

Some folks very easily strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. The system of "tipping" is very bad and cannot be strongly denounced, but it is curious to notice how some that denounce it very strongly when it comes in the way of a quarter to a railway guard or to an extra attentive porter, have no scruples about taking a free pass on a railway, though that is merely the way in which the railway officials "tip" the newspaper men in order to secure a puff or keep them silent about some abuse. By all means, brother of the quill, don't give "tips." But don't take them either. Save your self-respect and independence.

Who would be a doctor? A great many. The supply seems inexhaustible. The young sawbones are legion. And yet one wonders that it should be so. What worry they have! How jealous they are of one another! How they are blamed! How they are tormented with questions and suggestions of all kinds! How they are depreciated! How they lose their sleep! And then that dreadful charge of malpractice, so easily trumped up, so ill to define and yet so vexatious! Upon the whole the doctors would need good pay to compensate them for all their woes.

The world is about sick of Morosini and his woes. What in the world is the use of his fussing and shrieking all round because his daughter may have married a coachman? If that should be the young woman's taste why not follow it? Ten chances to one the young jarvie is the more thrown away of the two. There are too many real troubles in the world to make it worth while to bother over a vulgar man and woman and their family woes. Sickles, the other millionaire whose daughter played a similar escapade is a wiser man. His view of the situation is as follows:

"I guess the couple are all right. Roma is good enough to be the bride of a king, but she has made her choice and it suits her. I made my will in 1882, giving her \$500,000, and I shan't alter it, and if young Bledsoe wants \$10,000 or \$20,000 to begin business with all he has to do is to ask for it." It cannot be denied that Mr. Sickles is eccentric, but he is possessed of a great deal of comfortable philosophy too. What can't be cured must be endured.

Some writers of books are simply awful in their conceit, presumption, and power of insufferable borehood. Everybody connected with, at any rate, editorial work in a newspaper knows something of the terror. A book is sent for review or notice, or whatever it may be. It is of no use whatever. Its possession is a mere burden. Its perusal the sternest purgatory. Yet that copy is thought precious enough to repay for a quarter column advertisement, and for half or quarter of a day or hour consumed in reading. Then if the notice is not in forthwith back comes "my gentleman" to know why *this* is thus. "Did you get my book?" "Did you notice my book?" "What do you think of it?" "Will it take well?" "It ought to have a good sell?" &c. Now what can be done with such an unfortunate mortal? He does not think himself unfortunate, but he is, and the newspaper man is still more so, you smug

little wretch, with your silly air of omniscience.

The poor Librarian of the Toronto Free Library is getting into hot water with them, and is being called before his betters for incivility, and all that. We sympathize with Bain immensely. The book peddler adds a new terror to life and affords a fresh attraction to the grave. He can worry a poor unfortunate to the very verge of insanity and if backed by some fussy presumptuous official, as apparently he was in the case referred to, can make one cry with the patriarch's wife "what good shall my life be to me?" Book peddlers should be absolutely forbidden to come within the precincts of a public library. It was, no doubt, too bad for Librarian Bain to lose his temper or to say naughty things, if he actually did. At the same time his provocation, we doubt not, was something awful and may well plead for a favourable and forgiving view being taken of his speaking unadvisedly with his lips. In the Parliamentary Library of this city tickets are copiously scattered round the walls intimating that the Librarian is forbidden to have any business dealings with book peddlers, &c. Sensible that was.

Prohibition in England.

A good many do not know how far the principle and practice of Prohibition has proceeded in Britain. For instance, the *Rock* informs its readers that in upwards of a thousand parishes in the Province of Canterbury, England, there is neither a beer shop nor a public house. The effect of the absence of temptation is declared by those best fitted to judge to be exceedingly satisfactory. In 243 cases the clergymen of the parishes concerned testify that drunkenness and consequently poverty and crime are all but unknown.

One says:—

"I am happy to say that there is no habitual drunkard. The absence of the temptation of a beer shop must largely contribute to this happy state of things."

Another testifies:—

"There being no public house, or beer-shop in this parish, is a cause of unmitigated good, in so far as it removes temptation to some distance."

A third says:—

"There is no public house, or beer shop I am glad to be able to say, in this parish. Of this the good is great; the inconvenience, if any, in comparison, exceedingly small. It promotes, almost ensures, sobriety and temperance. The constable's office is a sinecure, and a drunken man a very rare sight."

While a fourth adds:—

"The public house was done away with about eleven years ago, shortly before I became incumbent. I am assured that when there was a public house it was the occasion of much intemperance, of much riot and disorder, and of much poverty and distress."

And so on with the rest. If the friends of Prohibition in Canada could secure, as they may, the abolition of all whiskey selling places say in a hundred townships, or in a block of a dozen of counties, the result would be similar to what the *Rock* mentions, for the same result has uniformly followed wherever the plan has been tried whether in England, Scotland or America. Shut out the whiskey shop and you shut up to a great extent poverty and crime.

THE STOCK-GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER

BY PATIENCE THORNTON.

CHAPTER I.

