

"or those who traffic in it!" added Mr. Rose. He then spoke of our future prospects and reminded us how disappointed Mr.—(a leading hotel-keeper) would be if the Club went down. He and others engaged in the liquor business entertained great friendship for us, or *professed* to do so—"but," continued Mr. Rose, "I don't believe them—I *don't believe them!*" This reform movement had caused them to lose thousands of dollars, which otherwise would have gone into their tills, therefore it stood to reason that their professions of friendship were not true. Mr. Rose urged us all to work—to bring others to the meetings—and said "it would be a burning shame, if the Club were allowed to go down."

Mr. Rose was heartily applauded, both during his speech and at its close. Soon Miss Boyd came in, and the concert proceeded as usual. A large number signed the Pledge. One, a dissipated-looking person, was brought up by Mr. Rose, who stood by him, and laid his white hand on the man's shoulder as he added his name to the list of signatures.

"Aunt Fanny," said Mrs Somerville, "what a