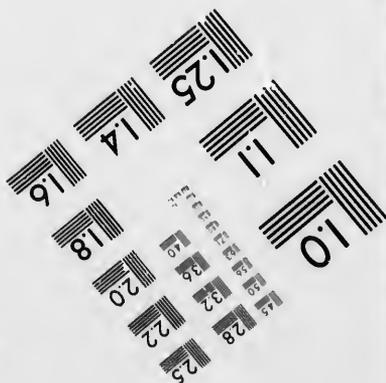
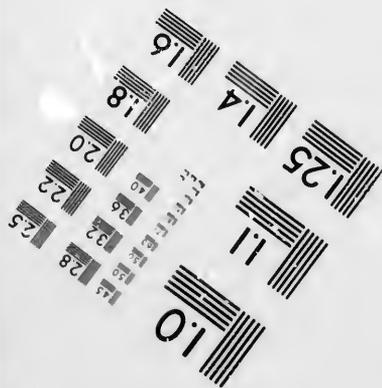
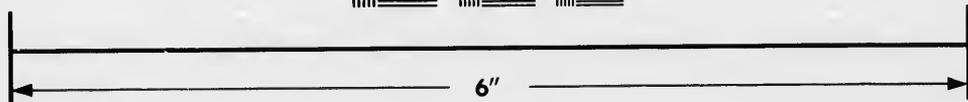
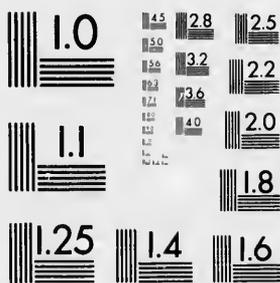


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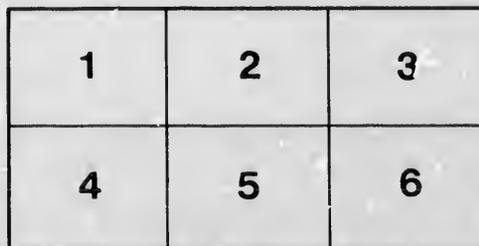
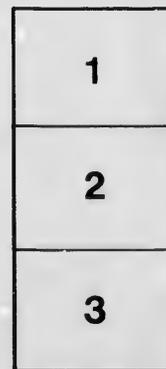
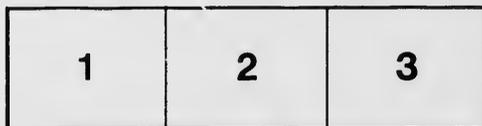
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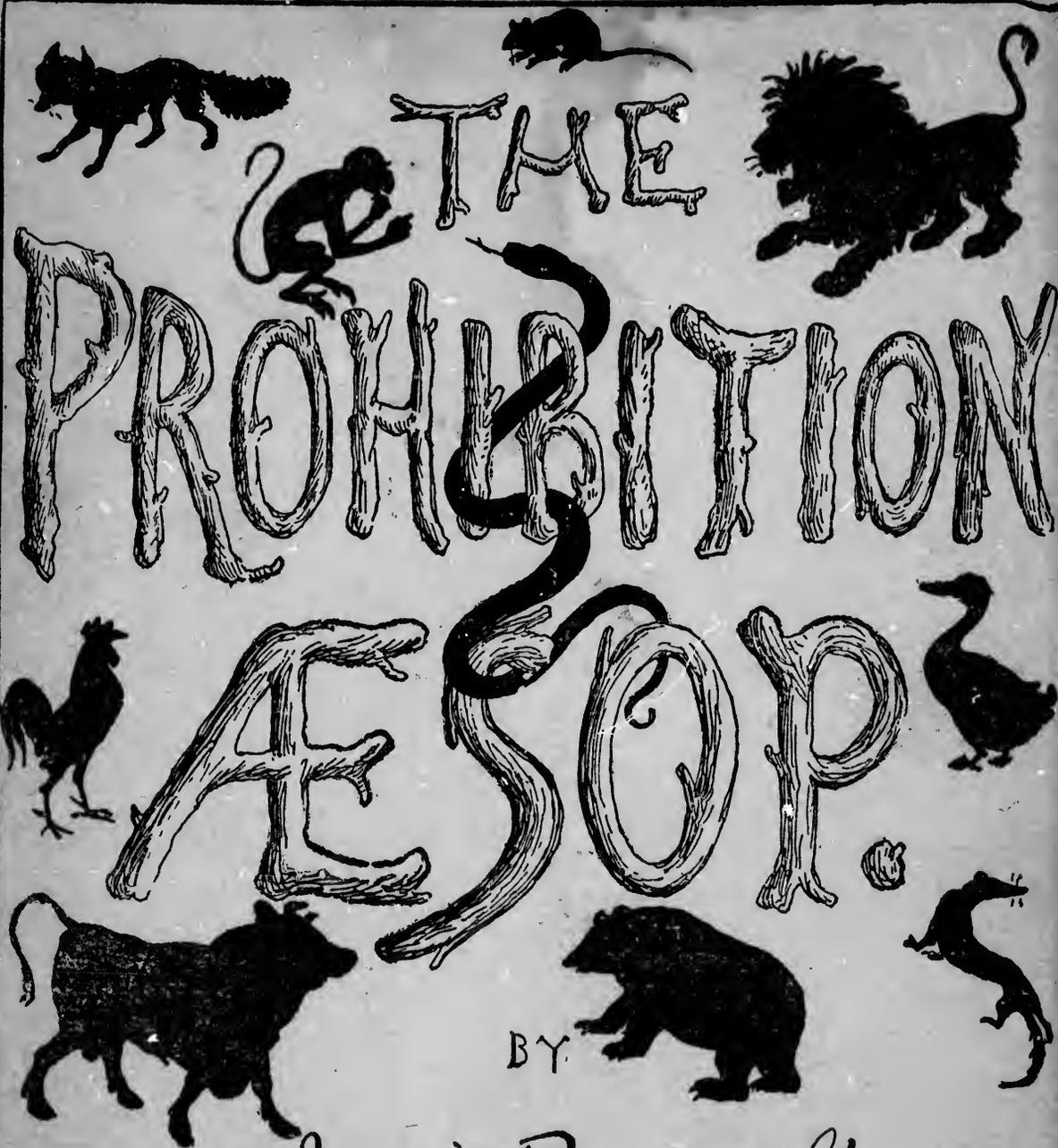
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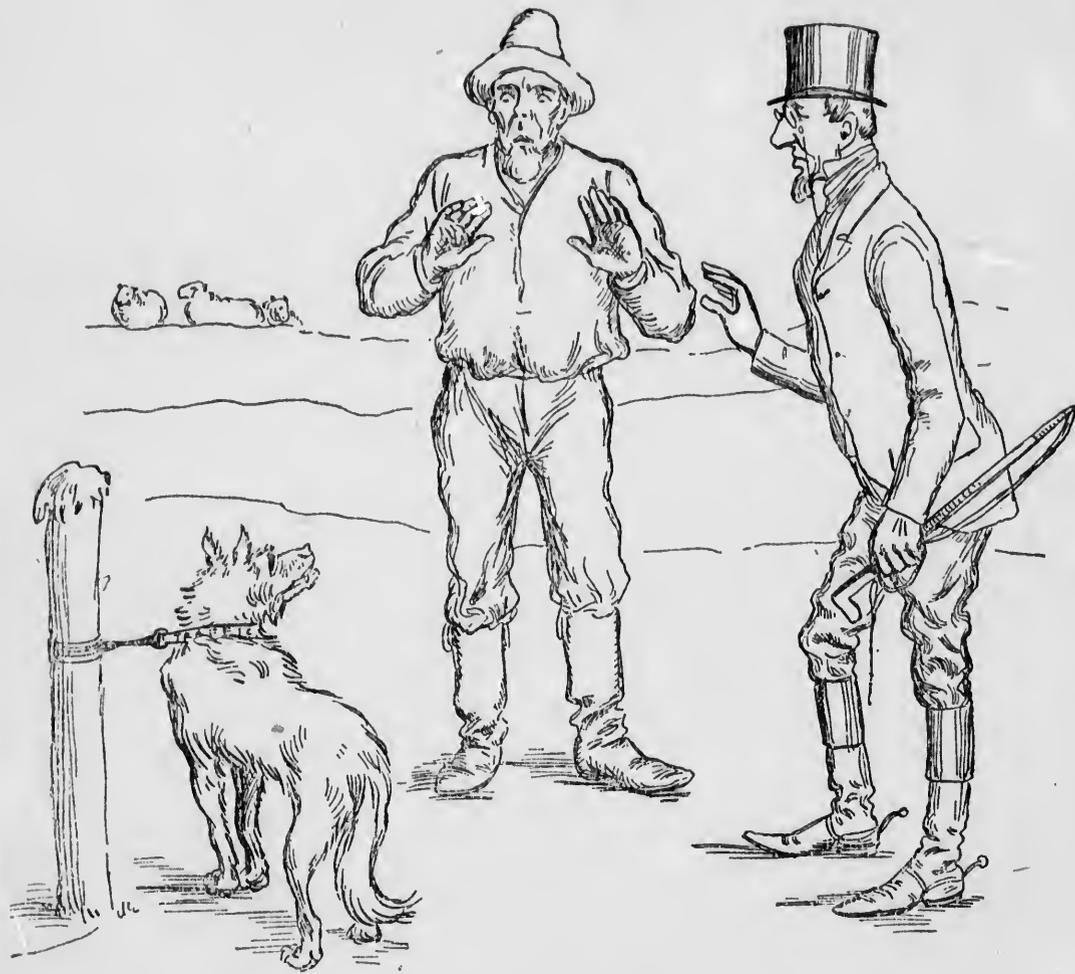
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FABLE I.

