



### MATERNAL SOLICITUDE.

MRS. HOGAN—"Oh! Mrs. Flaherty, yer little Jimmy jist fell down in the well beyant."

MRS. FLAHERTY—"Well, I hope he's after takin' the pail wid him so's he can fetch it back full av wather."

### IN THE STREET CARS.

FIRST LADY—"Ah, by the way, didn't Lillie Lazuli make a pretty bride to-day?"

SECOND LADY—"Didn't she, though! I hear the bridegroom is very well off. Quite wealthy, they tell me."

FIRST LADY—"Ah! but that isn't the best feature of the match. He is an American, you know, and his family is closely related to that of Washington Irving."

SECOND LADY—"Oh, indeed! How perfectly delightful. Ah—what profession is Mr. Irving in?"

### AN ANNEXATION ARGIFICATION.

I'VE heerd of Annexation, an' I've heered a dooced lot  
Of Imperial Federation, and of Independence rot;  
An' I've a kind of notion, too, no matter what they say,  
That this here country's destiny don't lay around that way.

I met a man who blows about the Yankee Stars and Stripes,  
He talked of "hearts and hands" until I kinder felt the gripes;  
"See here, my friend," says he, "Yer want ter see the land below,  
Its business enterprise with which this country ain't no show."

"You fellers here are starvin' an' a hustlin' for the south,  
An' real estate an' such-like is away down in the mouth;  
This continent was only meant one nation for to be,  
With one grand flag—the Stars and stripes—ter float o'er you an' me."

"The government of Yankee land is tip-top as you know;  
Her people, as a race, me boy, are anythin' but slow;  
The laws is good, the wages high, an' everythin' pit pat,  
An' where'll yer find the nation as can boast the likes of that?"

"I read the papers, too," says I—I felt a trifle hot,  
"This 'talk of glorious government is simply gol-darned rot,  
You shout for equal justice an' the rights of freemen claim,  
When the way you treat the Indian is your land's eternal shame."

"The nigger question now, it seems, is both 'rin' Southern folk:  
An' Liberty which reared the slave, has got to bear his yoke;  
An' when they boast a puffed law, it isn't clear to me,  
The likin' that they 'pear ter have fer any lynchin' bee."

"You talk about monopoly, an' its far-reachin' sway  
In this here land of ours, but seems to me the other way:  
The folk across the border line are groanin' worse than us  
Beneath the heel of capital, that all-absorbing cuss."

"Thank God, we have no massacres like Homestead on our roll,  
Though some of us is stewin' in the capitalists' bowl:  
An' if the times is rather hard, an' trade is sorter glum,  
Your yearly failures seem to show that you, too, feel it some."

"I'm not a rantin' loyalist or jingo man, by gosh,  
An' ef yer want ter know it, I think all their talk is bosh,  
But Canada, my grumblin' friend, won't swing upon yer gate,  
Till you 'free' fellers down below can show a cleaner slate."

He didn't like that kind of talk (I 'low 'twas rather plain)  
An' said: "Excuse me; I forgot I have ter catch a train?"  
But I've been thinking deep upon the question of the day,  
An' it seems ter me the riddle can be only solved this way.

We want a federation of the English-speakin' race,  
Throughout the world: with labor in the capitalists' place;  
A federation which shall bring us closer—you an' me,  
A union of hand an' heart, enthr'nin' LIBERTY.

—C. KNET.

### LAMPAY'S LATEST.



R. W. G. LAMPAY, the patriot poet of Ottawa, whose new and thrilling version of "God Save the Queen," has won him so many admirers, furnishes another choice *morceau* this week. GRIP is disposed to take issue with E. C. Stedman, and the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* who regard Mr. Lampay's bold and unconventional disregard of rhyme and metre as a defect almost sufficient to counterbalance the beauty and suggestiveness of the thoughts embodied in his noble stanzas. On the contrary the poet is to be commended

for having discarded the trammels and limitations of rhyme whenever they marred the flow of his subtle and pregnant fancy. It must be borne in mind that these somewhat captious critics are Americans who of course cannot be expected to understand or appreciate the spirit of loyalty which breathes through every line of the patriot-poet's strains. Here followeth the anthem:

### STANDING BY THE STANDARD.

NOW, we stand; by the standard, boys;—  
Ready, in every land; that we, are called:—  
Up! with the flag of old, my lads;  
And dare, everybody, to take, it who can?  
Shoulder! to shoulder! and fight; like Britons!  
Like our ancestors, of bye, gone, days;  
Onward! we go! cheerily! my boys!  
At the beat; of the drum, of, old England, my lads.

OTTAWA, ONT.

—W. G. LAMPAY.

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