

"My home is what it is, and I am not ashamed of it," said Jem, angrily; "we can't all have dimity curtains, and Sunday suits, and hot dinners every day in the week."

"I've heard my father say you had them once," said Jack, quietly.

"Your father's got too much to say about other people," growled Jem Snags, "and he's very nasty when he likes. It's my belief that he apprenticed you here to annoy me."

This was a little too much for the men, and they burst into a roar of laughter. Jack smiled too, but a little sadly.

"I don't mean to annoy you," he said, "and I can't see how I do it."

"You annoy me in this way," said Jem, laying down a soldering-iron he was using; "you come here and turn your nose up at a man who takes a friendly glass with a friend, because you don't do the same. I tell you I am sick of it, and unless you come out a little more like a man you will find this shop too hot to hold you."

Too angry to say more just then, he made a dash at the soldering iron, but in the blindness of hot haste laid hold of the end that had recently been in the fire. As he dropped it with a shout, and danced about with pain, the men laughed again, and Jack involuntarily joined them. The antics of the tippler were decidedly very ludicrous.

Jem Snags did not say anything more just then, but he remembered the events of that morning, and set himself the task of leading Jack to drink. He left him alone for a time, and then professed to take an interest in his progress, even to the extent of giving him a little extra instruction in his business. Jack did not know what to make of the change, but the object of it was soon made manifest.

On Saturday, after being paid, the men turned out in a body as usual, and Jack was separating himself from them, when Jem Snags took him by the arm.

"Come, my lad," he said "there's no hurry. You needn't run away the moment the shop is closed. We are all going together to 'The Feathers' for a drink."

"You know I never touch it," said Jack,

"And you needn't touch it *after to-day*," replied Jem. "Come and have one glass with us, and only one. If you do that I will never mention drink to you again. I'll pay for it."

"What I have I would rather pay for anywhere," said Jack.

"If you are so independent," returned Jem, "you can pay for a glass for me."

"But you might not like the glass I would give you," said Jack, quietly.

"Oh yes, I should," said Jem; "I'm not particular. One glass is as good as another to me."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it is. I'd as leave have one glass as another."

"Well, go on to 'The Feathers,'" said Jack, "and stop outside for me. I'll stand the first glass."

"You will come?" said Jem, delighted.

"You wait for me outside," said Jack, "and I'll join you. I generally keep my word."

Jem Snags knew this, and trusting the boy to follow, he went on with the rest of the men, the majority of whom, to their credit be it said, were not pleased at the success of the tempter.

"The lad is a good lad," said one, "and you might have left him alone, Jem."

"Do you want a shopful of milksops?" demanded Jem; and the other made no reply; but there were muttered exclamations from the men, to the effect that they would see that the lad didn't get too much.

Arriving at "The Feathers," they waited outside for Jack, who was not more than ten minutes behind them. He came running up with a flushed face, and Jem was about to enter the public house, when the boy called on him to stop.

"My glass first," he said; "and you shall have it here."

Then, to the surprise and wonderment of all, he brought out a small, oval looking-glass, and handed it to Jem.

"But what tomfoolery is this?" asked Jem.

"Look into it," said Jack.

"I am doing so," returned Jem. "What of that?"

"What do you see there," asked Jack.

"A precious painted face," said one of the men, with a grin.

"It is my own, anyway," said Jem.

"No, it isn't," said Jack, earnestly; "your face is gone, and you've got the one that drink has given you. Now I've a fancy that if I could really see to the bottom of the glass that you would give me, I should see that there is another face like it for me by-and-by, if I went in for drink. You don't seem to like the look of yourself."

"I don't want a glass of this sort," said Jem, curtly.

"Nor I of yours," replied Jack; "there's something in this that don't suit you, and something in yours that wouldn't suit me. You've refused my glass, and I'm at liberty to refuse yours. Good day."

And with a light laugh, Jack Bowers made off towards home.

"Did you ever come anigh such an idiot in your life?" asked Jem.

"But what he said is right," replied one of the men; "you ain't a pretty object in or out of the glass."

Jack had left the glass behind him, and Jem took another look at himself. Not even the friendly eye with which a man usually looks upon his reflection, could gloss over the truth. Jem saw that he was something worse than plain or unsightly—he was repulsive.

"Curious," he said, rather dismally. "I used to be a good-looking chap. When I married, Sally and I were looked upon as an uncommon fine couple. I hadn't a nose like this, I know, and I'd eyes that were tolerably clear. I'd better shoulders, and not so big a face. I look nearer fifty than forty, too, and I'm only forty-one."

"Well, Jem," said one of his friends, "how about this one glass you were to have?"

"I've got it," said Jem, suddenly holding up the cheap mirror which Jack had bought for his benefit, "and I'm going to keep it until I am something better than I am for it to show me. The boy may have meant nothing but a joke, but I think he went in for a serious sort of jest, and in my opinion he's not such a fool as he looks. Mates, I'm going home without drink for a change."

And off he marched, with his head erect, leaving his amazed comrades behind him. They looked for him to return to his old habits; but from that hour Jem Snags abandoned his curse, and he kept that glass until temperance had reduced the inflamed nose to its normal dimensions, cleared the blotches from his face, and restored the brightness of his eyes. He also kept that glass long afterwards, for he has it now.

That is the story from which Jack derived his name. He has never done anything wonderful since, except to live soberly, honestly, and piously, setting an example to his fellows that occasionally induces a victim of drink to abandon it. It is only one here and there that he makes an impression upon, but surely that is something to rejoice over, and worth recording too. So it is here set down that those who run may read.—*E. H. B. in British Workman.*

Campaign Songs.

THE DOWNFALL OF RUM.

HORACE B. DURANT.

AIR—"The Red, White and Blue."

Rum-license, thou curse of the nation!

Destroyer of body and soul!

Down, down with thy cursed vocation.

Our ballots thy death-knell shall toll.

The death traps of liquor are scattered,

By law, from the home to the grave;

And fortunes the farest are shattered,

A crime-license party to save.

CHORUS:

Three cheers for the downfall of rum!

Three cheers for the downfall of rum!

We'll vote out its traffic forever!

Three cheers for the downfall of rum!

Our homes are demanding protection.

From drink and its numberless woes,

That shock us in every direction,

Where liquor with fiendish step goes.

Our children a price we are paying,

For revenue made from the still;

While license with pitiless slaying,

Drops gold in the rumsellers till.

CHORUS.

Alas! for our hollow professions,

With revenue gathered from drink!

Upholding its monstrous oppressions—

'Tis horrible, even to think!

On liquor-bound party still doting,

Yet, praying—"Thy Kingdom to come!"

It will not agree with your voting

For party that licenses rum.

CHORUS

O Canada! shall the foul demon

Of rum, blight thy mighty domain?

Shall millions who boast themselves freemen,

Be slave that such tyrant may reign?

Lead on, Prohibition, to battle!

Our ballots in face of the foe,

More deadly than bullets shall rattle,

'Till down the rum-slavery shall go.

CHORUS—Signal