SOCIAL REFORM.

Great Gathering of Progressive Men and Women in London.

Addresses on Temperance by Lady Henry Somerset, Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Wilberforce and Ben Tillett.

Miss Willard, editor-in-chief of the Union Signal, thus refers to the great temperance mass meeting in Westminster Town Hall, London, in which she was a participant:

A notable temperance meeting was held in Westminster Town Hall, London, the other evening. Arcndeacon Farrar presided and made a vigorous speech, in which he took strong ground for local prohibition, Sunday closing, closing on election days and the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants to children. In the course of his address he threw down upon the table before him three pamphlets, each containing a speech made by an English politician during the recent elections, by a man who is now a member of Gladstone's Cabinet. This was much cheered by the audience, as an object lesson showing that the dominant party is committed, not only by its platform, but by its leaders, to the temperance cause. Mr. W. S. Caine, a well-known temperance leader, who is a member of Parliament, made a thoroughly convincing speech in favor of the lines of legislation which Archdeacon Farrar had laid down. Four hundred bills have been adopted by Parliament at different times in the effort to control the liquor traffic by licensed law, but that had proved ineffectual, as everybody would admit. Who had ever heard of anybody dying of total abstinence?

Mr. Caine had recently spoken in a town where the mayor, in making the opening address, said that total abstinence was a good thing, but he himself was a moderate drinker, whereupon Mr. Caine, in coming forward to speak, had asked the mayor this question:

"Mr. Mayor, since you have spoken favorably of our cause, permit me to ask you this question: 'Should you not be glad to learn that the number of total abstainers in this city has increased?'"

"Assuredly I should," was the reply.

"Will you not, then, increase their number by one?" pursued Mr. Caine, taking up a pledge card and handing it to the mayor.

This was an argument so pointed that the mayor could not well avoid its conclusion, and had the grace and the goodness then and there to put his name to the pledge.

"We have a million paupers in this nation," said Mr. Caine, "that are not total abstainers. We have an army of criminals; very few of them are total abstainers, except in prison, where it seems to agree admirably with their health." He spoke in the terse, pointed, lawyer-like fashion of a member of Parliament, and was heartily cheered by the great audience.

Following him came Lady Henry Somerset, whose statesman-like utterances are received in America with so much enthusiasm. She came out strongly for prohibition by law, prohibition by politics, and prohibition by woman's suffrage, her position being rousingly cheered by the audience. We jotted down two amusing stories by which she clinched her points.

"When I was in Denver, Colorado, where they are fond of illustrating the simple-mindedness of Eastern people who come to the prairies and the mountains and the far west, I was told that a young Bostonian entered a restaurant in the rough surroundings of a mining town. The bill of fare was an ambitious one, and included quail on toast, which juicy morsel the young man proceeded to order, whereupon the proprietor, drawing a pistol from his pocket, pointed it at the harmless new-comer and said in stentorian tones, 'You'll eat hash.' It is in this fashion that we must approach a rough and tumble political party, not intimating what we should like, but telling them positively what we will have, for they must feel that whether it suits them or not, the temperance party is now coming up into so much of power that it is in a position to tell legislators what it will have, and to take no denial, and tolerate no delay.

"One time I was coming along a steep path among the mountains of Switzerland and saw before me a wandering showman with a weary looking bear. My curiosity was excited, and I called out to the man, 'How do you expect to make that huge animal with its long claws dance for the people in the next village at your bidding?' 'Oh,' said he, with a broad smile, 'there is no trouble about it, I just pull the string and he dances as long as I wish and as fast as I pull." The story comes back to me in these years of campaigning, and I feel more and more assured that what we have to do to make the political bear dance to our tune is simply to pull the string long enough, strong enough and as fast as we can."

No speaker was more warmly and heartily received than Lady Henry Somerset. At the door sat a representative of the Salvation Army, who gave a leaflet containing a poem, prefaced by the following words:

"Hoping that these few verses will do at least a private's duty in the coming battle, they are dedicated with kind permission to Lady Henry Somerset, who has sounded the reveille, who has unfurled the flag and leads the way, like Joan of Arc, to the salvation of her country."

