



HE CAN DO IT IF HE WILL.

Miss Ontario: "Now, John, you give me a long enough handle for this broom on December 4th, and I'll sweep that horrible spider away for ever."
 [If 216,000 votes are polled in favour of the new law abolishing bar rooms on December 4th, said law will go into operation.]

A GODLY HOUSECLEANING.

You ugly, bloated, cruel thing,
 With naught to recommend you,
 For God and home my broom I swing
 And with one blow I'll end you.

Within your den, with evil face,
 Like Judas falsely smiling,
 You weave the web that brings disgrace;
 Our hearts and homes defiling.

With fiendish skill, on every side,
 You spread your net about you,
 And grin, while honest folks have tried,
 With words and threats, to rout you.

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Mr. Bengough has expressed the situation with his usual clearness and cleverness in the accompanying cartoon. The odious bar-room has spread its net all over our fair land and lies in wait for the weak and unwary of our people to drain them of their very life-blood and fling them out flaccid and dry like dead flies. Our fair Province could make short work of this odious institution if the voter will but give her a handle to her broom long enough to reach it. Shall we do it or shall we not?—That is the question.

Never was there presented to any land or people such an opportunity to procure prohibition as there will be before Ontario on December 4th. We should regard it in the highest degree disastrous to the cause of temperance, a sacrifice and betrayal of all our pledges for years, if we did not take advantage of this golden opportunity. How the drink trade would triumph if we failed. Its spokesmen

have already exulted in the prospect of victory from what they believe to be the irreconcilable differences of the temperance people. Let us prove that their anticipations are false, that we are united in a goodly fellowship, like the Knights of the Round Table, to slay the dragon that devours his daily meal of human victims.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

Daisy, Beauty, and Flossie were three little kitties. They lived with their mother, Mrs. Tabby, in the barn, and had a very nice home indeed. Their bed was in the haymow, and they had great times racing and chasing one another up and down the barn floor, and sometimes they would climb up the posts and walk along the great beams.

One March morning they were surprised by a visitor. It was Robin Redbreast. There had been a heavy fall of snow the night before, and the ground was covered by a great white sheet.

Robin always goes away to the warm sunny Southland in the winter, and aims to stay there till the snowy days are over; but this year he made a mistake, and came back northward a little too early. When he saw the barn door open he flew in, and alighted on an old flower-pot, and sang one of his sweetest songs for the three pussies.

The pussies listened and watched, but I fear that they would have enjoyed eating him more than his song.—*Little Ones.*

WHO'LL BUY ?

(Suggested on seeing the advertisement of a wholesale liquor dealer.)

Forty casks of liquid woe—

Who'll buy ?

Murder by the gallon. Oh !

Who'll buy ?

Larceny and theft made thin,
 Beggary and death thrown in,
 Packages of liquid sin—

Who'll buy ?

Foreign death imported pure—

Who'll buy ?

Warranted not slow, but sure—

Who'll buy ?

Empty pockets by the cask,
 Tangled brains by pint or flask,
 Vice of any kind you ask—

Who'll buy ?

Sin and shame of deepest dye—

Who'll buy ?

Competition we defy—

Who'll buy ?

Dye, to make the soul jet black;

Dye, to make the conscience slack;

Nothing vile do our casks lack—

Who'll buy ?



THE CITY OF REFUGE.