

way that our worthy friends of the Temperance cause attempt to choke their veritable *bele noir*, known to outsiders by the generic term of whiskey, and to sports by the vulgar and somewhat ambiguous name of "budge." The "corner grocery" man has no doubt a great deal to answer from an anti-liquor point of view, though why a "corner" grocery should be worse than any other I fail to understand, except indeed that a corner has a tendency to make people "corned" (joke for temperance lecturer to relieve effect of previous heartrending anecdote of starving household), yet as the state of society is to-day there is a class of people who will buy wine, whiskey, beer or other spirituous liquors, and drink them too as long as they can be got by fair means or foul. No example, no argument, no shame will prevent them from obtaining "the curse," nothing except the total and absolute dearth of the wherewithal to procure it. This class will change their base of operations when the corner grocery is debarred to him, to that of the corner groggery, whether anything will be gained for the cause or not is rather problematical, though the chances are the grog will be more watered and less injurious. The rich man under the new conditions will keep on as usual and get his grog at a "respectable" grog grocery through his grocery grocer of course. These facts call up some peculiar liar features of the case. Your "thin edge of the wedge" will get sadly blunted before you effectually split the whiskey interest. A wedge is a good thing in its way but in this case you want to use some thing in the nature of dynamite, and bust things all to pieces. Not until the chimneys of the brewery and distilleries are smokeless, and the buildings are sacred to the cats and the badgers, will that dog expire. Now if you could only do this you would soon see the doubtful diamonds fall from the snowy shirt front of the flash "bar-keep" (figuratively, my dear friends, for of course you never enter saloons on any pretence). You will likewise see the speedy trottin' hoss of the proprietor disband and his phaeton, barouche or buggy for sale "by public auction or otherwise." I don't wish any class of our fellow citizens any ill luck, nor harm to any individual, yet I feel that I would not weep bitterly, if what in nautical parlance is termed a "reef" should be taken in the sails of these gentlemen, because—because,—well that is neither here nor there. Why don't you blue ribbon men, teetotalers, fanatics, or whatever you may be called, why don't you lay siege at once to the chief redoubt (or dog kennel) where your enemy has head quarters? Demolish his main line of works, and raze his inner fortifications, and you gain the day. Your attempts at the outposts only put the enemy on the alert. The victory will cost our glorious country some hundreds of thousands of dollars,—but it will be made up *ten times over in one year*. If you don't believe it, figure up what money goes over Toronto's tavern bars in twenty-four hours. You needn't tell anybody. Don't say I told you, but that's the way to choke your dog.

WHISKEY v. BUDGE.

Oh! sad is the fate of the man at the corner,
His mouth is drawn down, there's a tear in his eye;
He'll soon be prevented from selling a horn or
Even a pitcher of beer or old rye.

The raggedy maiden, the boozey old matron,
The bummer who erst used to call in the morn,
The immature crook, and the frouzy old slattern
Will go to the lush drum in quest of their horn.

He thinks "Can it be that the envious Saloonist,
To gain his own ends has betrayed our good cause?
If so, we'll just hoist him as high as baloonist,
And give him a taste of the temperance laws."

Like rogues that fall out, you'll find men that sell
"licker,"

And whose interests clash, to each other don't show
Much consideration, and grocers may "snicker,"
When helping their friends the Saloonists to "go."



WOMAN'S BUGBEAR;

OR,

HOW CAN WE KEEP OURSELVES ETHERIAL.

One mystic, miserable night,
I felt myself expanding;
My corset, gloves and boots grew tight,
And I was left demanding
What can it mean?

I slowly swelled like leavened dough,
"Was surely barely human
In one brief night that I should grow
Into a side-show woman,
So very stout.

My gloves flew from each swelling hand,
My ripped boots left their places,
My corset vainly made a stand,
But, pop! hang! went the laces,
And it was gone.

And still I grew with fearful haste:
My gloves were twenty seven,
The tape around my swollen waist
Proclaimed me Five-eleven
Feet and inches!

I shuddering woke; it was a dream!
My waist still graceful tapers;
In "twos" my feet still glance and gleam,
And carry on their capers,
My gloves are fives.



I warning take; my tiny waist
Shall smaller grow in smaller corset;
Here, Mary Jane, I must be laced
Until it meets—there, force it
Tighter and tighter!

There, fifteen inches, that will do.
I scarce can breathe without a doubt, or
Brag, the pain is here, but whow!
Far better pain than growing stouter
Any day!

EMIGRATION.

A DRAMA.

ACT I.

SCENE—A workman's cottage in England.
Workman and wife seated at dinner.

WORKMAN:—Look here, wife, I'm tired of this, I've lost two days this week, and the master talks of putting us on three-quarter-time and reducing our wages.

WIFE:—It's hard, but what will you do?

HUSBAND:—What with hard times and oppressive laws, I am tired of England. I will go somewhere where I can have regular work and good pay. I'll try Canada. (Exit workman.)

ACT II.

SCENE.—An emigrant agent's office. Agent discovered writing behind a huge table loaded with emigration bills and pamphlets. Enter workman.

WORKMAN:—I have called to see you about emigrating to Canada. Do you think I can get on better there than here?

AGENT. *Never out of England*:—My good man, there is no doubt you can. In Canada there is abundance of work for all at high wages. Canada is a paradise for the working-man.

WORKINGMAN:—Will work and wages always be good?

AGENT:—You can depend upon that. The present government guarantees certain work for all who go.

(The workman is convinced, engages his passage and is loaded with a bundle of sensational emigration literature to further hoist him to paradise.)

ACT III.

SCENE. The Toronto police court. Workman, with a pale, hungry-looking face enters and makes his way to the magistrate.

WORKMAN:—Will you please send me to jail? I cannot get work and am starving.

MAGISTRATE:—What made you come to Canada to risk this, my good man?

WORKMAN:—The emigration agent in the old country assured me that I should have regular work at high wages. When I was in work, I sent the money I could spare to my wife, never expecting this. And now I am without a cent.

(He thinks of his wife and little ones far away, and bursts into tears.)

MAGISTRATE:—Yours is the lot of many who come here, I am sorry to say. The agents in England should be stopped from pursuing such unwise conduct. You are committed to jail for two months.

(Exit workman in charge of policeman.)

CURTAIN.

THE PASSING SHOW,

GRAND.—Sol Smith Russell and his company amused large audiences in "Edgewood Folks" on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings. Mr. Thos. W. Keene, tragedian, is at present giving a round of Shakspearian characters, in a highly acceptable manner.

"Hans and Gretel," the new operatta, had a full dress rehearsal at Government House on Wednesday evening. The public performance is set for May 1st.

The Royal Museum has an extra good programme this week, and well deserves a visit.



CONDUCTOR TOM.
(Dedicated to the G. T. R. Company.)