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"A SOCIAL PROBLEM"—SOLVED.

"Mercator" wrote an excellent article in the last number of the *Canadian Spectator*, entitled "A social problem." The problem is: "What shall we do with our sons?" Mercator tells us nothing new when he says that the average clerk is sorely taxed in trying to live upon one-third the wages of a skilled mechanic, and he ascribes the cause to defective Education. But, "Mercator" has done the community good service by drawing attention to the subject. The "shabby genteel" element in society has always held the rule that "appearance" is the first consideration, and hard work the last, in running the race in life. To that end, therefore, the youth of to-day is dosed with classics; he graduates: has a diploma; becomes a B. A., or a B. C. L.; goes into one of the over-crowded professions; launches into life with the bloom of verdancy upon him, and endeavours to live from hand to mouth. If he be a clerk, he commences on two hundred or three hundred dollars a year, and tries to ape his employer in every thing except capital and common sense. If his principles are as shabby as his means, he stands a fair chance of becoming a thief, or to soften the term to suit the times, "a defaulter." In his race of life the hatter, the tailor and the bootmaker are duped in order to keep up his gentility. But this is merely the extension of the great principle of Credit without the preliminary enquiries at the Mercantile Agencies. The young man not having the higher and more valuable education of self-confidence acquired in the College of Stern Necessity, cannot hope to become a contractor—except, perhaps a contractor of debts, nor even an alderman. He does not possess the ready assurance of the quack, though he may be able to read Greek backwards; he has not the moral courage of the storeman, who gets better pay and has not half his expenses to bear, and so the shabby-genteel young man becomes a chronic fraud and preys upon Society with his brainless capital of false appearances. So he plods on, eventually dies off and others take his place. And now to solve the problem. Fathers look about you and mothers bring your common sense to bear upon your best and tenderest affections. Ask yourselves what has been your greatest obstacle in the race of life, and set about avoiding this difficulty in your son's path. Tear yourselves from him: let him go into the world alone and let the teachings inspired by a healthy, moral home training be his best capital. If you will have him at home and under your guiding, care tell his schoolmaster that you intend your son to be a carpenter, a builder or some other honest trade for which there is a steady demand, and to teach him that which will be the most useful to him in acquiring it. If your son kick in the traces, thrash him. Make him to understand that he is to work for himself as soon as possible. Let him seek recreation in manly sports. Teach him that the most independant citizen in this country is the agriculturist. And if your boy Tom is a sensible lad; if he cares one jot for his parents, and for his own good name, you can rest easy, that wherever he goes, Tom will fall on his feet. But for the sake of all that is honest, healthy and manly, teach him to avoid shams, and avoid shams yourself. You may depend upon it, if Tom has any stamina in him he will soon learn to feel that the hardy, strong, brown right hand is to be preferred to the gloved palm which is only fit to flourish a walking cane down St. James Street. You have at least the right to see and exact the quality of education most adapted to the position Tom is to fill, and if he does not get it the responsibility is yours. Dont keep him home a day longer than is necessary for his good, and the sooner he relies upon himself the better. If your boy Tom is worth

a mother's love you will find he will live to bless you in your old age and repay you for having chosen the path in life best suited to his abilities and in which he can do himself and his country the most good.

THE GIN, AND WATER CAMPAIGN.

King Alcohol is arraying his forces to do battle against the Cold Water Army. The Cold Water Army wants a hundred thousand dollars for war purposes. The Liquor Interest—the most powerful of "British Interests"—can command three times that amount. Therefore it would seem to be a war of means pitted against what is usually called Moral Influence, Respectability and Religion. But notwithstanding these high sounding names the strongest support the Cold Water Army can, after all, expect to receive is through the Agency of Individual Effort. But what does Individual Effort mean. It means nothing more nor less than self-sacrifice—the self sacrifice of putting one's hand into one's pocket and giving the most you can give. It does not mean talk. It does not mean the securing of one or two "fearful examples" to work upon the feelings of an audience for one night only. It does not mean merely joining a Good Templar Lodge. It does not mean signing the pledge, simply. It does not mean sending half a dozen partially reformed drunkards to cue worthy Samaritan and expecting him to pay out of his own pocket the expense of feeding them (as was done recently by other professed teetotallers who were quite as well able to feed them, as he.) But it means fighting the enemy to the death by real, hard work; by honestly giving something more than your good wishes or a dollar subscription. If the Cold Water Army succeeds in this fight the Liquor Interest must starve, and with starvation staring it in the face it will fight desperately. Therefore the Cold Water Army in order to succeed must borrow some of this very spirit of desperation. Teetotallers, you have fearful odds to fight against. Here are a few of them: Clergymen who take their wine occasionally; brewers who contribute liberally to the building of churches; saloon-keepers who affect a religious earnestness; church wardens, interested in the wholesale liquor trade; deacons who take their whiskey "straight"; well dressed drunkards who belong to what is called "good society"; tipplers who sing in church choirs; and hosts of others who cling to the skirts of what is termed the respectable social element. Such as these will be found to be your worst enemies—for your saloon-keeper with all his faults, is in this respect at least, an honest foe. You will know at least in which army he is to be found. Fearful odds are these, truly! It will take every penny you can scrape together to win, and don't forget when you make up your war estimates to carefully sift for yourselves how much of this Moral Support, Respectability and Religious material is worth the having.

THE ROAD TO WEALTH.—Young men, the hidden resources of Ottawa county contain enough phosphates to render you all independent. Why complain of the "hard times" when there is so much nourishment before you to be had by a vigorous use of the pick and shovel? An analysed sample of a piece of mineral phosphate from Templeton revealed the astonishing fact that it contained 38.71 of phosphoric acid 46.00 of lime and of moisture only 0.41 per cent, or in other words 83 per cent of pure fertilizing material, which only needs being ground up into money. And yet we hear the daily cry of "nothing to do" and no means; while the agricultural districts of the Mother Country are waiting for you to enrich them by enriching yourselves. Cease using lime juice and turn your attention to lime, dont stay at home bemoaning your hard fates, but direct your energies to phosphates, and then you will have no excuse for saying any longer that the fates are against you. Take Nature while it is "in the vein," and you will not find your labor in vain, for by a lucky strike you may strike the "vein" that will "lead" to fortune. Many a man has had his pockets full of similar "rocks" within a stone's throw of the shaft which has led to a mine of wealth, by which he has realized his pile

A QUESTION FOR BANKERS.—There are \$11,129,207.23 of Dominion notes in circulation. Compare this with the amount of accommodation paper afloat and tell us how much remains.