

EDUCATIONAL.

In the *Telegram*, under the head "Education," we read the following: "Trunk will be sold for board if not called for." The grim, saturnine wag who put in that advertisement under that heading, had without doubt graduated in the school of stern experience, and knew how it was himself. He recognized it as educational. He was right—it *does* come under the head of education—this sort of thing—education of the most practical kind. Poor, impecunious wretch! Thou art a man and a brother! Shake!

BOBSERVATIONS.

"Cultivate a habit o' bobservation, Sandy."—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

I am deeply moved at the spectacle of a body of men such as the Liberal Temperance Union, who, having no connection with the trades of brewing and distilling, are yet so tender-hearted and mindful of the moral welfare of those who have as to go out of its way and threaten to invoke the law for their protection. I always thought a licensed trade such as brewing or distilling or wine-making was under the protection of the law, and as so claimed rights and privileges accorded to no other trade in the land, and therefore I am curious to know what kind of a law the L.T.U. intend to ask for. Even the L.T.U. says morals must have precedence of trade considerations; therefore, the first element in its new movement must be morals, and that is what the Prohibitionist and total abstainer ask for, that, and nothing else. They ask that the money that goes for beer and whiskey should go instead for bread and coals, for bedding and boots, for rent and butcher's meat. That the wife and mother should not have to be a bread-winner as well, because the husband and father drinks the product of those protected trades. That the children should go to school and wear whole clothes and clean faces instead of having to live on the streets, to steal coal at the wharves, to shiver and shake with the cold, or plunge about in the slop and mud in the endeavor to earn a few cents by selling papers.

What better does the L.T.U. ask for than this? Misery exists under the present régime; what law in favor of brewing and distilling is going to remove it?

I see that Mr. Davies says the Blue Ribbon Beer that Cooper and Beckett—silly fellows—got drunk on, was brewed last June, was thick, muddy, etc., and not fit to drink. How was it, may I ask, that such stuff was on sale? Is that the way Mr. Davies serves his customers who bring him good money! And what has its bad quality in other respects to do with its alcoholic percentage.

Mr. Davies says he can brew a beer entirely free from alcohol. Why, then, does he not do it and make a fortune? A truly non-alcoholic wholesome beverage is what the committee of the Church of England Temperance Society in England offers a prize for; it is the desideratum of the time; why, then, does not Mr. Davies meet the want with a beverage he says he can brew.

Rev. Mr. Macdonnell put himself in a tight place the other night at the Christian Temperance Mission meeting, when he said Prohibitionists ought to stop . . . trying to get the State to do what the Church fails to accomplish. I would like to ask the rev. gentleman why, if the Church fails to accomplish a grand moral reform of the greatest moment to the welfare of the individual and of society, we should not invoke the aid of the State or of any other power that will meet the need. Let me tell Mr. Macdonnell that half-way measures never accomplished any good yet; and that a certain old book tells a piece of history of a certain king who would not listen to

the voice of the prophet who rebuked his sin, but burnt the roll that contained the indictment, and turned to those of his courtiers who prophesied smooth things, but the prophet, who had to flee from his wrath, was fully avenged, for his *prophecy came true after all.*

Will Dr. Castle and Mr. Macdonnell explain why our law need have penal clauses against the unlicensed sale of liquor, and why there need be any restriction at all if liquor—be it beer, wine, or spirits—is an innocuous article of consumption, and if it is not innocuous, but harmful, even in the slightest degree, whether they consider it a legitimate part of our common food supply?



MORE THAN POLITE.

*Beggar (who has just received a coin).—* Thank ye, sir; God bless you, sir!  
*Old Gent.—*Not at all! Not at all!

HOW HE GOT THERE;

OR,

THE RUSES OF THE RED RIVALS.

(Respectfully but firmly submitted for the *Globe's* big prize.)

CHAP. I.

"He cometh not—up to the mark," she said  
"I hate to have to say to you, oh, Edouard-belake, but Kanada is of opinion you don't suit. The Indian Maiden can stand your wooing, but she doesn't hanker for it. Leave me in my solitude. You haven't got snap enough about you! Go!"

