



CLARKE'S CUSTOMARY LUCK.

ole ooman—Look a heah, Lucy! you jes carry in dat dar rockin' char, I doan sit heah in de sun any mo. I doan sit loafin' in de company of s'loon keepers an' parties what owns public houses an' what lives off liquor sellin' an' misery makin'—no not if dey be Dooks, an' Markisses, an' Earls. It was bad enough fo dis chicken to heah de mos prominent Pesbyterian minister ob dis yer city ob Toronto declar' 'pon soul an' conscience dat it am right to drink, an' dat a man "what lives off drink sellin' can be a good man, aye an' a Christian;" but when it comes to be an English Lord Bishop D.D. ownin' two public houses—den I renounces all sich rustycracy, an' I demands of dat dar Bishop of souls—what do you s'spose dese yer D.D.'s to your name means but Double Damnation, to de poo' wretches who drink yo' liquor, while yo sit up dar as snug as yo please all justified an' sanctified fo' eber an' eber, amen! Eh? Do yo think dis niggah would b'long to any sich 'stocracy as dat? G'long! Don't catch me sittin' in de sun in any sich company as Dooks an' Earls an' Markisses what live off liquor sellin', an' a man'factrin' ob misery an' poverty an' crime an' death. No, sah! Dis chick hab been lab'r'in' under a d'loosion an' a snare; dis chicken thought it was a mighty fine an' hon'ble thing to be a rusticrat, an' sit in

de sun all day doin' nothin' but eatin', drinkin' an smokin'; but when I fin' my fine Dooks keep de rusticrat pot a-bilin' of'n s'loon keepin', den I strikes my name off de list.

An' now, MISTAH GRIP, fo' feah yo' may think I still got de rusticrat taint 'bout me, yo' jest read dat yer petition dis chicken drew up to banish de s'loons an' de taverns outen dis noble ward, an' to confine de limits of liquor sellin' to Yonge an' Queen Street. Dis ward am sick an' tired of s'loons an' taverns. We want groceries an' dry goods an' furniture an' all de good things ob dis life, but we haint a-going to keep up no rusticrats an' no s'loon keepers—we haint got a bit o' use for de stuff dey sell. De people ob dis noble ward doan want liquor any mo'—it never did 'em any good an' it done brought 'em lots ob trouble. De great moral clerical s'port ob de s'loon keepers am off on de grand tour roun' de world, an' der ain't another clergyman in dis city darst stand up an' fend de liquor interest—so wishin' good luck to da pertition to renew no mo' s'loon leases, I am

Yo' mos' disrusticratic co'spondent,

J. K. WASHINGTON WHITE.

It is usually easy to undo a self-made man.