Next came the renowned Canon Wilberforce, grandson of the great liberator and son of the famous Bishop of Winchester. Upon this gifted man, by the transmigration of genius, rests the weight and wisdom of three generations. He was evidently a prime favorite, and made an inimitable speech, in which head, elbows and knees were all constituent parts, as well as features, voice and words. Canon Wilberforce is an unreportable speaker. He moved a resolution—indeed, the meeting was for the purpose of having two resolutions moved and seconded—each one of the four who performed this duty making a speech in support thereof. The canon began by proposing a conundrum. He said: "Why is this resolution like a fainting lady in an audience? Because the sooner it is carried out the better." At this there was great applause, for the audience was so packed, in aisles as well as seats, that such a catastrophe as he described was imminent. He then went on to say: "You all seem very happy and full of victory. But enthusiasm is cheap; it can be worked up in any audience on any subject, if the speakers know what they are about, but what I want to see is conviction that will work itself out into ballots. A good many of you remind me of a story told about a colored man who lived down South, in America. He was very fond of going to revival meeting and say ing that he 'expected the Angel Gabriel would come to his house before long and call him to his celestial home,' but although Sambo was very pious in meeting he was not by any means the best behaved man in the neighborhood when he had left the meeting, and he had often been heard to say to some of his boon companions that he did not mean all that talk, that he was fond of getting it off inside the church. So after a while they decided to show him up in his own light, and in the heart of the night some of them went to his house, and pounding on the door, called out in sepulchral voices, 'The Angel Gabriel am come to call Sambo to his celestial home!' But he would not answer. They repeated the call several times with still more solemn emphasis, until at last that worthy cried out in a high key, 'Sambo not at home; gone away for three months.' Now that is the trouble with you men, you clap your hands everywhere (except in your pockets!) at the meeting, but when we come to you at the polls and ask you to vote for the direct veto you cry out, 'Sambo not at home; gone away for three months,' and snap your jaws together like a steel trap. But that joke is too old, that trick won't work any more; if God be God, serve him, if Baal, serve him. The crisis is on, and you have simply got to take sides, so tell us now in the vote at this resolution and in the vote at the polls which side you are on."

And now I come to the last speaker of all and one that brought down the house like no other. It was Ben Tillett and Ben Tillett is a man of the people, a socialist, laboring man, and the rest of it. Nothing less than a temperance demonstration would have brought that short figure in its plain working clothes into the lofty, wainscotted hall of Westminster, on the same platform with a noblewoman and distinguished ecclesiastics of the State church, but his subject proved that the true and only enduring aristocracy is that of intellect and character. Ben Tillett is an alderman of London corporation; he has a clear, sonorous voice, which breaks a little now and then because of much speaking in the open air. He has long, thin hands, a noble brow, a smooth face with a skin of finest texture, full, honest blue eyes, and plenty of brown hair that tosses about at its own sweet will. He said he was glad to be here because he heard no canting talk from the speakers who had preceded him, they had not singled out the workingmen to criticise, but had laid about them in right manful fashion, and had distributed the blame equally where it belonged, upon the rich and the poor. His voice trembled with earnestness as it rang out through that great hall, saying: "If I had the wine of the west end tables and the beer of the pot-house bars to-night, I could feed every hungry child in London." He gave a pathetic description of a workingman, a friend of his, a great elephant of a fellow, he said, and good natured as he was big. He liked to go down on all fours and play horse with his children on the floor of his little home, letting the whole six of them hang on at a time, himself as much a child as they; but, oh, the pity of it! "When that chap is drunk, good hearted as he is, how the little ones slink away into the corners, because they are afraid of father, and he almost shakes the life out of the trembling body of his wife, whom he loves better than he does himself when he is sober. Now, if you come to get that chap when it is all over with, and ask him to put in a direct veto vote, he will be one of the first, for he will be glad to give a lick to them that are his worst enemies. 'I will help all I can,' he said, in tones that thrilled the hearts of all, 'and we all will. You may count upon the workingmen.'"

The whole audience cheered Ben Tillett, and I am sure that everybody there thanked God for such as he and Tom Mann and John Burns, the two great leaders with whom he is associated, who are doing battle for our holy cause.

