

The Canada Citizen
AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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Social Progress and Moral Reform.

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AN EXPLANATION

We had a specially large edition of the CANADA CITIZEN last week, and this, in connection with some other important changes in our work, which will enable us hereafter to reach our readers more promptly and expeditiously, has thrown us behind this week, and we have therefore reduced the size of our paper, merely for this one issue. We deemed that getting out a paper thus reduced in size would be more agreeable to our friends than leaving them without any. We feel confident that hereafter they will find the CANADA CITIZEN improved in every respect, and even more worthy of the kind appreciation which they have so warmly manifested in the past.

IN A HURRY.

The promptness with which the Dominion House of Commons adopted Mr. Tisdale's proposal to amend the Scott Act so as to allow license to come into operation immediately in counties where it has been repealed, is in striking contrast to the persistent refusal of the same House to make the Act workable by the adoption of the Jamieson amendment.

It is worthy of note, however, that the prospects are good for the adoption of Mr. Jamieson's Bill during the present session, when the hang-back policy of our legislators has done the Scott Act about as much harm as it could possibly do it, and when any further persistence in the same line of action would be apt to do more harm to the politicians than to the Prohibition movement.

LAST WEEK'S CONTESTS.

From all over the country we are receiving letters and messages relating to the recent Scott Act defeat, and we are gratified to find that there is no discouragement among our friends, that all thoroughly recognize the fact that the vote taken three years ago was on the principle of Prohibition, and that the vote taken last week was on the practicability of local option.

The vote first polled remains unaltered; the people in this country believe in and have declared for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. In several counties they have now declared that they do not believe in any half-way measures. The Scott Act was taken hold of as a means of showing to our legislators what public sentiment is. When the demonstration was complete, our legislators should have responded by the enactment of Prohibition.

Temperance men will look eagerly for the vote on Mr. Jamieson's resolution in favor of Prohibition, and will shape their subsequent actions accordingly. An overwhelming majority of the electors of Canada are solid for Prohibition, and recent events will only make them more united and more determined in working for the speedy attainment of their object.

WHO ARE TO BLAME.

The fact stated as to the expression of public sentiment does not alter the other frequently-assumed fact, that the authorities who failed to make the Scott Act a workable measure by needed amendments, and the authorities who failed to do their duty in securing its enforcement, are to be jointly and severally held responsible for the deplorable condition of affairs, which has led to the repeal of the Scott Act in seven counties in this Province. The Dominion Parliament has dealt with the law in a whiskey-favoring fashion that is absolutely inexcusable. Over and over

PORTAGE.

A Pennsylvania Mining Town Lady Bountiful The Child-smoker Evolution of a Saloon-keeper. Prosperity without the Drink.

Up in the Allegheny Mountains, 200 miles west of Philadelphia, and a hundred miles from the great manufacturing city of Pittsburgh, may be found a little town which sprang into being nineteen years ago, and now contains between three and four thousand inhabitants. The Alleghenies display some of the finest scenery in the United States; and Crystal Springs, only nine miles distant, is one of the most fashionable and popular of resorts. It has not always been blessed with railway communication. The early part of the century saw stage coaches, later came canal transit of goods to the foot of the mountains. These rose to a height of 2,500 feet without intersecting valleys. The laden canal boats were lifted on frames and hauled up by live engines on to five different levels or planes. On the other side they were carefully let down into another section of the canal.

The district was famous for smugglers, who made great profit out of whiskey that was not taxed, and which could easily be stored in caves. Chief among the smugglers was John Mulholland, of whom more anon. The wealth of the mountain chain lies in its coal. The yearly output in the United States is more than a hundred million tons, of which the State of Pennsylvania provides nearly sixty million tons. The freight of this gives employment to many thousands of men, and the Pennsylvania Railroad is the largest corporation in the world, its capital amounting to \$600,000,000. Sunday is a special day for moving coal trains, and part of the line from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia has four tracks. Yet it is hardly able to compass the task of carrying all the coal that is mined. Its capacity, at least, is not equal to the transit of all the coal produced in the little town of Portage, some of which—from its semi-bituminous character—is in great demand for ocean steamers, which even carry it as cargo to England.

