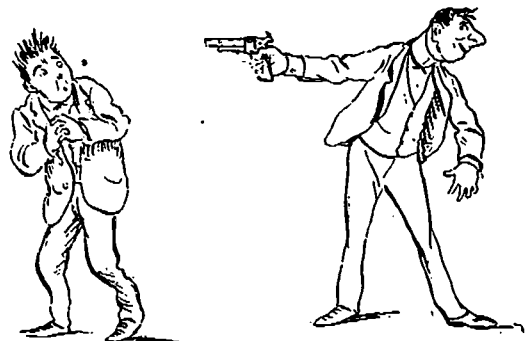
TIM GREETS US.

ME DARLINT GRIP,—

ME purty bird, wanst more let me have the grate felicity
av welcoming yez back to yer ould roosting place.
But, shure, tish't a phaynix yez have bekum, is it?
Well, maybe 'tis only moulting yer feathers yez are at, and
that I shall soon have all the delite av smoothin' down an'
caressin' the beautiful, jetty raven plumes, in fond remim-
brance av' ould days. Hould yer GRIP still, an' believe me,

Yer thrue frind,

TIM O'DAY.



HE "DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED," OF COURSE.