

THE SUNDAY LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN TORONTO.

LIQUOR AND RELIGION.

A thirsty soul one morning, so 'tis said,
Arose at morn with hugely swelled up head.
He sallied forth to So-and-so's hotel—
To give his name I don't think would be well,
For, some day, I, like this poor drouthy elf,
Might want a Sunday gargle for myself.
He reached the side-door—knocks a tap:—tap-tap—
Full well he knew the soamic tap—
A damsel came and opened wide the portal
Before which stood the parched and thirsty mortal.
"The bar's not open, sir," she said, "the key
Is in the pocket of the boss, and he
Has gone to church, you know he's very good,
For th' church has always done the best he could.
But if you like to come inside and wait,
He'll soon be home; he's never very late.
He's praying now; when he returns, I think
He'll sell you all the liquor you can drink."
The thirsty elf—his name I will not smirch
By giving—waited till back home from church
The inn-man came as full of pure religion
As, of wind, the crop of puffer pigeon.
He oped his bar; he'd been to church; he'd prayed;
Of going to Hades need he be afraid?
No, sir. He raked the drinker's shekels in
And sent him home chock-bang full up with gin
And brandy, rum and such like temperance tack.
All this is true. Alack-a-day! alack!

ANOTHER PIOUS ONE.

Tap-TAP-TAP-TAP.

Bar-room door opens. 'Tis Sunday morning—10.30.

"Can I get a drink here this morning?" enquires the rather seedy individual who has knocked.

"Certainly, sir, certainly; walk right in, but step light and whisper," replies the spruce-looking, white-shirted, dapper young man who officiates at the shrine of Bacchus of which I write. "What'll you have?"

"Well, I'd like some old rye but I'm afraid I've no money to-day; you'll have to wait till to-morrow," replies the r. s. i.

"No money! h'm! well, look here; you'd better go to church: this is Sunday, you know, and we never sell anything except on week-days."

Exit rather seedy individual.

THIRD AND LAST.

A stranger in Toronto wanted to taste of the bowl which cheers and inebriates one Sunday. He was directed to a place where he was told he could probably be accommodated. He knocked at the side-door. It was opened slowly and cautiously, about six inches, and a blossomy nose glared forth from the gloom within.

"What is it?"

"Should like a 'bowl' this morning."

"Can't do it; Sunday; bar's closed; never sell on Sunday."

Bang goes door and off goes stranger. He watches from a little distance. Soon comes a sprucely-dressed, plug-hatted, short, stout, little man with a companion. Knocks at side-door. Opening process repeated. But how different! No sooner does blossomy proboscis see who stand at the gate and knock than his face grows luminous: he smiles vastly.

"Come in, come in, Alderman. Come in, Mr. Swiper, glad to see you," etc., etc. And the door closes with the visitors inside this time.

Stranger goes off fully convinced, that he is of that class of strangers who are not taken in—to a bar-room on Sunday.

FOURTH ROUND AND WIND-UP.

Now, strictly speaking, there is not much humor, as the word is usually understood, in the above three little yarns. But they have the merit of being strictly true, and, after all, there is a humorous side to them if you know how to find it.

Let those people who contend that no liquor is sold in Toronto on Sunday, and there are many such, get some one who is "initiated" to teach them the raps and other mystic signal, and then let them sally forth

with money in their pockets, and put what they have learnt into practice. Their belief as to the non-sale of the "seductive flood" will vanish into thin air and become as "the baseless fabric of a dream." Good-bye, sweetheart.

Sydney Smith, a Canadian, has a strong paper in *The Current* of May 30 earnestly and forcefully advocating Canadian Independence. He maintains that Canada will not properly develop as long as she remains a colony.

SHE WAS A LADY.

A hatchet-faced woman of about fifty-one summers, with a wealth of freckles in her face and a snuff-stick in her mouth, got into a crowded car on Austin Avenue. There were half a dozen gentlemen on the car, but none of them offered to give her a seat. After she had waited a reasonable time, she said:

"Ef any of you galoots is waitin' for me to squat in yer laps, you are barkin' up the wrong tree; for I want you to understand that I am a lady."

A dread that she was not in earnest caused six gentlemen to leave the car.—*Arkansas Traveller.*



POSSIBLY EXAGGERATED.