With these words the dusky beauty turned haughtily on her heel and with a glance of mingled pity and rage began to let down her back hair.

Edouardbelake, surnamed Big-Head-Afraid-To-Do, stifled a cry of anguish and plunged into the forest towards his lonely wigwam.

Let us leave him there preparing a tencolumn speech on the Iniquitous Franchise Bill, and return to our heroine.

CHAP. II.

He was a man to all the country dear—*vide* deficit of 1885.

Kanada, having completed her toilet, was pensively chewing gum. She was a beautiful girl, worthy any young man's suit—even if he had to take chances of getting his name on the Toronto tailors' black list to procure it.

Safely she spake to herself, being the only one present:—"Oh, sad is the Indian maid's heart this autumn day—sadder than a young wife's first batch of bread. If Edouardbelake only knew how my soul yearns for him and will not be comforted—even with a warm breakfast

shawl! He might take the daughter of the Great Chief to his lodge, if he were not like blank—I must not swear—driven cattle but a hero in the political ranks. He's missing big chances, I tell you! But, hist! Who comes? It is the bold, bad, bully brave with the glass eye, as I thought. I do not like him, Dr. Fell; the reason I could easily tell. But he courts me with boldness, and dash, and daring, and—and—unlimited promises, and gall. He comes for my answer to his petition to be my accepted suitor for another term. Yes, this is polling day and the Revising Barristers' crops are about to be gathered in. Now or never I must settle this little business, shake Johnahaha and gave Edouardbelake a show."

A lithe figure bounds into the glade, clad in a bran-new C.B. regalia and a seductive wink.

"Light of my soul!" he exclaims. "I knew I would find you in a waiting-my-darling-for-thee attitude and a credulous and receptive mood. I have more promises for you than at any previous season since commencing business! Railway contracts, new post-office buildings, tall chimneys, Provincial subsidies, colonization schemes, timber limits, little offices for sisters and your cousins and your aunts, salary-grabs, Junior Judges' lips, Imperial Titles, Senatorships, Scott Act amendments, North-West rebellions and various other articles too numerous to mention, but which must positively be disposed of in order to make room for spring importations! Will you be mine? or have I bought up constituencies, bribed members, and made Revising Barristers in vain?"

There was a look of eager expectancy in his tones.

Kanada, on coming forward, was well received. She said:—"Come back in one-half hour, Johnahaha, and if you find this harvest mit on this stump consider my answer 'No!'"

CHAP. III. AND LAST.

All things come to him who gets up and does.

SCENE:—*Edouardbelake's wigwam. Dramatis personæ: Edouardbelake and Kanada.*

*She:* "You have only a few minutes to summon up your courage and promise me some promises if you do not want to be cut out dead by Johnahaha. Are you there, Moriarty?"

*He:* "I am."

*She:* "Will you promise to stiffen up your backbone from this henceforth?"

*He:* "I will."

*She:* "Will you let Imperial imaginings slide and take up Canadian capabilities?"

*He:* "Yes."

*She:* "Will you call off your dog on the Protection Question, honestly try to get me Reciprocity, and as a last resort champion a customs union?"

*He:* "I'm there every time."

*She:* "Will you take an active, earnest, sympathetic interest in the Young Men's Liberal Association of this Province and try to encourage like organizations in other Provinces?"

*He:* "That's me."

*She:* Will you, instead of provoking inter-provincial hostilities and rousing animosities of race and creed, try by every legitimate means in your power to unify the several Provinces and make us all Canadians—with a big C?"

*He:* "Count me on the affirmative."

*She:* "Will you expose succinctly, but thoroughly, the corruption, extravagance and maladministration of the present Government and solemnly pledge yourself and your followers to abolish it all and inaugurate a new and pure régime?"

*He:* "I am with you."

*She:* "Will you proceed at once to rouse and prepare in battle shape the Liberal party of Canada in a sound, sensible, systematic fashion and go to the polls with a De-cided