

Loyal Crusaders' Department.

"IF"

If you want a red nose and dim, bleary eyes;
If you wish to be one of whom all men despise;
If you wish to be ragged and weary and sad;
If you wish, in a word, to go to the bad,
Then drink!

If you wish that your life a failure may be;
If you wish to be penniless—out at the knees;
If you wish to be houseless, broken, forlorn;
If you wish to see pointed the finger of scorn,
Then drink.

If you wish that your manhood be shorn of its strength;
That your days may be shortened to one-half their length;
If you like the gay music of curse or of wail;
If you long for the shelter of the poorhouse or jail;
Then drink.

If your tastes don't agree with the "ifs" as above.
If you'd rather have life full of brightness and love;
If you care not to venture nor find out too soon;
That the gateway to hell lies through the saloon,
Then don't drink.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE, BOYS?

I read of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town came to him, and said—"I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them, and I will give them to you." Then came a honored judge and said—"I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work. Then the doctor proposes that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on: At last up shambled old Tommy, and said—"I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on those streets!" This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in this land to-day who lives to grow up, some position is waiting as surely as if the rich man, judge, doctor or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers, and thousands of other honorable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkard's graves. Which will you choose?

My Dear Comrades:

Now is the time for Companies competing for Mrs. Livingston's banner to send in their reports to Miss Nigh.

I do not think many of us acted on the suggestion, that we raise some money towards a "Crusaders' Cot." in the Children's Hospital. Kettleby did nobly, having raised \$14 for that purpose.

Could not the Companies in the Autumn each give an entertainment, and devote some of the money thus raised towards that object?

A children's entertainment is generally well patronized. Which Company will be the first to write to "Aunt Bee" stating that steps are being taken in that direction? Have all the Companies the Loyal Crusaders badge, and do you wear them when you attend pic-nics or other gatherings, and in this way show your colors?

We attended a gathering a few weeks ago, where there were several Crusaders wearing their badges. A lady who had never seen the Loyal Crusaders badge, asked a little girl to let her see one, and asked what the device, the shield, the sword and the water-lily represented. The little Crusader explained their meanings quite prettily.

I wonder if we could all do so well as she, and is it not nice to wear our badges letting people know we are on the side of Temperance?

Though we may not have a vote on the 29th of Sept. we can at least show our colors."

AUNT BEE.

P. S.—In many rural places great quantities of fruit, apples, plums, grapes etc., can be had for the gathering, so abundant is the crop. Crusaders can do a great kindness to the poor little inmates of the Sick Childrens Hospital, Toronto, by gathering fruit and sending it to them. It would be a labor of love for each comrade to bring what they could. The senior officers would see that it was packed and shipped. The money to pay the freight would be freely furnished by your grown up friends.

AUNT BEE.

Toronto, Sept. 17th 1898.

Dear Aunt Bee:

It is with pleasure I am writing to you to let you know I belong to the Loyal Crusaders, Company D., Toronto, and it is a lovely Company to belong to. We have very nice times together; also had an ice cream social and a picnic to Munroe Park, going by street cars. Our Worthy Commander, Miss L. Ross, is very kind to us, and any one that would not be good for her would not be good for any one. We have a large number, over 150. Well, I will write again, so I must not write too much now. From one of your little friends, with love.

KITTIE CUNIRTY.

P. S. We are trying hard to get the banner. K.C.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE PARTY.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

Contributed by Sister Mary H. Riley, Rhode Island.

Jim Boyd's father was drunk yesterday, and could hardly stand up and poor Jim was trying to get him home; but he got such a cursing he was glad to leave him. I wonder he had so much patience with him. A man who will disgrace himself and his children like that don't deserve the least respect from them! And

Master Maxwell Tracey drew himself up proudly, and spoke with emphasis.

"Suppose your father should act so, what would you do?" asked Tom Baker.

"My father is a gentleman!" was the indignant retort. "He drinks the best wine and brandy, and thinks too highly of himself to get drunk on anything, much less dirty, cheap whisky."

"Your father may be too much of a gentleman to drink whisky, but mine is too much of a man to drink any thing that can intoxicate," said Tom with pride. "You ought to see his red velvet regalia with silver emblems on it. He's Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance in the State, and, as soon as I get old enough, I mean to join the Order."

"I wouldn't belong to any society where I'd have to sign away my liberty," said Max scornfully. "That's father's opinion on the subject, and it's mine too. But we must not waste our time this way; we have business to attend to. You know we are the committee appointed to get refreshments for our entertainment next week, and we had better go at it." So they made a list of the articles they needed, and then Max began to figure up the cost.

"Why, Tom, we have several dollars left after getting everything that is necessary, what shall we do with it? Oh! I know," he added suddenly, as a bright thought struck him. "We'll have some home-made wine. You can't object to that, Tom, for it's got no liquor in it. Old Mrs. Porter makes it herself."

"Yes, but I do object," said Tom stoutly; "for there is alcohol in it."

"Now, Tom Baker, that's too mean!" exclaimed Max angrily. "I want the girls we've invited to see that we can do up things in style, and wine will certainly have a very stylish appearance. As I have got the money in my hands, I guess you can't help yourself, and you can say you had nothing to do with buying it, if that will be any comfort to you."

"I am half inclined to say I won't have anything to do with the affair at all," said Tom much vexed.

"You're too good to live long," said Max sneering. "I shouldn't wonder if you died soon, like the goody-goody boys in the Sunday school books. I guess there's nothing more to be done, so I'll go."

And off he went, leaving Tom in doubt as to whether he ought to attend the party, as it was to take place at Max Tracy's home. But he had subscribed liberally towards the expenses, and had anticipated so much enjoyment that he was reluctant to give it up. When the evening arrived, it found him at the door, happy and handsome, and looking very manly in his new cloth suit. Max met him cordially, having forgotten their disagreement, and he was soon surrounded with the boys and girls, begging him to start new games; for he was a general favorite and leading spirit.

While the fun was at its height, the refreshments were brought in, and Tom saw that one