

Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any information gladly received. Address: T. W. CASEY, G. W. S., Editor, Nanaimo, Ont.

Enforcement of Law.

A very well written editorial appears in a recent issue of *Leslie's Illustrated* in regard to the importance from a temperance standpoint of enforcing the laws now in existence. It says: "In relation to the liquor traffic, it was for a long time felt that a prohibitory law would put a stop to all illegal sales. But it is now well known that it is as important and far more difficult to enforce the existing laws against liquor dealers than to pass these laws. At the present we believe it is more important to execute present laws than to attempt to make others, and perhaps better laws. In many cities and States this sentiment is manifested in associations bearing the name of Law and Order Leagues.

These associations are composed of gentlemen representing every variety of temperance opinion. While constitutional and statutory prohibitionists are thus enrolled, many license men are also members. Total abstinents and those who are not total abstinents thus co-operate. The society has no relation to merely political movements. Its one purpose is to execute the law. As a body the liquor dealers are notorious for not observing the requirements of their licenses. These provisions usually embody prohibitions against selling to minors, and to persons already intoxicated, against selling after twelve o'clock midnight, and on Sunday. It is notorious that these prohibitions are constantly evaded. In Chicago the League has within the last year prosecuted nearly a thousand dealers upon more than a thousand charges. The large proportion were convicted. One in every seven of the liquor-dealers of Chicago were in this single year found guilty of breaking the law. In Boston the more notorious of the law-breaking saloons have been forced to suspend business.

The article concludes by remarking "that this movement is so admirable in purpose and method for the enforcement of one variety of laws that its scope should be broadened to include other offences which threaten the body politic and social." Probably there is not as pressing need in Canada for such leagues, as our law officers because of the different appointment, are generally more efficient and impartial in the performance of their duties, but it is evident enough that there is far too much law breaking tolerated here. The idea ought to be more generally cultivated that it is the duty of all law-loving and law-abiding citizens to help in the observance and enforcement of the laws we have. No one class of people should be expected to see to the enforcement of any one class of laws; all the people are interested in law observance, and all ought to be patriotic in the matter of law enforcement.

Moderate Drinking.

A good many men, who pride themselves on their moderation, are in the habit of recommending others to do as they do—remain moderate drinkers. In order to help define wherein "moderation" consists we clip the following remarks from the London *Lancet*, a leading English medical journal, not of the tea-total stamp. The *Lancet*, writing of a recent temperance address, by the Bishop of Exeter, says:

"It is high time to define what moderate drinking is not. It is not drinking in public houses, it is not drinking on the sly, it is not drinking early in the day, it is not drinking by itself other than at meal times, it is not drinking to procure sleep or relieve pain. All men, and especially women, who do such things are not moderate drinkers and had better beware."

Let the moderate drinker paste this in his hat and be guided by its directions and the class would grow small and beautifully less very fast. According to my such definition there are not near so many moderate drinkers as has been popularly believed. Too many have gone beyond that limit.

Drinking in Maine.

The newspapers are constantly containing some curious statements about liquor selling and liquor drinking in Maine. The most of them seems to agree in regard to the fact that liquor—such as it is, can be got, but it has to be got in such a way and from such people as to make the drinking system about as disgraceful as possible, and the dangerous treating system too disreputable to be dangerous there at all. A great point is gained when the treating system has to be abandoned, when the bar rooms are divested of all their attractions, and when the liquors are notoriously so bad that few men not actually debased by appetite would care to touch them at all.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Examiner* writes from Maine his recent experience in liquor hunting, which was as follows: "He finds that liquor is to be had in that State the same as elsewhere, except that it is of poorer quality, costs more, and is more difficult to obtain. At a Portland hotel, on enquiring for the bar, he was shown a room where a man stood behind the counter and another in front of it. There were glasses in sight, but no bottles. He calls for whisky, and the man in front took a bottle from his overcoat pocket, from which the drink was poured. The liquor was villainous stuff, consisting of flavoured alcohol, compounded on the premises and sold at twenty-five cents a glass. In August he was shown to a furnished room, where he was soon joined by a waiter who bore a bottle and glass. He returned to the office, where they refused any pay for the drink, but intimated that the use of the room was worth about twenty-five cents. His observations led him to believe that much of the so-called liquor exposed for sale is the most abominable poison, destructive to health and almost certain to promote crime and misery, even when indulged in with moderation."

