



## War Notes.

### FLAGS HOISTED IN 1885.



MIDDLESEX voted on the Scott Act on Thursday last week. It decided in favor of the Act by the large majority of 2,970.

LINCOLN has also declared for the Act by nearly 600 majority.

SIMCOE.—It is now over a month since the Scott Act came into effect in Simcoe County, during which time not a single prisoner has been committed to Barrie gaol for drunkenness. A decided improvement both in business and moral respectability is plainly to be seen on every side. Men now attend to their business with promptitude, and leave the town early, just as if they felt an interest in their own as well as their families' welfare. A public meeting was held in this county to organize a branch of the Dominion Alliance.

KENT.—An immense temperance demonstration was held at Chatham, to celebrate the splendid victory gained for the Scott Act in the county last January. Excursion trains were run for the occasion, bringing in a considerable number of visitors, the number being largely augmented by the delegates to the Methodist Conference then in session at Chatham. The Committee had arranged a capacious amphitheatre of seats and the choir of nearly 500 children completely filled them before the hour set for the opening. Seats to accommodate several thousands of the visitors had been erected and failed to accommodate the crowd. The Band of the 24th Battalion was present and furnished choice music during the afternoon. The day was pleasant and sunny, although not uncomfortably hot, and the speakers looked out on a "sea of parables."

Eloquent addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen:—F. S. Spence, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance; Rev. C. H. Mead, of New York, and Col. R. S. Cheves, Louisville, Ky.

ONTARIO.—The polling day being fixed for this county, the Executives of both the North and South Riding held meetings simultaneously, the former in Uxbridge, and the latter in Whitby, when steps were taken towards prosecuting a vigorous campaign. The friends in this county expect to roll up a splendid majority for the Scott Act.

The *Whitby Chronicle* says:—

"Whatever may be the issue of the proposed amendments they will not stay the popular voice in expressing its approval of the measure in which this and other counties—as with those who have already done so—will shortly vote. The reason would seem indeed to be the more urgent to make the majorities even larger than the more sanguine friends of the cause might anticipate, not alone as an amendment of the principle

of prohibition, but as an indignant protest from the independent electorate against this unheard-of step of the Senate in interfering with public rights."

HASTINGS.—The presentation of the Grand Jury of the county of Hastings, referring to a visit to the County Gaol, states that of the 76 prisoners confined since the beginning of the year 43 were classified as intemperate, that of the 178 prisoners confined in the gaol during 1884, 112 were classed as temperate used intoxicating liquors. Reference was also made to the fact that of the 723 prisoners confined in Central Prison last year 638 were classed as intemperate. The Grand Jury therefore declared: "That the above statistics clearly show that the cost to the Province in prosecuting and maintaining these criminals must be very great, and also bear out the testimony of the various judges that at least three-fourths of the crime committed in the country is attributable to drunkenness. In view of the above facts we, the Grand Jurors of the county of Hastings, feel it our duty to place on record our regret at the course the Senate of the Dominion of Canada have taken in mutilating the Canada Temperance Act so as to destroy the prospective benefits that might be derived therefrom, and we desire to express a hope that the House of Commons when the matter comes before them will deem it right and proper to reject the mutilation of the Act made by the Senate."

### THE SENATE'S AMENDMENTS DEFEATED.

The Senate is probably beyond shame on the temperance question or the two victories in Lincoln and Middlesex counties would be two keen rebukes of it. These victories show that the temperance party are confident enough in their strength to be sure of carrying prohibition into effect, if not by local option then by national prohibition. Despite Senate or Commons there must be a means of permitting Canadians to say whether they will have liquor sold or not. If the Senate's amendments had been accepted by the House of Commons the temperance party would have become an advocate of national prohibition and many of the candidates at the next general elections would have been prohibitionists. Now that the Senate's amendments have failed to pass the Commons, with very unimportant exceptions, it may not be thought that there is the same urgent need of a prohibition party. The danger of having too few temperance men in the Parliament has manifested itself and it is the duty of all who love the welfare of their country to put principle before party and to vote for prohibition candidates. We call the careful attention of all electors to the following division:—

IN FAVOR OF PERMITTING THE SALE OF BEER AND WINE.

