

whiskey its people consume? That the more they waste, or worse than waste, the better they will be prepared to fill the public exchequer?

TONGUEGRASS.—You are too much in earnest, good WILLIAM. Don't you perceive the wisdom of making the fools who fuddle themselves the basis for national government—the very corner-stone of our constitution?

SLOWCO.—That's what I think. If people will drink let them pay for it. It will be all the better for us sober people.

SPAKEQUEER.—True enough. If there were no drinkers, how could the jails be supported, or who would there be to go there? And the criminal courts, and the police, and all the rest, what would become of them? No, no, let Mr. WINEBIBBER contribute all he can to keep the great wheels of the social system in motion, no matter whether he go to the dogs himself or not. When he disappears by spontaneous combustion, successors in plenty will spring up, Phoenix like, from his ashes.

SLOWCO.—I begin to think you are trying to chaff me; that's not a fair way to argue.

SMALLWIT.—The chaff, however, has several grains of weighty sense in it. It would be a shameful thought, indeed, that our Government could not dare to stop a mischief-working, crime-creating traffic, because it furnished an easy method of raising a revenue.

GRIP.—Well said, PATRICK, well said!

SPAKEQUEER.—Perish that thought!

RUDGE.—The experiment of prohibition might be made doubtless. Would public sentiment sustain legislation in this direction?

TONGUEGRASS.—Hardly. Forbidden fruit has always had a terrible fascination for poor humanity. When sinless ADAM and his sinless spouse could not pass the apple tree in Eden, what would you expect in Canada?

SPAKEQUEER.—'Tis the melancholy truth; there would not be wanting those who would even venture contact with cold water, and swim across broad Ontario to yonder land of freedom for a Tom-and-Jerry, were the home supply cut off.

GRIP.—'Tis useless to prohibit. I have said.

TONGUEGRASS.—Brave RIEL, who was not afraid to cause poor SCOTT to be done to death, is not now afraid to absent himself from his seat in Parliament!

SPAKEQUEER.—Passing strange, is it not? Still more strange, it seems to me, that to be of the same tongue and of like religion should make so many willing to pardon the foul murder by him committed.

TONGUEGRASS.—The loudest clamourers for vengeance are those, are they not, who speak of SCOTT as Orange? They demand justice, do they not, not so much that SCOTT was killed, but that by Catholic hands an Orangeman was slain?

SPAKEQUEER.—I fear 'tis so. One scarce can blame the sceptic for his doubts who sees the loudest professors of a loving creed so apt for strife.

GRIP.—Gentlemen, please adjourn.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

GRIP has much pleasure in announcing to a confiding public that he has made an arrangement by which some celebrated songsters will "drop into poetry in a friendly way" during the coming summer.

GRIP need only mention Longfellow, Tennyson, Swinburne, Hood, Poe, Tupper, especially Tupper, to ensure an appreciative host of new subscribers.

And this is what H. W. L. has to say:—

THE SONG OF "FIRE WATER."

BY H. W. L.-N-G-F-W.

Ye who sometimes in your rambles
Through the bar-rooms of the city—
Through the bar-rooms of Toronto—
(Where the purple-hued Bar-ten-dar
Proffers whiskey, drink of demons,
Demons doomed and damned for ever)
Taste the gin-sling of the foolish—
Drain the cock-tail of the sinner,
Pause, and heed this note of warning,
Read the story of "Fire Water."

In the State of fair Ohio—
In the village of Mount Vernon,
Reigned the fell-fiend Fire Water;
Reigned he there with scornful laughter,
While the grog-shops without number,
Countless as the sands of ocean,
Thrived and prospered without ceasing.
For so thirsty were the people—
These same dwellers of Mount Vernon—
That each night, each "cara sposa,"
Sitting waiting for her dearey,
Sitting watching, wan and weary,

Found him home returning beery;
Snakes in boots, and such like vermin,
Till her blood within her tingled,
And she vowed a vow so eerie
That another verse must tell it.

Round her then she called each neighbor,
Each and all with husbands beery,
Each and all with features teary,
Each so vile, yet still her deary;
And with them took solemn council
How they'd go for these rum-sellers,
Who, with Bran-dis-mash and Cok-tale,
Made their sworn protectors boozy—
Made them boozy—made them foolish—
So that round the flitting key-hole,
Each and all plied fatuous latch-key.

How they all put on their war-paint,
Feathers, flowers, frills, and laces;
How they armed themselves with Him-buks.
Were I to relate the story—
To relate their whole proceedings,
What they did and how they did it,
Would your patience too much weary,
Would of GRIP's space too much use up.
But they gathered round those rum-holes,
Out of tune but strong of purpose—
"Spill your whiskey, stop your draining,
"This is good advice we're giving,
"Naught to us if 'tis your living;
"Bring the beer out with the cream on,
"Bring forth Demi-John, the Demon;
"Down with Demi-John, the Demon."

[We omit here, owing to the pressure upon our space, 195 pages of description, which possess merely local interest.]

Him-buks conquered, and Fire Water
Now no more is seen among them;
Gone are Shan-di-gaf and Stone-fence,
Once his allies tried and trusted;
Gone are Juleps, too, and Cobblers,
While each Bar-kee-par is—BUSTED!!

"GRIP" IN THE GALLERY.

From the massive high-up gallery where I with others sit,
I gaze upon the members all, like bears within a pit,
(But peace reigns o'er the scene supreme, the fray has not begun,
And borrow now an opera-glass to scan each noted one.
There are some seats with strangers fill'd, old owners felled by death,
While others, death political has spared much useful breath.
I sigh for the Knight of Kingston, of many a friend bereft
By that vile Pacific Scandal, now seated on the left.
As I think of his "disbursements" I wipe from out my eye
The starting and unbidden tear. To think that HUE and CRY
Should, coupled with the voice of BROWN, this clever statesman martyr,
For being so considerate about a railway charter!
The mighty man of medicine is sitting at his side,
He 'scaped the railway accident, where all the others died.
There yet remains the man of LAW, the man of ready tongue,
Who's pleaded off for perill'd necks, and praise of jury sung.
These are the Three, the well-known Three, that fix my wand'ring
gaze,

And nerve my pen, my Mail-clad pen, to sing their loudest praise.
There are in Opposition ranks as many more so true,
But the leaders of that wasted band alone attract my view.
Ah, scattered is that little band that subsidized so well,
Alas, that tastes for merchandise should prove a party's knell!
O! Canada, my country! Shall thus MCKENZIE tread
All "surplus" from the Tory Press, and feed the *Globe* instead!
But let us live in soothing hope and wait the happy hour
When the Grits shall cease from troubling and the Tories be in pow'r.
But now the Speaker takes the chair, and my impatient friend
Demands again his opera-glass, so I must make an end.

A VICIE TO THE YOUNG.

DEAR "GRIP"—Would you do me and a great many other sympathizers with the new National party the favor to convey an expression of our disgust to the editor of *The Nation* ancient his article on M. RIEL. Tell him that while we approve his sentiments on the subject of that individual's escapades, we abominate the affectation which led him to trot out so many French paragraphs in writing on the subject. If he must quote in French, by all means let him print an accompanying translation, if he really understands the language.

Yours, Sir,

TOM BROWN.