

'Tis water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink,
 No more is heard the music of the glass's mellow clink.
 When the Captain and the Major, the Colonel and the "Jedge"
 Meet to nave a little nip to give their appetites an edge.
 The Collins now is gialess, the high-ball lacks the rye,
 And the punch-bowl holds carnations—Ontario's going dry.

All night-caps now are lacey, and worn on ladies' heads—
 Those are vanished that were taken when no real sport went to
 bed.
 The free and thirsty men-folk are gentle now, as lambs,
 And they speak in husky whispers, that are flavoured well with
 damns.
 And each can walk a chalk-line when the stars are in the sky.
 For the fizz-glass now is fizz-less, and Ontario's going dry.

Draw the curtain, gentle reader, in their anguish let them be,
 As our poor Toronto brethren try to "jingle up" on tea,
 For the water-waggon rumbles through Ontario on its trip
 And it helpeth not to drop off to pick up the driver's whip.
 All the bars have turned to "Movies," and the corkscrew hangeth
 high
 And things are blue in Club-land—Ontario's going dry.

There was a time when the bachelor was taxed in England, but, even if he attempted to escape by marriage, he could not avoid the tax gatherers. For William III. passed a comprehensive measure "for carrying on the war against France with vigour," whereby a tax was levied on marriages, births, burials, bachelors, and widowers. The payment was on a scale, an unmarried duke paying 12 pounds 10 sovereigns yearly, and bachelors at the bottom of the list only a shilling. It cost a duke 50 pounds to get buried and the same sum to be married. And there must have been dukes who balanced the cost of those luxuries.—*London Chronicle*.

In the last volume of the Dominion statutes there is an Index of Private Acts granted from the year 1867 to 1916, a period of 50 years, from which it appears that the total number of divorce Acts passed was 308, of which 162 were obtained by men, and 146 by women.