

Is drunkenness an evil of a light nature, and are its consequences so trivial as not to be felt in every household and in every family and relationship of life? (Hear, hear.) And what are known as the social evils, and the various forms of injustice and oppression and tyranny which still remain amongst us, are they so trivial as not to call for the anxious consideration and united efforts of all who have the welfare of the human race at heart? (Cheers.) It is my belief that it is to the women that we may look with confidence and assurance for raising the tone of society on all these matters. (Cheers.) We hear it said very glibly that the war system is supported as much by the favor of women as it is by the folly of men. It is my complaint that we have relegated women to a life of frivolity and treated them as children and as dolls—(laughter)—and that the male sex on their part have suffered a corresponding degradation, and have been worshippers of materialism, of martial glory, of brutality, and of many things that are degrading to our civilization and Christianity. (Cheers.) I say that the influence of such charming women as Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. M'Laren, and crowds of others whom this agitation has brought into note, should be felt in every sphere, and men should be compelled to listen to what they have to say in order to bring about a realization of their views as to what society is and what it ought to be. (Cheers.) This country is in a position of great pre-eminence in the civilized world. To Great Britain other nations are looking for deliverance from the evils which are depressing society all over the civilized world. The whole continent of Europe is one huge battlefield. It has not recovered from the effects of the great war between France and Germany. Its miseries are still to be found in the households of thousands and millions in both countries. The heel of militarism is pressing to the earth the labouring classes in both countries, and not in these countries alone, but in every country in Europe, and Great Britain is slavishly following their example. I make an appeal to the women of England, for through them more than the men, either inside the House of Commons or outside it, it is possible to redeem this country and society at large from this terrible scourge of military glory. (Cheers.) What humanity might realize by the curtailment of this vicious system and kindred systems to which I have referred, no man can measure. Every home would be made nobler, happier, and purer; and society would not have its resources worse than wasted—resources which might be used for the elevation of humanity and in making the homes of the humblest as happy as the homes of the noblest of the land. I ask for the co-operation of all women in the grand crusade against the follies, the passions, and the unholy pastimes of the day. (Cheers.)—*Women's Suffrage Journal*, London, Eng.

LADIES AS POLITICIANS.

An excellent use was made of the school ballot by the women, and especially the temperance women of Michigan, this year. Some little incidents of the various elections are well worth recording. For instance, the fact that in Flint, three ladies aged respectively eighty-two, eighty-three, and eighty-seven years, deposited their first ballots. And that a local paper says, "The three ladies elected yesterday to the School Board, are not 'paying for the drinks,' or 'setting up the cigars' to-day, but are busy receiving congratulations and flowers from their friends. A new departure that deserves approval."

The effect on the polls was noticeable. One gentleman remarked to a lot of loud talkers, and who were at the same time smoking, that they had better refrain from the same, as there were ladies present. It had the desired result.—*Union Signal*.

MOLL PITCHER.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, JUNE 27, 1778.

BY LEWIS J. BLOCK.

Where the thickest smoke of the battle rolled,
And the whistle of bullets rang sharp and clear,
Beside his post the old gunner stood,
And sighted and shot devoid of fear.
Such havoc his unintermittent play
Had made in the ranks of the angered foe,

They had charged and charged on his little hill,
But his courage had baffled their every blow.

With blackened hands and grimy face,
With eyes a-flame with a purpose dread,
With his lips firm-set in a changeless smile,
That seemed like the smile of a strong man dead,
He labored all day at his terrible toil,
He labored all day with a terrible joy,
And watched his death-winged messengers fleet
On their fatally swift and savage employ.

Beside old Pitcher, his sturdy wife
Stood and braved the brunt of the fight,
And her passionate urging nerved his heart
To a grimmer, more resistless might.
All day from the clear-bubbling spring hard by
Her unwearied hands the cool water brought;
All day with eloquent words of cheer
Her unwearied soul on the soldiers wrought.

In the afternoon when the fight was hot,
And the desperate foe gathered all his strength
For a final attack that should end the fray,
And give him his dear-bought victory at length;
The fate-spined bullet clove sharp through the air,
It buried itself in brave Pitcher's brain,
And dead at the feet of his wife standing near
He fell, without time to weep or complain!

What time had she then for her private grief?
What time had she then for sorrow or tears?
She crushed in her heart all womanish pain;
She cast to the winds all womanish fears;
She rushed to his side, and snatched from his hand
The blackened swab, then, silent and bold,
Set herself to her task, till across the field
The flaming blast of her cannon rolled.

Through the rest of the fight, till the twilight fell,
She sighted and shot devoid of thought;
Though the smoke of the battle grew thick and dim,
Though the bullets around her their havoc wrought,
And dead at her feet her husband lay,
Though sick in her heart was the love of years,
And glazed in an anguish, frozen and fierce,
Unshed in her eyes shone the bitter tears.

O my country! a hundred years ago
The love of you in all hearts flamed,
Till the enemy back from our cities and fields
Crept to his lair, defeated, ashamed;
And we their children, whose noble deeds,
Like brave Moll Pitcher's, built up our land,
Are called to a fight more difficult far
Beside our cannon unflinching to stand.

O my country-women, the anguished time
Bids you all sight your cannon and boldly fire,
Till the public crime that infests our land
Is shrivelled in blaze of your noble ire;
Till licensed injustice is hurled into flight;
Till unabashed plunder is driven from view;
Till the fight, O my sisters, is fully fought,
Wherein our country has need of you.

—*Woman's Journal*.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, I procured a bottle and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harriston, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectic 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."