Why a town was ever built in that far-away corner of Maine, was the question strangers always asked after a day's sojourn. The farmers looking on their rocky, sterile farms, where a scanty living was extracted from a soil whose big boulders disputed the territory with possible crops, reflected profanely on the wisdom of their ancestors, who had cleared the virgin forest, and made their homes on the bleak hillsides. They also disparaged the aforesaid virgin forest. "Scrub-oak 'n' scraggy pine's all this 'll raise," they said, vindictively. When they were young, and the eager, ambitious blood surged through their veins, they rebelled. Surveying the barren fields, the narrow, rocky river—for all the spare material in that line was thoughtfully dumped by Nature into the vicious little stream, christened by the natives the Adder, and by the raftsmen "the stinging adder," for if there was a log-jam it was sure to come at that town, in that stream—these young farmers looked about them, and hoped for a better life when they could get away; but they never could get away. In time the old men died, and they were old men, narrowed down to the limited horizon, and they saw their sons repeat the fever of their youth, and sadly saw the listless, hopeless spirit of the town settle down upon them, crushing effort and ambition, leaving depressed endurance.

Jewonkee was, however, a picturesque village. It lay on the skirts of a dense forest. The Jewonkees were an unprolific people, and had not advanced a quarter mile into the forest in a century. There was one wide street, rejoicing in the title of "the village." A visit to "the village" was an epoch in the life of the child of a farmer in the outlying districts—such farmers, by the way, were collectively and comprehensively classified as the "outbackers." On this street a few diminutive stores huddled close together. In them groceries and drygoods reposed side by side, and gowns often retained the scent of the shelves long after they were made and worn. In the stores produce was exchanged for necessities, and happy the child who could save up his own hen's eggs till he could buy some of the high-colored candy in the glass jars that beamed so tantalizingly from the windows. Such hard, tasteless candy, for the cart from the far-away manufactory came round only twice a year. Beyond the stores—there was no saloon or barber shop, for the farmers made good cider and shaved themselves—was an immense two-story wooden structure, which was the "meetin'-house." Here the pews were little, walled-in squares, with doors. A big gallery ran round the upper story, with which the pulpit was nearly on a level, reached by high, uncarpeted steps. The minister always wore squeaky boots. Over the pulpit was a sounding-board, and below a small enclosed space, where, on a little wooden bench, sat the deacons of the church—the men who officiated when the minister was absent. Of late years a big stove had been introduced, and the era of hot bricks was over. In the box stove a wood fire crackled cheerily through the long sermon, and the red-checked, sleepy-eyed little boys and girls looked forward to, and watched eagerly, the white-haired, stooping old sexton, when he, with laborious and careful noisiness, added fuel to the flame. The meeting-house was also used for town meetings and lectures. This latter entertainment was the only relaxation permitted in their rigidly righteous region. There was a tradition of an ungodly company of men and females—with stress on the last word—who had dared to invade the solemn precincts of the meeting-house, and who played to empty pews—only a deaf,

purblind old cousin of the tavern-keeper's being present, and he had a complimentary ticket.

Next to the church was the snug little home of the minister, then a butcher's shop—the owner always officiated at hog-killings and on similar occasions—then a few tumble-down cottages; then a big square white house with wide piazza and green blinds, embowered in trees and shrubbery. Beyond this was a like house, but closed and deserted; next a yellow cottage with the inevitable green blinds. At either end of the street stretched comfortable farms for miles round. Across the Adder was a thick forest, intersected by winding roads that led to somewhere.

On the other side of the street, built close to the river, its basement washed by waters in flood time, was a brick building with "Bank" in big gilt letters over the door. This was the only building on the side next the Adder. The other houses faced it. People prophesied the Bank would be swept away by a freshet, but it had stood firm for thirty years.

Notwithstanding the meagre soil, and the old farming tools that were so hard to use, and the old methods of labor—the grass mowed by hand, the fields planted and weeded under the burning sun, prematurely stooping the weary shoulders—the horny-handed old farmers had money in the Bank, and counted it in the thousands. They came in to deposit or to draw interest in rattling old waggons drawn by superannuated horses, generally bay or white, with the woolly look, frowzy mane, and solemn gait—as regular as a clock-tick—that characterized Jewonkee teams. The waggons had a peculiar rattle from long acquaintance with rocky hills, some waggons were known by their individual clatter. When they were descending the steep hill at the end of the village, the grocer would say, "Oh, there's Mister Thompson a-comin'—he's got butter," and be ready to greet him with a "How's the world use yow, Thompson?" receiving in answer, "Wal, times is purty hard; seed's harf rotted, 'n never see sich weather's we're havin'; be a hard summer. Dunno what the kentry's comin' tew." Yet this farmer would lump over to the Bank and deposit his twenty-five or fifty dollars that same day.

The Bank had been established by John McCrate, a crusty old Scotchman who came to live in Jewonkee. He saw the need of a savings' bank. The traditional stocking and earthen pot were unsafe receptacles for hoarded hundreds. In time the farmers learned to trust him, and to respect his upright life. They confided their savings to him, and proudly drew interest. He was thoroughly honest, that wrinkled, hard-featured old man, and he gave to Jewonkee a reputation for thrift and industry it never lost. He married the pretty sister of Nymphas Stacy and lived in the big white house, that now stood closed and neglected. He and his wife now lie in the stone-walled graveyard on the hill beyond the village.

Why do people build graveyards on hills? Yet it is sweet to think the beds of dear-loved dead are touched by the first rays of rising sun and tinted with its glowing kizes at sunset!

A modest granite monument—contrast to the slate tombstones with their winged cherub-heads—marked the resting place of the banker and the wife he idolized. They left a son, Dick McCrate—no one ever called him Richard—a rollicking, happy-go-lucky sort of young man, fond of his gun and dog. He was early hampered by the oft repeated assertion "that he never could fill his father's shoes," and his few deeds of boyish recklessness were constructed and exaggerated into such crimes and offences that the good