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GET UP A CLUB

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

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DUNDAS COUNTY.

THE GOOD WORK STILL GOING ON.

A Number of convictions - Pushing Enforcement - The Law a Success.

MR. ASA BEACH, License Inspector for Dundas County, writes us under date November 5th, giving a list - which we subjoin - of Scott Act cases prosecuted by him during the quarter ending October 31st, in his letter Mr. Beach goes on to say: "I might add in addition to the enclosed report that since the 31st October, I have had six trials and secured three convictions, two of these were against one man, who was fined twice on the same day, \$100 each time, one case was dismissed and two are yet under consideration.

"Now in enforcing the Act here we have not been so severe as to go to the outside limit of the law in fining and jailing as yourself and some others urged us to go. Such a course would cause all concerned in enforcing the Act much trouble, difficulty and annoyance, especially so in the case of constables. I am convinced that it will be time enough to adopt such a course when all other methods have failed. Of course we now begin to find it necessary to push matters harder and sharper in some quarters where milder means do not seem to be effectual in stopping the traffic. I can report that except in two leading places, Morrisburg and Chesterville, the traffic in Dundas County is pretty nearly killed. Even the enemies of the Scott Act admit that it has done a great deal of good.

"In the line adopted officers have subjected themselves to a good deal of severe criticism from yourself, and others who hold extreme views in regard to Scott Act enforcement. Allow me to say, however, that the general in command at the front of the battle, in the thick of the fight, can direct operations to a successful issue better than can the general at the seat of government in the distance, and especially so, when we are at the front of the fight believe we are as sound on the teetotal and prohibition questions, Scott Act included, as any in the country - none excepted."

We cordially appreciate Mr. Beach's successful work and determination to have the law enforced, but we are not yet convinced that it is right for inspectors and magistrates to deal with illicit liquor sellers more leniently than the law intended they should.

Mr. Beach's list of convictions is as follows:-

Table with 3 columns: Name, Penalty, Amount. Lists names like Francis McClosky, Daniel Beuchstead, Matthew Flynn, etc., with their respective penalties and amounts.

The Divine Plan.

At its late convention the Wisconsin Congregational State Association declared in reference to the strong drink traffic. "We believe the nation to be the consummation of a Divine plan for men, that it has a moral mission; that to live it must meet aright the moral issues before it. We recognize it as a law of moral progress that the nation does not grapple with all moral questions at once, but bears its arm for a struggle with the evil gnawing nearest its heart, and that out of a righteous verdict on one wrong comes wisdom and strength to meet another. As Christian citizens then in behalf of the moral life of the nation we insist on the abolition of the traffic. This traffic checks the nation's moral progress; it corrupts its moral instincts; it stuns a blow at its moral life. But, beyond this, the traffic fetters and crushes our work as Christians."

The Alliance Executive and the Ontario Government.

A DEPUTATION, consisting of the Executive Committee of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance and a number of members of the W.C.T.U., waited upon the Attorney-General at 3 30 last Wednesday afternoon, and were received by the Hon. O. Mowat, Attorney-General; Hon. A. S. Hardy, Provincial Secretary; Hon. A. M. Ross, Provincial Treasurer; and Hon. C. F. Fraser, Commissioner of Crown Lands. The deputation was introduced to the members of the government, and presented the various resolutions and recommendations of the recent Alliance convention, relating to Scott Act enforcement and further desirable legislation for restriction of the liquor traffic in licensed localities.

The administrative measures asked for by the deputation, were (1) more emphatic instructions to license inspectors regarding the enforcement of the law, it being charged that some of these license inspectors were not carrying out the instructions already given by the government; (2) that third offences be punished with third offence penalties; (3) that a force of provincial police be appointed for the suppression of the rowdiness and lawlessness prevalent in some localities. The legislative improvements requested were (1) the licensing of all houses of public entertainment; (2) a law prohibiting the granting of licenses to parties who had been previously convicted for violating the law; (3) the prohibition of the sale of liquor to be drunk in bar-rooms.

These measures were urged with much force by Messrs. J. J. McLaren and F. S. Spence, who argued for the soundness of the proposals made, and gave instances of the beneficial effect of similar measures in other provinces, also presenting a number of instances to show the necessity for the legislation and executive action asked for.

