

Says he, "Look here, I ain't so big a sucker as you think;
You're 'drop' don't go—you asked the boys to join you in a drink."

Now Lee was keeless with his words, an' bein' filled with beer,
His intelleck was clouded an' his brain not very clear.
He called Ted Gough a liar, said he wouldn't pay the score,
It was a drop he spoke of—they might drop upon the floor.

Well, someone dropped upon the floor, an' as it seemed to me,
His figure bore a likeness to a party known as Lee.
Then like a streak of lightning Joe Delany piled on Gough,
An' three or four yanked holt uv Joe an' tried to pull him off.

To tell the details of that fight just now I need not stop.
But ere it ended every man around had took a drop.
I found myself, afore I knew, decanter in my hand,
A-poundin' Davis on the head with Gooderham's choicest brand.

Just then a stick of cordwood stretched me prostrate on the floor,
An' till the row was over I remember nothin' more.
But when I was a-layin' there, how it will ne'er transpire,
The red-hot stove got overturned an' sot the place afire.

I needn't tell how we got out afore the house burned down,
How I quit the liquor business an' shook the bloomin' town;
How poor Ted Gough with fevered brain for two weeks raved an' swore,
He died, an' the last words he spoke was, "Drop upon the floor."

Now Lee is in the Temperance field an' meets with good success,
His record isn't much behind Frank Murphy or Joe Hess.
He's billed to talk at Billings' Bay before the month is o'er,
And the title of his lecture is just "Drop Upon the Floor."

M. B. McD.

HE WAS WELL-HEELED.

BEESWAN—"Hello, Witherspoon, I hear you're engaged to old Blenkinsop's daughter?"

WITHERSPOON—"Yes."

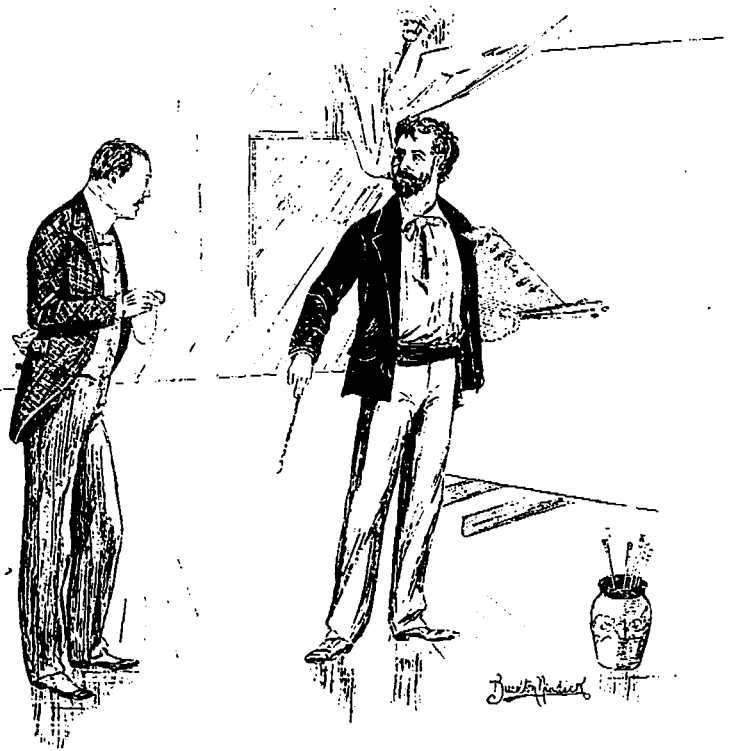
BEESWAN—"Congratulations, dear boy! The old man is well heeled, I believe."

WITHERSPOON (*in a melancholy tone*)—"Oh, yes—he is well-heeled. The brief interview I had on the steps with him 'last evening convinced me of that."



MUSICAL ITEM.

"THREE beats to a bar."



NO WONDER.

SMEERE—"What perfect nightmares D'Auber makes of the women in his pictures! How insanely they are dressed!"

MAHISTICK—"No wonder. He dresses them according to Kits' fashion illustrations in the *Mail*."

A TYPICAL LOYALIST.



BEFORE all, we want national spirit,"
The orator said,
"How vast the domain we inherit!
How brilliant the future we merit!
How mighty the deeds of our dead!"

"We must cling to each grand institution,

The gift of our sires,
And deal out a just retribution
To traitors creating confusion,
Till vanquished, sedition expires.

"Oh, dear is the country that bore us,
Fair Canada's shore,
And the glorious Old Flag waving o'er us
Raise loud to the welkin our chorus
Of 'God save the Queen evermore.'

Cried the people: "Ah he can enthuse us."
Loud rang their applause.
"Be our leader" they said, "don't refuse us,
With true national spirit infuse us,
And champion Canada's cause."

Smiled sadly that orator: "Ah, go
Another to seek,
I'm with you, but hence I must far go
I've just got a sit in Chicago
And leave for that city next week!"

It is easy to understand why a drunkard cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. The straight and narrow path oes him up.