THE FARMER AND THE COLLIE.

A farmer bought a litter of Puppies from a Hunter, meaning to train them to guard his Sheep. As they grew up, he took them to the Fields and set them about the Business. All the Puppies, with one exception, showed a good Disposition and an aptness to

learn the Duties required of them. This one seemed to be of a Strange Nature, and without the Kind Instincts of the others. As it grew Larger and Stronger, it grew Fiercer, and on every occasion when it was set to mind the Sheep, it Worried them and ate their Flesh. The farmer was much put about and knew not what to do. Beating the Dog made him no better; when chained up, he somehow always managed to get Free and continue his ill work, Killing both Sheep and Lambs. The Farmer tried both Long and Short Chains, but one was no better than the other to Control this unruly Brute. At last, at his wits' end, the Farmer called in a Veterinary Surgeon, who knew all about Dogs, to give his opinion about this particular Collie. "Ah, my friend," said the Surgeon, when the Dog was brought before him, "there is only one thing to be done with this Animal in order to make Peace between him and your Sheep." "And what is that?" asked the Farmer. "Shoot him," replied the Surgeon. "It is a Hopeless Case ever to train him to guard the Flock. Your Collie happens to be a Wolf."

MORAL.—The Liquor Traffic is in its very nature a law-breaking business, and has no right to a place among the legitimate industries of any country. All efforts to control it and make it respectable have failed, and will continue to fail. It must be put out of existence.



FABLE II.

THE RUMMY AND THE BEDBUG.

A Rummy once lay down in a Bed where a Bedbug had taken up her abode. Having an easy Conscience after his day's toil in the lawful business of Drunkard Making, he was soon in a sound slumber, and hearing him snore, the Bedbug said to her Children,

“Come, all is ready; now is our time.” Whereupon, with one accord, they set upon the unconscious Rummy and began to eat him. Pretty soon the Rummy awoke, and seizing the Mother B. B., he addressed her angrily, saying—“Wretch! I have thee! now thou shalt die!” “But,” cried the unhappy Insect, “I thought you did not believe in Total Prohibition?” “I do in this case!” answered the Rummy. “But what about Compensation?” pleaded the Bedbug in an anxious voice. “Thou shalt have it,” roared the Rummy. “A Creature that lives only by sucking the blood of others deserves death!” With that he scrunched her. “Well,” said her children, who had gathered upon the pillow-case in a mournful company, “you have slain our Mother for preying upon strange blood, but if that is deserving of death in a Bedbug, what should be the fate of a Rummy who lives by sucking the blood of his Own Kind.”

MORAL.—The liquor traffic is only a parasite upon legitimate business.