Take it all in all I never attended a more stirring and effective meeting. They received me most kindly, and I had the pleasure of telling them that no demonstration that could be made in this country could go beyond that which we extended to their leader, Lady Henry Somerset, on her two visits to the shores of the land that had enshrined her forever in its heart.

WITH THE FAIR SEX.

A COMMON-SENSE CRUSADE.

By way of protest against the manifest inconvenience of wearing a long and trailing skirt on the highway, an association of sensible young women in Nottingham, England, have adopted the fashion of short petticoats for their walks abroad. The illustration shows how independently a girl may fare through mud and slush with skirts several inches above her ankles. The women of England are persuading fashionable tailors to make short costumes for their out-door expeditions natty and trim, and finished with a facing of soft leather, easily cleansed when splashed. This costume requires a well-fitting boot, since it necessarily leaves the foot exposed to view. It is to be hoped that the day of short skirts for out-door wear will soon dawn for all healthy women.

For the drawing-room nothing is so beautiful as the trained skirt. It conveys with it the traditions of the past, when queens stepped proudly over palace floors. Every fair woman is queen in her own right, and her sweeping garments emphasize her stateliness in the house. But on a sloppy city street, or an abysmal rural road, what so forlorn as the lady clutching frantically at her dignity and the hem of her best gown, and vainly trying to keep up with her more fortunate brother or husband in the race of life?

We must admit that the Nottingham reformers are a trifle in advance of what is absolutely needful. Reformers are apt to be a little too radical. Nevertheless, we congratulate them on their courage and their common-sense, longing as we do to see thousands emulating their example here in Canada.

*

STARVING OUR CHILDREN.

When we see our house plants looking stunted putting forth few leaves and no flowers, we stir the soil in the pots and enrich the earth. When we see a child looking pale and thin, we say, if we know something of physiological chemistry: "Too little nitrogenous food." If we are simple folk, averse to long words, we remark: "That child seems half starved." It is the truth, however we express it, and a wrong is being done to the child that the fact is not recognized and remedied by whoever has the daily oversight of its meals. The unconscious victim may seem to eat a sufficient amount of food, while it does not get enough of the proper kind to furnish the nourishment the body requires.

*

MEDICINAL VALUE OF FRUITS.

Good Housekeeping says: It should not be understood that edible fruits exert direct medicinal effects. They simply encourage the natural processes. Under laxatives, oranges, figs, tamarinds, prunes, mulberries, dates, nectarines and plums may be included. Grapes, peaches, strawberries, prickly pears, black currants and melonseeds are diuretics. Taken in the morning, an orange acts very decidedly as a laxative, sometimes amounting to a purgative, and may generally be relied on; figs, split open, form excellent poultices for boils and small abcesses. Strawberries and lemons, locally applied, are of some service in the removal of tartar from the teeth. Apples are corrective, useful in nausea and even sea-sickness and the vomiting of pregnancy. The oil of cocoanut has been recommended as a substitute for cod liver oil, and is much used in Germany for phthisis. Barberries are very agreeable to fever patients in the form of a drink. Grapes and raisins are nutritive and demulcent, and very grateful in the sick chamber. A so-called "grape-cure" has been much lauded for the treatment of congestions of the liver and stomach, tuberculosis, etc. Quince seeds boiled in water make an excellent soothing and sedative lotion in inflammatory diseases of the eyes and eyelids.

*

SOCIAL PRECEDENCE IN LONDON.

Englishmen always eat dinner before they go out to dinner, because they know the risks they are running; but nobody ever warns the stranger, so he walks placidly into the trap. Of course nobody was hurt this time because we all had been to dinner, none of us being novices except Hastings, and he having been informed by the minister at the time that he invited him that in deference to the English custom he had not provided any dinner. Everybody took a lady and processioned down to the dining-room, because it is usual to go through the motions; but there the dispute began. The Duke of Shoreditch wanted to take precedence, and sit at the head of the table, holding that he outranked a Minister who represented merely a nation and not a monarch; but I stood for my rights, and refused to yield. In the gossip column I ranked all dukes not royal, and said so, and claimed precedence in this one. It couldn't be settled, of course, struggle as we might and did, he finally (and injudiciously) trying to play birth and antiquity, and I "seeing" his conqueror and "raising" him with Adam, whose direct posterity I saw, as shown by my name, while he was of a collateral branch, as shown by his, and by his recent Norman origin; so we all processioned back to the drawing-room again and had a perpendicular lunch—plate of sardines and a strawberry, and you group yourself and stand up and eat it. Here the religion of precedence is not so strenuous; the two persons of highest rank chuck up a shilling, the one that wins has first go at his strawberry, and the loser gets the shilling. The next two chuck up, then the next two, and so on. After refreshment, tables were brought, and we all played cribbage, sixpence a game. The English never play any game for amusement. If they can't make something or lose something—they don't care which—they won't play.—[Mark Twain in Century.

