

responsibility are appealed to. Every chance is given through the will of man to do right, and if right and truth be rejected, the loss is to the one rejecting.

Now, there might be some reason in our contemporary's position, or, at least, less of absurdity in it, if the liquor selling and liquor drinking were dangerous and often ruinous only to the persons who indulge in them. But there exists the awful fact which cannot be ignored that the liquor traffic entails unutterable woe upon those who never either buy or sell strong drink. A permitted liquor traffic ensures the drunkenness of men who have not the self-control of which the *Warner* editor is so proud, and the drunkenness of these men entails wretchedness on scores of others who would have personal resolution enough to let the evil thing alone. Prohibition is not sought for merely for the sake of the drunkard. It is vindicated on the ground of its general advantage to the community at large. A selfish individuality in reference to any desired line of action cannot be tolerated in an organized community, and the want of moral or right principle in the man who will not say no to the intoxicating cup is best paralleled by the want of principle in the community that will not say no to the ruinous drink traffic. It is an institution in which men make money by supplying the means of working injury to their fellowmen. It is a thing in itself inherently bad, and in dealing with a thing inherently bad there is no "golden medium." God's word sanctions no toleration of that which is admittedly evil. Prohibition is the legislation that is aimed against the evil and prohibition should be the only legislation of intelligent Christian communities in dealing with the modern traffic in strong drink.

The editor of the *Warner* does not really believe in the position in which he has incoherently placed himself by failing to see that he set out from a safe starting point on his logical expedition. He is too level headed a man to believe in any compromise with an admitted evil. He simply fails to realize what a terrible evil the liquor traffic is. Did he but see it in its true light he would be an ardent prohibitionist, as he is in other matters. For example, he believes that Roman Catholic teaching and influence are utterly bad, and in the same column in which he pleads for the "golden medium" in dealing with the drink traffic he says:

"Is not it nearly time humanity became awakened? There is but one safe plan, i.e., to recognize Rome as such, in no form whatever."

Terrible Remorse.

Mrs. J. K. Barney, whose occupation it is to visit the prisons of our land, in an address delivered at Ocean Park several years ago, related this touching incident of an unhappy mother, a wealthy woman, who wished to send a message to her son in prison. Said the speaker:

She handed me a picture and told me to show it to him.

I said: "This is not your picture?" "Yes," she said, "that is mine before he went to prison, and here is one taken after I had had five years of waiting for Charlie."

I went with these two pictures to the prison. I called at an inopportune time.

He was in a dark cell. The keeper said that he had been there twenty-four hours; but in answer to my pleading, he went down into the dark cell, and announced a lady as from his mother. There was no reply.

"Let me step in," I said, and I did so.

There was just a single plank from one end to the other, and that was all the furniture; and there the boy from Yale college sat.

Said I: "Charlie, I am a stranger to you, but I have come from your mother, and I shall have to go back and tell her that you did not want to hear from her."

"Don't mention my mother's name here," he said. "I will do anything if you will go." As he walked along the cell I noticed that he wept.

Said I: "What is the matter?" He said he hadn't eaten anything in twenty-four hours.

They brought him something, and I sat down beside him and held the tin plate on which was some coarse brown bread without any butter, and I think a tin cup of coffee. By and by, as we talked, I pressed into his hand his mother's picture, and he looked at it and said:

"That is my mother. I always said she was the handsomest woman in the world."

He pressed it and held it in his hands, and I slipped the other over it.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"That is your mother."

"That my mother?"

"Yes, that is the mother of the boy I found in a dark cell, after she had been waiting five years to see him."

"Oh!" he cried, "I have done it! No, it is the liquor traffic that has done it. Why don't you do something to stop it?"

Another touching incident is that of a little girl who was dying. Her father had struck the child such a blow on the spine while insane from the influence of rum, and confusion and terror overwhelmed the frantic household, for little Bessie was beloved by all.

Among those of the neighbors who had gathered in amid the excitement was the ruin-seller who had dealt out the poison in that neighborhood for years. He drew near the death-bed, and heard a watcher who was wiping the death damp from the child's beautiful face, say: "That blow has killed her." Little Bessie caught the whisper and raising her eyes, which were growing large in death, she fixed a dying gaze on the rum-seller, and said, "You did it!" and in a few minutes was dead.

