

The Doom of King Alcohol.

THE ALARM!

King Alcohol has drenched the world with
men and women's tears,
And strewn along life's rugged path the
blighted hopes of years!
King Alcohol has whet the sword and curved
the assassin's arm,
Therefore we'll strive, by word and deed, to
sound a loud alarm.
King Alcohol has reigned too long; his
kingdom soon must cease,
Then shall the people shout their song
of liberty and peace!
King Alcohol who fattened on his victims'
hard-earned pence,
Shall now be extirpated by enlightened
common sense.
King Alcohol has had his fling; his
power is ebbing fast.
The people yet shall win the day, and
vote him out at last!

The doom of King Alcohol.— (continued)

King Alcohol is dazed to see the
writing on the wall,
Which prophesies to all Mankind his
Kingdom's doom and fall!

FINAL STRUGGLE.

King Alcohol is very ill; death rattles
in his throat;
So help, His Majesty to slay by your
NO-LICENSE VOTE!

R.I.P.

KING ALCOHOL is in his grave — no
resurrection there —
Thanks be to those who put their cross (X)
down in the bottom square!

W. J. B.

" - - - - Strong drink is raging; and whosoever is
deceived thereby is not wise." — (Prov. XX. 1.)