*

TO SELECT AN EVENING DRESS.

Nature never puts wrong colors in juxtaposition; a good plan when choosing an evening gown is to select the color of a flower and leaf.

*

A USEFUL DISH.

I have one dish in my house which I value very highly. It is simply a deep bowl with sloping sides, which fits in my teakettle, settling in almost to the top. I use this to steam custard, cook oatmeal, and cream and filling for cake; in fact, there are many ways in which it can be used, and for a small family it answers admirably in place of a double boiler. If one cannot find a bowl that will answer, the tinner will make a similar dish of tin which will answer very well, although the earthern one is preferable on some accounts.

*

WHEN TO SMILE.

That is a wise woman who can smile at a compliment, be pleased, and forget it.

That is a wise woman who can smile at an insult and never see it.

That is a wise woman who can smile when the little worries are coming about and make of them little bits of fun.

That is a wise woman who can smile when she gets up, and who can go to sleep with a smile, for in this way she greets the coming day, and at the end of it she has blotted out all the disagreeables.

That is a wise woman who can smile for her friends and her enemies; it will keep the first, and it is the best weapon against the last.

That is a wise woman who can smile, no matter how she feels. She is the woman who has learned to rule not only herself, but will gain domain over the cook. And that means that she governs comfort.

*

GOSSIP OF A DAY.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton says that the first Pilgrim to set foot on Plymouth Rock was a woman.

Mrs. Micah Dyer, of Boston, who has just resigned as president of the Ladies' Aid Association of the Chelsea Soldiers' Home, held this office thirteen years.

Mme. Alberti, of New York, the graceful leader of the Delsarte School of Expression, believes that the body, soul and mind should be one harmonious and perfect whole.

Mlle. Bonheur's house at Fontainebleau is fairly alive with pets, sheep, horses, goats and dogs; creatures with pedigrees and without them; creatures famous for their beauty or remarkable for their rarity.

Mrs. Margaret Howell Davis Hayes, a daughter of Jefferson Davis, and her little boy had an ovation at the hands of Confederate veterans in Dallas, Texas, lately. The boys in gray fairly idolize the lad, whom they call "Little Jeff."

Ladies visiting the Comte and Comtesse of Paris, on an ordinary three days' invitation to Stowe, are expected to take six new toilet costumes along with them. Three changes of dress per day are insisted upon.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, believes in the benefits of walking for an exercise, and takes a long "constitutional" before breakfast every morning. In the summer time she is frequently out of doors before 6, returning to breakfast at 8. By 9 she is at work with her pen.

Mrs. Frank Montrose Clendenin has a dress made at Liberty's, in London, after a thirteenth century model. It is of a heavenly shade of blue, trimmed with gold.

Miss Des Marets is the possessor of a carved wooden cross, which represents by more than 500 figures the history of the Old and New Testaments. Thirty thousand dollars was offered and refused for it in Europe.

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The fact that "SUNLIGHT" has by far the largest sale of any soap in the world, and that it has been awarded 7 Gold Medals and other honors for purity and excellence, are sufficient guarantees that you can't make a mistake by using "SUNLIGHT" Soap.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS PUT UP ONLY IN SALMON COLOR WRAPPERS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 50c. AND $1.00

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BUY BIG 25 a Bottle

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FOR GENTLEMEN! All those suffering from Nervous Debility and Weakness, and having been unsuccessfully treated, will find this famous remedy a certain and speedy cure for Lost Manhood, Premature Decay, Inability, Lack of Confidence, Mental Depression, Palpitation of the Heart, Weak Memory, Exhausted Vitality, Errors of Youth, Secret Diseases, Evil Dreams, etc. Price $1 per box, or six boxes, which will cure most cases, for $5, postpaid. All correspondence confidential. Write for circular. Address QUEEN MEDICINE COMPANY, Montreal. For sale by Cairncross & Lawrence. ywt2

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3 PREMIUM PUZZLES.

