

the Axe, in a bantering tone. "I see you are labelled 'Prohibition,' resumed the Tree. "Yes, that's my name," said the Axe. "I was thinking of cutting you down," it added, with fine candour. "Oh, you were, hey?" replied the Tree, shaking with laughter. "Why, certainly, cut away! I've no objection. I've read a good many Resolutions of yours to the same effect, passed year after year at Church Conventions, Alliance Meetings and so forth. By all means go on with your cutting!" Presently a Man was seen approaching in the distance. The Tree thinking it recognized in him an Old Party Leader, waved its branches playfully toward him and said, "Come on, my old and esteemed Friend; I want to see you have your usual little foolery with this confiding Axe." But as the approaching figure drew nearer, the Tree turned pale and trembled like an Aspen. "Heaven help me, 'tis a Stranger!" it exclaimed. "I'm afraid," said the Axe, "your prayer goes in the wrong direction. This is the Party I've been waiting for. And now we will show you what an Axe can do *in the hands of a Party that means Business.*"

MORAL.—Prohibition, with a Prohibition Party behind it, will utterly destroy the Liquor Traffic.