

prayer book if Pusher had been made a millionaire the moment she found it. Pusher at first refused to become an Episcopalian, but constant nagging on the part of his wife brought him round, and he consented for the sake of peace.

Meantime Pusher drank heavily. His business was neglected, his best customers left, and his creditors became suspicious. It was whispered among the wholesale men that Pusher, of Pushertown, was drinking hard and giving extravagant parties.

One morning, after Pusher and his wife had been entertained by one of the impecunious, their host of the previous evening came into the store, and slapping Pusher familiarly on the back, said: "Say, old fellow, I want your autograph." Pusher demurred, for he had never been in the habit of endorsing. "What's the matter with you this morning?" said the impecunious. "Come out, and have something." They adjourned to a neighbouring bar, and Pusher endorsed a note for several thousand dollars.

Soon afterward, Pusher's store was closed. A few months later on, the family were turned out of their fine new house.

Pusher is a confirmed sot.

The eldest daughter is trying to make a living by giving music lessons.

The eldest boy is in the reformatory.

Mr. Pusher is living on her relations.

Lord Alcohol evicted that family—didn't he?

In a future issue, we may describe the evictions of a slightly different kind that often take place on his estates.

Mr. and Mrs. Pioneer sailed from the Old Country a few days after their marriage. They were nearly three months in crossing the Atlantic. When they landed at Quebec, their worldly goods were all in a large wooden trunk. Pioneer had a few sovereigns in his pocket, but barely enough to pay their way up the St. Lawrence. After a most tedious journey, they landed at a small place on the northern shore of Lake Ontario. Here, Pioneer and a few other emigrants hired a couple of waggons, and drove nearly a hundred miles into the interior. Having arrived at a township that they had frequently heard about, they at once took up land, and began building shanties for their families. In those early days neighbours were very kind to each other, and helped each other in many ways. They depended on each other for many things; they had to borrow and lend a great deal, and the social feeling in any neighbourhood was much better than it has ever been since the neighbours stopped cutting each other's hair, and their wives and daughters began wearing \$20 bonnets.

The first evening that Mr. and Mrs. Pioneer sat by a blazing fire in their own shanty, they had a little touch of that honest pride which every Britisher feels

when he meditates on that part of the British constitution which says: An Englishman's house is his castle. They knew very well that their new home in the woods was humble enough. Pioneer and one or two neighbours had "lumped" the work of the carpenter, painter, plumber, plasterer and half a dozen other mechanics, and had done it all with an axe. Mrs. Pioneer had been brought up in a much better home than her new one; but this home was her own, and humble as it was, she, like a true woman, liked it because it was her own. If a young wife thinks more of a flower, or a squash, or a hill of potatoes, growing in the garden attached to her first home than she does of any hundred acres in the country, the man who has got her should thank heaven every day. He has got a good wife. This is one of the infallible signs of a good woman.

In Pioneer's neighbourhood there were many gatherings called "Bees" and "Raisins." Every old settler knows what these gatherings were. We have neither time nor space to explain to those who don't know. Just ask any one who came to any part of Ontario forty or fifty years ago, and he will tell you. At all these gatherings there was whiskey. There was an unwritten law in the neighbourhood that the people would not gather to help any man who refused to give grog. One of the neighbours was elected grog-boss, and on him devolved the onerous duty of passing round the liquid. Generally it was stuff that was poisonous enough to kill at forty rods.

Pioneer was present at all these gatherings, and he always took his grog. He did not care much for it at first, but he was a generous, social fellow, and never took a back seat when there was any fun or excitement going on. He drank at first for companionship, and after a time, when he was a little worn out with the labour of clearing up his land, he began to drink more, because he thought it gave him strength and helped him in his hard work. Wherever he went the liquor was before him. It was used when the youngsters came into the world, when the old people went out, and at all points between. It fairly flowed at marriages. A veteran pastor of the early days was once told by the happy man, at the conclusion of the ceremony, that the fee was not forthcoming because he had had to pay out all his money for whiskey!

Far be it from this contributor to say a disparaging word about the old settlers. Taken as a whole they were as noble, generous, manly and enterprising a race of men as ever colonized any country. It is unfair to judge them by the standards that obtain in our days in regard to the use of liquor. If some of them drank more than the average man drinks at present, they had many noble qualities which went a long way as an off-set to the drinking qualities that unfortunately many who talk loudly enough about drinking are entirely destitute of. It would be diffi-