That group never forgot the dying child's charge, and the rum-seller says that it haunts him day and night; and yet he continues to deal out the fatal beverage to his victims.

Grandfather's Sunday Coat.

THERE was to be a special half-holiday at the Luximinator National School.

One of the old boys had gained a London scholarship, and, in writing to tell the master of his success, he had not forgotten to ask for a half-holiday for the school children, some of whom were his former associates. The favor was granted, and the boys and girls were in high glee as they talked of how they should spend their holiday. Lessons in the morning would be easy enough with the prospect of play in the afternoon, and especially as in consequence of the frost they would many of them be able to amuse themselves on the ice, and how quickly the hours would pass away!

While the school children were thus revelling in the anticipation of pleasure, and were making endless plans for enjoying their extra holiday to the full one little girl was sad and silent.

"What is the matter with Margery?" asked the children, "and why doesn't she play and laugh, like we do? Praps she's to be 'kept in' to-day, because she didn't know her lessons."

But when they asked the little girl she shook her head. She never was "kept in," she said, for she loved her lessons and learned them well. Still, even little Margery liked a holiday sometimes, and the children, unable to "make her out," left her alone, and ran on before her to school in a state of the greatest excitement.

Little Margery, usually bright and happy, looked very sorrowful this morning, for there was trouble in her home, and she did not know how to meet it. By-and-bye, as she walked slowly along, heeding not the shouts of school fellows in front, she thought an angel seemed to speak to her, for a voice within breathed words of comfort and suggestion which brought back some of the sunshine to her little face. But now the school house was reached, and the child knew that she must give her mind for a time to books, so the bright thoughts which she felt sure had been whispered by an angel were put aside, and the little head,

"Sunning over with curls," was bent over the work which had been given her to do.

"Oh, what can little hands do To please the King of Heaven?"

This was what she had to sing this morning, and the words sank deeply into her heart.

The child had not a happy home. Drink, the curse of the land, was the destroyer of happiness in the Mainsworth household, and young as little Margery was she had already learned "how exceedingly strong is wine" and causeth all men to err that drink it."

It was not for herself that little Margery cared so much, and not only for her father and mother, though for them both it was sad enough. It was chiefly for her grandfather.

"An old man, Grey and white and dove-like."

who lived with them, and who in little Margery's eyes was most hardly dealt with by her father's drinking habits.

The poor old man, whose age, thought the little girl, entitled him to special respect, had to part with his best and only coat every Monday morning in order to raise half a crown for the week's rent.

It was Margery's business to take the old man's coat to the pawnshop before she went to school on Monday, and to fetch it back on Saturday for him to wear on Sunday at church. No matter how cold the weather, no matter how ailing the old man, that coat must go, and the owner must do without it.

Now, though the patient grandfather had never said a word to Margery, the

little girl knew instinctively that this was a bitter grief to the old man. The child mentioned it to her mother a woman to whom suffering and privation came as second nature, and she gave Margery no sympathy.

"He's gettin' on to second childhood by this time, an' hardly notices his coat's gone," she said. "Don't you worry yourself about him, he's right enough."

But Margery knew differently. She watched the poor old man take the coat out of his drawer every Monday morning, and saw that he smoothed the velvet collar lovingly, as though parting with an old friend. It was his last relic of the better days which the old man still remembered, and he never went the coat away without the fear that he might never see it again, for so felt that he was nearing "the border land." Little Margery knew all this, and it troubled her little heart more than anyone could tell. This morning, however, the trouble was deepened, and that was why the extra holiday had not brought any gladness into the child's life.

It was Monday again, and the same unwelcome task had been performed. But to-day the old man had parted with his coat more unwillingly than ever.

"Praps I'll not live to see thee again," he muttered, half aloud, "but we've been good friends, an' we've gone through much together." Then a tear dropped on the old coat, and the grandfather seemed suddenly to recollect the presence of the little girl. "Here, my dear," he said, giving the parcel into her hands, "you never forget to come for it, do you?" There was a shade of reproof in the old man's tone, and it grieved the child sadly, but she said nothing, not being wont to excuse herself as is the habit with some children, and then she went away with a heavy heart.