In reply the Hon. Mr. Mowat said he was glad to get the information furnished and to hear the suggestions in order to consider them. The government was as anxious as the deputation were, to enforce all the temperance laws, and had been doing all they saw their way to do for that purpose. They had urged the legislature to give them further powers and had done their best to carry them out. He also stated that if there was anything further in his power he would be willing to do it. They had repeatedly considered the matter of Provincial police and thought that perhaps the experiment may be tried if found to be practicable, but was of opinion that they would require a larger service than the deputation were aware of. He thought there would be no practical advantage from a small police force and the large force needed they could not give. It was an extraordinary thing that there should be so much temperance sentiment and that so very few municipal Councils assisted in enforcing the law. In Scott Act counties the representatives of the people would not assist in supporting the Scott Act, as a general thing. They rather obstructed it. He suggested a wakening up of public sentiment and strong feeling in favor of the temperance laws. He assured the deputation that they had done from time to time what they thought practicable but would do more if found possible.

What the Boy is Worth.

I do not know what you may think of the woman's crusade, but let me say as a woman who stood inside of it that the womanhood of this nation never laid such a tribute at the feet of its manhood as they did in the woman's crusade. If you want to find out what a boy is worth go and ask his mother. By the time she goes into the jaws of death to give him birth, and then puts into him her days of love and her nights of care, and he stands before her strong, and clean, and tall at twenty-one, she can tell you what he is worth from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, and when the legalized dram-shop takes hold of him, and tears him down fibre by fibre, and puts oaths on the lips that she used to kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is no wonder she makes outcry. If you want to know what a home is worth go and ask a loving woman who has kept herself as pure as God's lilies from her marriage day, when, with a great shine in her eyes, she puts herself over into the hands of one man, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until life's end. And when the dram-shop with its fearful curse crosses the threshold of the home they built together and takes down her strong tower of hope, stony by stony, and degrades the father of her children, it is no wonder woman makes outcry. - Mrs. M. T. Lathrop.

DOING GOOD.

The Scott Act Work in Wellington County.

ON Friday last at Mount Forest Police Magistrate Lowes convicted Daniel Cummings, John Pitcher, Alexander McEachren and Jos. McQuillan, for Scott Act violation. A correspondent from the town named states that the Act there is almost working miracle. Friends of the cause are highly elated with its success, and feel confident that if a repeal vote were to be taken now the Act would be sustained by a larger majority than that by which it was at first adopted.

The Original Liquor League.

ONE day the bad spirits met together and resolved that our human race were too happy, and a delegation of four infernals were sent up to earth on an embassy of mischief. One spirit said: "I will take charge of the vineyards!" Another said: "I will look after the grain-fields!" Another said: "I will supervise the dairy!" Another said: "I will take charge of the music!" They landed in the great Sahara desert, clutched their skeleton fingers in a handshake of fidelity, kissed each other good-bye with lips of blue flame, and separated for their mission.

The first spirit entered the vineyard one bright morning, and sat down on the twisted root of a grape-vine in sheer discouragement. He could not at first plan any harm for the vineyard. The clusters were so full, and purple, and luscious, and pure. The air was fairly bewitched with their sweetness, health seemed to breathe from every ripened bunch. But in wrath at so much loveliness, the fiend grasped a cluster in his right hand, and squeezed it with utter hate, and lo! his hand was red with the liquid and began to smoke. Then the fiend laughed, and said, as he looked at the crimson stream dripping from his hand: "That makes me think of the blood of broken hearts. I will strip the vineyard and squeeze out all its clusters, and let the juices stand in the pot, and will call the process 'fermentation.' And a great vat was made, and men, seeing it, brought cups and pitchers, and dipped them in, and went off, drinking as they went, till they dropped in long lines of death, so that when the fiend of the vineyards wanted to go back to his home in the pit, he had to tread on the bodies of the slain all the way, going down over a causeway of the dead.