Portage town, through which the railroad runs, is high up on the mountain side, and the mountain needs only to be pierced laterally to get at the rich vein of coal present in the tract of 6,000 acres owned by Mr. John C. Martin. No need to sink shafts, but every need to keep engines constantly at work pumping the water which flows from countless springs. Solid pillars of coal are left as the miners proceed, lest there should be the repetition of a disaster which occurred in North-east Virginia, where, from insufficient support, the roof fell in and buried fatally 45 miners.

Formerly, in the Portage mine, mules and boys were employed, but the proprietor has banished boys under 15, and instead of mules an endless chain moves the wagons to the mouth of the head ing. But the young folks of the neighborhood find a perfect "bonanza" in the summer time, for they gather on the mountains cranberries, wild strawberries, red and white raspberries, and various other fruits, which are packed in baskets yielding fifty or sixty cents apiece to the children; as many as seven or eight hundred being sent every day in the season to Pittsburg by train. The miners themselves are paid by the piece, the maximum in the district has been two shillings per ton, but at Portage several years ago was granted an additional three cents. The daily limit is ten hours, and the earnings vary from \$6 to \$25 per week.

Dr. Bradbury, of New York City, lost his wife when his daughter Emily was very young, but she became to him an inseparable companion. At five years of age she knew something of his instruments; she disliked school, but followed him readily to his college lectures, and presently, to the wonderment of friends, herself studied medicine. It was after her father's death that she became the wife of John C. Martin, and they entered upon the task of ruling their little kingdom with a division of labour and a sincerity of purpose that more powerful sovereigns might envy. Out the kingdom had to be created, the subjects to be found. There was the whisky smuggler and the distillery on the one side, and a strong section of Romanists on the other. The young wife intended to reside at Crystal Springs Hotel, and to drive or ride down to her domain, but she presently took apartments in a house the inmates of which exchanged rooms according to the direction of the wind, for the roof were not weather-tight. But it was clean, and the housewife was sensible. Mr. Martin called on Squire McC., an Irishman who received her so graciously that he offered her,

like old Herod, even to half his kingdom. But she asked only a small boon, the key of the school house, which she believed to be the key to the minds and hearts of the work-people. It was granted, and a meeting called for Saturday at two o'clock. The lady dusted her feelings as she looked around the mountain side and saw dotted here and there a little shanty, and wondered if any and what possible audience would assemble. When the hour came the little building was crowded by perhaps a hundred persons on the desks, on the window sills, and outside the doors. She had printed "Rock of Ages," on the blackboard, and taught them to sing it. The Welsh put in a good many extra semi-avers, the Irish sang out lustily; one boy had a flute and an ear for music, and another brought a violin. So a beginning was made, followed by the announcement of other meetings next day, Sunday. It was all wonderfully novel, and the meeting adjourned.—The month was May—to the open air, where, standing on a little knoll, our Joan of Arc told them she had "come to stay," and wanted to lead them to better lives.

In such a spirit has the work been conducted. As new workings have been opened, seven school-houses—small, of course—have been opened, and in the town itself is a school of more pretensions. As new facilities came, strongly-built houses were put up for the workmen to buy and enlarge and furnish as their means progressed. Railway employees were encouraged to live in the same town, with opportunity to purchase the houses and lots. There are some French families who breed fowls and are generally thrifty; there is a large Welsh colony, and a good sprinkling of English. Mrs. Martin puts on a rough gown and strong shoes, visits the houses, helps the mother to set dinner or minds her baby; and is a friend and confidant of all. A general store is maintained by her husband, whose manager is a man in sympathy with the people. Good, wholesome provisions are retained at a reasonable price to all comers, but a discount is allowed to those connected with the mines. One special kind of cooking stove is on sale and in use in all the houses.

