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THE TEMPERANCE HERALD,

A WEEKLY FAMILY JOURNAL OF SOCIAL PROGRESS AND MORAL REFORM.

"FREEDOM FOR THE RIGHT MEANS SUPPRESSION OF THE WRONG."

VOLUME IX.

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER 9, 1887.

NUMBER 24.

A GREAT MEETING.

THE PROHIBITION CONVENTION AT CHICAGO.

Prof Samuel Dickie, of Michigan, the unanimous choice for leader—general flag raised for the Presidency Six Thousand Dollars Raised Towards the Campaign Fund

This meeting of the National Committee of the Prohibition Party of the United States at Chicago, in which Prof. Samuel Dickie, of Michigan, was chosen to fill the place vacated by the death of Hon. John B. Finch was attended by 2,500 prohibitionists and representatives of twenty-seven States. It was held on Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Among the mooted displayed on the walls of Battery D. Hall where the committee met were following:—

"Non-partisan prohibition is non-enforced prohibition, that kind the people repudiate."

"No license 'for revenue only,' no protection, no free trade for the liquor traffic."

"A high liquor tax means a powerful opiate for the voter's conscience."

"Local option is too local and too optional."

"Partisan prohibition means prohibition that will prohibit."

"High license makes the liquor seller a collector of revenue. Poor women and children starve and freeze that the rich may avoid taxation for the infamy of it."

"High license is the devil's bulwark for the liquor traffic. The greater the revenue the stronger the bulwark."

"No evil can be exterminated by selling it the right to exist."

"A half million votes for the Prohibition party in 1888 means only two parties in 1892, no matter by what names called, divided on this issue—the home versus the abroad."

"A vote which helps to elect an issue far outweighs in influence a vote which simply helps to elect a man or party."

"The Prohibition party is the true anti-poverty party."

"Local option creates local selfishness, paralyzes patriotism, intronches the liquor traffic in its strongholds."

"Each individual voter becomes a voluntary and therefore a guilty abettor of the liquor traffic who votes for a license party."

"Prohibition will obliterate the sectional and color line in politics."

"Woe unto them which justify the wicked for reward."—Isaiah v. 22-23

"National prohibition by a party whose supremacy depends upon enforcement will fail."

"What is morally wrong cannot be politically right."

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shut close, and I want at this moment to say that during the afternoon or evening this committee goes into executive session and at that session there are certain propositions I desire to make. Depend upon the views of the committee and of the chairman that I will be my decision in this matter. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for the honor you have conferred upon me, for I believe it to be no small honor to be chosen chairman by the choicest body of men and women in this country. (Applause.) I have neither time nor opportunity here to discuss the questions which arise, but I appreciate what you have done, and believe confidently that the members of this committee and myself will be in such harmony that without precautions and without any mental reservation I can accept this position. I still, however, desire to hold it only until in executive session some propositions can be made, and where I can see that eye to eye and shoulder to shoulder we can work together, or I shall be compelled to decline even this magnificent honor that has been this afternoon conferred upon me.

The committee went into executive session and fixed the salary of the chairman at \$3,000. Assurances were given that the co-operation he asked for to make an aggressive campaign would be forthcoming. The sum of \$4,000 was raised towards an election fund of \$10,000.

Prof. Dickie then accepted the position and announced that he would resign his chair in the college.

Miss Willard delivered an eloquent eulogy on the late Hon. John B. Finch.

Ex-Governor St. John in the course of an address said that the Prohibitionists were looking to General Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, to bear their standard in the forthcoming presidential election. The statement was greeted with prolonged applause.

SKETCH OF PROF. DICKIE'S CAREER

The N. Y. Tribune says Professor Samuel A. Dickie, the new chairman of the National Committee, was born in Michigan, and is 36 years old. He worked his way up from a poor boy to a Methodist clergyman, and has been for a number of years Professor of Mathematics in Albion College, which is the State Methodist College in Michigan. He was chairman of the National Prohibition Convention that nominated J. P. St. John in 1884 for President. He has been for a number of years chairman of the State Prohibition Convention, and last spring was made chairman of the non-partisan State committee on constitutional prohibition amendments.

ONTARIO GOOD TEMPLAR NOTES.

The Good Templar benefit Department organized under authority of the Grand Lodge action at Ottawa is now ready to receive applications for membership. Director, Rev. J. J. Noble, Hepworth, chairman. The Lawley, Hamilton, secretary. James B. Nixon, Toronto Treasurer. Dr. George Eckels, London, physician. W. S. Wright, Niagara, Councilor.

Dis. No. 25 (Prince) has been proceeding in active campaign for the past six or seven weeks, in which time E. D. Wilson, D. L. G., organized six or seven new lodges and is held for nearly all the distance. The district lodge in the jurisdiction can work as good a report.

Rev. J. H. Cady, lecturer for the Grand Lodge at Bayville, on the 15th and 16th inst. returned on the 16th, November with 150 members in both lodges.