The fiend of the grain-field waded chide-deep through the barley and the rye. As he came in he found all the grain talking about bread, and prosperous husbandmen, and thrifty homes. But the fiend thrust his long arms through the barley and rye, and pulled them up and flung them into the water, and kindled fire beneath, by a spark from his own heart, and there was a grinding, and a mashing, and a stench. And men dipped their bottles into the fiery juice, and staggered, and blasphemed, and rioted, and fought, and murdered, till the fiend of the grain-field was so well pleased with their behavior he changed his residence from the pit to a whisky-barrel; and there he sits by the doorway, at the bung-hole, laughing right merrily at the fact that out of so harmless a thing as barley and rye, he has made this world a suggestion of Pandemonium.

The fiend of the dairy met the cows as they were coming up full uddered from the pasture-field. As the maid milked, he said: "It will not take me long to spoil that mess. I will add to it some brandy, and sugar, and nutmeg, and stir them into a milk punch, and children will like it, and even temperance men will take it, and if I can do no more, I will make their heads ache, and hand them gradually over to the more vigorous fiends of the satanic delegation." And then he danced a breakdown on the shelf of the dairy, till all the chiming row of milk-pans quaked.

The fiend of music entered a grange-shop and found the customers few. So he made circuit of the city, and gathered up all the instruments of sweet sound, and after the night had fallen, he marshaled a band, and trombone blew, and cymbals clapped, and harp thrummed, and drum beat, and bugle called, and horns thronged in and listened, and with wine cup in their right hand, began to whirl in a dance that grew wilder, and stronger, and rougher, till the room shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke through, and the crowd dropped into hell.

They had done their work so well, these fiends of vineyard, and grain-field, and dairy, and concert-saloon, that, on getting back, high carnival was held. Satan from his throne announcing the fact that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as the vineyards, and orchards, and grain fields, and music paid such large tax to the diabolical. Then all the satyrs, and spirits, and demons cried, "Hear! hear!" and lifting their chalices of fire, drank "Long life to rum-sellers! Prosperity to the galleons! Success to the liquor league." - Rev. T. D. Witt Talmage.

Scott Act in Addington.

P. M. McKim held court in Arden 2nd inst. when J. Loyat was fined \$50 and costs, and in Harrowsmith on 5th when Henry Swarbrick was fined \$30 and costs, and George Swarbrick \$30 and costs. In Tamworth 7th inst before P. M. Daly, the following were fined, H. Roach, \$50 and costs, M. Roach, \$50 and costs, C. Douglass \$50 and costs, T. Laveck \$50 and costs. The cases of M. Williams, Daniel Kennedy and J. Shields were adjourned until 12th ult. The prosecutions were brought by Inspector Smith.

Collecting Scott Act Fines.

UNLESS Scott Act Fines are made payable forthwith, some difficulty is occasionally experienced in collecting the same, as the party fined tries every subterfuge to avoid payment of their dues. Here is a case in point which, however, we are pleased to say is decidedly exceptional. Mr. Porteous runs a hotel at Exeter, but his wife generally has charge of the same. She was recently fined for violation of the Scott Act, and given a certain time in which to pay her fine, but she failed to pay, and a warrant was issued for her arrest. When the constable went to execute it, she dropped off her clothes, and jumped into bed, telling the constable to arrest her if he dared. Here was a dilemma. Masculine modesty would hardly allow him to arrest her as she was, and what to do was the query. Bound not to be beaten, if possible, the constable remained in the house and sent a note to a lawyer detailing the circumstances and asking what he had better do. Back came the answer, "Yank her out of bed," and as the constable then manifested his determination to carry out this advice, the woman expressed her willingness to compromise. Knowing that a certain farmer, who was a friend of hers had come to town that day with a load of wheat, she sent word to him, narrating the state of affairs, and he sent her his wheat check, out of which the amount of fine and costs were realized. - Acton Free Press.

The Teetotaler.

My father said: "I became a temperance man in early life, because I noticed in the harvest-field that, though I was physically weaker than other workmen, I could hold out longer than they. They took stimulants, I took none."

A brickmaker in England gives his experience in regard to this matter among men in his employ. He says, after investigation: "The beer-drinker who made the fewest bricks made 650,000, the abstainer who made the fewest bricks, 740,000. The difference of the abstainer over the indulger, 78,000."

There came a very exhausting time in the British Parliament. The session was prolonged until nearly all the members got sick or worn out. Out of 652 members only two went through undamaged. They were teetotalers. - Evangelical Churchman.

Result of Whiskey Making.