YEAS—Abbot, Bain (Southwest), Baker (Victoria), Beavry, Bennett, Bergeron, Billy, Blondin, Bryson, Cameron (Victoria), Cameron (Cambridge), Cameron (Carleton Place), Carrigan, Carrigan, Coughlin, Cousin, Curran, Cutler, Daly, Daoust, Desautels, (Mackinac), Desautels, St. Maurice, Desjardins, Bédard, Dupas, Dupont, Ferguson (Welland), Gagné, Gobeil, Goussard, Gordon, Grandbois, Guay, Gullbank, Hall, Henson, Hooper, Horwood, Kilvert, Kraus, Lalonde, Landreth, Langlois, Lesage, Livingston, Sir John Macdonald, Mackintosh, McMullen (Vaughan), McCallum, McCarthy, McEwen, (Cape Breton), Massie, Mitchell, Moffatt, Montplaisir, Parrot, Patterson (Essex), Pinsonnault, Pope, Proulx, Rinfret, Roppel, Robertson (Hamilton), Robertson (Hastings), Ross, Royal, Rykert, Small, Steers, Taché, Tassé, Tupper, Vanasse, Wallace (York), Wells, White (Cardwell)—Total 1908, 75.

AGAINST PERMITTING THE SALE OF BEER AND WINE.

NAYS—Allen, Allison, Armstrong, Argue, Bain (West), Baker (Middlesex), Barnard, Bell, Bernier, Blake, Bourassa, Bowell, Burpee, Cameron (Huron), Cameron (Huron), Cameron (Middlesex), Cartwright, Casey, Casgrain, Catford, Clouston, Clouston, Cochran, Colby, Davies, Dickinson, Dundas, Fairbank, Farrow, Ferguson (Leeds and Grenville), Fisher, Fleming, Forbes, Fortin, Foster, Gault, Geoffroy, Giguère, Gillmer, Goulet, Gunn, Harley, Hickey, Hillard, Holton, Jones, Irvine, Jamieson, Jenkins, Kaulbach, King, Kinney, Kirk, Langlois, Laurier, Lyster, Macdonald (King), McCreary, McIntyre, Melrose, Melrose, McMullen, McNeill, Mills, Millock, Paterson (Brant), Ray, Scriver, Shakespear, Somerville (Brant), Somerville (Bruce), Stanger, Sproule, Sutherland (Toronto), Taylor, Temple, Trow, Vall, Wallace (Albert), Watson, White (Hastings), White (Huron), Wilson, Wood (Brockville), Wood (Weston), Wright—Total 1908, 86.

None of those men who voted in favor of permitting the sale of beer and wine should obtain the votes of those who favor the Scott Act or any other prohibitory measure. As matters stand the Scott Act remains almost as it was and it is probable that the Senate will not take the trouble to pass the changes made in the House of Commons, as they would be of no use to the liquor dealers whom the Senate has taken under its wing.

### FOOD OR POISON.

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

Mrs. Clarke had not felt well for a long time. Mr. Clarke was also weak and ailing, and John, fortunately the only child of this miserable father and mother, was in constant disgrace, owing to an irritability of temper which was regarded by some as nothing short of total depravity. John snarled and snivelled all day, and as regularly as the dead of night arrived he was accustomed to rouse the neighborhood with fits of shrieking which lasted as long as his lungs would hold out, and for which there seemed no cause and no cure. "See that the child has proper and abundant food," the physician told the anxious mother, "and keep him out-of-doors as much as possible." And so Mrs. Clarke stood by the moulding-board day after day, and made biscuits and pies and cake and dumplings, in order that her sickly son should have the kind of food which his capricious appetite demanded. There were very few housekeepers, she told herself, who, feeling as she did, would think they could sit up even, much less stand over a hot stove and cook all day.

Mr. Clarke's appetite was capricious, too, and Mrs. Clarke had been brought up with what she considered a wholesome horror of "baker's stuff," and "slops," as she designated the various kinds of cereals so much in use among sensible people. It was Mrs. Clarke's frequently expressed opinion that the folks who ate oatmeal and milk for breakfast did so because they were too lazy or too penurious to make biscuits or griddle-cakes, or the thousand and one indigestible concoctions for which this housekeeper was distinguished. So Mrs. Clarke grew steadily thinner and paler, and at last was obliged to take her moulding-board into her lap, and sit down to fry the rich, crispy doughnuts which her husband and son were so fond of. But what family of respectability could go without doughnuts? Suppose visitors should arrive, and there were no doughnuts, no pie, no fruit-cake in the house? Mrs. Clarke shuddered as she thought of such a calamity, but the thought of the good things stowed away in stone jars, or reposing under peated covers, brought a smile to her pale lips, and strengthened her arm for the transmission of another pound of lard to the frying-pan.

Mrs. Clarke had once taken tea with the minister's wife. It was her first and last visit. "Just think!" she said: "stale bread—it must certainly have been two days old at the very least—and one kind of cake, or rather sugar gingerbread, and that was stale too!"

Mrs. Clarke always omitted to speak of the plentiful supply of luscious strawberries and cream, the generous slices of rare roast beef, and the nicely cooked oatmeal which always furnished the minister's supper. Mrs. Clarke admitted that the minister's sermons were good, "but how," she remarked, "he ever preaches on that stuff is a mystery to me."

