

supporters of the liquor traffic of all grades come patronizingly to us, and whisper in our ears the old pass-word, "Temperance," they claim to be admitted to our society. These gentlemen seem to be mostly well attired and thrifty looking. Some of them appear very learned and refined in their gowns, surplices and other badges of spiritual pastorate, but we can't admit them on the old pass-word now.

The pass-word of the present quarter (of a century) is "Prohibition," and as soon as they can get their tongues round this word they can come in and be reckoned with us. It took them a long time to get their tongues round the old pass-word "Temperance," and just as sure as Galileo was right, they will yet learn to articulate the new word "Prohibition." I admire all attempts at pronouncing a pass-word to gain admittance and recognized unity of purpose with us, but the one so pretentiously whispered at our doors of late sounds discordant to the trained ear. It rings only of the mercenary bags of conspiring capitalists, and is repelled with disdain as a mere bribe with which to attempt to purchase a good character for the whisky traffic, to enable it all the more to plunder society for the further enrichment of those who have already been the larger gainers by its robbery.

This last attempt at making a temperance pass-word is phrased "High License," and the only argument logically claimed for its meaning is that it may result in confining the hurtful influences of liquor somewhat to the better class of people, and in putting a little difficulty in the way of the other class getting it. It is proposed to make the traffic less injurious by charging a higher fee for leave to carry it on, but we might as well attempt to make an unhealthy house less unhealthy by increasing the rent. It needs but little mercantile knowledge to see that instead of an increased license fee limiting the quantity of liquor used it will certainly increase it. All experience shows that the larger license fee paid will cause the seller to push his sales the more, to make his investment profitable. The more expenses a man is under the more he has to attend to his business. It is certain also that as in all cases of a highly protective tariff there is a greater tendency to unlicensed sale when the license fee is made higher.

High license is but a gilded casket in which is concealed a greed for gain and a thirst for monopoly on the part of its better off advocates, who would thereby have a state-guaranteed monopoly and a state-supported staff to hunt down "poorer people in plainer clothes," who might infringe on their unholy right thus obtained.

Did anybody ever hear of monied liquor dealers advocating an increase of import on themselves or their interests with any other view than that of increasing their own gains?

If the liquor traffic be a beneficial or legitimate one, why should we make a law to aim at hampering any class from receiving its benefits, and if it be injurious why should any law sanction its continuance.

One of the strongest entrenched positions of the liquor traffic to-day is its alleged financial necessity to the nation on account of the money received from it, while it is in reality a financial, as well as a moral, loss to the community. High license is but another delusion in this direction to deceive people into believing that it cannot be dispensed with because of its being the financial bulwark of the municipality.

Alas for a people (and their argument) whose public wealth is derived from their private degradation!

Toronto, July 30th, 1883.

H. K.—M.

PROSPECTIVE REFORM.

To the Editor of THE CANADA CITIZEN.

SIR,—I think the suggestion of W.A.D., in your issue of the 20th instant, is just to the point. Much good would be accomplished by a ballot at the annual municipal elections on the question, "license or no license."

It would be a great advantage to bring before every citizen once a year the important consideration "that he has a duty to perform in a personal decision one way or the other on this important question of the sanction of the Liquor Traffic. I trust that the suggestion will be acted upon, and with your permission I shall discuss it further. In my opinion there is too much talk, and too little action. This prospective reform will be beneficial in enabling us to suppress the traffic in different parts of the city. We might succeed in gaining some advantage if we could not get all we desire. We remember the signal failure of the attempt to make the Dunkin Act the law of our city. By the plan now suggested we will achieve in part what we totally failed in then; and year after year still advancing, limiting the Traffic to the smallest possible dimensions, and thus extending the area of prohibition, we will ultimately drive out the evil altogether.

I am, Sir, yours truly,

Toronto, August 1st, 1883.

W. S. J.

Leading druggists on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficial effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities. It has accomplished remarkable cures.

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

Tales and Sketches.

TRUTH.

"We can do nothing against the Truth."

The following beautiful illustration of the simplicity and power of truth, is from the pen of Mr. S. H. Hammond, who was an eye-witness of it in one of our courts.

A little girl, of nine years of age, was offered as a witness against a prisoner who was on trial for felony, committed in her father's house.

"Now, Emily," said the counsel for the prisoner, upon her being offered as a witness, "I desire to know if you understand the nature of an oath?"

"I don't know what you mean," was the simple answer.

"There, your honor," said the counsel, addressing the court, "is anything further necessary to show the validity of my objection. This witness should be rejected. She does not comprehend the nature of an oath."

"Let me see," said the judge. "Come here, my daughter."

Assured by the kind manner and tone of the judge, Emily stepped forward, looking confidently up to his face with a calm, clear eye, and in a manner so artless and frank, that it went straight to the heart.

"Did you ever take an oath?" inquired the judge.

The little girl stepped back with a look of horror, and the red blood mantled in a blush all over her face and neck as she answered.

"No, sir."

She thought he intended to inquire if she had ever blasphemed.

"I do not mean that," said the judge, who saw her mistake, "I mean, were you ever a witness?"

"No, sir; I was never in a court before," was the answer.

The judge handed her the Bible open.

"Do you know that Book, my daughter?"

She looked at it and answered, "Yes, sir, it is the Bible."

"Do you ever read it?" he asked.

Yes, sir, every evening."

"Can you tell me what the Bible is?" inquired the judge.

"It is the word of the great God," she answered.

"Well, place your hand upon this Bible," and listen to what I say," and he repeated slowly the oath usually administered to witnesses.

"Now," said the judge, "you have sworn as a witness; will you tell me what will befall you, if you do not tell the truth?"

"I shall be shut up in state-prison," answered the child.

"Anything else?" asked the judge.

"I shall never go to Heaven," she replied.

"How do you know this," asked the judge again.

The child took the Bible, and, turning rapidly to the chapter containing the commandments, pointed to the injunction: "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." "I learned that before I could read."

"Has anyone talked to you about being a witness in court against this man?" inquired the judge.

"Yes, sir," she replied, "my mother heard they wanted me to be a witness, and last night she called me to her room, and asked me to tell her the Ten Commandments; and then we kneeled down together, and she prayed that I might understand how wicked it was to bear false witness against my neighbor, and that God would help me, a little child, to tell the truth, as it was before Him. And, when I came up here with mother, she kissed me and told me to remember the ninth commandment, and that God would hear every word that I said."

"Do you believe this?" asked the judge, while a tear glistened in his eye, and his lip quivered with emotion.

"Yes, sir," said the child, with a voice which showed that her conviction of its truth was perfect.

"God bless you, my child," said the judge, "you have a good mother." "This witness is competent," he continued; "were I on trial for my life, and innocent of the charge against me, I would pray God for such witnesses as this. Let her be examined."

She told her story with the simplicity of a child, as she was, but there was a directness in it which carried conviction of its truth to the heart. She was rigidly cross-examined; the prisoner's counsel plied her with many