Grocer.—Shall I send the butter up by the boy, mum?

Lady.—Oh, pray don't trouble. It seems to be quite strong enough to walk up by itself!

GRIP'S PROMISCUOUS PROWLER.

HE CALLS ON ONE OF TORONTO'S WEALTHY CITIZENS.

"Algernon Fitzbreeks," cried the Raven from within the precincts of his Sanctum.

Algernon was a new importation, fresh from the Old Country, and, in response to his master's call, he presented himself resplendent in the GRIP livery of a coat of dark white, tinged with ink-spots, with aiguillettes made up of pieces of packing-rope pointed with bits of sharpened crayon, his unmentionables being of the knee-plush ultra kind, bearing unmistakable evidence, in the rear, of his having sat down on a "form" shortly after it had been taken off the press.

"Algernon," said the Raven, "where is the Promiscuous Prowler?"

"Which the Prowler, sir, is asleep in a cheer in the houter hoffice, sir."

"Send him in," croaked the Plutonian Bird.

Algernon vanished, and presently the Prowler appeared, rubbing his eyes and yawning cavernously.

"Prowler, are you O.K.?" "I am."

The Prowler never told a lie in his life.

"Then," said the Raven "hie thee away to

some of the residences of Toronto's so-called Aristocracy. Come back and report."

The Prowler was about to bow, but the Raven interrupted him with the words, "Never mind bowing; you might fall over. Go."

THE PROWLER'S REPORT.

I went and was, in a very brief space of time, standing before the door of a magnificent residence on Sinister Barvis Street. I was admitted as soon as I mentioned the name of my August and September Master. I was invited to take a seat in the drawing-room pending the arrival of the owner of the mansion, who had not yet left the shop down town. I had ample time to cast my eyes around and note the tasteful furniture and other appointments of the apartment. I seated myself on a richly upholstered sofa of brilliant crimson and green, with pillows of subdued magenta with solferino tassels. The carpet was a delicate blue with bright yellow flowers, whilst the chairs were composed of some light-hued wood, spangled here and there with silver and black stars. The ottomans, divans, and so forth were of prismatic tints, these brilliant hues being set off, as it were, by the sombreness of a grand piano from Nordheimer's (see *adv.*) which, however, was covered by a white and gold piano-cloth, which gave the affair the general appearance of a High-Church Altar. On the walls hung several rich chromos by the new masters, in frames whose magnificence surpassed anything I had ever seen. The price of the frames was marked on some of them, and the amount was such that I felt I was in the abode of a Dives or a Midas, a Croesus or a Toronto millionaire. I had been accustomed to some signs of taste and luxury in the office of the Raven, but here was something that was far beyond my utmost conception. I took a chew of tobacco and awaited the arrival of the master of all this magnificence. I warbled softly,

"He cometh not," she said,

in a minor key, accompanying myself with two fingers on the grand piano. I was getting along very well, especially as I found under the piano-cover, a long vinaigrette nearly three parts full of Martell's Superior, when the door opened and in came the

MILLIONAIRE HIMSELF.

He was a tall or rather short, stout, thinish man, and at once impressed me with the ease and grace of his deportment. He was evidently "to the manor born," and as he advanced toward me I strummed away on the piano to the air of "White Sand and Grey Sand, who'll buy my White Sand? Who'll buy mi-hy Gra-a-y Sand?" at the same time gracefully lilting the words of this charming catch.

The millionaire paused. Something was evidently wrong. What could it be? Ye gods! I suddenly remembered that My Host was one of the largest grocers in town. I rose and extended my hand; it was reluctantly accepted.

"Who are you, sir?" asked My Host.

"GRIP's Prowler, sir," I replied.

Down on his knees fell the astounded man on hearing this, and begged 10,000 pardons for his somewhat surly and inhospitable reception of me. I accepted his apology with my accustomed grace, and proffered him a snifter from the vinaigrette. He waved it away.

"Them liquors come from my warehouse," he said, "and I get enough of 'em there. Come and I'll show you my residence."

"Residence!" I said. "What's the difference between a residence and a house?"

He smiled rather scornfully, and replied: "Poor people live in houses: us in residences."

"We shall all come to the grave at last," I moralized, "yet the poor man's grave