

The Canada

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AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

**PLEDGE.**—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating Liquors as a Beverage, nor Traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of Entertainment, nor for persons in our Employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the Community.

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## SALLY LYON'S FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE ALE-HOUSE.\*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

When Sally Lester gave her hand in marriage to Ralph Lyon, she was a delicate, timid girl of eighteen, who had passed the spring-time of life happily beneath her father's roof. To her, care, anxiety and trouble were yet strangers. The first few years of her married life passed happily—for Ralph was one of the kindest of husbands, and suffered his wife to lean upon him so steadily, that the native strength of her own character remained undeveloped.

Ralph Lyon was an industrious mechanic, who always had steady work and good wages. Still, he did not seem to get ahead as some others did, notwithstanding Sally was a frugal wife, and did all her own work, instead of putting him to the expense of help in the family. Of course, this being the case, it was evident that there was a leak somewhere, but where it was neither Ralph nor his wife could tell.

"Thomas Jones has bought the piece of ground next to his cottage," said Ralph one day to Sally, "and says that next year he hopes to be able to put up a small frame-house, big enough for them to live in. He paid sixty dollars for the lot, and it is at least a quarter of an acre. He is going to put it all in garden this spring, and says he will raise enough to give him potatoes, and other vegetables for a year to come. It puzzles me to know how he saves money. He doesn't get any better wages than I do, and his family is quite as large."

"I am sure," returned Sally, who felt that there was something like a reflection upon her in what her husband said, "that Nancy Jones doesn't spend her husband's earnings more frugally than I do mine. Every week she has a woman to help her wash, and I do it all myself."

"I am sure it isn't your fault—at least I don't think it is," replied Ralph; "but something is wrong somewhere. I don't spend any thing at all, except for a glass or two every day, and a little tobacco; and this, of course, couldn't make the difference."

Sally said nothing. A few glasses a-day and tobacco, she knew, must cost something, though, like her husband, she did not believe it would make the difference of buying a quarter of an acre of ground, and building a snug cottage in the course of a few years.

\* This story is founded upon a brief narrative which met the author's eye in an English newspaper.

Let us see how this is. Perhaps we can find out the leak that wasted the substance of Ralph Lyon. He never drank less than three glasses a-day and sometimes four; and his tobacco cost, for smoking and chewing, just twelve and a half cents a week. Now, how much would all this amount to? Why, to just sixty-five dollars a year, provided but three glasses a-day were taken, and nothing was spent in treating a friend. But the limit was not always observed, and the consequence was, that, take the year through, at least eighty dollars were spent in drinking, smoking and chewing. Understanding this, the thing is very plain. In four years, eighty dollars saved in each year would give the handsome sum of three hundred and twenty dollars. Thomas Jones neither drank, smoked, nor chewed, and, consequently, not only saved money enough in a few years to build himself a snug little house, but could afford, during the time, to let his wife have a washerwoman to help her every week, and to dress much more comfortably than Sally Lyon had been able to do.

The difference in the condition of the two families set Mrs. Lyon to thinking very seriously about the matter, and thinking and calculating soon made the cause quite plain to her. It was the drinking and the smoking. But with a discovery of the evil did not come a cheering consciousness of its easy removal. How could she ask Ralph to give up his glass and his tobacco, to both of which he seemed so strongly wedded. He worked hard for his money, and if he chose to enjoy it in that way, she had no heart to interfere with him. But from the time that Ralph discovered how well his neighbor Jones was getting along, while he, like a horse in a mill, had been toiling and sweating for years, and yet stood in the same place, he became dissatisfied, and often expressed this dissatisfaction to Sally, at the same time declaring his inability to tell where all the money he earned went to.

At length Sally ventured to hint at the truth. But Ralph met it with—

"Pooh! nonsense! Don't tell me that a glass of liquor, now and then, and a bit of tobacco, are going to make all that difference. It isn't reasonable. Besides, I work very hard, and I ought to have a little comfort with it. When I'm tired, a glass warms me up, and makes me bright again; and I am sure I couldn't do without my pipe."

"I don't ask you to do so, Ralph," replied Sally. "I only said what I did, that you might see why we couldn't save money like our neighbor Jones. I am sure I am very careful in our expenses, and I haven't bought myself a new gown for a long time, although I am very bare of clothes."