

they wud! They wud tear up the Orange banners av silk, and thus destroy at won fell blow the Protestant relegion, so they wud! Muldoon smiles wud incredulity. It's a decateful smile. A mon may smile and smile an' be a villian—as Shakspeare sez—an' he had Muldoon in his mind at the time!

MR. MULDOON—Yer a liar!

MR. MCKOY—No, I'm not a liar, but you're a liar.

MR. MULDOON—I'll smash yer mug for you, you omadhaun.



MR. MCKOY—Yez will! If ye'll come to Belfast where I'm solid, I'll walk on you. I'll hit yez so hard that you'll die standin' up!

MR. CHAIRMAN—Order. This is becoming personal.

MR. MCKOY—Well, I'm done, onyhow, and I only say in conclusion, ston up for civil and relegious liberty, as we are ready to do on the 12th of July or oftener if yez loike. Ston up for glorious Ulster. That's the true Ireland, so it is! And that's the place where the people is loyal, and when the ban plays "Bilin Wather" on the glorious twelfth, near ivery mon in Galway takes aff his bat, and the rest goes to some safe place af seclusion!

MR. CHAIRMAN—Ladies and Gentleman. My only remaining duty is to entrust the question to your vote. The arguments you have heard; I will make no effort to sum up. It is needless. I think you can hardly fail to agree with me that, Mr. McKoy has demonstrated that the Home Rule cause is the cause of anarchy, rebellion, disunion, and the utter demoralization of Great Britain, but as an impartial bystander on this occasion, I would not, of course say anything to influence your judgment. I now leave the question with you, and I do sincerely hope that however you vote, you will not forget to educate your sons in the Ancient Classics.

J. W. B.

THE GREAT EDUCATOR.

"YOUNG man," said the editor of the *Lost Creek Stereopticon*, "you can draw your pay and evacuate the ranch. I've no use for you." "Why, what's the matter now?" gasped the new local. "That account of the Beasley-Oppendorf wedding." "Why, I thought I did myself proud on that. The two families have ordered more'n a hundred extra papers." "Well, it won't do. You headed it 'The Beasley-Oppendorf Wedding,' instead of 'Wedding Bells.'" "Bells! why there ain't a bell in the county except when a steamboat comes along, and the river isn't open now." "Makes no difference; 'Wedding Bells' is the head for marriage notices; it was there on the standing galley, and this office doesn't allow any dead capital lying around. Next thing I know you'll be saying that some citizen went to Chicago, instead of 'departed for the East.' You can go."—*Burdette*.

A PAPER ON PROHIBITION.

BY J. K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

MISTAH GRIP,—De title ob dis papah am Prihobition. Prihobition sah, am de greatest, the impawtentest—an' de mos burningest question ob de day. It am de ishoo upon which de welfare ob dis kentry hangs, an' de politician who thinks he am safe to ignaw or put aside dat question am goin' to get lef—sho. Mistah Blake am fust class *jist as fur as he goes*, but de trouble am, he aint Grit enough to go de whole hog—an' dat dere is jist where he am goin to make parlitical shipwreck ob himself. He says de kentry aint ripe fur Prihobition. Sah! it am Mistah Blake who aint ripe—it am de whiskey interest who aint ripe—an' ef he am goin to wait fur any sich ripenin', Miss Canada am goin to go off wid a handsomer man—It am handsome is dat handsome does, an' ef dere am nobody in de Grit camp with gumption 'nuff to come out on what is goin to be de popular side—end we'll pin de Prihobition ticket to de coat tail ob de great Wizard ob de norf—de irrepressible Canadian Mikado an' he'll fan it froo. De man who got dat ar Pacific C. P. R. Railway compleat from sho to sho in six yeahs aint no fool. He am de kind ob craft whose sails am set to catch de popular breeze, an when de wind ob de Prihobition cry fills his sails he aint de kind ob skipper to reef topsails an' run agin de wind. No sah! De well known Canadian clipper John A. i aint built dat way—you betcher yer boots—he'd rather be run straight into Office wid a hard-blowing Prihobitionary equinoctial gale.

Dis life sah am a series ob ludicrous contradictions. Here am a man who believes in Prihobition, whose private life am a testimony in favor ob prihobition, yet who dare not hab de courage ob his convictions an' carry out his principles in public life to de savin ob human life an' property,—fur fear—fur fear de kentry aint ripe fur it! 'Stead ob gallopin' up to de front wid sword wavin over his head an' shoutin' "Toward my men! to death or victory!" he stands on a hill wid a field grass to make sho he's on de winnin side afore he'd help the fighters fur de right even wid a cheer. Ef Mistah Blake thinks he am cut out fur a general, dis here chicken dont. On de oder hand, here am a devil-may-care politician who dont care a darned continental about de temperance cause—dont care whether it sinks or swims—'cepting fur 'e risk ob de party sinkin or swimmin' wid it, an yet dis am de man an' de hour fur de Prihobitionists. He am astute enough to see dat dis am de next trump card—an' dat's de card he am goin to win de game wid at de next election. DE NEXT GREAT APPEARANCE OB DE WIZARD OB DE NORF AS A PRIHOBITIONIST!

We aint got no time to waste argifyin' dis mattah wid Mistah Blake. De kentry aint ripe! Gracious sakes alive! What mo' you want? How many mo' homes you want desolate? How many mo' young men ruined? How many mo' widows an' orphans on yo' charity list? How many mo' loafers squirtin' terbaccy juice round yo' tavern doahs? How many mo' criminal cases fur you lawyers to fight ovah? How many mo' broken hearts and hopeless deathbeds? In shawt—give us an approximation of de aggregate ob human misery you wan rolled up afore you considah de kentry "ripe"—ripe fur destruction. It am ovah ripe Mistah Blake, it am rotting wid de ripeness of de iniquity ob dis drink traffic, it am riper fur legislation dan de gambling dens an de opium dens you prohibit an' ef John A. knows whats good fur him—ef he wants to arn de title ob de Savior ob his kentry he will run the Prihobition ticket wid his usual success.