"Was grandfather going to die?" she asked herself, and the tears came quickly to her eyes. She did not know what to do. She could not help the old man, however eager to do so. Kneeling by the side of her little bed, she said "Our Father" for a charm, and then went out upon her distasteful errand, after which she started for school. On the way there, as we have seen, she thought an angel spoke to her; and, as soon as ever lessons were over, she started off for the shop of a Mrs. Coxwain, eating her dinner as she ran.

Now, Mrs. Coxwain kept a little shop not far from the school-house, and sold almost everything the neighbors could want—from pins to paraffin oil. Margery knew that she was in want of a boy. "If only I could help her, and get enough money to keep grandfather's coat at home in Christmas week, I should be so happy," she said, "and, then, maybe I'd be doing the work we sang of this morning."

"To please the King of Heaven."

The thought was inspiring, and gave elasticity to the child's step. The burden of her heart had been—

"Would I could do something for his sake—Something to cure his sorrow and pain."

And now there was a prospect of the wish being fulfilled.

Arrived at Mrs. Coxwain's shop, the little girl preferred her request, and whether because the woman was naturally kind hearted, or whether she was unable to resist the sweet childish face, or the eager tones of the little maiden's voice, never transpired, but she took the child on trial that very moment, and Margery's half-holiday was given up to carrying a heavy basket from house to house, and helping Mrs. Coxwain to pile up the bundles of wood in the shop.

"You're worth a dozen lads, my dear," exclaimed the woman, when the work was finished, "and you may come to me from twelve to two every day, besides your half-holiday, and maybe I'll have no more need for a lad, for you do double the work in half the time."

At this word of praise Margery blushed deeply, and instead of taking advantage and relaxing her efforts, as some people do when they are commended, she worked with extra care until the task was finished. With aching arms, but a light heart, the child returned home that evening, and no wonder that she should fall asleep over her story book as she sat in her accustomed place in the chimney corner. Indeed, she never opened her eyes when her drunken father entered the house, so that for one evening, at least, she was spared the humiliating sight to which she was, alas! now almost accustomed.

The weeks went quickly by, and Christmas drew near. And all this time Margery had faithfully kept her secret. The 25th fell on a Wednesday, and it was the child's plan to have the money ready on the Monday morning, when she was bidden to go to the pawn shop. But, somehow or other, her little full heart could not keep the surprise, and grandfather was told on the Sunday as the two returned from church together. At first the old man could not understand her.

"I cannot credit it, my dear," he said, softly, but when the light broke upon his clouded intellect, he blessed the little girl, and told her she was "a good little lass, indeed, and though he could not reward her, he was sure that the consciousness of having done good would be enough."

And Margery was very happy, for never had she seen the old man look so satisfied and delighted.

Monday morning came.

"Now, Margery, look sharp and take the coat," said her mother.

Then the child brought out her hardly earned half-crown, and told the mother the story.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed.

"Did anyone ever hear of such a child? An' what 'all the father say? My word, he did ought to be ashamed of himself—but he's lost to shame by this time, I reckon."

Yet the wife was mistaken. Bruce Mainsworth was not likely to be cured of his terrible habit by the railing speeches of a woman, but the unselfish action of his little girl touched him, and though he couldn't promise to give up his beer altogether, he would undertake that the old man's coat should never see the inside of a pawnshop again. It should be his week day coat now, and not one only for Sunday wear.

And so little Margery gained her victory. The old grandfather sleeps peacefully in the churchyard now, but his coat, the coat which, in the end, made her father a teetotaler, hangs up in the kitchen to be the reminder of a sacred pledge for ever.—*Annie M. Young, in the Temperance Record*

VICTORIOUS IN VICTORIA.

The Scott Act Putting Down Ill-kept Liquor Selling.

