



The Literal Truth.

Proud Parent.—Why, Florence, my dear, how you are fixed up! Dressed for a party?

Dutiful Daughter.—Yes, pa,—but he hasn't come yet. Perhaps he won't to-night!

To the West.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
Our sons and our daughters are longing to be,
When the winter is past, and the summer is come,
Be prepared for another grand "exodus" hum,
For in spite of the bill Mr. Orton would pass,
And in spite of the boom we are promised, alas!
Our bone and our sinew, our bravest and best,
Are packing their trunks for the land of the west.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
From the baneful effects of the National P.,
Where the blessings Sir John promised under his
sway

Are reserved for his friends—and for which we must
pay.

Where clothing and food have gone higher and higher,
And the workman has pinch'd for his winter's fire;
No wonder he ponders which course is the best,
To starve on at home, or away to the west.

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
While statesmen deny such things really can be,
The fact still remains that our heroes of toil
Are seeking their homes on a free, foreign soil.
While "There is no exodus," Tilley would say,
Strange Orton would stop them from going away;
And the N. P. stands forth as a failure confess'd
By the thousands who throng to the land of the west.

SWEET WILLIAM.

A Noble Tournney.

(See page 8.)

Can any observant individual look at the phenomenon attending the late political contest in East Northumberland and doubt that Mother Shipton was right when she intimated that 1881 would indeed be a wonderful year? The philosophers have all been telling us that something was going to happen—and surely it is when such a thing has come to pass as that which Grrr illustrates on his 8th page. The sketch referred to is that of the tournament—a symbolical representation of the notable clash of arms between Mr. Peter Ryan and Hon. Mackenzie Bowell. The former, who is well known as a zealous Catholic, appeared in the contest as the champion of the Protestant Grit candidate, while the latter, who is the chief of the Orangemen, did valiant battle for the Catholic nominee of the Tories. Some of our exchanges jibe at this, and some complain about it; but as for Grrr, he glories in it. He honours both gentlemen all the more for thus demonstrating that they are not absolute bigots. If it is true that religious intolerance played a part in the East Northumberland election, certainly the discredit of it does not attach to the worthy names of Ryan and Bowell.

The Globe's Commission to Maine.

Extracts from the Commissioners' Diaries.

In accordance with the announcement made last week, Mr. GRR has the pleasure of submitting to his readers the first instalment of extracts from the diaries of the two Commissioners despatched into the wilds of Maine by the editor of the *Globe*, at untold expense, to see how the Liquor Law actually works. The first excerpt is from the diary of

THE PROHIBITIONIST.

Thursday, March 17.—St. Patrick's Day. Routed out very early in the morning. Thoughts of whiskey naturally arise, and mission to Maine must be entered upon. Cab waiting at door. No time for breakfast. Lacing one's shoes in jolting hack far from pleasant. *Mem.*, wear top boots hereafter. Arrive at station and dismiss cabby, telling him to call at *Globe* office for fare. Salute my brother commissioner and take a drink by way of practice. All aboard. We're off. Call companion's attention to fellows on train drinking out of black bottle. Get in some good temperance talk. Beginning to feel hungry. Companion produces flask. Partake of refreshment—for practice.

March 18.—Detained here in Montreal. Beasty slow place. Time hangs heavy. Companion suggests exploration tour by way of practice. No difficulty in getting drinks. Return to hotel and make up statement of expenditure thus far as follows: Practice drinks, \$2.50; sundries, 75 cents.

March 19.—On the road again. Arrive at Island Pond for breakfast. Prohibition State—we begin work. No trouble to get drinks. Admirable law, but awfully poor liquor. *Mem.* Rough sketch of our appearance after first sample.



Good idea for illustrated poster for opera, *The Slave of Duty*. Companion more confirmed in his wicked views than ever. On board again en route to Portland. Spend time pleasantly arguing prohibition, and illustrating evil effects with practice drinks from companion's flask. Arrive all safe in Portland.

March 19.—Go to hotel and write up experiences for *Globe*. Take stock. Expenditure for drinks thus far, \$5.90; sundries, \$3. Begin business in earnest. Go to office and ask for drinks. Clerk winks and says, John, show these gentlemen down cellar. No trouble to get drinks, so far as hotel guests are concerned. Liquor very bad. After taking a swip, couldn't help shedding tears over the sad state of whiskey-cursed Canada. Go to dinner. Call for lager. No difficulty to get it. Lager tastes like soap suds and stale cabbage. Companion pronounces it good—for lager.

March 20.—Interview Neal Dow. Fine old fellow, hale and hearty. Mentally contrast his appearance with that of my Anti-Prohib. com-

panion. Forceful argument for Prohib. Neal gives us lots of facts and figures, showing Law to be good thing for State. Very glad to see us; hopes our mission will prove beneficial. Tell him it will if it don't prove fatal. My tongue feels thick—must be that lager. Write up Neal Dow for *Globe*—enough stuff to make two letters.

March 21.—Lay off to-day to recuperate. Beginning to be pretty sick of this mission. *Mem.*—Let companion do the sampling hereafter and take his word for it.

March 22.—At work again. Doing the slums. No trouble to get liquor. Strike bullet-headed Irishman's shebang and partake of the cratur. Sense of Duty strong, but whiskey Stronger. Nearly killed companion; didn't affect me much, as my stomach is in better condition. Proceeded on our way. Struck by abundance of "Bitters" in drug store windows. Suspicions aroused. Buy a bottle of "Malt Bitters" and retire to room in hotel. Companion opines there is whiskey in the Bitters. Finish the bottle between us.—There is whiskey in it. Both of us deeply affected at the discovery. So much so we retire to rest at once.

THE ANTI-PROHIBITIONIST.

March 17.—Started for Maine at—
I'm so broke up that I can't fix up this meesly diary to-day. Too much Malt Bitters. Can condense experiences so far into one paragraph in the shape of a sketch, as follows, which may be labelled



THE GLOBE'S LACCOONS.

Choose of Ills the Least.

I loved her—'twas a calf love, perhaps,
For I was at the salad age—
And sought to bind her heart to mine,
With sighs and such like muckilage.
Alas! she was too brisk a lass,
On fun and frolic too intent,—
To care for sighs—too soon I found
They would not bind—not worth a cent.

I thought her beautiful, I did,
Till Binns appeared—that smirking Sub;
And then I saw with half an eye
Her nose was a decided snub.

Her eyes were perhaps a thought oblique,
Yet I had loved their azure tints—
But when they beamed on Ensign Binns—
"By Jove," I cried, "Sabrina squints."
I deemed her arch, and sweet, and gay,
With every merry grace endowed—
But when I saw her flirt with Binns—
"For shame," I groaned, "that's bold and leud."

Her hair—I called it auburn once,
And praised the lustre that it shed;
But when I saw it brush his cheek
I muttered "Pshaw! 'tis brick-red red."

I laughed a wild, sardonic laugh—
"Ha! ha! let Binns be blessed for life—
He's fond of carrots, turnips too—
I want no vegetable wife."

And then I tore my hair and cried
"Sabrina, choose of ill the least!"
For I was dapper—five feet two—
And Binns stood six feet quite—the beast.
GARDNER.