There were no biscuits, no fruit-cake, no angel or pound cake, no pickles, no salad, and, consequently, there was nothing fit to eat on the minister's tea-table.

Mrs. Clarke could not see any reason why stale bread should be more easily digested than soda and cream-of-tartar biscuits fresh from the oven. She had graduated from a ladies' seminary, too, and ought to know something about chemistry, to say nothing of the difference between a wad of dough in the stomach and the same amount of properly seasoned bread. Mr. Clarke was especially fond of a piece of mince pie before going to bed. Mrs. Clarke's mince pies were her pride and delight. Meisssonier could not be more enthusiastic over a newly finished picture than Mrs. Clarke over a batch of mince pies—crust flaky and tender and white as snow; butter and suet and lard rolled in and pressed down till the conglomerated grease oozed from every pore. Mr. Clarke was so fond of mince pies that he had been known to eat half a one before going to bed, and the singular part of it was that he was never known to associate pie with the racking headache that brought him late to business in the morning. Headache was generally over by dinner-time, and another half pie furnished the gentleman's dessert.

Mrs. Clarke used sometimes to send her pies out to poison the neighborhood, but she was barely able to crawl about now, and Mr. Clarke and John looked like walking skeletons. John did not scream so long at

these midnight carousals as before, but he fainted away instead. One day John ate lobster salad and griddle-cakes for his supper, and that night his swoon was so protracted that Mr. Clarke was obliged to call the doctor. This gentleman had had a hard week's work, and his eyes were glued together with sleep, and, as is sometimes the case with medical men, he neglected to ask the definite question which would have speedily settled the whole business.

There can be but one explanation of this apparent neglect. Physicians take common sense for granted. It was certainly not in the realm of supposition that a mother anxious to distraction about her child should feed him on lobster salad and griddle-cakes, but this is just what she had done, and so sure was she of the propriety of this kind of food that it never occurred to her to speak of it.

"The boy's vitality is shockingly low," the doctor said. "Give him beef and milk, and whatever his appetite craves." *Carte blanche* again, though the doctor would have been more shocked than any one had he had the slightest glimmering of an idea how his last clause would be construed.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and their little boy are not fictitious characters, neither are their cases exaggerated in the slightest degree. They drag out miserable existences in a country village not many miles away, and will continue to groan and suffer until some acute disease attacks the debilitated systems, and puts an end to pie-crust and fruit-cake.

Farmers are not as strong as they used to be. Farmers' wives have less "spring" and more "nerves" than their mothers had. Once colds were comparatively unknown to farmers' children, and now diphtheria and scarlet fever are almost as common in the country as in the crowded city. How enormous it would be to know how much illness is attributable to changes of climate and poisonous gases, and how much to improper food and overwork! Saleratus bread, fried pork, pies, and doughnuts have been the staple fare of generations of New Englanders. Anything that can be made of sour milk or "skim milk" is welcomed as an acquisition to the bill of fare. Cream goes to butter, and butter buys the sugar and flour of the family. All the milk must be "set," and the blue liquid which remains after the cream is taken off is generally considered good enough for the children.

The inference seems logical that such food must in time produce legitimate results. Why attribute all physical ills to malaria while such food continues to poison the blood and undermine the constitutions of this hard-working class of people? Exceptions to his style of living are as refreshing as they are rare. The writer not long ago was caught in a shower and compelled to seek shelter in a farmhouse. A comely, rosy-cheeked woman was serving the evening meal. Three bright-eyed, healthy children were eating Graham bread and huckleberries and milk. There was Graham bread for the father and mother, plenty of berries, a foaming pitcher of milk, some cold corned beef, and a deep dish of cracked wheat.

This was a revelation. Impossible not to ask what it meant.

"Well, you see I have read and studied considerably," the farmer's wife replied, "and I have tried to use my eyes. The result is that I have found out that some things are nutritious and some things are poisonous. There is the greatest talk about malaria in this neighborhood, but I don't take the least stock in it. To my mind the trouble all comes from the stuff the folks eat. I haven't a single healthy neighbor, and I hardly think you would believe me if I were to tell you the abuse I am obliged to put up with on account of my way of living. My children are starved—they look like it, don't they? My husband has to go to the field and work all day on water grain! and my visitors never have enough to eat because I will not run the risk of sickness by making pies and cake and such stuff! I sell considerable butter, but I always keep the milk of one cow for my family. So we have all the milk and cream we want."

Never was better bread made than the Graham loaf, and nothing in the whole realm of possible good things could have been more delicious than the cracked wheat and cream so generously set before me.

This family may yet be attacked with malaria, but it is certainly not among the probabilities.—*Christian Union*.