My interest in the work of this Lady Bountiful was aroused by some practical observations made by her at a woman's meeting in the week of unate prayer, to which I had been invited. She had almost startled me by the prompt response she had made to the request, "Let us pray," and pointed indeed were her petitions. She presently told of a boy who had induced his mates to join a band, pledging themselves not to swear. No I asked of this boy Harry, and here is the story.

At the very first meeting Mrs. Martin noticed a little fellow of four years of age, whose mother was smoking. She asked to have the care of him for a month. This little fellow himself smoked; he had developed such an appetite for whisky that he could not go to sleep without a teaspoonful. The mother promised to do without tobacco so long as Harry went without. His new protector tried all sorts of means to break the little boy's bad habits, and successfully. She was helped by the fact that the mother sent for her because his baby sister, but a few months old, was at the point of death. There was then no physician in the vicinity. Mrs. Martin went, saw the child was suffering from poison, and asked what had been given her. The reply was, "Nothing," but it appeared that the old pipe thrown away by the mother had been given to her as a plaything. She had sucked it, hence the ailing. Remedies were administered and the child, who had been named after the lady, recovered. It was the use of this pipe as an object lesson that enabled the little Harry to understand the evil effects of tobacco. It had nearly killed his sister. As the boy grew up he naturally was devoted to Mrs. Martin's plans. The father, who was now a foreman in the mine, suffered greatly from an irascible temper, but after seventeen years' watching and prayer was a reformed man, and is doing his utmost to guide the men about him into holy living. John Mulholland, the whisky-distiller, was Harry's grandfather. Mrs. Martin was able to prolong his wife's life, and when he desired to express his thanks, she begged him to close the distillery. And he closed it.

Let me give one more instance of her daring. Saloons were excluded from Portage, but it was not easy to keep them off the borders. In one spot was a hotel kept by a man named Keil. It was his boast that none dare turn him out of the house. It was proverbial that if every nail could speak it would tell of some new crime. A beautiful girl from New England

had been stolen, half adopted, and trained in every villainy. The owner of the property could get no rent, and was glad to sell it to Mrs. Martin. She gave Keil notice to quit, and for eighteen months visited the house and as often as she went on Sunday allowed to bring the girl to church. At last she summoned the miners to her help, and with sheriff's officers, and legal warrant, proceeded to an eviction. The scores of men who accompanied her set to work, and completely demolished the house, they bound Keil, and put him, his wife, and the young woman into a cart, which, accompanied by two officers, was driven to a neighbouring town, where a little house had been completely furnished. As he sank into a chair Keil exclaimed, "Mrs. Martin has delivered me from hell." He died soon after but the two women still live, and are supplied with work from the Portage store.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin spend May, June, and July in the town, and in the winter pass a few days in each month there. No man is excluded because he is a Catholic, but a local train takes Catholics to the nearest town where lives the priest, and brings them back after service. The chief holy days desired by the priest are observed. There are no knights of labor, nor adherents of any other trade organization. And when all is going on well at Portage, Mrs. Martin is busy in Philadelphia in Sunday School teaching and Temperance work, and in all kinds of philanthropic effort. JOHN STUART.

A Child's Kiss.

In a prison at New Bedford, Mass., there was a man whom we will call Jim, who was a prisoner on life sentence. He was regarded as a desperate, dangerous man, ready for rebellion at any hour. He planned a general outbreak, but was "given away" by one of the conspirators. He plotted a general mutiny or rebellion, and was again betrayed. He then kept his counsel, and, while never refusing to obey orders, he obeyed like a man who only needed backing to make him refuse. One day in June a party of strangers came to the institution. One was an old gentleman, the others ladies, and two of the ladies had small children. The guide took one of the children on his arm, and the other walked until the party came to climbing the stairs. Jim was working near by, sulky and morose as ever, when the guide said to him:

"Jim, won't you help this little girl up the stairs?"