THE Scott Act evidently is being worked in Victoria county. At any rate those who are endeavoring to violate the law are not all getting off scot-free. The *Victoria Herald* summarizes the results of all the prosecution done between May 1 and December 1, 1897, as follows:—

Informations laid.....	87
Convicted.....	63
Acquitted.....	17
Not found to summon.....	3
Pending investigation.....	4
Penalties, Fines and Costs.....	\$3,807 90
"Fines and Costs paid.....	3,142 58
Committed to common goal for non payment.....	6
Penalties satisfied by Imprisonment.....	\$339 56
Persons for which warrants of commitment are now outstanding.....	4
Amount of outstanding warrants.....	\$274 85

CLASSIFICATION OF OFFENCES.

1st Offence.....	48
Convicted.....	12
Acquitted.....	1
2nd Offence.....	6
Convicted.....	1
Acquitted.....	1
3rd Offence.....	1
Convicted.....	1
Acquitted.....	1

Second offences laid and convicted of a first..... 1
Third offences and convicted of a first..... 1
Courts held at Oakwood, Woodville, Victoria Road, Cobcook, Fencelon Falls, Bobcaygeon and Ormoke. Miles travelled by the C. P. Magistrate, 1,250.

A Sure Remedy for Intemperance.

There is one perfectly safe remedy for intemperance, and that is total abstinence. There is no sure remedy except that. I have been a total abstainer from birth. I rejoice that I was early taught to abhor even moderate drinking, and that what I suppose to be sound principle as to temperance were inculcated upon me from the very outset of my preferences as a child. Let us bring our offspring up by our example rather than by our precept. Let us set in our households such a blazing light before our children that when they come into the temptations of great cities they shall be strong in advance of their period of trial. Let us put the school and the press on the right side. Let us make the Church a great pillar of fire, through which God can look in the morning watch and trouble the hosts of his enemies, and take off their chariot wheels.—*Rev. Joseph Cook.*

Our Gasquet.

A teacher having asked his class to write an essay on "The Results of Laziness," a certain bright youth handed in as his composition a blank sheet of paper.

"Father," said a little boy one day, "can you tell me why the whisky shop is like a bad penny?" "No," answered the father: "can you?" "Yes, because you canna pass it."

Mrs. Haywood (whose son is at college):—"George writes that he is taking foreign lessons."

Mr. Haywood:—"I'm glad o' that. I'll set him a dizzing post hole when he gets home."

Pretty School Teacher—Thomas, state some of the beauties of education.

Thomas (oldest boy in the school)—Schoolma'am.

"Did the wedding go off smoothly?" "About as smoothly as such affairs always go off. The only hitch that occurred was when the pair stood up to be united."

If told to take a "back seat," one will invariably take affront.

LOBSTER SALAD.—One can of lobster, chopped fine, twelve hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, one cup of vinegar, one tablespoonful of mustard, one half teaspoonful of pepper, small piece of butter, one half cup of cream, two raw eggs well beaten, heat until boiling; mix with lobster and eggs and lay on lettuce leaves.

BREAD OMELET.—One cup of sweet milk, one cup of fine bread crumbs without crust, a little pepper and salt, beat all together, add two well beaten eggs, put in a frying pan a small lump of butter, let it melt and run all over the pan; now pour in the omelet, cook gently until it sets (about fifteen minutes), loosen the edges and fold one half over the other, now put on a hot plate to fit the pan, hold firmly and turn the pan over; it will come out nice and whole.

CLEARER LIGHT, HIGHER MOTIVES.

It is notable, but just in proportion as good citizens are led to read, hear, and observe attentively, and to think deeply, they wake up to the sad enormity of the evil traffic; and are so brought to feel keenly enough, that they become zealous prohibitionists. The fact is worthy of weighing, that people are always enlightened over towards but never away from Temperance principles and practice. Adherents are gained to the cause by increased knowledge, exalted motives, and improved principles.

STERN STRICTURES.

The raising of National funds from National demoralization, degradation & pollution, is suicidal policy and cannot be permanent. Drink shops are curse-and-calamity fountains. No blessing flows from them. The right side of the drink establishment is the side on which a jug has the handle—the OUT-side. For what do we (the community) want whiskey dens. Alas! as commonly used by persons in health, is potent for evil, but powerless for good.



I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

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