When the drink traffic is narrowed down to that point it has been driven to a lower level than most people care to go, and much too low to be a temptation and a fascination to the young men of the country whose tastes and appetites are not already depraved.

More Votes Pending.

The new year promises to be one of great interest and importance in connection with the temperance contest in Canada. Before the year expires it is probable that the question of the adoption of the Scott Act will have been settled in a majority of the counties of the Dominion, and on the result much depends in regard to the speedy enactment of a general prohibitory law for the entire Dominion. In this Province four important votes take place during January. They are as follows:—On Thursday 15th, votes in Lennox and Addington, Kent, and Lanark; on the 22nd, voting in the City of Guelph. It is quite probable that the official *Gazette* will soon announce the polling days in a number of other counties.

RECEIPTS FROM LODGES.

The G. W. Secretary acknowledges the following receipts from Lodges during December.

FOR TAX.	
Ambitious City, Hamilton	\$3.36
Hazledean, Hazledean	2.73
Hiawatha, Hiawatha	2.03
Safeguard, Welland	2.52
Hopo of Maidstone, Essex Centre	7.56
Claude, Claude	1.10
Rescue, Hamilton	5.76
Hopo of Rochester, S. Woodale	2.73
Winthrop, Winthrop	1.82
Huron Hopo, Verdun	3.64
Rose of Huron, Pine River	3.29
Blooming Rose, Woodville	1.75
Jaffa, Jaffa	2.65
Star, Newmarket	2.24
Mt. Olivet, Hillsdale	2.50
Fortress, Mitchell	4.13
Metcalfe Star, Metcalfe	3.50
Moorefield Star, Moorefield	2.52
Woodstock, Woodstock	1.82
Excelsior, Bowmanville	4.20
Chandos, Clydeale	1.33
Bethel, Godfrey	.08
N. Enterprising, Bell's Corners	1.33
Rising Sun, Pickering	4.69
Leamington, Leamington	4.76

Life Boat, Gorrie	3.71
Crusade, Arthur	1.61
Star, Sultaville	1.80
Unity, Toronto	6.68
Mt. Horeb, Brampton	1.01
Manotick, Manotick	2.03
Mississauga, Roseneath	2.17
Maple Leaf, Apsley	2.80
Purple Grove, Newbridge	2.15
Rising Star, Newton Robinson	1.54
Hopo of Brampton, Brampton	3.20
Cameron, Ottawa	0.70
Elgin, Eaton's Corners	2.10
Florence, Florence	3.71
Excel-mor, Hamilton	2.94
Pride of Warkworth, Warkworth	4.90
Providence, Little Britain	2.87
Morrisburg, Morrisburg	4.97
Young Canadian, Mt. Forest	1.10
Rising Hopo, Newcastle	2.59
Gourlburn E., Munster	0.28

FOR SUPPLIES.

Ambitious City, Hamilton	\$2.14
Star, Moorefield	.60
Forest Home, Wiedman	1.85
Woodstock, Woodstock	.20
Mountain Village, Ancaster	.60
Progression, W. Winchester	3.00
Cookstown, Cookstown	3.70
Union, Roebuck	2.00
Wm. Beasley, Woodbridge	4.25
Evening Star, Galt	1.80
Maple Leaf, Orwell	.50
Huron, Seaforth	2.25
Mt. Pleasant, Mt. Pleasant	.30
Unity, Toronto	2.50
Evening Star, Galt	.35
Providence, Little Britain	1.00
Lorne, Markerville	.60
Gourlburn E., Munster	3.20
Jaffa, Jaffa	1.85

THE BABY IN THE BROWN COTTAGE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A small brown cottage stood on the road side, opposite the old mill. From the door you could see the great wheel slowly turning; and when the air was still you could hear the dull rumbling of machinery.

The miller's family lived in the brown cottage. Shall I tell you how many there were in this family? Just three. Two little girls and a baby. But where was the mother? you ask.

There was no mother in the miller's brown cottage; only two little girls and a baby. One month ago the mother's earthly life failed and flickered, as you have seen the light of a lamp when the oil was consumed. Then it went out, and there were tears and grief in the brown cottage.

As for the mother, sorrow and sickness had made both heart and body weak. For a long time before she died a great shadow rested on her life—a shadow that grew darker day by day. But she was loving and pure, and, in his own good time, the Lord closed her tearful eyes in this lower world that he might open them in heaven. And so she went to dwell with angels, leaving her helpless baby with only her two little girls—babes almost themselves—to care for him. It was not her wish to go. Said as her life was, she would have clung to it if it had been a thousand times sadder, for the sake of her little ones. But God knew what was best for her and those she loved; and so he took her to Himself.

