

AUDITORS' REPORT.

The Mutual Relief Society of Nova Scotia:

The undersigned, Auditors of the above Society, have to report that we have examined the books, accounts and vouchers of the Secretary and Treasurer in connection with the Society, and we find the same correct and agreeable to the Statement signed by us, which shows a balance to the credit of the Society of \$16,637.83.

R. S. EAKINS, }
 JAMES H. MUNRO, } Auditors.
 Yarmouth, N. S., Jan'y. 21, 1889.

On motion, the Directors', Secretary's, Treasurer's and Auditors' Reports were received and adopted.

The following persons were re-elected as Directors for the ensuing year, viz.:—A. C. Robbins, J. R. Kinney, W. V. Brown, T. B. Crosby, J. W. Bingay, A. W. Eakins, E. K. Spinney, J. R. Wyman, G. G. Sanderson, G. W. Johnson, Chas. Dodds.

On motion, R. S. Eakins, James H. Munro and Job Hatfield were elected Auditors.

It was *Resolved* that the Annual Meeting be held in the evening of the fourth Monday in January.

A Communication was read from Joseph R. Raymond, an Agent of the Society, stating that one of the hindrances to securing members is the increase of assessments as age increases. After some discussion by members, it was *Resolved* that the Directors give the matter complained of the necessary consideration, and endeavor to ascertain if a new Table can be prepared which will fix the rate for life for each member without injury to the future success of the Society: they to report at the next Annual Meeting.

On motion, meeting adjourned.

WILLIAM V. BROWN, Secretary.

OFFICERS.

At a meeting of the Directors held subsequent to the Annual Meeting the following Officers were elected :—

President—A. C. Robbins.

Vice-President—J. R. Kinney.

Secretary—William V. Brown.

Treasurer, Supervisor }
 and Manager, } Thomas B. Crosby.

Supervisor—Arthur W. Eakins.

Solicitor—J. Wentworth Bingay.

Medical Examiners { James C. Farish, M. D.
 { A. M. Perrin, M. D.

W. V. BROWN, Secretary.
 Yarmouth, Jan'y., 1889.

Poetry.

THE LIQUOR LICENSE.

BY MRS. S. A. GORDON.

What's the price of a license? How much did you say?
 The price of men's souls in the market to-day?
 A license to sell, to defame, and destroy,
 From the gray hairs of manhood to the innocent boy—
 How much is to pay?

How much is to pay? How compare with your gold?
 A license to poison, a crime oft retold—
 Fix a price on the years and the manhood of man;
 Take what is not yours to destroy if you can—
 What's the price, did you say?

How much for a license? How compute the crimes
 Men are caused to commit when besotted at times?
 To take character, reason, foredoomed to the grave;
 And give men your curses when pity cries save—
 What's the price, did you say?

How much for a license? Count the price of the home,
 Of the tears that are shed in its anguish and gloom;
 Count the happiness lost on the ballot you gave
 When you voted the license that made man a slave.
 What price was to pay?

How much for a license? Count the price of her life
 Whom your children called mother, and whom you called
 Who died of her grief, heart-broken away, [wife;
 That her home must be taxed for its bread day by day,
 The license to pay.

The license means dram-shop; stop, fathers, and think;
 Was it your vote that licensed your own son to drink?
 Count the measure you mete out your neighbor to-day
 To be meted you back in your own time and way;
 'Tis a debt you must pay.

How much is to pay? Count the price of one soul,
 Multiplied by the names on eternity's scroll,
 Of those who have gone down, in manhood's strong pride;
 Then add those who through them have suffered and
 died—
 What's the price, did you say?

How much is to pay? You can count out the gold,
 But the price to be paid time never has told;
 All have claims on your soul whom your vote caused to
 sin:
 Though your name men call white; as scarlet your sins,
 The atonement must pay.