

that would vote temperance before party, at a Parliamentary election? Have you ten? I don't think you have. I don't know of one in our county, but I know of lots of Reformers who would vote temperance before party. No doubt the Tories and John A. would like Mr. Blake to take up prohibition, as it would be the last of him, and his party. At the present time in the best interests of this country it is of more importance to have an honest economical government than even prohibition. Give us an honest, conscientious, God fearing statesman at the head of affairs, and he will give us machinery to properly enforce the Scott Act wherever it has been passed, and if it is possible to make it a success it will be made such, and those counties that have not yet passed it will see the good it does, and it will soon be passed in all the counties. But there must of necessity be a strong sentiment in favor of the Act to assist our magistrates and other officers in enforcing the law, and not have them blown up with dynamite and clubbed to death when in the discharge of their duty. When we have a statesman with the abilities and character that Mr. Blake has, it is the duty of every lover of his country to assist him in every possible way we can. I need hardly say that as an earnest prohibitionist I was well pleased with Mr. Blake's manly, Straightforward speech at Alymer, with the exception of the compensation part of it. But in that I am quite willing to agree to differ from him, and give him my support and influence. I may say that I have no sympathy with the Kingston hotel keeper's letter, although it may contain some truth. I consider you did an unwise thing in publishing it. I may say, in closing, that I am generally well pleased with your spicy paper, and I subscribed for it solely because of its soundness on the temperance question, and its fairness to all parties in politics. And though known as a thorough Grit, I am also known as an out and out prohibitionist, as my old friend, Robt. McLean, of your city, can testify. I hope you will excuse me for having addressed you at such length. Had I not been fully convinced that you were not only hurting the only true temperance party, but the cause of temperance itself, I would not have troubled you with one line. Wishing you long life and prosperity in your noble calling, I remain, yours truly,

ADAM AUSTIN.

A SONG A LA TOM HURST.

I'm in the wine and liquor biz,
And likewise family grocer—
A most remunerative line
As I suppose you know, sir.
My neighbors hold me in respect—
At least they use to do so,
Until this temp'rance sentiment
Among the people grew so.

Spoken.—Yes; I feel a sort of change in the atmosphere. It's kind of chilly like. Everybody I meet now-a-days gives me a peculiar look. It may be imagination on my part, but it always seems to me as if they were going to say:

CHORUS.—Selling beer and whiskey is a low down trade
For a man who looks like you.
O drop it, Johnny, it's dirty money;
Just think of all the harm you do.

Now you can surely understand
Its not a nice sensation
To feel that you're regarded with—
Let's say—disapprobation.
It used to be quite otherwise;
I can recall the time
When beer and family groceries
Harmoniously did chime.

Spoken.—Yes, and its not so long ago, either. As I drove through the park in my fancy rig—the result of my business (the wet grocery department), I felt that I was as good as anybody—except perhaps the Lieut.-Governor or the Minister of Education. People used to take off their hats and salute me, and nobody, not even the vile little street gamins thought of shouting.

—Chorus.

For many a year I prospered well,
And gathered in the shekels,
But now like other folks I feel
A scarcity of nickles.
On Saturdays, till late at night,
Behind convenient boxes,
I used to bottle "oil" and "milk"
For scores of sly old foxes.

Spoken.—I recall those good old days with sadness (*sigh*). They are past and gone! How I remember that dear old dark corner in the rear of the shop, where I used to keep Carling's vinegar on draught, and Gooderham & Worts' coal oil! (*sigh*). Though I must confess that sometimes, when it had got into Sunday morning, I used to think to myself as I filled the jugs:

—Chorus.

But now they've gone and passed a law
To make us build partitions,
That spoil the looks of all our shops
And raise one's worst suspicions.
And next the Scott Act will be passed;
Its coming fast and faster,
So I am going to shake the drink
And so escape disaster.

Spoken.—Yes; I've made up my mind to confine my attention to groceries only. I've felt lately as if I didn't care to associate with myself, and I want to put an end to this phantom that seems to follow me everywhere whispering in my ear—

—Chorus.



SUGGESTED LINE OF BUSINESS

WHICH MIGHT BE PROFITABLY CARRIED ON AT THE TOP OF THE TOBOGGAN SLIDES.

HAMILTON NEWS.

THE loss of the organ in the church of the Ascension, during the recent fire, was owing to the inability of the firemen to play upon it.

"WHAT am I likely to draw if I buy a lottery ticket?" asks a rural subscriber. We never succeeded in drawing anything but a long breath.—*Chicago Rambler*.

It is not always the biggest man that makes the most noise. The bass viol is four times as big as the violin, but it can only play second to the smaller instrument.