



## VERY MUCH IN DISGUISE.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.—Now, my dear, can you tell me what a blessing is?

TOMMY.—Taxes on coal, ma'am; father read it in the paper.

## THE LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

BRIEF AND INTERESTING RESUME OF WHO'S WHO, WHERE'S WHERE, WHICH IS WHICH, ETC., ETC.

GRIP, at unheard-of trouble and unparalleled costs—duly taxed—has succeeded in securing from a highly sus—or rather respected legal authority—the subjoined succinct account of the state of the bowl, so to speak, in the Licenses business. He is quite sure his esteemed friends, the Benevolent Ontario Trades Philanthropic Association for the suppression of Sumptuary Legislation and the General Advancement of the Human Race, will esteem this summary a great boon, while it is pretty certain also that some of the Licensed Victuallers may feel an interest in it, and possibly a few whiskey dealers likewise. There is quite a little uncertainty prevailing as to who has got a license and from whom and for what and at how much and when to and why not and what the mischief—and—and—all that sort of thing, you know. So it's a great scheme to understand just how these men stand—not necessarily "stand treat," but stand, metaphorically speaking. For it stands to reason that these men want to stand well themselves notwithstanding that some of their customers occasionally do not stand at all. GRIP therefore will stand or fall by the annexed unimpeachable synopsis:—

## RE LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

(1) One night up in Yorkville Sir John was very full of enthusiasm. He was talking for Boulton, and had been with that eminent statesman during the early part of the evening—which naturally accounted for it. He declared, amidst howls which made Chief Constable Johnson think seriously of locking up the hall and proclaiming the whole gang under arrest for disorderly conduct, that the Crooks Act wasn't worth the paper it was written on—which was mighty rough on the Crooks Act, to say the least of it. He promised, if returned to office, to knock the dressing clean out of the Act, or words to that effect, and give the people a little Act of his own, warranted to afford perfect satisfaction, or no charge. The vast congregation dissolved after this, quite satisfied that the country was still safe.

(2) Next morning Sir John read in the *Mail* what he had been doing the night before—that is to say, the result of what he had been doing. The father of his country there and then made up his mind that he would some day get even with Alf. By this time, doubtless, Alf has got hold of the idea that Sir John means it.

(3) [Omitted, on the ground that GRIP wants no temperance moralizing over this affair—what good could it do?]

(4) [Omitted, because suggestions on side issues are not admissible, Sir John might have tried to lie out of it, of course; and said that it was the reporter who had something the matter with him. But the Premier was above such a wretched piece of artifice—there were too many at the meeting.]

(5) So the Father of the Country called in the Rising Hope of his Party, and told him he would have to tackle the job—and see if he couldn't make a better fist of it than he had in former attempts at high-class legislation.

(6) Hence the McCarthy Act! Hence Mowat's Great Kick! Hence the ruction! Hence these tears—and those tears.

(7) Sir John said:—"Here, Oliver, no sass! Discharge your duty—and your commissioners and things!"

(8) Oliver muttered:—"Not by a long sight. I have the Right—and I'm on the ground first, anyway."

(9) Sir John thundered:—"But I'm the Great Constitutional Lawyer, d'ye hear? Come evacuate!"

(10) Oliver retorted:—"Constitutional Lawyer, eh? What about Hodge?"

(11) [Omitted—language not mild and polite enough for these columns. And anyhow what about Hodge? He is not in the business now—cunning fellow!]

(12) "Well, I'm going on with my Act," Sir John said, positively. "I can make the law, at all events!"

(13) "All right," returned Mowat, "I am going on with my Act. I can collect the fees, at all events!"

(14) Sir John sets his machine in motion and out come a new lot of Commissioners and Inspectors, and big fat advertisements, and prospects of a beautiful fight.

(15) Mr. Mowat gives his old furnace a little more coal, and she starts to snort right away with all hands hard at work in the shop above.

(16) Said the *Globe*:—"Get your licenses at the Old Reliable One Price Mowat House. All others are dangerous counterfeits—and will cost you more money!"

(17) Said the *Mail*:—"The Proper Place to Purchase Permits is the Macdonald Bon Marche. Special inducements for a few days in order to scare off competitors. No trouble to give licenses! Beware of Base Imitations! Call early!"

(18) Then the *Globe* protested:—"Why get two licenses when one will suffice? If you have the Mowat article you are Safe—for it is a perfect Safe Cure. The Macdonald thing is risky, and there is no telling what awful trouble will follow its use. Don't be deceived! Now is the time to subscribe! Mowat's Medical Mystery is just what you want!"

(19) Then the *Mail* waxed wroth:—"Listen to us, confound you! How will it be if, when you have provided yourself with only the 'Mowat Mixture' you discover that the 'Macdonald Melange' has been duly authorized by Law! Nothing can save you, gentlemen. Be persuaded and pass by the disreputable shop and come right into the Eldorado Emporium!"

(20) At this time the Mowat Commissioners were instructed to go around canvassing for orders; whereupon the other fellows decided they should follow suit or get left. Just here some of the New Commissioners grew crazy at the outlook, gave up their job and took to the woods.

(21) We now find the entire Liquor-selling fraternity in deepest gloom, perplexity, anxiety and desperation. Many of them go around with bagfuls of bills asking everyone they meet to give them another license and help themselves to the price of it. The Provincial licensees are pursued by assassins who are

instructed to make him get a Dominion license or die. The Dominion licensees is afraid to crawl from under his barn for fear a Provincial emissary will drag him to gaol. The man who has fortified himself in the licenses from both parties is wild at the thoughts of losing a pile of his money, and not quite certain either but that he will have to pay twice over before he is done with the thing, and maybe then have to over to England to get a license.

(22) The dive-keeper now smiles sweetly, and thinks he can stand all this racket if the authorities can.

(23) "I'll make you pay dear for a Dominion License, my bold buck," says the Ontario Government.

(24) "I'll just kind of disallow that fees Act, darling," remarks the Dominion Government.

(25) Finally Sir John and Mowat got together and had oysters and lots of fun and laughed over the big fuss till their sides ached. After which they concluded it had gone far enough for a practical joke.

(26) "The Dominion Government will suspend the penal clauses of the Act, awaiting a decision from the Courts. But, nevertheless, don't imagine y—you only have a Provincial License—"

(27) "The Ontario Government has concluded to accept the offer of the Dominion Government to submit a test case on the question of License Jurisdiction. But, all the same, if you have only a Dominion license, your chances are indeed—"

(28) This degree of certainty now about the matter must be a great relief.

(29) Added to it is the Provincial wide agitation being raised by advocates of the Scott Act, whose efforts are nearly everywhere crowned with success.

(30) Doesn't every one of us wish he was a member of the Benevolent Ontario Trades Philanthropic Association for the Suppression of Sumptuary Legislation and the General Advancement of the Human Race?

## A PSALM OF BURIAL.

Tell me not with words inflated  
Bodies were not meant to burn;  
For the moo-cow when cremated  
Doth to "frosted silver" turn.

Not the grave-yard, not interment  
Is the cheapest, healthiest way;  
But to rob the worm preferment  
Finds with cultured men to-day.

Lights of learning all have told us  
We can shunt the gloomy pall,  
And, when churchyards will not hold us,  
Roast our flesh for funeral.

Let us, then, keep time with culture:  
"Earth to earth" is out of date—  
Leave no carrion for the vulture,  
Spurn the sexton and cromate.

—Moonshine.



## "FOOD FOR THOUGHT."

Probable appearance of the *Globe* editor when he consumes all the "food for thought" in Sir Richard's speech, and gets ready to give the result of his thinking.