

XXXVIII.

Amongst the rest the odious weed that outraged all their
 noses,
 A vile and baleful plant that smelled of anything but roses.
 Go where you could, in street or wood, by railway or thro'
 tunnel,
 From every jaw a pipe protrudes, and every mouth's a funnel.
 The Stygian smoke that issued from their Padres and
 their Mahdis
 Rose up, he was convinced, from the neighbourhood of
 Hades ;
 And as beer and baccy were akin, together they should go,
 And every pipe should be put out in broad Ontario.

XXXIX.

They'd only reach the halfway house in thorough refor-
 mation,
 When they had legislated for the noses of the nation ;
 No man could say that Canada from vice and crime was free,
 While every dude could blow his cloud just like an Indian
 Cree.
 'Twas plain this vile and beastly thing of smoking and of
 chewing,
 Unless put down by some strong hand would compass their
 undoing ;
 It should be made a criminal, indictable offence
 Against the morals of the people, their noses and their sense.

XL.

And to follow up the work so fitly consummated,
 From the ashes of the League—like a giant renovated,
 The ANTI-BLAST SOCIETY sprang up to run a-muck
 Against the pipe and smoking gear of every bold Canuck,
 And what they did anent the " weed," and how they raised
 a rumpus,
 You may be told another time by your obedient

BUMPUS.