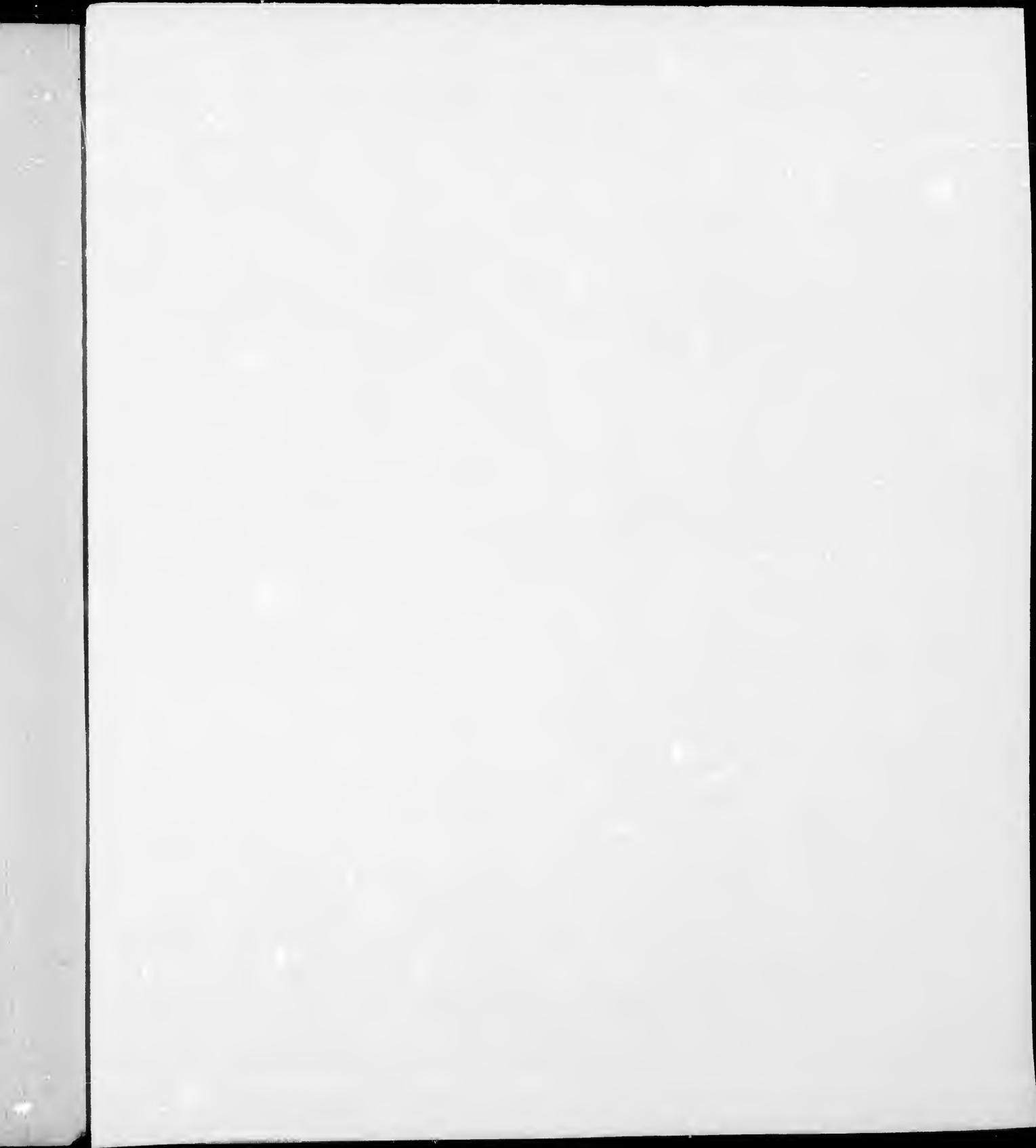


FABLE III.

THE SKUNK UP FOR TRIAL.

There was a Council of Animals held to decide what should be done with the Skunk, which had become a Public Nuisance, and after a long discussion the Meeting divided into three Parties.

The Hog and his Friends declared that the Skunk should not



be interfered with, as in their opinion every Animal had a sacred right to smell as he pleased, and the smell of Skunk was, after all, not so unpleasant when you got Used to it.

The Donkey and his Followers contended that the Skunk was unquestionably an offence to the Community, and ought to be Suppressed. The only practical means of doing this, they said, was to make every Polecat take out a License. It was out of the question to banish the Animal altogether, but this would control and Regulate his smell.

The Water Spaniel and his Sympathisers strongly opposed the License system on the ground that it would not Suppress the Skunk to any appreciable extent, while in the meantime it would carry the bad smell into the Public Till. Their proposal was to summarily execute the Skunk and bury him in Quicklime.

Whereat both the Hog and the Donkey Parties fell to calling the others Cranks.

MORAL.—Hard names don't answer arguments.



FABLE IV.

FABLE IV.

THE OFFENDED SNAKE-CHARMER.

An Eastern Snake-Charmer, hearing of the Gold that was to be had for the taking in a Western Land, left his own Country and went to this El Dorado. Having been hospitably received by the Natives, he soon came to regard it as his Home, but he did not forget the Manners and Customs of his own Country. No sooner was he settled down in his new Abode than he began the training of Rattlesnakes, in which Pastime he took great delight. Unfortunately, however, the Reptiles, which soon swarmed around the Eastern Man's House in great numbers, often Strayed abroad, and every day scores of the Neighbors and their Children were Bitten and Destroyed. This at length led to a great Public Uprising, and the People demanded that the Breeding of Rattlesnakes should be totally Prohibited. "I have used Poisonous Reptiles all my life," said he, "and they are a necessity to my comfort. They have never harmed me, nor will they injure anybody who handles them with Sense. Am I to be deprived of a source of innocent domestic Happiness because there are fools who cannot enjoy Rattlesnakes without carrying the thing too far? This is a Free Country, and to say that I shall not enjoy Snakes (in my Boots or elsewhere as I please) is an infringement on Personal Liberty!" "We have nothing to say of your Private Enjoyment of Rattlesnakes," replied the People of the Community, "but it is the Duty of the State to protect the People from a Public Danger and Nuisance." "Of course," added a benevolent citizen, "if our Country doesn't suit you, you can go East again, you know."

MORAL.—While the State has no right to interfere with the private appetite of a citizen in the matter of intoxicating liquor, it has both a right and a duty to protect the people against the Saloon as a public institution.



FABLE V.

THE ANTS IN COMMOTION.

A Bumble-bee flying over the country observed Great Commotion in and round an Ant-hill, and on arriving near observed an Ant Eater gulping down the Inhabitants by the Thousand. Accosting an Ant that had somehow Escaped the Tribulation,

the Bee expressed Sympathy for the Unfortunate Victims. "Victims?" said the Ant, with a puzzled air, "I'm afraid I don't quite catch your meaning." "Then, pray tell me," replied the Bee. "what the terrible Commotion in your Community is about." "Oh," replied the Ant, "they're discussing the question of Imperial Federation, that's all." "The Imperial Federation!" echoed the Bee. "But the Ant Eater. Don't they know what *He's* about?" "Oh, as to the Ant Eater," replied the other in an unconcerned tone, "they don't bother much about him. He's there all the while feeding on 'em, you know, so they're sort of Used to him. In fact, he's one of their Institutions. They found it rather a bore to drive him away, so they Licensed him to stay."

MORAL.—Prohibition is too insignificant an issue for the political parties to notice, though the licensed liquor traffic slays its thousands every year in Canada.



FABLE VI.

THE ASS AND THE LEECHES.

An Ass once had his Abode in a Marshy Meadow where there were many Leeches. He was greatly annoyed by these Creatures, who were Impudent and Aggressive, and fastened themselves to his Body that they might live by Sucking his Blood. In his dis-

truss, the Ass took counsel with the Horse and the Ox, who advised him to Exterminate the Leeches by a Simple Plan which they explained, but he would not listen to them. He said he was afraid Prohibition would not Prohibit. At last when his Sufferings had become unbearable, a bright Idea occurred to the Ass. "Since I cannot prevail upon the Leeches to desist by wagging my Ears and switching my Tail," said he, "I will adopt the License System. I will permit them to Suck on condition that they render up to me a portion of the Blood." And when the Horse and the Ox saw this plan in operation, they declared that they never heard of anything quite so silly outside of Human Society!

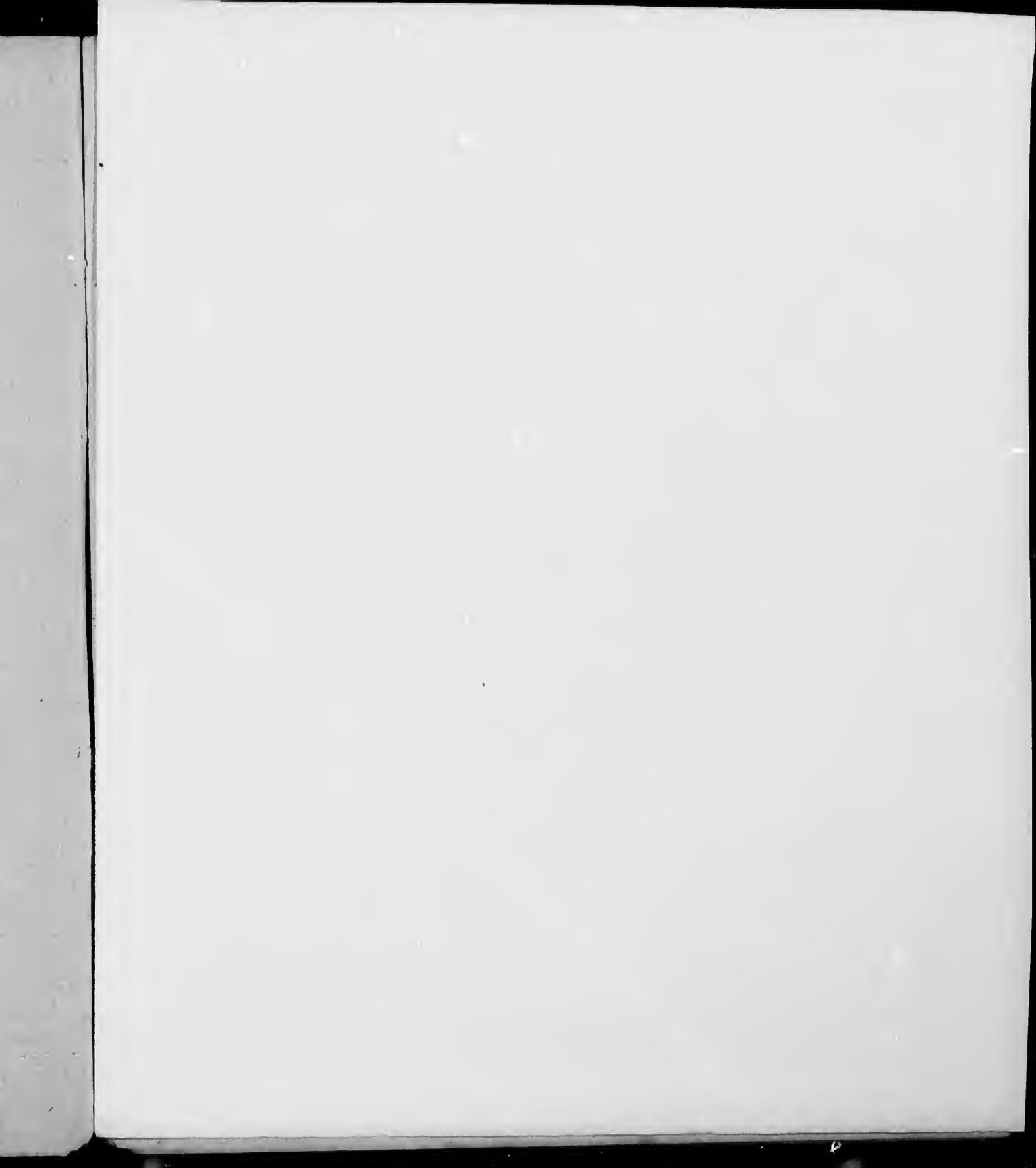
MORAL.—The Licensing of the Liquor Traffic, as a Temperance measure, is the height of folly.



FABLE VII.

THE DREAD SENTENCE.

The Wolf, after a patient and impartial Trial, was declared Guilty of the Cruel Murder of Thousands of Innocent Lambs, and





in due course he was brought before Mr. Justice Jackass for Sentence.

“Have you anything to say why Sentence of Death should not be passed upon you?” asked the Judge.

“No, Your Lordship,” answered the Criminal. “I have nothing to say, except that it is an irresistable impulse of my nature to destroy.”

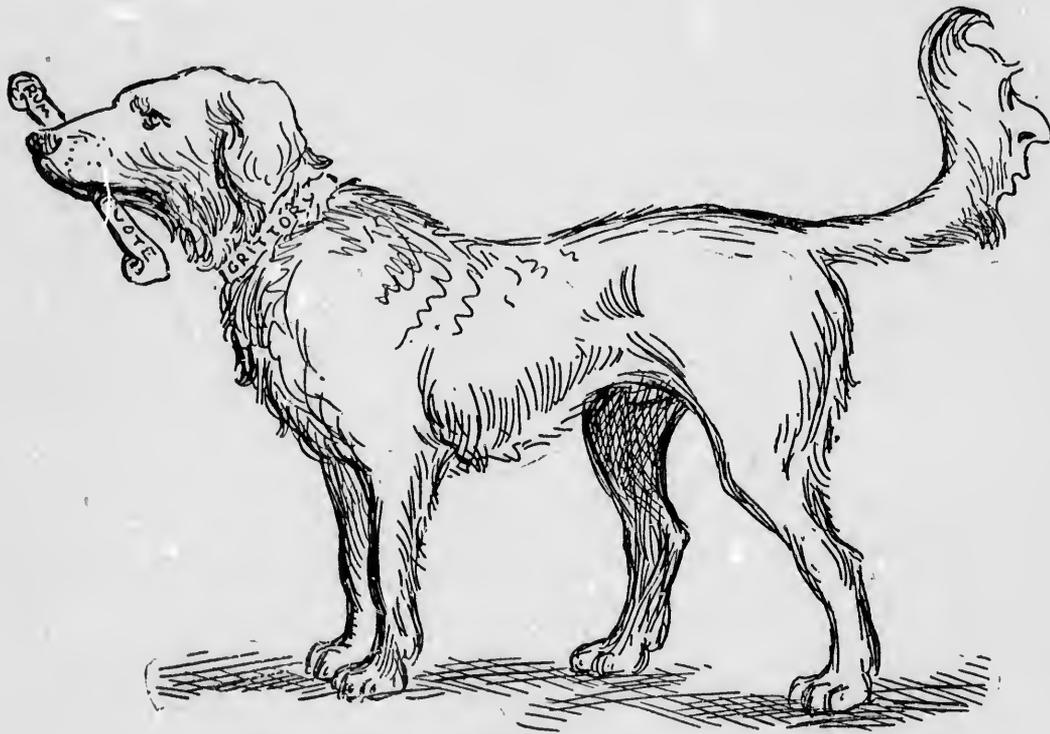
“You have had a Fair Trial,” resumed the Judge, “and the Evidence of your Guilt has been most complete. Furthermore, the Evidence has not shown a single Extenuating Circumstance. Your Character is bad, and has no Redeeming Feature that I have been able to discover.”

