

At the late Convention of the Ohio State W. C. T. U., Miss Francis E. Willard spoke thus to her assembled co-workers:—Dear sisters, I am more and more convinced that all God wants is character. He could send a legion of angels to root the liquor traffic from this Christian land; but he wants to make of us co-workers with His Son. And I believe that you, brave and true hearts, are to be once more pioneers, pointing out the more excellent way, proving to the world that Christianity is equal to new and trying tests, and that "in quietness and confidence shall be your strength." You are also to bring the amenities of the parlor into the turbulence of public life. Abundantly have you proved, by your wisdom, courage, and patience, in the eleven years since the crusade, that you are capable of this. Politics is the witch's broth of our times. Into its seething depths you are to cast the one ingredient which alone can purify and sweeten—I mean your influence. You have not ballots, and you have not money; but what riches of clear and thoughtful brain, true heart, and helpful hand you are bringing to the only party that has dared declare itself for an outlawed liquor traffic and a protected home!



HIGHLY CONSISTENT.

(See *Globe* of last Saturday, where the above "articles" appeared side by side.)

MR. WASHINGTON WHITE ON THE STRIKE.

DEAR MISTAH GRIP,—



AM no end ob a long while since dis yah niggah sot down to rite to yo on purlitical subjects, but de fact ob de mattah am I'ae so 'gusted wid purlitics I'ae clean thrown up de sponge. It am no use for me to be holdin' on when eberybody am a pullin' an' a tuggin' de oder way, so I jes' done gone an let go hold ob dat rope, an' let de country go to de debil. When a country goes to work an' sells itself to an ole syndicate for an ole railway it mout a' built itself, an' then goes to work to buy itself back again wid its own spondulicks—den, sah—

I takes no mo stock in dat ar tarrtry. Case why? Dey am comin' mighty soon to de end ob dat ar tether—sho! But what riles dis niggah wuss'n purlitics am de sight ob po' laborin' men lyin' around in de public parks, under de trees, jes as if dey wor livin' off de interest ob dere big fat bank book, an' were as independent an' well dressed as de lillies ob Solomon in all his glory. Mo' money an' less work am a mighty fine cry, but dere'll be less work when John Frost comes round—an' the winter coal ain't done got in on account ob de striko, an' de wife havin' to go out a-chorin' fur 75 cents a day on account ob de strike, an' de rent am behind, an' de bill runnin' up at de grocery on account ob de strike, an' de little boys 'stead o' goin' to school will be cryin' "Globe or Mail, sah! *Telegraph-ha-ha-ham!*" all through de bitter winter—all on account ob de strike. You'd better think ober de mattah, boys. It am mighty hard, I know, dat you hab to striko fur what oughter be yours by right—but make haste slowly, boys—ef ye don't get de two cents fur de balance ob dis summer see it am got at de beginnin' next summer—but in de meantime dere am such a thing as retirin' wid honor—and doan forget dat when you'll be

shiverin' in yer ole shoes, an' comin' home from de woodyard wid a five-cent cordwood stick on your shoulder, or lookin' round for a day's wood-buckin', de employers will be sittin' wid dere toes up to a big silver-plated stove, in a carpeted parlor—an' when spring comes, ef ye doan get to work now, ye'll hab a millstone ob debt roun' your neck, dat will leab ye in de spring as much at de mercy ob de bosses as eber. Get to work, boys; de summer am short an' de winter am long, an' ef de grocery shut down on you dere am nuffin' befo' you but de poo'-house. Ef I were you, boys, I wouldn't sit around under de trees dar, cussin', an' spittin', an' blowin' yo' trumpet about dat dar two cents; dere am a free library, boys, an' in dat dere library dere am books dat will make yo' know more to-morrer den yo' do to-day. Now's yo' chance, if ye will lounge, lounge—but read! read! read!!! an' doant run away wid de idea mo' money will eber do yo' much good unless wid it yo' get mo' knowledge, an' mo' understandin' ob what yo' are talkin' about—also, mo' wisdom than to spend dat ar extra two cents yo' am strikin' fur, on tobacco or whiskey. I'd a lot moah to say to you, brudders, but it's hot—an' I am got a big job ob whitewashin' to be done afore de volunteers come home.

