

UNTIL IT IS SETTLED RIGHT.

However the battle is ended,
Though proudly the victor comes
With fluttering flags and prancing drags,
And echoing roll of drums,
Still truth proclaims this motto—
In letters of living light—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Though the heel of the strong oppressor
May grind the weak in the dust,
And the voices of fame, with one acclaim,
May call him great and just,
Let those who applaud take warning,
And keep this motto in sight—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

Let those who have failed take courage;
Though the enemy seems to have won,
Tho' his ranks are strong, if he be in the
wrong,
The battle is not yet done.
For sure as the morning follows
The darkest hour of the night,
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

O man bowed down with labour,
O woman, young, yet old;
O heart oppressed in the toiler's breast,
And crushed by the power of gold;
Keep on with your weary battle
Against triumphant might—
No question is ever settled
Until it is settled right.

—Ellis Wheeler Wilcox.

THE GREAT DESTROYER.

"No. 25!"
"Bring in No. 25!"
"The court is waiting for No. 25!"
There is a lit'le hanging back on the
part of the usually prompt official, but
in a moment more a tall, fine looking
woman was brought in and waited the
usual questioning.

There was something so piteously des-
perate in the prisoner's appearance, and
her great haunted eyes had such a look
of anguish that the judge, accustomed to
all sad sights and sounds, hesitated
before asking with unwonted gentleness:

"What is your name, my woman, and
where were you born?"

"My name is Aileen Burne, yer honor,
and I were born in Aberdeen, off the
Scottish coast land."

"And you are charged with striking a
man."

"I am, yer honor."

"An' you meant to?"

"I did, indeed, yer honor. He's kilt
me, yer honor."

The woman spoke with a low, im-
passioned wail which caused respectful
attention.

"McGinnis testifies that he never laid
a hand on you," returned the judge.

"He stabbed me to the heart, yer
honor."

"Stabbed you! Suppose you tell me
about it."

"I will. Ye might no ken wha' it is,
yer honor, to hev one bonnie laddie, an'
yer' else. I let the gude father o' my
lad a sleeping in the kirkyard, when I
brought my wee bairnie to this land
For many a year I toiled in sun and
shade for my winsome Robbie. He
grewed so fine an' tall that he were ta'en
to a gentleman's store to help. Then
this man McGinnis set his evil eye on
the lad. I was forced to pass his den on
my way to an' fra' the bread store, an'
he minded 'twas mesel' hated the un-
canny look o' the place. An' one morn',
as I passed by, he said I needn't be so
grand about my boy; he were no above
ta'en a sup o' the liquor wi' the rest. I
begged my chiel for the love of God to
let the stool alone. Me Robbie promised
to bide me wishes; but the man Mc-
Ginnis wach't o' the nights when 'twere
cauld and stormin' and gave the lad
many a cup o' his dreadful drinks, to
warm him, he would say. I got on my
knees to the barn and prayed him pass
the place no more, but to gang to hame
by some other road. Then I went mesel'
to the mon, an' prays ye ken, yer honor,
how a mither wud beg an' pray for the
bone o' her bone an' the flesh o' her
flesh; but he laughed in me face. Last
night, yer honor, the noise at me door
frightened me; I runned wi' all me
might to see wha' were the trouble, an'
me Robbie swayed into the room an' fell
at me feet—he were drunk, yer honor!
Then McGinnis poket his face in at the
door and asked: 'What think ye now,
Mistress Burne!' Did I mean to strike

the mon, yer honor? Ye'd better keep
me wi' lock an' key till me gloom dies
out: but, oh, judge, judge, I wish mesel'
an' me lad were in the kirkyard aside
the gude father! They tell me if I
could prove the mon sold liquor to the
barn under age, the law could stop him.
I tell ye, judge, there's naught but God's
vengeance can stop his ilk. It's well
enough to arrest the mither as strikes
the mon as ruins her bairn, but wait ye
till the Lord Almighty strikes—aye—
wait ye for that!"

"Does the reporter tell no more?" our
readers will demand. "Surely the ma-
gistrate discharged the woman." Yes,
she was pronounced discharged. But
does that meet all the claims of justice?
The civil government owes that widow
and all the mothers of the land protec-
tion from this heartless enemy which for
gain seduces and ruins their children.
When shall their importunate cry be re-
garded? We read concerning the im-
portunate widow that at last the unjust
judge said, "I will avenge her, lest by
her continual coming she weary me."—
Presbyterian Banner.

THE CHILDREN'S GAME.

"Why did I give up my public house busi-
ness? Well, boys, I'll tell you. Two years
ago we decided to take the 'Polar Bear,'
reckoning to make it pay, for my wife
was handsome and smart. The neigh-
bourhood was thick with pubs., but it was
a poor district, where children ran bare-
footed and women with towzled hair an'
unwashed faces gossiped at their doors
till bedtime, and that sort of district is
always a paying one for the drink seller.

We did even better than we had anti-
cipated, but Lou came to me one evening,
and her eyes had tears in them as she
said, "Jim, I wish the men wouldn't come
here so often. It makes me sad to see
them wasting their money, while wives
and bairns go hungry."

I did not answer, for I had relied before-
hand on her pretty face and bright ways
to attract them.

"One day, when we were out, our child-
ren crept into the bar, and that evening
I, listening as they played, realized they
were rehearsing something they had seen.

Robin was shouting at Ethel, who, with
her doll in her arms, was weeping and
crying, 'Tum home! tum home!'

"Then—oh, you that are fathers, think
of it!—I heard a word from the little
chap's lips that made me shudder, as he
struck at the doll. Ethel screamed and
fell, while Robin kicked her as she lay,
shouting, 'Turse oo! What do I care if
I've tilled the brat?'

"I learned from the barmaid that just
such a scene had occurred during my ab-
sence. And that's why I gave up the
public-house."—Alliance News

THE TALE OF ONE BOTTLE OF LIQUOR.

Some time ago when travelling in the
northwest of Canada, the following inci-
dent happened, illustrating in a striking
way how the drink traffic works evil. In
Prince Albert, N.W.T., Canada, there is a
barracks of the mounted police, a body of
men who patrol the country for miles
around to keep peace among the Indians.

It was their duty to arrest one for some
petty offence and he was placed in the
barracks, not closely confined, as an
armed guard stood day and night at the
entrance and no one could pass without
his notice. It was Private Coleman's ght
watch, and he had brought from town a
bottle of liquor. Constant pulls at it put
him to sleep, and the foxy Indian crept
up, stole his revolver and made off.

A sergeant whose name I now forget
was returning home at a late hour, saw
the Indian escaping, and must have tried
to arrest him. A revolver shot woke the
police and disclosed the awful fact that
the sergeant was dead.

The Indian made good his escape, and
a reward was offered for him. For months
the police hunted him, but only to lose
their lives in the effort to take him. He
had friends who were with him; how many
is not known. The militia was called out
and the place surrounded and stormed
where they were known to be. After a
time the two hundred volunteers made a
rush and found the poor old Indian and
his followers dead. Six lives had been
sacrificed, one man disgraced, and a large
sum of money expended, all for one bottle
of liquor.—Ensign F. McKenie in
Youth's Companion.

A GREAT OFFER.
READ CAREFULLY.

You need this paper. You will need it more and more as the prohibition fight gets
hotter and hotter, and the issue of prohibition is before our Legislatures. Read carefully
what is said about it in column headed "Important" on page 2.

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glar," "The Facts About Sam Snyder," "Dean Amos
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