

About the strangest temperance lecture of the season, is the recent statement of the keeper of the New York Morgue, that four fifths of the five thousand bodies that reached the city dead house there every year, are sent there by drunkenness.

A man named Stacy, the owner of a splendid saloon in New York, recently gave up business and joined a temperance society. He said, before the society; "I sold liquor for eleven years—long enough for me to see the beginning and the end of its effects. I have seen a man take his first glass of liquor in my place, and afterwards fill the grave of a suicide. I have seen man after man, wealthy and well educated, come into my saloon who cannot now buy his dinner. I can recall twenty customers, worth one hundred thousand dollars, who are now without money, place or friends.—*New England Evangelist*.

A single case of hydrophobia will stir the authorities up to kill every unmuzzled dog found in the streets. But delirium tremens may kill scores of men in brown stone fronts and in huts of poverty, and the same authorities will hold inquests and sigh over "the mysterious ways of Providence."—*Inter-Ocean*.

There are just two sides to the prohibition question; a right side and a wrong side. It is hardly probable that the saloon-keepers, gamblers and other criminals are on the right side. If you are with them look well to your footing.—*The Lever*.

No rum man dare defend his business on its merits. The way that liquor men meet the question is by claiming that they have "personal rights" and "vested rights" that are "inalienable," and under these rights they conduct a business that results in poverty wretchedness and crime. Who will show us any good that the dram shop brings to the State?—*San Francisco Rescue*.

When Moses spoiled the golden calf business he did not stop to inquire how much money was invested in it. Neither will the Prohibitionists stop to inquire how much capital Prohibition will wipe out in the brewing business. It is always necessary for sinners to sacrifice something when they mend their ways whether they do it voluntarily or from compulsion. The brewers will have to bear it just like ordinary sinners.—*National American*.

If men say, "The State is not ready for prohibition," let the answer be, "We mean to make it so." Meanwhile let us do what in us lies to enforce every prohibitory feature of the license law. Inflexibly opposed to the adoption of any law that licenses, let us be inflexibly determined to enforce all legal restraints upon the licensed.—*Dr. Herrick Johnson*.

It is a settled fact that the devil is in the whisky business. God is not. He that is for God is against whisky. He that is for whisky is against God. The religion of Jesus Christ is not a whisky religion. No man can be a true follower of the meek and lowly One, unless he uses all means, including the ballot, to destroy God's worst enemy—the liquor crime.—*Star of Hope*.

At a recent meeting of the brewers, distillers and others concerned in the liquor traffic, between \$30,000 and \$40,000 was subscribed to a fund established for the purpose of fighting the Scott Act in the coming campaign. Of this money, Mr. George Gooderham, head of the firm of Gooderham & Worts, subscribed \$10,000. A rumor has gained circulation to the effect that the brewers and distillers will press the Dominion Government to bring on the Scott Act elections not all upon the same day, as it is understood they will be petitioned for, but in groups of four or five counties at a time. The object of this would be to enable the liquor interest to concentrate its forces.—*Globe*.

The dark stream of intemperance is bearing on to a certain and irretrievable ruin many of our citizens. The temperance organizations are rescuing one here and there, while the legalized liquor traffic is pushing others into the stream. Our people weep over the drunkard's fate, and vote for the traffic; they sigh under the destruction wrought by whisky, and go on signing dram-shop petitions; they pray earnestly for the deliverance of their friends and neighbors from the drink bondage and then fold their hands and wait for the Lord to do the work committed to them. It is high time we wake up to the fact that prohibition can only be attained by earnest, faithful work.—*Irrepressible Conflict*.

Barkeepers pay, on an average, of \$2 per gallon for whisky. One gallon contains an average of sixty-five drinks, and at ten cents a drink, the poor man pays \$6.50 per gallon for his whisky. In other words he pays \$2 for the whisky, and \$4.50 to a man for handing it over the bar. Make your wife your bar-keeper. Lend her \$2 to buy a gallon of whisky for a beginning, and every time you want a drink go to her and pay ten cents for it. By the time you have drunk a gallon, she will have \$6.50, or enough to refund the \$2 borrowed of you, pay for another gallon, and have a balance of \$2.50. She will be able to continue future operations on her own capital; and when you become an inebriate, unable to support yourself, shunned and despised by all respectable persons, your wife will have money enough to keep you until you get ready to fill a drunkard's grave.—*Express*.

Lord Beaconsfield used to lift his jewelled finger and point across the Atlantic and say: "No American city is well governed." I believe that is true of our twelve largest cities now, each having more than 200,000 inhabitants: Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, here on the Atlantic slope. It is very nearly true of Pittsburg, Buffalo, Toledo and Detroit, which are just under 200,000. It is becoming true of the cities of the size of Worcester, Springfield, Hartford, New Haven, Albany. Into what are we drifting when nearly a quarter of our population live in great cities, and municipal government is a hissing and a by-word with us already? You must spoil the whisky rings of their political power, or they will not only corrupt your homes but undermine the possibility of safe government under universal suffrage in great cities.—*JOSEPH COOK*.

"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon-keeper, boastfully, to a crowd of his townmen.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?" was the quick response.

"You have made wretched homes—women and children poor, sick and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker with trembling earnestness, "you made the youngest of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. Oh, yes; you have made much—more than I can reckon up, but you'll get the full amount some day."—*Exchange*.

Gales and Sketches.

MRS. BLOSSOM ON ETIQUETTE.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the wisest men."

Mrs. Blossom entertained a book agent in her parlor the other day. It was contrary to the custom; she usually told them through the screen-door that she had the book in the house, and had had it for some time. But this agent was a lady, and she wore a black turban, trimmed with jets, and a jetted mantle, and talked so politely, and, withal, with such a touch of sadness in her manner, that Mrs. Blossom felt sure that she had seen better days. She was canvassing for a work on etiquette. Mrs. Blossom at first bristled up, and said she didn't need the book, but the agent said "everybody needed it." And she went on to say how they seemed like slight things, the laws that govern the social relations between ourselves and our fellow men; but the happiness of a life often hung in the balance upon a trifling word or act. How important, then, that we should thoroughly understand the rules of etiquette, by which the cultured lady or gentleman is distinguished from the rustic boor. Mrs. Blossom said she had never thought of it in that light before, and she guessed she would take the book. The agent said it was only four dollars, and further added, that, with that book, the Bible and Shakespeare in the house, no one could fail to be a thoroughly educated and cultured lady.

Mrs. Blossom was a little surprised to find all of the intelligent lady agent's beautiful remarks in the first chapter of the book, but she none the less eagerly devoured the contents. She told Mr. Blossom at tea that night that all she regretted in her early education was the lack of a thorough training in etiquette. It made her feel dreadfully to think of the awful blunders she had made, just from not knowing.

"I'm glad now," she said, "to know just what to do, everywhere, at all times. And I mean to teach the children etiquette, too. It's a powerful agent for promoting peace, harmony and good will among men."

She cribbed that last sentence from the book and delivered it with considerable gusto; but her better-half only said: