

Temperance Talk.

My Mother's Garden.

Her heart was like her garden.
Old-fashioned, quaint, and sweet,
A wealth of buds and blossoms
Hid in a still retreat.
Sweet violets of sympathy,
Were always opening there.
And lilies white and pure unclosed,
Each one a whispered prayer.
Forget-me-nots there lingered,
Too late perfection brought,
And there bloomed purple pansies
In many a tender thought.
There hope's first snowdrops took deep
root.
And flowered because they must,
There love's own roses reached toward
heaven.
On trellises of trust,
And in that quiet garden—
The garden of her heart—
Song birds built nests, and caroled
Their songs of cheer apart.
And from it still floats back to us,
Overcoming sin and strife,
Sweet as the breath of roses blown,
The fragrance of her life.

Temperance Lecture on a Street Car.

While riding on a street car on Main Street, in Winnipeg, the writer overheard the following conversation between a passenger and the conductor. The conductor a few moments before had stepped from a restaurant, where he had purchased a sandwich, which he held in his right hand, waiting for an opportunity to take a bite, while he held the trolley rope in the other. Said the passenger, who was a well dressed young man of about twenty-three:

"You would be fixed now if you had a pitcher of beer with that."

"That's something I never drink," replied the conductor. "I have never seen any benefit come to anyone from drinking beer; have you?"

The passenger, with a somewhat changed countenance, replied: "It won't hurt anyone to drink a little beer."

"But what sense is there in it,"

said the conductor. "I never could see any good sense in drinking beer, or whiskey either. When I worked at my trade, last summer, painting some of the largest buildings in the city, when we would paint the roofs I was the only man in the crowd who did not drink his beer, and was the only man that could stand the heat all day, and I am a man now past fifty. I have worked the coldest days in winter, when it was so cold that nine drinking men out of ten could not stand the cold. I find at anything I can stand more work than the man who drinks. If you can tell me the least benefit that one receives from drinking, then I will be convinced. There is no good sense nor reason for all this drinking; a man ruins his health and character, squanders his money, shortens his days, and damns his soul. If I had my way I would prohibit the sale, drinking, and manufacture of it all. I have no use for it whatever."

The young man stood with blushing face, looking right down on the platform, unable to open his mouth.

When the conductor called, "Y.M.C.A. Building, corner of Smith and Portage," I stepped off, feeling that I should raise my hat to the conductor.

The Progress of Temperance.

Dr. Lyman Abbott wrote:—"Some progress had already been made in my boyhood to stay the ravages of intemperance. Alcoholic liquors were no longer served by farmers to their laborers in the haying fields, or by churches to attending ministers at ordinations. But in spite of the Washingtonian movement intemperance was common and respectable. Mr. Whittier told me that in his boyhood liquor was sold at all the dry-goods stores, and that practically all the farms in the neighborhood of his home were mortgaged to pay the liquor bills. I think that within my memory all liquor selling has been

confined to specially licensed liquor saloons.

But if drinking in social circles was less common than now drunkenness was both a more frequent vice and one less reprehended. I am told by college men that to-day drunkenness is not "good form." It was not bad form in the colleges in 1850. I think those in my class who had never been drunk—and they were perhaps half the class—were looked upon by the others somewhat as a tenderfoot is supposed to be looked on in the pioneer settlements of the West, and I think we somehow had a sneaky feeling that we lacked a chapter of human experience which a manly man rather ought to have had—once New Year's Day in New York City was specially devoted to social calling by the gentlemen on the ladies of their acquaintance; and the ladies furnished refreshments, which in a great majority of cases included wine. In the late afternoon and throughout the evening one who was upon the streets was sure to meet well-dressed gentlemen decidedly the worse for liquor, and sometimes one met them in the parlor."—Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Missouri.

Gov. Folk speaks, and in wicked Kansas City liquor dealers observe the Sunday provision of the liquor law, with the following results:

Mrs. Taggart, the police matron, says: "As to the girls coming under my care after Sunday closing was enforced my average was about one a week. Before that time I received sometimes as many as six from Saturday night till Monday morning. This was, of course, largely attributed to the closing of wine rooms and the strict police supervision over dance halls."

Mr. E. T. Brigham, superintendent of "Helping Hand Institute," a sort of lodging house for the very poor. Its purposes are to rescue the driftwood set loose by the saloons; he says: "There are fifty saloons within a radius of two blocks of this institution—sufficiently close to make a careful observation. The result of the 'lid' Empty saloon; sober work-

ing men; a remarkable absence of the 'bum' element—these fugitives from work having departed for—to them—more congenial surroundings. The benefit of the 'lid' is reflected in the moral and material improvement of working men. The usual Sunday drunk is a thing of the past with many. One saloon-keeper said: 'My Sunday receipts have paid my rent, license and law tender. When my license expires the first of the year I quit.' Unreasonable as it may seem, the saloons not only lose the Sunday receipts, but there is a loss of week-day receipts as well."

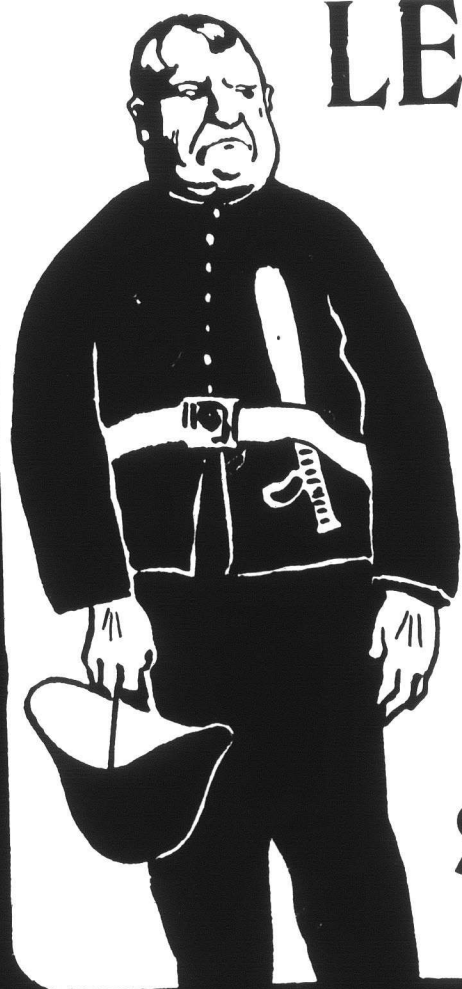
Growth of Public Sentiment.

At the recent session of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, the Hon. I. Lee Plummer, a leading Republican member, in a speech advocating the passage by the legislature of a local option bill, said:

"From the standpoint of a Republican I believe it is good politics. Upon the adjournment of this session of the legislature most if not all of the subjects of reform that we are called to consider will be cleared up, and if we refuse to take up the question of local option we will have nothing to go before the people on this year as a campaign issue except that we have been good and have at least given the people some things they have demanded."

"This won't do; we must have something else, some live issue not something that is over and done with. And then, the party has been driven to grant reforms we are now considering. We are responsible for legislation; why wait to be driven to grant the people the right to say whether or not a saloon or licensed hotel shall be planted in their midst."

"The temperance sentiment is growing all over the country. Indiana at present has a governor elected on the issue, and who knows but what we Pennsylvania Republicans may lose the governorship next fall on this same issue, if we fail to handle it wisely. I tell you it is time for the party to voluntarily give the people what they want, and not to be driven to it with a club."



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