

the fellow talks." They were all in front of a very respectable *licensed* tavern. The drunkard shook his head and muttered something, not distinctly audible to the bystanders, but it sounded like 'laws—precious—humbug.' The gents stared again, and could not help thinking there was something in him, although he spoke queerly. "Well, my friend," said one, "will you tell us what it is that troubles you?" "Troubles me—enough to trouble me, and you, and all of us." "Calm yourself," said the inquirer. "Calm—calm"—said the drunkard. "Oh, yes, you preach calmness—but a storm *must* come. Your cursed laws made me what I am;" and looking one of them in the face, (he was an M.P.P.,) he said, "*your* laws are bad. I hate liquor—I despise drunkenness—but I am a drunkard. I fled from one place to another to avoid companions—but here I am what you see me, nearly drunk 'according to law,' 'Entered according to act of Parliament,' for the lower regions." The M.P.P. looked half twisted mentally; he voted for chap. 100 of the last statutes, and could only say, "What's your name?" "Name! aye, name! Yes, I had a name; it used to be John Wise. The boys at school used to call me bright Johnny—but now my name is what you see me made by law, 'drunken Jack.' My mother, poor thing, used to like my portrait when I was twenty-one. Here is the duplicate—I got it. You can see it. A better day will come, I hope; yes, I hope.



THE MAINE LAW PORTRAIT.

Time has passed away. The anti-liquor law was passed and executed. John Wise had sense and used it. Temptation was removed. Our M.P.P. above voted for the measure. He met a man in Great St. James Street. They looked at each other and stopped. The M.P.P. spoke—"I have seen you before." "You have," said the other, "but not as you now see me. I am the degraded being who could not resist temptation when it was before me; but now I am free. The traffic is abolished—my health is restored—my bruises and blotches are healed—I think I look about as well as when my mother loved to see me." "Thank God," said the M.P.P., "That I had courage to vote for that good law."

Reader—if this be a fancy sketch for Canada as yet, be assured it is a reality where the Maine Law is faithfully executed.

RULES OF HEALTH—Live moderately, exercise freely, bathe daily, rise early, dress lightly, take things coolly, avoid the blues, eschew wine, shun doctors and drugs, lawyers and lawsuits, marry a good wife, and endeavor to make her happy.