“True,” replied the Culprit. “I am aware that I merit Extermination, and it would be no more than I deserve if you were to Sentence me to a Lingering Death.”

“I will do so,” said his Lordship, solemnly. “The Sentence of the Court upon you is that you go back to your Business of killing lambs, but that you shall hereafter pay an Annual Fine of \$250 so long as you continue in the Business.”

The Prisoner upon hearing these Dread Words, swooned away, but his Attorney only smiled.

MORAL.—Inadequate Penalties put a premium on crime.



FABLE VIII.

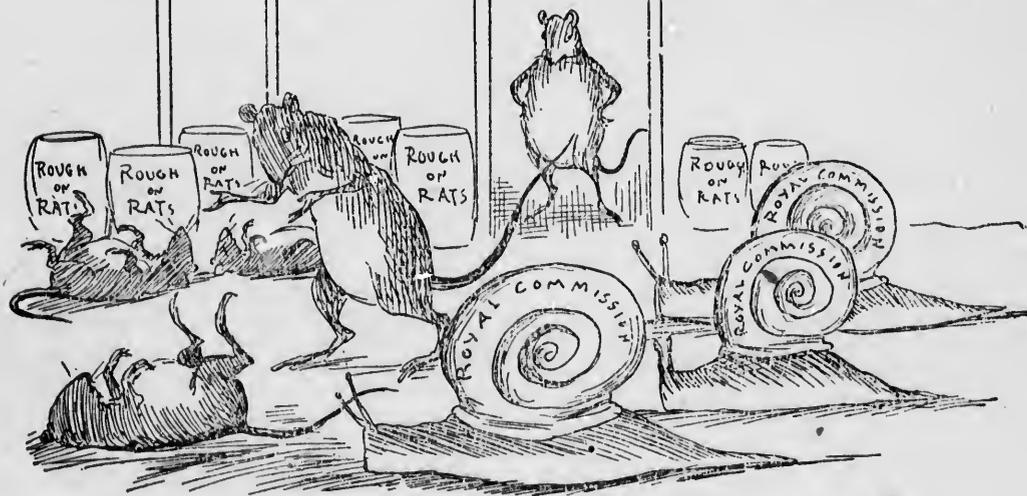
THE TAIL AND THE DOG.

“ I have been connected with this Dog such a long time that it seems to me I ought to have a good deal of Influence,” said a fine Bushy Tail. “ I feel ashamed, too, to be attached to a Dog of such Scurvy Habits as this one, and I’ve made up my mind to

do the Steering hereafter. I don't propose that he shall any longer go snuffing in the footsteps of the Whiskey Vote. I will either Control him or Cut myself off." The Dog heard this Soliloquy and smiled. So the Tail set itself earnestly to Wag the Dog into the Right path, but all to no purpose. "Well," sighed the Tail, "this is very discouraging and tries my patience sorely, but after all I am very much Attached to this Animal, and it would pain me to sever the connection. Besides, who knows but the Dog may some time take a dislike to the Bones he gets in the back yards of the Saloons." And so the Dog continues to wag the Tail.

MORAL.—You cannot influence a Political Party to do Right, if you stick to it when it does Wrong.

LICENSED TO MANUFACTURE & SELL ROUGH ON RATS



FABLE IX.

THE SNAIL COMMISSION.

The Rodent Community made a fervent Appeal to their King, praying that he would issue an edict Prohibiting Rough-on-Rats within his Dominions. The King appeared to be deeply interested, and one of his Chief Ministers (who was also his Foster-brother)

was particularly solicitous in the matter. "By all manner of means, your Majesty," said he, "this Wholesale Slaughter of your Subjects should be stopped!" "But you must not forget," whispered the King, taking him aside, "that it will not be good politics for us to injure the Business of those who deal in this alleged Poison." Then a sudden light broke over the Minister's face. "*Alleged!*" he repeated, "your Majesty has suggested a happy thought to me by that word *Alleged*. I would advise your Majesty to appoint a Royal Commission of Snails to make a Tour of the world and take evidence as to whether Rough-on-Rats really is a Poison." "Good idea," replied the King. "It will at all events stave the Matter off for a few years. And so the Commission was appointed.

MORAL.—A policy of delay is the master-stroke of Satan in destroying souls, and it is the trump card of the politician in fooling prohibitionists.



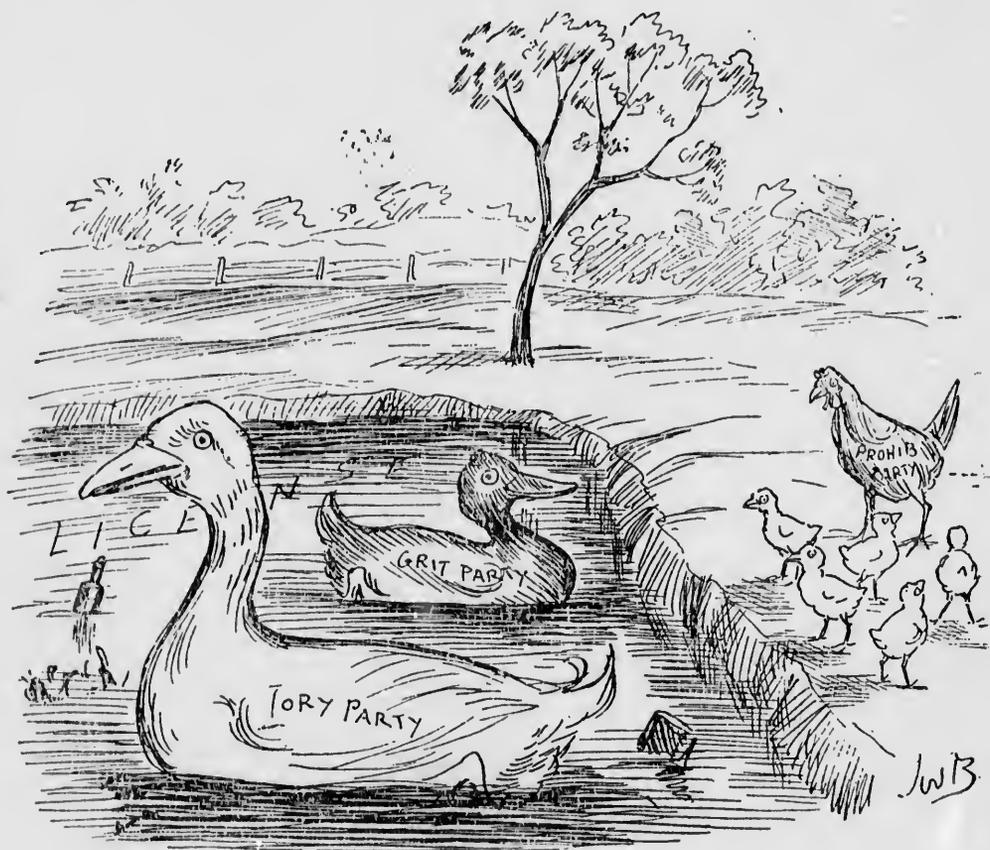
FABLE X.

THE ASS AND THE TRAP.

The Poultry once brought a Petition to the King of the Barnyard, praying for Protection against the Fox. The Case was referred to the King's Learned Counsellor, the Donkey, who set about devising a means of restraining the Fox. In due time he

produced a Trap of his own invention, which he brought in triumph to Chanticleer. "But are you certain it will catch the Fox?" asked the King. "Sire," replied the Donkey, "I have not merely my own opinion of its merits, but the Fox, who has carefully examined it and seen it work, is greatly in favor of it as well." "In that case," replied King Shanghai, "it won't do. Whatever suits the Fox is a good thing for the Poultry to avoid."

MORAL.—It is a good thing to find out what your Enemy wants you to do and then do the Opposite.

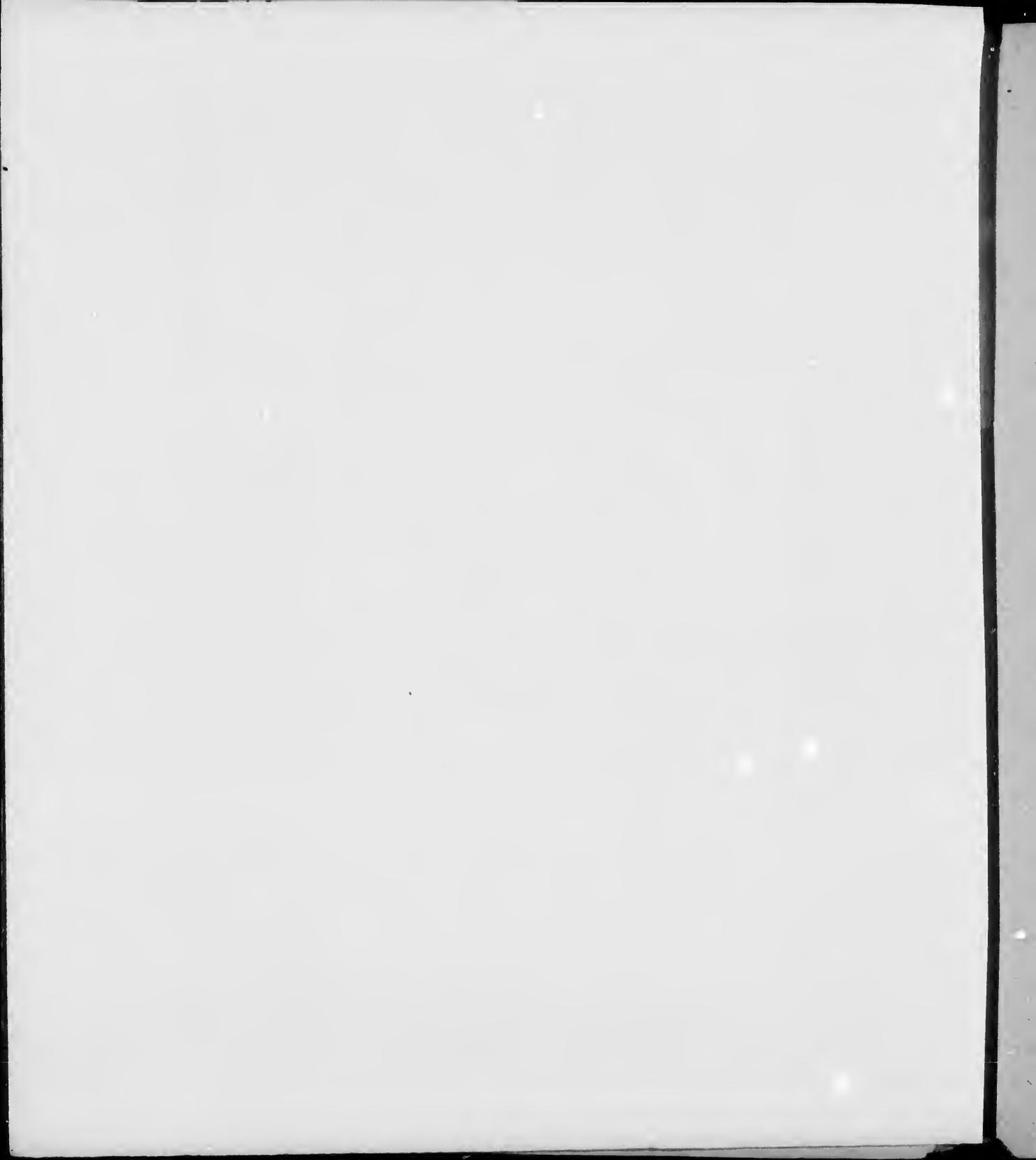


FABLE XI.

THE DIRTY FOSTER PARENTS.

A Goose and a Duck each sat upon a batch of Hen's eggs, and in due time brought forth Broods of Chickens. The young Birds appeared to have a Strong Affection for their Foster Parents, and all went well until the latter, True to their Natural Inclination,





took to revelling in a Dirty Puddle in the Meadow. At this the Chickens were much Offended, but their pitiful cries were Unheeded by their Web-footed Guardians. At length, a Hen passing by took in the Situation. "My Dears," said she, "you must not be Surprised at this Disgusting Conduct, for it is in Accordance with the Fitnesss of Things that Geese and Ducks should delight in Puddles, however filthy. All your Protesting will be unavailing, so you might as well give it up. If you are truly Offended, as you profess to be, there is a Clear Course before you." "What is that?" asked the Chickens in an anxious chorus. "Simply to cast off Allegiance to these uncongenial Parties, and put yourselves under the protection of a Decent creature like yourselves."

MORAL.—Birds of a Feather should flock together.



FABLE XII.

THE CARRION PARTIES,

The Bird Country had two Political Organizations, known as the Condor Party and the Buzzard Party, one or the other of which controlled the Government. At length an Agitation, led by the Doves and other Cleanly Birds of the Community, was com-

menced, having for its object the Abolition of the Disgusting Custom of Eating Offal. For a long time the Discussion of this Great Question was carried on, and the Doves waxed most Eloquent upon it, delivering Speeches in season and out of season from every Stump in the Forest, and making out a Clear Case against the Carrion Eaters. Notwithstanding their Excellent Speeches, and their Commendable Enthusiasm, however, they made very little Progress with the Cause. The Condors or the Buzzards remained at the head of affairs, and the Carrion Feast went on without Interruption. This greatly puzzled the Blue Jay, and in his perplexity he applied to the Owl for an Opinion on the Matter. "It is very simply Explained," replied the Owl, with a cynical Blink of his Eye. "Take a seat beside me on this Limb, and tell me what you see over yonder." The Blue Jay looked in the direction indicated and replied, "I observe a Condor and a Dove going along arm in arm, and also a Buzzard and a Dove in the same affectionate relation." "Exactly," responded the Owl. "This is Election Day, you know, and the Doves are going to the polls to vote the Ticket of the Carrion Parties. All their Eloquent Speeches go for Nothing. Nothing counts but Ballots. They thus undo in One Day the work of the other Three Hundred and Sixty-four." "I see," said the Blue Jay, as he looked on in Astonishment and Pity.

