

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Eleven miners were killed, and several wounded at a mine near Swansea Wales, by the breaking of a rope which was lowering them into the mine.

Heavy gales are prevailing throughout Great Britain. The barque Madras, from Pensacola, has been wrecked in the River Dee. Five men and five women in various parts of the kingdom have lost their lives during the gale.

A Paris despatch says it is reported that the French commander has been instructed not to attack Bacninh until he received further orders.

The Turkish Government has issued a circular to the European Treaty powers in which the course of the Khedive of Egypt is alluded to in terms of harsh condemnation. The Porte insists that the Soudan shall not be abandoned without its consent.

Tales and Sketches.

LONDON GIN-PALACES.

More than one-fourth of the daily earnings of the denizens of the slums goes over the bars of the public-houses and gin-palaces. To study the drink phase of this burning question let us take the districts from which I have drawn the facts and figures I have submitted to your readers in previous articles.

On a Saturday night in the great thoroughfare adjacent, there are three corner public-houses which take as much money as the whole of the other shops on the other side of the way put together. Butchers, bakers, green-grocers, clothiers, furniture-dealers, all the caterers to the wants of the populace, are open till a late hour; there are hundreds of them trading round and about, but the whole lot do not take in as much money as three publicans—that is a fact ghastly enough in all conscience. Enter the public-houses and you will see them crammed. Here are artisans and laborers drinking away the wages that ought to clothe their little ones. Here are the women squandering the money that would purchase food for the lack of which their children are dying. One group rivets the eye of the observer at once. It consists of an old gray-haired dame, a woman of forty, and a girl of nineteen, with a baby in her arms. All these are in a state which is best described as "maudlin"—they have finished one lot of gin, and the youngest is ordering another round. It is a great-grandmother, grandmother, and a mother and her baby—four generations together—and they are dirty and disheveled and drunk, except the baby, and even the poor little mite may have its first taste of alcohol presently. It is no uncommon sight in these places to see a mother wet a baby's lips with gin and water. The process is called "giving the young'un a taste," and the baby's father will look on sometimes and enjoy the joke immensely.

But the time to see the result of a Saturday night's heavy drinking in a low neighborhood is after the houses are closed.

One dilapidated, ragged wretch I met last Saturday night was gnawing a baked potato. By his side stood a thinly-clad woman bearing a baby in her arms, and in hideous language she reproached him for his selfishness. She had fetched him out of a public-house with his last halfpenny in his pocket. With that halfpenny he had bought the potato, which he refused to share with her. At every corner the police are ordering or coaxing men and women to "move on." Between 12 and 1 o'clock it is a long procession of drunken men and women, and the most drunken seem to be those whose outward appearance betokens the most abject poverty.

Turn out of the main thoroughfare and into the dimly-lighted back streets and you come upon scene after scene to the grim, grotesque horror of which only the pencil of a Dore could do justice. Women with hideous distorted faces are rolling from side to side, shrieking loud snatches of popular songs plentifully interlarded with the vilest expressions. Men as drunk as themselves meet them, there is a short interchange of ribald jests and foul oaths, then a quarrel and a shower of blows.

Down from one dark court rings a cry of murder, and a woman, her face hideously gashed, makes across the narrow road pursued by a howling madman. It is only a drunken husband having a row with his wife.

A friend of mine, who is never tired of trying to urge the people of this district to temperance, not long since found a man sitting up naked on a heap of rags, shivering with the death throes on him, and crying for water for his parched throat. His wife in a maudlin state of intoxication, was staring helplessly at her dying husband. A coat was given to wrap round the poor fellow. At night when my friend returned, he found the man cold and dead and naked, and the woman in a state of mad intoxication. She had torn the coat from the body of the dying man and pawned it for drink. In these districts men and women who are starving will get grants of bread, and some of them will even ask for the bread to be wrapped in clean paper. Do you know why? That they may sell one loaf to some one for a copper or two, and get drunk with the money. Men will come and buy a pair of boots in the morning out of their earnings, and pay 7 shillings for them. At night they will return to the same shop and offer to sell them back for 4 shillings. They have started drinking, and want the money to finish the carouse with.—G. R. Sims, in the London Daily News

HOME-BREWED BEER.

BY MRS. E. C. ALLEN.

The harvest of rich and golden sheaves
Had been safely gathered in
From the well-tilled fields of Farmer Brown
And the feast and mirth begun.
There was good roast-beef, there was pudding rich,
And plenty of wholesome cheer;
But the glasses were filled from the crystal spring,
Instead of with home-brewed beer.

And visitors wondered to see the change,
For William Brown's farmhouse
Had long and far been famed for the skill
Of his clever, thrifty spouse.
And especially was it whispered round,
In homesteads far and near,
That none to beat her could be found
In her tap of home-brewed beer.

"I'll tell you, my friends," the farmer said,
As he met inquiring eyes,
Why water instead of home-brewed beer
To-day each glass supplies.
My first-born son, dear to my heart—
Words cannot tell how dear—
To-day a homeless wanderer roams
Because of our home-brewed beer.

"He learned to love it whilst a boy,
And the taste grew with his years,
I saw his danger when too late,
I sought with bitter tears
To win my boy, my first-born back
From the power of the deadly snare;
But all in vain—he cared for naught
But to quaff the accursed beer.

"One day when drink had made him mad,
And passion made me wild,
I struck him, and he returned the blow,
And savagely I fought my child.
I cast him forth from his childhood's home,
I banished him—though 'twas here
He had learned to love the dangerous taste
Of his mother's home-brewed beer.

"But, oh! since then my stricken heart
Hath enlightened my once dark eyes
To see my folly, and, though so late,
To choose a course more wise.
No child of mine again shall learn
From father or mother here,
Nor servant be taught by me to love,
The taste of home-brewed beer."

—Canada Casket.

STAND BY YOUR COLORS.

"There is a meeting at the school-room, Barton," said Mr. Graham, to his teamster, "will you come?"

"What's it about, master?" asked Jack Barton.

"Somebody's come down to tell us about this Gospel Temperance movement," rejoined Mr. Graham.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Jack. "Well, I've heard of it, but I don't know that it concerns me."

"Nor me, that I know of," said 'is master; "but I've a fancy for going, and I should like to see you there."

"I know what you mean," said Jack Barton. "You think I might join because I take a drop of drink occasionally."

"More than a drop, Jack. Sometimes you leave your work for a day at a time."

"I don't deny it, master, but others do the same."

"I know it, and more's the pity."

Neither of the speakers were temperance men. Mr. Graham was what is known as a moderate drinker, and was proud of never