

not inclined to fancy that separating whiskey and groceries "was furthering very much the end aimed at" by temperance advocates—which is rather a Hibernicism, don't you think? His idea is, that so long as drink is made it will be consumed, and there is little use warring against those licensed to sell it. Another view of the subject might, perhaps, be presented to Judge Boyd and others who hold with him:—So long as people will drink, drink will be made; and so long as drink is made there will be those to sell it. Well, the more the restrictions, the fewer to sell; the fewer to sell, the less sold; the less sold, the less made; the less made, the less drunk; the less drunk, the fewer the inebriates—and that's what the temperance people are after. But suppose people didn't want whiskey, none would be made and so none would be sold and no one would be drunk. So, after all, the real question is, Shall there be no whiskey made, or shall there be no people who want to drink it? You cannot tame a tiger by clipping its claws; neither can you change a drunkard's taste by breaking his demijohn. But you may keep down the tiger's passion by substituting something milder for a raw meat diet; and you may also correct the drunkard's appetite by giving him less and less opportunity to encourage it. As you cannot coax your tiger into gentleness with any degree of certainty that he will not mangle you some fine morning, so you may find it unsafe to trust wholly to suggestion for a reformation of your inebriate. And yet the longer you keep from the tiger the taste of blood and from the inebriate the smell of whiskey, the surer you are of getting the appetites of each in subjection. So temperance workers want to keep temptation from the drunkard, failing to make the drunkard keep temptation away from himself. But the drunkard's appetite remains, all the same, though in subjection. Will removing the whiskey by degrees destroy the appetite? This again brings us back to the question, Is it the drunkard's appetite that is responsible for the existence of the whiskey, or is it the existence of the whiskey that is responsible for the drunkard's appetite? If there were no manufacturers to tempt the drunkard to drink would there be no drunkards' appetites to tempt manufacturers to make drink to drink? Supposing that the manufacturers who manufacture the drink that supplies drunkards drink to drink, and get drunk on the drink manufactured by the manufacturers, whose business it is to make drink in order that the drink drunk by drunkards, who are tempted to drink the drink made by the manufacturers of drink, and drunk by drinkers who get drunk on this drink—But, stay! I started out clear enough on all these points, and with the best intentions in the world. But there is evidently a spot here where a logician is in danger of getting beyond his depth. After all, one need not climb a step-ladder to perceive that the liquor question is an abstruse one. No wonder two governments are at war over it, and the whole country in a muddle about it.

MR. O'DAY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

TIM ON CO-EDUCATION.

Grip, me honey, flap yer wings!
Croak, and say yer prettiest things;
The Legislaturo has allowed
That women now shall be endowed—
Without unjust discrimination—
The right of higher education.
Down barriers! down! on ev'ry side!
Let the portals open wide—
Fair play for women in the strife
For the higher walks of life!

How's that for hi, Mистер GRIP? Yez are a grand advocate entirely for woman's rites!—I'm agin her rongs, any way. Well—

For her wrongs no longer rate us,
Let her have her proper status;
Silence each objecting sinner,
Let her be her own broad-winner,—



A FREAK OF NATURE.

(A curiosity kept in the Dominion Cabinet.)

And feel it, as she cooks the dinner.
Whilst engaged in making pies,
Let her to her station rise:—
Gauge th' contents by measurement,
And prove, by ratiocination,
That algebraic quadratics,
And the higher mathematics
Show the quantities, and somethings
Used in making apple-dumplings!
Open up that box of knowledge,
University (close) college;
Give the yearning soul of woman
Insight into all that's human;
And beyond this earth of ours
Let her soar with all her powers;
Let her keen perceptions pierce
Vast worlds of the universe;
In solar pathways let her stray,
And guide her in the milky way.

Yis, Mистер GRIP, that's the big cramery—whare Mистер Crayton wud hev room for inquiry—whare crame cud be got ski hi—the sfare whare woman wud hev a chance av larnin' all about it. Yes, Mистер GRIP, let woman hev her coorse av sthronomy as well as in all the sciences.

Why shudn't woman kno all about the solar system, an' tho' planits, an' the Hoavny bodies that rowl about in the circumambiant ether? Why shudn't she know all about Jupiter, an' Mars, an' Mercury, 'an the Twins, an' the 12 sines av the zodiack, an' the grate constellashun O'Orion (who wus so named after a rollickin' boy from Tipperary), an' Juno, 'an Vaynus, an' the other flurtin', sky-larkin' goddesses av mythology, who are not wan bit ashamed to be carryin' on thair disreputable capers before the world? Anser me that, if ye plaze?

Yis, agin, Mистер GRIP,—

Let 'varsity boys
Now howld thair noys—

both the oul dons an' the young grads, tho grand subject av co educashun has been grappled with. Woman, the child av nature, an' the solis av man, will in fuchure hev a

grand opporchunity for the expanshun av her sweet an' lovin' sympathies while larnedly conversin' on the discourses av Aristotle or solvin' a problem in comic sekshun!

In arts woman has always taken the lade. She'll do it now more than iver that she's got the chance. Is thare a man livin' that iver courted a purty girl will deny this? Hasn't man from the days av Adam (to say nothin' about Solomon and Sampson) bin headed off be the arts av woman? An' iver since the world began, hasn't man bin—I was goin' to say the deludhed victim av woman's arts—but that mite be an onpolite expreshun that wudn't be becomin' sich a sineare admirer av the fair sex as—
Yer thru frind,
TIM O'DAY.

LITTLE BO-PEEP.

IN MILTONIC VERSE.

Know ye that painful pastoral? Profound
It thrills: anon, as more intent we read—
View in distinctness dire the dastard deed,
Of grief upbanded in child-breast huge mound,
The fearful facts our faculties full feed.
Now with grim horrors doth the tale abound;
Instant begin we to esteem more true
What 'twas that from surcharged heart forth drew
That plaint pathetic. In the sad refrain
Concure wo strangely—fading vent anew,
Time the maid mourning, doth her flock regain,
Lut to perceive the depopulation sore
(In them entailed—weep with her would we fain.
Such is the nursery lay of wee-folk lore.

It is stated by a contemporary as a remarkable fact that one of the little machines which make most of the tiny screws used in American watches a man could carry under his arm without much difficulty.

And you want a person to exclaim "Gracious goodness!" to that, do you? Why, one of the little machines which make the screws employed in Canadian politics, a man can easily carry behind his ear!