MORAL.—Liquor Parties care nothing for Talk, so long as they get the Votes.



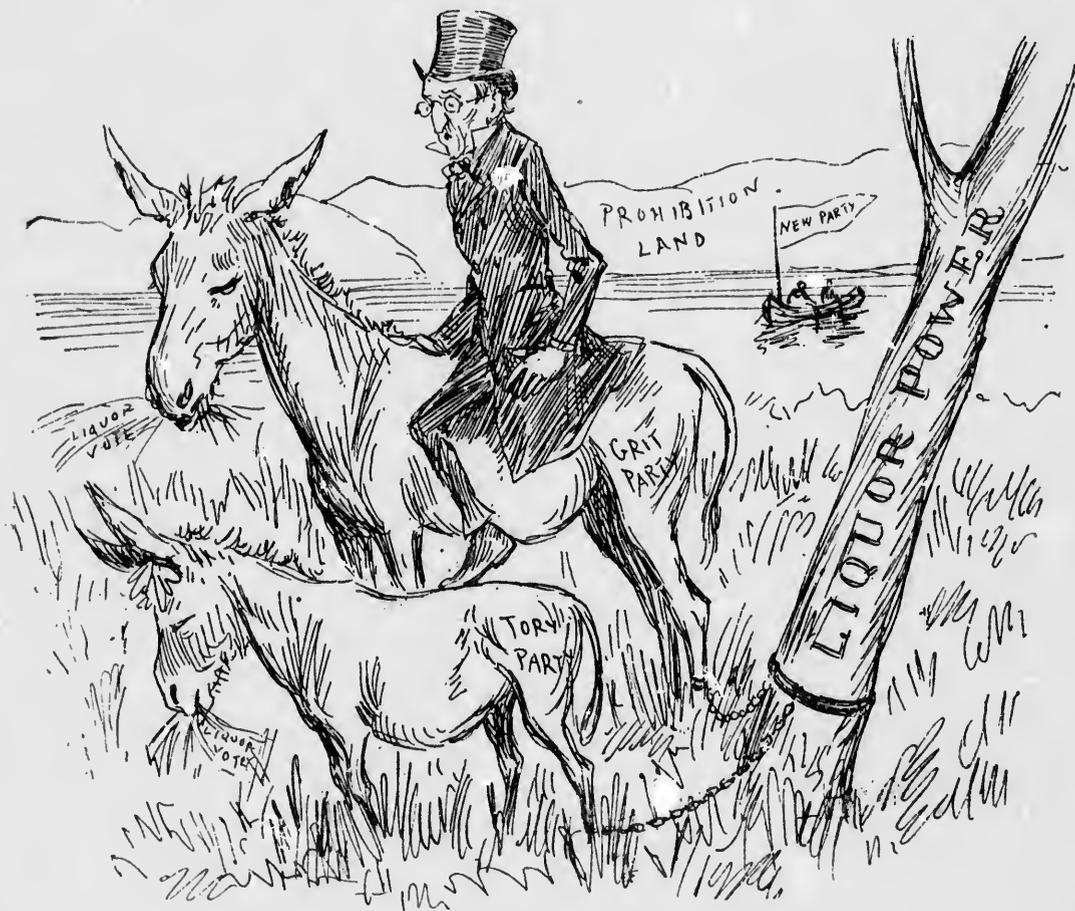
FABLE XIII.

THE WEASEL BANISHED.

The Council of Geese, having decided to Banish the Weasel from their Country, on account of his long continued Destruction of the Goslings, an Order was filed to that effect. Thereupon, the Weasel, accompanied by his Solicitor, the Fox, appeared be-

fore the Council, and put in a Claim for Compensation. "It is the Nature of my Client to eat Goslings," said the Fox, "and heretofore this wise Council has granted him annually a License to do so. Now that he is deprived of this Means of Livelihood it is but reasonable that he should be Compensated for the Loss which he will suffer." In reply to this Speech, the President of the Council of Geese said: "We are but Geese, it is true, but we are quite able to Estimate the Worth of your Argument, Mr. Fox. We deem it to be no good. It is true, Compensation may be demanded in this Case, but not by the Weasel. We, who have been Bereft of our Offspring by his Cruel Jaws, should be Compensated, and he ought to think himself Lucky to get off with his Life." And so the Weasel was Banished from the Country without Compensation.

MORAL.—Look at both sides of the question before you come to a conclusion.



FABLE XIV.

THE DONKEY AND THE MULE.

A Voter, wishing to cross the Rubicon to the Beautiful Land of Prohibition, accosted a Donkey and asked for a lift across the Stream. "No, sir!" promptly replied the Donkey. "It's not my Policy to carry Passengers in that Direction. Besides, don't you

see, I'm tethered to this Upas Tree," and he shook the Chain which was fastened to his hind foot. The Man next appealed to a Mule which was near by. "Why, certainly!" replied that Sagacious Animal, with a bold wave of his ears; "to be sure. I just happen to be going that way myself. Get right on my back." So the Man got on. "Er—when do you propose to start?" asked the Passenger, after he had been sitting there a long time. "Oh, that's all right," replied the Mule. "Keep cool, and stick to me, whatever you do. We'll get across in good time. I Belong over there, you know, and all my Instincts are in that Direction. So make your mind quite easy." So the Man calmed down. After waiting several years more, he grew tired and got off. Then he discovered that the Mule's leg was tethered to the Upas Tree just the same as the Donkey's. But at this moment there came along a Boat, built for the Express Purpose of ferrying that stream, so he said good-bye to both the Mule and Donkey and went aboard the Boat.

MORAL.—Both political parties bid for the Liquor Traffic and Influence, and dare not declare for Prohibition.



FABLE XV.

THE QUEER CUSTOMER.

One day a Certain Party went into Public Opinion's Shop to make a purchase. "What can I do for you to-day?" asked the polite Salesman. "I'm looking for a good Issue," replied the



Party; "been on the search for a long time without success. Have you anything in that line?" "Oh, yes," replied the Salesman; "plenty of 'em. What kind of an Issue were you thinking of getting?" "Er—something Nice and National," replied the Customer. "I want a big one—big enough to carry the country." "I see," said the Salesman. "I think we can suit you. How would this do, for example?" and he called attention to the Labor Issue. "Er—no—that's too tough, and not near big enough. Besides, I want something with Moral Energy in it, if you understand." "Precisely," answered the Clerk. "I've got the very thing for you. There, sir!" and with the assistance of three other Salesmen, he lifted down a fine, inspiring National Issue labelled "PROHIBITION." The Customer gazed at it a moment and then said, "Er—n—no. That's not the sort at all. It isn't half ripe, for one thing, and besides it's a mere Local issue. As I told you, I want something big and National. What have you got in those boxes?" "These?" repeated the Clerk, taking down some Pill-boxes from a high shelf. "No use looking at these, sir; they would never suit you. Why, you can hardly see them with the naked eye." "Never you mind about that; what are they?" demanded the Customer. "Well," said the Clerk, putting on his glasses and reading the labels. "This is the N. P. Issue; and the other is labelled Unrestricted Reciprocity. But besides being very small, they are also very stale, and—" "Never you mind," interrupted the Customer. "Give me either of 'em. Eurcka! I've got an Issue at last!" and, choosing one of the boxes, he carefully put it in his vest pocket and went into the Saloon next door to have a Drink.

MORAL.—The Politician does not choose the greater issue, but the one that will not split his party.



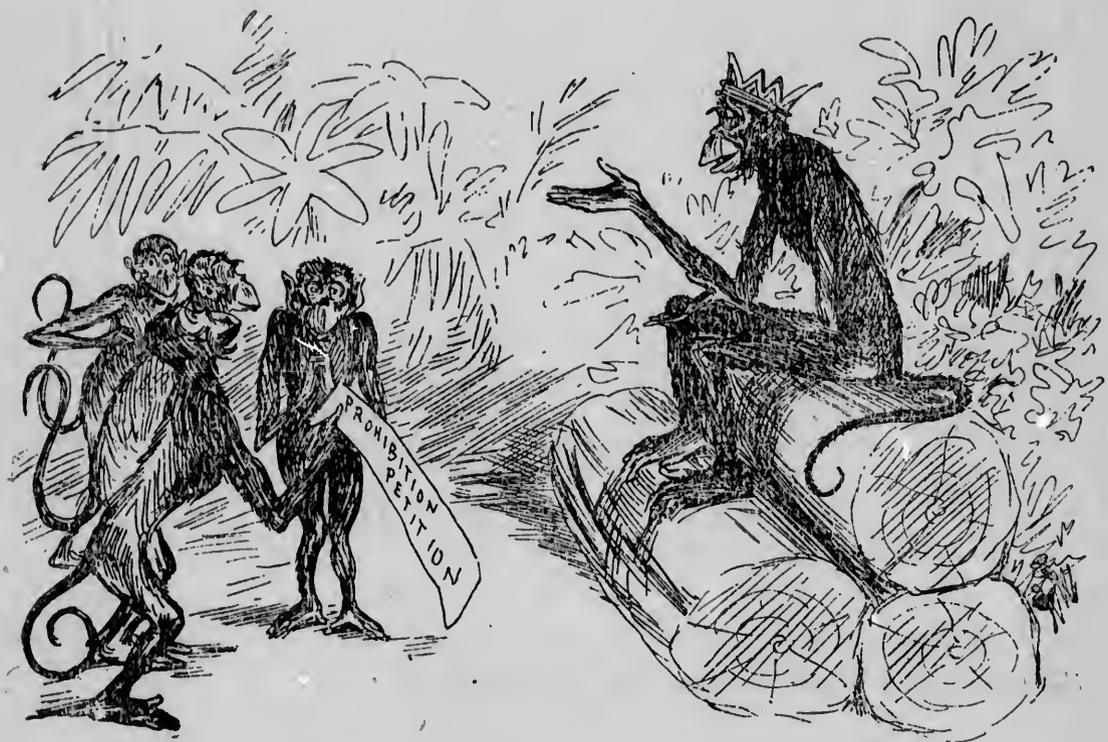
FABLE XVI.

THE TREE AND THE AXE.

An old Upas Tree, whose Baleful Influence had cursed the country for many years, one morning observed a fine, sharp-looking Axe resting on the ground at its feet. "What are you doing there?" enquired the Tree. "Nothing just at present," replied

the Axe, in a bantering tone. "I see you are labelled 'Prohibition,' resumed the Tree. "Yes, that's my name," said the Axe. "I was thinking of cutting you down," it added, with fine candour. "Oh, you were, hey?" replied the Tree, shaking with laughter. "Why, certainly, cut away! I've no objection. I've read a good many Resolutions of yours to the same effect, passed year after year at Church Conventions, Alliance Meetings and so forth. By all means go on with your cutting!" Presently a Man was seen approaching in the distance. The Tree thinking it recognized in him an Old Party Leader, waved its branches playfully toward him and said, "Come on, my old and esteemed Friend; I want to see you have your usual little foolery with this confiding Axe." But as the approaching figure drew nearer, the Tree turned pale and trembled like an Aspen. "Heaven help me, 'tis a Stranger!" it exclaimed. "I'm afraid," said the Axe, "your prayer goes in the wrong direction. This is the Party I've been waiting for. And now we will show you what an Axe can do *in the hands of a Party that means Business.*"

MORAL.—Prohibition, with a Prohibition Party behind it, will utterly destroy the Liquor Traffic.



FABLE XVII.

THE CHIMPANZEE PETITION.

A Deputation of Monkeys waited on their King, an idiotic old Chimpanzee who enjoyed Absolute power. "Your Majesty is aware," said the Spokesman, "that some time ago you were pleased to grant to the Gorillas the privilege of dealing in the juice

of the Upas tree in this kingdom." "Well?" said the King "It is found, your Majesty," resumed the Spokesman, "that the Drink is poisonous, and the Traffic is spreading death and destruction among our tribes. We humbly appeal to your Majesty to take such steps as your wisdom may suggest with a view to the staying of this plague." "Very reasonable, too," mused the King. "Let's see; how much do the Gorillas pay per year for this Privilege?" "Two hundred cocoa-nuts, your Majesty," answered the Deputation. "We would humbly beg to suggest that your Majesty abrogate the privilege altogether and thus put an end to the slaughter of our families." "You are impracticable Cranks," answered the King, brusquely. "You know nothing of Statesmanship. I will settle the matter at once. Let the Fee be raised to Five hundred cocoa-nuts per annum!" The Deputation then withdrew.

MORAL.—High License does not remove the poison from the Drink.



FABLE XVIII.

THE LARK AND THE BEAR.

A Lark, who according to the Custom of her Tribe, had built her Nest upon the ground, was much Afflicted by having her successive Broods devoured by a Bear, and cast about in her mind for a means of avoiding such Calamities in the Future. It was sug-

gested to her that if she presented her case to the Good Man who owned the Estate he would Shoot the Bear, and thus end her Trouble, but this Plan she rejected as Impracticable. "I know a better Scheme than that," said she. "I have solved the difficulty! My Nest, heretofore, has been too low. A High Nest is the thing to do it!" So she built her Nest on the limb of a neighboring Tree, high above the Ground. "Ah there!" she cried out to the Bear, when next she saw him prowling about, "I guess you might as well remove Young Lark from your Menu. I think I've rather got you now, my Friend!" But her Brood was devoured as before. She had forgotten that Bears can climb.

MORAL.—High License does not protect Society from the ravages of the Liquor Traffic.

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