

Here's a Corker. It either isn't raining or it is raining. Very well, it isn't raining; therefore it must be raining. How do you make that out? Explain this to the Rain Barrel Editor, 18 King street east.

Daddy Downs. Every time I see Daddy Downs on the street reminds me of Guelph, one of the best towns in summer a man ever lived in. I wouldn't be surprised to see the Guelph team beat some of the International teams next summer as everybody in Guelph plays ball from Jim Innes down to the new baby.

Wilfred Laurier. The young men's movement in this country is coming to a head. The reception of Wilfred Laurier the other night was essentially a

young men's movement, and the Young Liberals are lucky in having a young man at their head. He is young in ideas, he is young in spirit, and he is old in nothing but the high bred scorn of things low and mean, which mark the caste of the old noblesse of the ancient regime. The Young Conservatives are not so fortunate. They are led by an old man, frosty but kindly, who is tottering close to the border land of old fogyism, and who is already beginning to babble of green fields. He is, I admit, surrounded by a few young men—but they are nineteenth century young men with 2,000 B.C. ideas. If the Conservative Government is not strengthened the Young Liberals will have a picnic at the next election. They have a magnetic man to lead them, they believe their cause is sacred, their party has not done much bungling lately, they are full of fight, and they have the old man at Ottawa pretty well rattled already. There is one place where the Conservative party has made a chronic blunder. Toronto should have been represented in the cabinet from the start. They were too sure of Toronto—but they may find out that Toronto is no longer a pocket constituency. What's the matter with Billy McLean? He has plenty of energy, he has undoubted courage, unlimited gall, plenty of self-conceit, he is aggressive and able, and is a long way ahead of some of the stoughton bottles in the cabinet to-day. Give Billy a chance.

Educated to Death. This country is being educated to death.

This controversy at the University has brought this prominently before the public. Talk about parting church and state, it is more necessary to divide education and the state. State aided education is not an unmix'd blessing. The people are being heavily taxed to educate a lot of jays who come in here from the country and who are no use to the country when they are educated. What good are they to a country that want farmers and hired men. They leave the cow stable for the lecture room, and when they get through they are no earthly use to the farm, and they are not wanted here. A cock robin Bachelor of Arts never lifted a mortgage in his life, and never will. Agriculture first, last, and all the time. If most of these fellows would learn to read, write and figure, take a daily paper and a monthly magazine, keep up to date, plow straight, kill his pigs in the full of the moon, learn to milk, etc., they might be country gentlemen. The man who can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is of more use to this country than an L.L.D.

The girls are to be blamed for most of this—the country girls especially. They won't marry a farmer, and the young sons of the soil see the prettiest girls picked up by Pee-wee lawyers, cock robin doctors and Bob-o-link preachers. As long as the girls prefer that kind of cattle to the horny-handed sons of toil they will never be allowed to vote if I can help it.

The Only Son. If you are a little boy and know what is good for you, pray for a little brother. A little brother will prevent you growing up a selfish, impatient, domineering upstart. The only son has a hard road to hoe to save himself from being a general nuisance. Every man I know who is a quarrelsome, peevish, nuisance with a grievance is an only son. He had it all his own way when a boy. He got everything he wanted; his mother could refuse him nothing, his father ditto; he bullied his sisters and tyrannized over everybody generally. When he grew up he undertook to bully his comrades and the public at large, and the consequence is that he is always running to me with a broken nose or a shattered rib or something, and wanting me to go out and lick somebody for him. When a boy has a little brother he has to divide the pie with Bobby but otherwise he gets the whole pie. He has to fight for Bobby, look after Bobby, and if he is younger than Bobby he has to wear Bobby's cast off clothes, and that takes the conceit out of him. If I were to be born over again I would like to be about seventh on the list, and have to give up my pie to the baby. As it is my grandmother is bound to spoil me in spite of the fact that I am the modestest man in town. Don't be an only son.

How Do They Do It. There is a man in this town who keeps a wife and family on his wages—seven

dollars a week. I would like to know how he does it. I felt him the other day and he is pretty fat, I looked at him and he was rosy, contented looking, and I observed that he was pretty well dressed. My grandmother, who is a saving old body herself, says it can be done, but it is a mystery to most of us. There are plenty of men who raise large families on small salaries in this city, and save money. I saw a comfortable looking matron buy a pig's head the other day for two cents a pound and in my mind's eye I saw her go home and make that into a large and toothsome headcheese which would be the crowning glory of her humble board for the rest of the week. The man with a wife like that will never find that marriage is a failure.

NOTES.

All the latest novels and all the best magazines and periodicals at McKenna's.

Toronto Opera House "Sport McAllister" to-night. "Hot Tamales" next week.

Remember the concert by St. Simon's Choir in Association Hall on Tuesday evening the 12th.

The Trinity Dramatic Club will produce "The Magistrate" at the Academy of Music on Monday evening. This will be the event of the week in society circles.

Ernest Barnes of 18 King street east has the neatest cigar store and the best selection of tobacco goods in the city. Call and see him.

The front page engraving is by a clever young artist recently located in this city Mr. J. C. Jones. His sketches in black and white will appear regularly in this paper.

The rumor that Don is about to leave the city is not good news for his many admirers. However, *Saturday Night* will not suffer so long as Joe Clark writes as good matter as we are accustomed to read over the signature of "Mack."

People who are drinking themselves to death should read the advertisement of the Gold Cure Institute, 258 Wellesley street, in another column. Ladies with drunken husbands, mothers with drunken sons, and sisters with drunken brothers should make inquiries.