A LARGE whiskey distiller in Central New York had three sons, who assisted their father in his nefarious business. None but God will ever know the misery of which that distillery was the source.

The distiller and his sons were among the victims. The father threw himself into a well in a fit of delirium tremens. The eldest son, during an attack, imagined his tongue a snake, drew it out, bit it off, and bled to death. The next son, while suffering the same horrible frenzy, threw himself into the well which received his father. The last one of the three, while driving a wagon load of whiskey to his place in the country, pitched off his seat, was run over by the wagon and killed. I attended the funeral of one, and while thousands of the poor women and children of the country were thanking God that the last of these wretches were gone, the minister, in a sanctimonious voice, spoke of that strange and mysterious dispensation of Providence by which the head of this household had been removed from the midst of his labors and love.

Most devoutly do I believe in Christianity. I believe there is nothing in this world worth living for; but I should infinitely prefer to hear at a funeral the bold negations of a soulless atheism, rather than the hypocritical cant and falsehood which I heard at that funeral.

What is needed is, that every one should feel his own individual, personal responsibility to God for his physical, intellectual, social, moral and religious conduct. - Dio Lewis.

The Bucket For Me.

Tuz bucket, the bucket, the bucket for me! Ava' wi' your bickers o' barley bree; Though gud ye may think it, I'll never mair drink it, The bucket, the bucket, the bucket for me!

There's health in the bucket, there's wealth in the bucket! There's mair i' the bucket than mony can see; An' aye when I look in't, I find there's a bouk in't, That teaches the essence o' wisdom to me.

When I whiskey swiggit, my wife aye boggit, An' aft did she sit wi' the tear in her ee; But noo - wad you think it! - when water I drink it, Right blithesome she smiles on the bucket and me.

The bucket's a treasure nae mortal can measure - It's happit my wee bits o' bairnies an' me!

An' noo roun' my inglo, where sorrows did mingle, Iv'e pleasure and plenty, an' glances o' gleo.

The bucket's the bicker that keeps a man sicker - The bucket's a shield an' a buckler to me;

In pool or in gutter nae langer I'll splutter, But walk like a freeman wha feels he is free.

Ye drunkards, be wise noo, an' alter your choice noo - Come cling to the bucket, an' prosper like me;

Ye'll find it is better to awig "coller water," Than groan in a gutter without a haubee!

- Peter Hall.

The Temperance People.

FIRST SPEAKER.

I'm a temperance boy through and through, From the crown of my hat to the sole of my shoe;

From those restless feet to these noisy lips, From my nose to my busy finger tips, And from heart, from brain, from health - best lung,

Shall this sentiment flow, while my willing tongue Shall proclaim its joys as loud as I can, Until I'm a full-grown temperance man.

At home, or at school, or wherever I go, I want all to most decidedly know That I'm pledged to the temperance cause for life;

And whenever its friends engage in a strife Against that foe whose tarnishing hand Would blight and blacken our beautiful land,

You may look for me in the midst of the fray; And since "boys must fight," as people oft say,

I shall give old "King Alby" no playful tapse, But deal him my hardest and heaviest rap;

These blows I shall try to aim so well That every stroke shall for temperance tell.

I'll fight when I'm young, I'll fight when I'm old, Through springtime, or summer, or winter's fierce cold,

I'll fight him early, and I'll fight him late, With a tireless hand and a cordial hate, Perhaps I shall live till the batt'e is won, And this monster's cruel race is run;

Till our nation, freed from his bitter reign, Shall a perfect, glorious freedom gain.

SECOND SPEAKER.

I'm a temperance girl, but so small and weak Would any one listen if I should speak!

Would the little words that I could say Turn a single soul to the better way? Would my kindest acts to the erring prove My heart's desire, its zeal, its love?

And would it not seem a useless task For a little girl like me to ask A lover of rum to take the pledge, Or a sot to forsake his beverage?

Would it not be far better for me to pray To Christ, the children's friend, each day; And ask that His great, strong, loving arms

May shield the poor drunkard from Satan's charms, And to grant that "His kingdom" may so prevail

That no more shall be heard the bitter wail Of a drunkard's wife, while his children, clad,

And fed, and housed, shall be always glad, While through all this land, from shore to shore, The drunkard's curse shall exist no more!

- Selected.