

# Temperance

## No Compensation.

A Story More Fact Than Fable.

(The Rev. F. Docker, in the "Alliance News.")

Drip! drip! drip! went the wearisome rain. London was a soaked sponge. Even Mark Fapley himself could not have been cheerful under such conditions. A cold in the head and a soaking wet evening do not contribute to a cheerful condition of heart. Add to that a touch of liver complaint, and a discontented mind with respect to society in general, and the reader will understand that I was not particularly happy on the evening to which my story relates.

But what was the cause of my discontent? Well, just the subject of 'No Compensation.' 'Compensate this licensed iniquity!' I was repeating to myself over and over again.

The rain was splashing in a pool of water that had settled at the front door of my lodgings. It was a suburb of London in which I had temporarily settled after a good few years of absence from England, and during my absence, I was conscious that matters had not improved from the total abstinent standpoint. I had been specially startled to see the number of women who crowded into the liquor shops, and specially young women. It was not so when I left England years ago.

Well, these were my reflections as I stood at the window, watching the rain, when, suddenly, a woman, ill-clad and soaked, flitted past my window. For a second she turned her face towards me, and in a moment I was in the hall and at the door. 'Annie, Annie; Mrs. Wilson,' I was crying, and the object of my sudden solicitude stopped dead like a sucker fastened firm to the wet ground—for her rotten boots seemed like suckers.

'Why, my dear woman, is it you? And in London! Why, bless me! In the name of conscience, what brings you here, Annie, in this plight, too? I should have thought you were a hundred miles away.'

In her bewilderment she began to say, 'Well, sir, I never expected to see you, but I came up to London—'

'Wait a minute,' I exclaimed, and, ringing the bell, I said to the maid, 'Just take this person and completely change her with dry things,' and refusing to hear explanation or protest, I pushed her gently forward in the direction that the astonished domestic led her.

And need enough there was for this little service, for a circle of water lay round about where she had stood a moment before. Of course, the reader will understand that my familiar acquaintance with my protegee gave me the right of dealing so freely with her.

At length she re-appeared, decked out in one of our maid's dresses, which was not so bad a fit. And as she sat with the steaming tea before her, I had time to take in her whole personality. And what a change! All that remained of her former glory was her hair. The gold still lingered in it; but it served only to increase the withered aspect

of her face. It had something of the mocking contrast that a woman of an uncertain age has when she tricks herself out in garments of unbecoming juvenility.

'Now, tell me,' I said, 'what brings you here in London, Annie.'

'Oh, then, you haven't heard?' she replied.

'How should I, seeing that I have been out of England now for several years, and I only returned a month ago?'

'You haven't heard,' she whispered, with a sob that shook her fragile form, 'that Jim and Annie are dead. You remember Annie, sir?' and all the mother came into her face—I saw Gethsemane written there.

'Yes; I remember her well,' I answered, 'but come, drink your tea, you are faint.' I would have stopped her from narrating her story, but I could see, in her present state of nervous tension, there would be a relief in telling her story, so I let her continue.

'Did you know, sir, that Jim became manager of the "Farriers' Arms," at Newbridge?' and she looked down, and her fingers toyed nervously with the wedding ring she still retained, in spite of her poverty, while she twisted it round and round the finger on which it had grown very slack, as she related her story.

'Yes,' I said, 'I heard something to that effect.'

'Well, he did, sir, and that caused it all. Jim was always a bit ambitious, and discontented with his lot. He wanted to get on. He was a mill furnace man, you remember, in Baggerade's iron works. You remember Baggerade's?' I assented. 'He never was a very good hand at his trade. Some of his mates could earn big money, but Jim never did, and he was a bit jealous. So one day he said to me, "Annie, what do you say to our taking a public-house?"'

'A public-house!' I said, 'why, Jim, you're mad. I hope you'll bury me and Annie before ever you take a public-house. Besides, where've you got money to buy a public-house? It takes hundreds of pounds for a public-house and we haven't got a hundred pence.'

'That's just it, lass,' he said, 'that's just where the chance comes in. Don't you know there are what they call tied houses? A big company finds the money, and you manage them. Well, I've had the manager of Brewster's big company talking to me; he says I'm just the sort of man they want, honest and steady, and I wouldn't drink too much of the stuff myself, instead of selling it. That's where the men go wrong, he says, either the manager himself or his wife goes wrong, and takes more than's good for themselves, and more especially, which is the principal thing, more than's good for the trade. They've had one or two managers, or their wives, that have drunk themselves to death inside five years. The manager was very complimentary, and he said, as he happened to know you and me, he knew we shouldn't do that sort of thing. Then you see, he says, what a splendid thing it will be for us. We shall make a fortune in no time, specially if we can only make the "Farriers' Arms" pay, which it hasn't been doing. And he says we should soon have a licensed house of our own.'

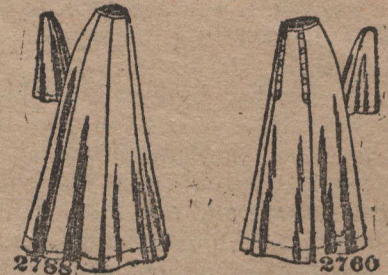
'But, Jim,' I pleaded, and I put my arms round his neck, 'we don't want a licensed house. I'll work or do anything, but don't take a place like that. Then, think of taking little Annie amongst company of that sort!'

(To be Continued.)

# HOUSEHOLD.

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



2784.—Ladies' waist, with body lining and with or without bolero and girdle.—This is a dainty and attractive model for the waist of silk, messaline or challis, with a bolero of velvet or satin hand-embroidered in the same or a contrasting shade of silk floss. Five sizes, 32 to 40.

2775.—Ladies' tucked shirt-waist, with fancy yoke.—A model that will be much worn, developed in batiste, lawn, messaline or nun's-veiling and trimmed with heavy lace insertion. Six sizes, 32 to 42.

2788.—Ladies' nine-gored skirt, with inverted box-pleat at centre-back seam and at lower part of side-front seams.—The model is a very stylish one for the separate skirt of any material, having the fashionable slim appearance around the top and plenty of room around the feet. Eight sizes, 22 to 36.

2760.—Misses' five-gored skirt, closing at left side of front.—A model that will be much used for the separate skirt of serge, mohair, flannel or cheviot as well as for all the washable materials such as linen, khaki or pique. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ...., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

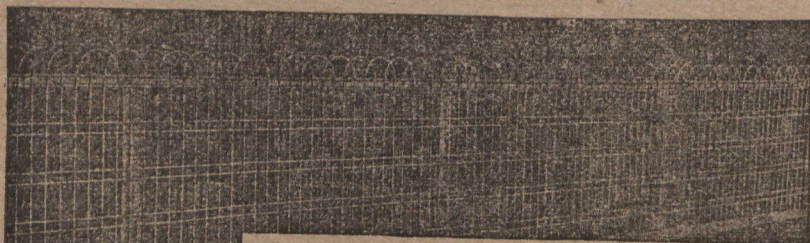
## Manners at Home.

The most agreeable people in company are those who are perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the university of life. Its teachings frequently go farther in making us the true gentlemen and ladies we ought to be than all the learning and uplift of the schools.

Some useful suggestions for correct deportment were once codified by Ralph Waldo Emerson, and they have not spoiled by lapse of years. He said:

'Tis a rule of manners to avoid exaggeration. A lady loses as soon as she admires too easily and too much. In man or woman, the face and the person lose power when they are on the strain to express admiration.

A man makes his inferiors his superiors by heat. Why need you, who are not a gossip, talk as a gossip, and tell eagerly what the



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