

had not signed the pledge. When he reached home he sat down at the table, and on it was a jug of cider. "Jem," said one of his brothers, "will you have some cider?" "No, thank you," was the reply. "Why not? don't you like it?" "Oh! I'm never going to drink any more cider—nothing more that is intoxicating for me!" "My boy," said his father, "you have not disobeyed me? You have not signed the pledge?" "No father," said he, "I have not signed the pledge, but I've *sung* it; and I'm never going to touch another drop as long as I live."

It was the means of his father signing the pledge, and being one of the active workers in the cause of temperance. Sing, boys, sing!

THE beer-drinkers, tipplers, and wine-bibbing men
May drink at the tap, and say, "Fill her again!"
We'll drink pure water, that ne'er muddles the brain,
And, while slaking our thirst, we'll say, "Fill her again!"

Yes, fill her again, boys, quite up to the rim,
No matter at all if it's up to the brim;
No man upon earth was ever made drunk
While drinking pure water, quite fresh from the pump.

LICENSED STYES.

Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village or hamlet, of this merry land,
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace
Conducts th' unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch forth issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temp'rance reel.

Cowper's "Task."

BEER-MAKING.—The breweries of the country last year produced 11,584,226 gallons of beer. There were 164 of them, in which about \$700,000 capital was invested, 1,000 men employed, and 1,054,115 bushels of barley consumed, and 5,592 bushels of corn and wheat.

AN old toper addresses his bottle thus:

"'Tis very strange that you and I
Together cannot pull;
For you are full when I am dry,
And dry when I am full."



HON. J.
Pres. of the Dominion Alliance