CAN YOU FIND? In No. 1.—A Lady and her Companion. No. 2.—Two or more Ladies at Home. No. 3.—One or more of Our Boys and Girls.

The LADIES' COMPANION is a high-class Illustrated Magazine of 32 pages and is devoted to Literature, Art, Fashion and Home Life. Its matter will be of the best—elevating both in its Literary style and purity of sentiment. In beauty of pictorial embellishment and excellence of letter-press it will take front rank, and to this end it will be printed on a fine, heavy, calendered paper such as is used in no other Canadian journal. A perfectly fair and legitimate premium system is adopted by its publishers, at great outlay, in order to quickly place it and its sister publications at the head of all Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. The most exact good faith will be kept with every subscriber.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS is a MARVEL at the price—25 cents per year. Every boy and girl will want it and, happily, it is within the reach of all. Who will send in the first club and secure a boys or girls GOLD WATCH?

NO. 1—LADIES' COMPANION PREMIUM LIST.

To the first person solving puzzle No. 1, we will award an elegant Rosewood Piano, valued at $300; the next will receive a magnificent Sleigh Robe, valued at $65; the third, a SILK DRESS PATTERN; the fourth, a SWISS MUSIC BOX; the fifth a SILVER WATCH; the sixth a GOLD BROOCH; the seventh a BANQUET LAMP; the eighth a SILVER FIVE O'CLOCK TEA SETT; to the next ten will be given a CRAYON PORTRAIT of either the sender or any friend, Size 20x25, and valued at $10. To the middle sender and the ten following will be awarded an elegant CRAYON PORTRAIT of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to March 1st, next, will receive a GOLD WATCH. The sender next to list will receive a SILVER WATCH; ten preceding, each a CRAYON PORTRAIT.

Conditions:—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with 30 cents for 3 months' subscription to the LADIES' COMPANION. Address, "A" LADIES' COMPANION, 166 King St. West, Toronto, Canada.

NO. 2—LADIES AT HOME PREMIUM LIST.

We want every lady in the land to send us 30 cents for a half-year's subscription to LADIES AT HOME and at the same time, while thus receiving wonderful value for that small amount, to try and secure one of the following valuable premiums. For the first correct solution of puzzle No. 2, we will award a Gold Watch; for the second, a beautiful SILK DRESS PATTERN; third, a fine SILVER WATCH; fourth, a MUSIC BOX; fifth, a GOLD BROOCH; sixth and the five following, a CRAYON PORTRAIT each. To the middle sender, a SILVER WATCH; to the five following, a CRAYON PORTRAIT. To the last correct answer mailed previous to March 1st next, a GOLD WATCH, and to the five preceding, each a CRAYON PORTRAIT, valued at $10.

Conditions:—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with 30 cents for one year's subscription to OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Address, "C" OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, 166 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

NO. 3—OUR BOYS AND GIRLS PREMIUM LIST.

For the first correct solution of puzzle No. 3, will be given a boy's or girl's Gold Watch; to the second, a $10 GOLD COIN; to the third, a SILVER WATCH; to the fourth, a $5 GOLD COIN; to the fifth, a full-sized CRAYON PORTRAIT; to the sixth, a girl's SILVER WATCH; to each of the next ten, a GOLD BROOCH. To the middle sender a SILVER WATCH; and to the five preceding, each a handsome TOILET CASE; and to the five following the middle each a GOLD BROOCH. To the last mailed previous to March 1st, next, will be given a SWISS MUSIC BOX, and to the ten preceding the last, a GOLD BROOCH each.

Conditions:—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with 30 cents for one year's subscription to OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Address, "C" OUR BOYS AND GIRLS, 166 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.

N.B.—Be sure and write address plainly, in full, giving Province or State.

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