

night begins, and as they enjoy its sombre novelty, some of the bolder spirits make short trips into the darkness, while their friends' hilarity is hushed until their safe return is heralded, and as a grand finale the train is backed until it is entirely enveloped in darkness, when they sit in solemn silence until they again emerge gloriously into the light.

How do they gauge the time? Well, my son, in that far away world there grows a tree called the "Tempus Tree" whose bloom appears with geometrical precision at stated intervals of time. Its fragrance and exquisite aroma permeate the entire world of Venus, thus marking an epoch of time. As these periods begin or terminate, servitude ends, shackles fall off, prison doors are opened, promises are fulfilled, men freed from durance vile sniff the air with frenzied eagerness and cry aloud in joyful tones, "Tempus! Tempus!" Its aroma is disinfesting, exhilarating, rejuvenating, and thus the great world of Venus is sweetened and refreshed as it by a breath from the gods.

How old is such a one? Three hundred blooms of the Tempus.

On what do I base my calculations? Well, my son, I knew it all along, but I did not want to snatch the laurel wreath, the Tempus bloom, from the brows of the other astronomers, so I said not a word about it, and unless you approve, you need not repeat it.

D. McDEARMID.

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Did you see our ship railway flying off in the high wind we had the other day? We have been shedding tears over our defeat ever since. Can't you see how damp this page is.

## Temperance.

On this exceedingly important matter of Prohibition, why is it that our representatives at Ottawa play the hypocrite, shuffler and dough face? Five-sixths of our people are in favor of a national prohibition liquor law, forbidding its manufacture or importation. Either do one of two things, if it is no injury or sin to tax liquors, it can be no sin to sell them, then give us an honest licence to sell openly and squarely. If it is a sin or public injury to retail liquor over the bar, then instantly stop taking a revenue from it, and prohibit its importation and manufacture as a beverage. There has been too much bigotry; too much "barking up the wrong tree," and it is time the honest, sober sense of the Canadian nation took a hold of this matter, and not leave it to the greed of the seller, nor to the mercies of some blatherskite of a temperance law-doctor.

Cease taking the liquor dealers money or give him an honest license to sell under a few wholesome restrictions; if great enough, arise to the time and occasion, and prohibit its public use forever.

As a people are we honest, fair, manly in the way we have been treating this matter of national concern? If this is a Christian nation, then we need a few Mohammedon missionaries on this subject of temperance, as the Khoran utterly prohibits it in any form or quantity, indeed, going so far as to say a single drop of wine dropped into a deep well of pure water,