The convict hesitated, a scowl on his face; and the little girl held her arms out to him and said, "If you will, I guess I'll kiss you." The scowl vanished in an instant, and he lifted the child as tenderly as a father. Halfway up the stairs she kissed him. At the head of the stairs she said, "Now you've got to kiss me, too."

He blushed like a woman, looked into her innocent face, and then kissed her cheek, and before he reached the foot of the stairs again the man had tears in his eyes. From that day he was a changed man, and no one in the place gave less trouble. May be in his far Western home he had a Katie of his own. No one knows, for he never revealed his inner life; but the change so quickly wrought by a child gives hope that he has forsaken his evil ways.—The Experiment.

Tell Your Mother.

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything? Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and cards de civitate with young men, who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most incredible and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh, young faces admiringly, and send or give you chattrons, tokens or bouquets. No matter what other girls may do, don't you do it. School girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in bers. It would do harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which it is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that you would not be willing to trust to your mother. She is your friend, and is ever devoted to your honor and interest. Tell her all.—Fanny Fern.

Sound Common Sense.

The Christian Guardian, the ably edited organ of the Methodist Church, is as sound on the prohibition question as the Church it represents. In a recent issue the editor states the cause for prohibition in the following forcible sentences.—

"The people who are engaged in this business may have no desire to injure their fellow-men. They only want to make money by the sale of intoxicating liquors. But an increase in the sale of intoxicating liquors means an increase in the quantity drunk; and an increase in the quantity drunk means an increase of drunkenness and its accompanying evils. Hence, it is truly said: 'If the liquor interest is to maintain itself, according to the natural demands of an industry or a trade, it must make itself a corrupting and demoralizing force in society at large. It must do more than this. It must combine its forces, regardless of all other interests, to secure such municipal and legislative measures as shall strengthen and aid the objects it is seeking to accomplish. No form of legalized traffic can deliver from the tyranny of such a combination. As Prof. Tucker forcibly shows, the saloon is becoming intolerable, not merely as a public temptation, but still more as a public menace to society."

"In the face of dangers so formidable, it is childish trifling to talk about Prohibition interfering with the sacred rights of men to get drunk. It is against the privilege of making drunkards that Prohibition is specially aimed. If places for the sale and drinking of intoxicating liquors are hurtful and demoralizing, it is preposterous to argue that they should be legalized for the convenience of those thirsty tipplers who are 'men of strength to mingle strong drink.' To hear some people talk, one might think that to prevent liquor being sold was on a level with preventing bread to be sold. Nearly every one will admit that if all the people of a country were to become total abstainers, no special calamity would result. It would not injure industry, morality, or religion. But if this be true, ceasing to give special facilities for obtaining strong drink cannot be a very serious privation. If the views expressed in the foregoing remarks as to the relation of the liquor business to the moral and social interests of the community are sound, as we firmly believe they are, then all true patriots of every Church and party should do all in their power to enlighten and mould public opinion, and promote the success of every measure which is adapted to hasten the suppression of a traffic which works so much evil to our country."

My Position.

I am a little Temperance man,
Cold water only drinking,
And now I am going to tell you what
I have of late been thinking.

I'm totally opposed to beer,
I hate both wine and brandy,
And ahun the danger lurking in
All kinds of wine-filled candy.

I am opposed to all saloons,
I look with detestation
On every one, no matter where;
They curse the entire nation.

If alcohol will make me strong,
I'd like at once to know it;
Both time and platform I'll divide
With any who can show it.

I think it's best to totally
Abstain from gin and whisky;
To drink at all of such vile stuff
Is dangerous and risky.

I think if we are only firm
In this our one endeavor,
We'll live to see the drunkard's drink
Cast out and that forever.

The harvest soon we hope to reap;
And in its full fruition,
We'll raise in thanks our voices high,
For Total Prohibition.

—Union Signal.