The district lodge No. 87, returned on the 16th, November, and is the largest in the district.

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Sixty New Members

The temperance revival meetings at Midland, under the charge of Messrs. Durnett and Stoddard, the "Reverend Duets," have resulted in an increase of sixty members to the local Council of Royal Templars and a quickened prohibition public sentiment.

\$200 and Costs.

The inspector at Chatham is beginning to crowd the prohibitory provisions of the Scott Act. John Abram, of the Grand Central Hotel, and Robert Bryan, of the Farmers' Exchange, were each fined \$100 and costs for a second offence against the law. William Bryan, nephew of Robert Bryan, to whom his bar was leased, was fined \$50 and costs.

Must Serve His Term

From a Chatham exchange we learn that "one Speers, convicted of violating the Scott Act, and whose incarceration did not begin till three months after conviction, appealed to have his liberty on the ground that the term must be computed from the date of conviction and hence would have expired. The court decided the term dates from the first day of his incarceration and he must pay the costs of his appeal and serve out his sentence."

A Shameful Occurrence

The entry of ten thirty-six gallon casks of malt liquor into the People's Palace, at Midland, for the refreshment of Mr. Spencer Charrington's guests, the Tower Hamlet Volunteers, on the occasion of a recent supper, appears to have caused no little stir. It is said that the beer produced the intoxication of no less than 600 out of the 1,000 guests. Although it is stated that no intoxicants are to be sold within the building, there would appear to be nothing to prevent their introduction if for gratuitous distribution. Out of evil springs good, and if from this episode in the early history of the Palace, the rule is evolved that no intoxicants shall be allowed within the building for any purpose, we may look back upon it with pleasure rather than regret.—Temperance Caterer.

Enforcement Items.

ANON'S McLEON, of Harrington, paid a fifty dollar Scott Act fine on Wednesday.

Two Wiarthon hotel-keepers and a drug-gist have been charged with selling liquor to Indians.

A. WALLACE, bar-keeper for J. Higgins, of Goodwood, was fined \$50 and costs under the Scott Act.

ALBERT E. ALTON, of Burlington, was lately fined \$100 and costs on three charges of violating the Scott Act.

HOTEL-KEEPER BROWN, of Barrie, was lately fined \$100 and \$14 93 costs under the Scott Act, and J. Howitt, another member of the traffic, paid \$50 and \$18.81 costs.

Science, the Bane of the Liquor Traffic.

It is wonderful that the world has contentedly lived so long in ignorance of the dire effects of alcohol upon the human system. Multitudes of millions of the human family have, during the past ages, been gulping down the poisonous liquid, knowing little of the ruinous consequences save that, if taken in large enough quantities, it would make them drunk. The drunkard does not know, nor does the moderate drinker suspect, that alcohol greatly damages the brain, the blood, the tissues, and the whole nervous system, and that there is no surer way of effecting a final wreck of health and constitution, than by cultivating the drunk habit. The strongest constitution must, sooner or later, succumb to this destructive foe. Long before one can be considered a "sober" his vital positions have created in him a morbid craving for strong drink, which is as truly a disease as fever or consumption.

Additional to this, the disease thus contracted may be transmitted to one's posterity, possibly to the third and fourth generation. The father's or mother's drinking—especially where their drinking is habitual and excessive—may transmit to the child a thirst for drink, besides the transmission of other diseases produced by the use of strong drink. We have heard of the child of a drunkard that always spoiled very much as its father did, when he was drunk. Of course, this is exceptional. But there can be no sort of doubt that "Aunt Sarah" is fearfully vitiated by strong drink, and, as science sheds more light on the subject, these evils to unborn posterity will appear so great, that the reason, humanity and moral sense of the people will be aroused on this subject, and the death-dealing traffic in ardent spirits will be doomed to extinction.—Prohibition Advocate.

Three Dreams in a Desert.

BY OLIVE SCHREINER.

As I travelled across an African plain, the sun shone down hotly. Then I drew my horse up under a mimosa tree, and I took the saddle from him and left him to feed among the parched bushes. And all to right and to left stretched the brown earth. And I sat down under the tree, because the heat beat fiercely, and all along the horizon the air throbbled. And after a while a heavy drowsiness came over me, and I laid my head down against my saddle, and I fell asleep there. And, in my sleep, I had a curious dream.

I thought I stood on the border of a great desert, and the sand blew about everywhere. And I thought I saw two great figures like beasts of burden of the desert, and one lay upon the sand with its neck stretched out, and one stood by it. And I looked curiously at the one that lay upon the ground, for it had a great burden on its back, and the sand was thick about it, so that it seemed to have piled over it for centuries.

And I looked very curiously at it. And there stood one beside me watching. And I said to him, "What is this huge creature who lies here on the sand?" And he said, "This is woman, she that bears men in her body." And I said, "Why does she lie here motionless with the sand piled round her?"