"Where was the baby's father?" I hear asked. "Did he not love and care for it; and for his two little girls also?"

I said that a shadow rested on the poor mother's heart; a shadow that grew darker every day. Such shadows rest on many hearts. The miller had once been the kindest of husbands and the tenderest of fathers. What had changed him? Drink! You know too well what that means.

Once he took a glass of beer only now and then; not that it made him feel any better, but really worse, for it produced a heaviness of head and limbs that was very unpleasant while it lasted. Sometimes a head-ache was the consequence. But others drank beer, and he joined in the useless and unsafe custom.

After a while this unwholesome stuff so changed the healthy natural state of his stomach, that it began to crave the bitter and stimulating draught. Then he drank oftener; which, of course, only made it worse—increasing the unhealthy condition, and likewise the craving thirst that could never be satisfied—no, not even with beer; and so, at times, whisky, gin and brandy were taken. These lead to ruin by a quicker way than ale or beer; because they are more fiery and burn with a fiercer flame.

You can understand now, why a shadow had rested on the mother of these children; and why it had grown darker every day.

The baby was a year old. Hester, or Hetty as she was called, had just passed her tenth birthday; and Mary was seven. So young, and motherless!

At first thought it seems as if it would have been better for them to be fatherless also. But God knows what is best always. His tender care was over these little ones, and over their father too.

Now, that baby was one of the loveliest things alive—so sweet and pure; so gentle, and yet so full of infantile joy; and so winning in all his ways that none could help loving him.

This neighbor and that offered to take him when his mother died, but Hetty, who had seemed to grow into a woman all at once, said, "No, no, I can't part from baby."

Then a lady, who had no children, took the half-drunken, wretched father aside, and talked to him until he consented to let her have the baby and bring him up as her own. She wanted to carry him right off; but the miller said, "No, not until tomorrow."

"Better let me take him now," urged the lady.

For Hetty's sake the miller repeated his "No." He knew how great was her love for the baby, and there was enough of tenderness left in his heart to keep him from adding this to her grief—the day of her mother's burial.

Now it happened that Hetty, unknown to her father and the woman, had heard what passed between them. At first she was almost beside herself with pain. It was as much as her heart could bear to lose her mother, and she felt that to take baby also would, as she said afterward, "kill her."

The funeral over, all the neighbors went home, except two more tender-hearted and pitying than the rest. It seemed cruel to them to turn their backs upon these two little girls and the sweet baby left motherless.

One of them had been a very dear friend of the miller's wife, and she grieved for her loss as for that of a beloved sister.

Taking Hetty by the hand, and leading her into her mother's room, now so still and desolate, she shut the door, and putting her arms about the child, burst into tears and wept over her for a long time before she could get calm enough to speak.

"I want to talk with you, Hetty," she said, at length, as she sat down and composed herself. The blinding tears dried out of Hetty's eyes and she fixed them wistfully on the woman's face.

"What are you going to do? Ah, that was the hardest of all questions to answer.

Hetty's eyes rested for a little while on the woman's face, and then dropped to the floor. Raising them quickly, after a moment, she replied.

"If they'll only let me keep baby, Mr. Wilder." The thought of his being taken away came back so vividly to the mind of Hetty that she could not bear it. Her eyes quivered, and she burst again into tears.

"I thought you were going to keep him," said the neighbor.

"Mrs. Florence wants him, and says she'll take him just as if he was her own."

"I didn't know that," remarked the neighbor. "If Mrs. Florence will take him—"

"It's very kind in her," said Hetty, interrupting the sentence, "and I'm sure she would be good to him. But indeed, Mr. Wilder, I can't let him go. I feel just as if I should die if they were to take him away. You don't know how I do love him."

"But you are so young, Hetty. Almost a child yourself. You can't take care of baby. And then who is to be housekeeper?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LEGAL POINT.—In connection with the petitions filed on behalf of the Scott Act for Kent and Perth counties some good-natured, easy-going signers afterward were induced to sign another petition asking that their names be withdrawn from the first. The Government submitted the question to the Supreme Court whether such a privilege could be granted. The Court decision has been that unless it can be shown that the names were first obtained by misrepresentation or fraud, they cannot afterward be legally withdrawn. This decision will set at rest similar efforts elsewhere.