JAY KAYELLE WASHINGTON WHITE.

JUST now every one wants a new cool summer hat, and if there is any object in saving twenty per cent, the purchaser should let nothing prevent him from going to R. WALKER & SONS', as they import direct from the makers.

THE COON AND THE COUNTESS;

OR,

NONE ARE SO BLACK AS PAINTED.

A Novel: By Mrs. Q. C. N. O. Northworth.

CHAP. I.—SOUTH AND NORTH.

Gentle reader, have you ever lived in the Sunny South, and lain in your hammock, amid the orange and lemon groves scented with the sweet fragrance of the magnolia blossoms, while you watched the smoke of your or your companion's (for, perhaps, fair reader, you are a lady) Habana cigar? Have you, by the fire-fly's light, or otherwise, paddled

your own canoe through the bayous and cane brakes; and watched the lazy alligator catching flies by lowering the upper section of his head upon them?

Perhaps you will answer "no." Neither have I; but these facts did not prevent Lady Feodore Bellvoir Beauclerc from arriving at St. Austin, Florida, in October last, with an immense retinue of servants, and impedimenta enough to embarrass the whole of the Canadian regular army on a line of march. There were cords of luggage, in all shapes and sizes, bull pups, poodles, pugs, and pointers. In the way of carriages there were phaetons, barouches, landaus, and dog-carts, almost without number. In short, Lady Feodore arrived, equipped as becomes a lady of high degree.

Lady Feodore Bellvoir Beauclerc was the daughter of the Marquis of Mullenstauk, of Cobbelstone Castle, in the County of Cork, in the kingdom of Ireland, who departed this life some years ago, leaving surviving his very young and charming widow, Lady Norah, and his daughter, Feodore Bellvoir, whom he made his sole and only devisee, and, by his last will and testament did "will, bequeath, grant, devise, and set over, all his right, title, interest, claim and demand whatever in, into, and out of his property known as Cobbelstone Castle, with all, etc., etc., to his beloved child, Feodore Bellvoir, etc." (Should our readers desire a full recital of the will they can have a copy of the same by applying to the Probate Court in Cork, and as it has nothing to do with this story any more than to show that our heroine is heir-at-law to the great Cobbelstone estate, we will drop the will and proceed.)

On the death of her father, his widow, after a proper interval of mourning, crossed the Channel, and took a magnificent suite of apartments in Piccillili Square, in London, and by her magnificent receptions, fetes, conversations, and what may be described as "blow outs," became a leader of the *ton*, and, after a somewhat poorly defended siege, laid to her heart by Colonel the Hon. FitzHerbert Jones Snyttche Jones, of H.B.M.'s Royal Horse Guards Blue, married that valiant officer, who, poor man, thought he had a soft snap in obtaining the widow's hand. He, supposing her to be possessed of the late dear departed's hoodle, and not having the sense to obtain a copy of the old Earl's will, found himself left, and subsequent to the marriage, when he made the remark to his wife, "Be Jove, ye know, this wathaw a plank on me, d'ye know! be Jove, I thought Your Ladyship had the brads, ye know," she siezed him by his military stock and shook him until the plume in his helmet fanned the drawing-room, and his sabretache vibrated like the pendulum of an old Dutch clock, for Lady Norah was, although an undeniable daisy, a Tartar from Tartarville.

CHAP. II.—HOLD HINGLAND.

Among the guests who were almost nightly at Lady Norah's establishment was a young Canadian gentleman, Capt. John Henry Waterelm, an *attache* of the Canadian Embassy in London. True, he only held rank in the Sedentary Militia, but as he always wore his full regimentals at Lady Norah's receptions, where the silver lace of his tunic was hardly recognizable from gold, and being a slashing-looking young fellow, as all young Canadian militia officers are, he passed muster very creditably and even occasionally touched upon some daring exploit he was connected with on the gory field of Ridgeway. Now, young Waterelm was rich—in cheek—his chums in Canada used to say to the extent of that of a Welland Canal horse; so one evening while both were gazing out of a bay window at the silent stars, somewhat marred