And he answered, "Listen, I will tell you. Ages and ages long she has lain here, and the wind has blown over her. The oldest, oldest, oldest man living has never seen her move, the oldest, oldest book records that she lay here then, as she lies here now, with the sand about her. But listen! Older than the oldest book, older than the oldest recorded memory of man, on the Rocks of Language, on the hard-baked clay of Ancient Customs, now crumbling to decay, are found the marks of her footsteps. Side by side with his who stands beside her you may trace them; and you know that she who now lies there once wandered free over the rocks with him."

And I said, "Why does she lie there now?" And he said, "I take it, ages ago the Ago-of-dominion-of-muscular-force found her, and when she stooped low to give suck to her young, and her back was broad, he put his burden of subjection on to it, and tied it on with the broad band of Inevitable Necessity. Then she looked at the earth and the sky, and knew there was no hope for her, and she lay down on the sand with the burden she could not loosen. Ever since she has lain here. And the ages have come, and the ages have gone, but the band of Inevitable Necessity has not been cut."

And I looked and saw in her eyes the terrible patience of the centuries; the ground was wet with her tears, and her nostrils blew up the sand. And I said, "Has she ever tried to move?" And he said, "Sometimes a limb has quivered. But she is wise; she knows she cannot rise with the burden on her."

And I said, "Why does not he who stands by her leave her and go on?" And he said, "He cannot. Look"

And I saw a broad hand passing along the ground from one to the other, and it bound them together. He said, "While she lies there, he must stand and look across the desert."

And I said, "Does he know why he cannot move?" And he said, "No."

And I heard a sound of something cracking, and I looked, and I saw the band that bound the burden on her back broken asunder; and the burden rolled on to the ground. And I said, "What is this?"

And he said, "The Ago-of-muscular-force is dead. The Ago-of-nervous-force has killed him with the knife he holds in his hand; and silently and invisibly he has crept up to the woman, and with that knife of Mechanical Invention he has cut the band

that bound the burden to her back. The Inevitable Necessity is broken. She might rise now.

And I saw that she still lay motionless on the sand, with her eyes open and her neck stretched out. And she seemed to look for something on the far off border of the desert that never came. And I wondered if she were awake or asleep. And as I looked her body quivered, and a light came into her eyes, like when a sunbeam breaks into a dark room.

I said, "What is it?" He whispered, "Hush! the thought has come to her, 'Might I not rise?'" And I looked. And she raised her head from the sand, and I saw the dent where her neck had lain so long. And she looked at the earth, and she looked at the sky, and she looked at him who stood by her, but he looked out across the desert.

And I saw her body quiver, and she pressed her front knees to the earth, and veins stood out, and I cried, "She is going to rise!" But only her sides heaved, and she lay still where she was.

But her head she held up; she did not lay it down again. And he beside me said, "She is very weak. See, her legs have been crushed under her so long."

And I saw the creature struggle; and the drops stood out on her. And I said, "Surely he who stands beside her will help her!"

And he beside me answered, "He cannot help her. She must help herself. Let her struggle till she is strong."

And I cried, "At least he will not hinder her!" See, he moves farther from her, and tightens the cord between them, and he drags her down."

And he answered, "He does not understand. When she moves she draws the band that binds them, and hurts him, and he moves farther from her. The day will come when he will understand, and will know what she is doing. Let her once stagger on to her knees. In that day he will stand close to her, and look into her eyes with sympathy."

And she stretched her neck, and the drops fell from her. And the creature rose an inch from the earth and sank back.

And I cried, "Oh, she is too weak! She cannot walk! The long years have taken all her strength from her. Can she never move?"

And he answered me, "See the light in her eyes!"

And slowly the creature staggered on to its knees.

And I awoke, and all to the east and to the west stretched the barren earth, with the dry bushes on it. The vents ran up and down in the red sand, and the heat beat fiercely. I looked up through the thin branches of the tree at the blue sky overhead. I stretched myself, and I mused over the dream I had had. And I fell asleep again, with my head on my saddle. And in the fierce heat I had another dream.

I saw a desert and I saw a woman coming out of it. And she came to the bank of a dark river, and the bank was steep and high. And on it an old man met her, who had a long white beard; and a stick that curled was in his hand, and on it was written "Reason." And he asked her what she wanted, and she said, "I am a woman, and I am seeking for the Land of Freedom."

And he said, "It is before you."

And she said, "I see nothing before me but a dark flowing river, and a bank steep and high, and cuttings here and there with heavy sand in them."

And he said, "And beyond that?"

She said, "I see nothing, but sometimes when I shade my eyes with my hand, I think I see on the further bank trees and hills, and the sun shining on them!"

He said, "This is the Land of Freedom."

She said, "How am I to get there?"

He said, "There is one way, and one only. Down the banks of Labor, through the water of Suffering. There is no other."

* The banks of an African river are sometimes a hundred feet high, and consist of deep shifting sands, through which in the course of ages the river has worn its gigantic bed.