Come Awa' Hame.

Jonnie, ma man, are you no thinking o' risin',
The day it's awa' and the night's coming on;
Your sillers a' done and the stoup's time afore you,
So rise up, my Jonnie, and come awa' hame.

O wha is that that is speakin' so kindly?
It is your wife, and she is wantin' you hame;
Come in, my dear wife, and sit down beside me,
And we'll hae a wee drap and we'll gang awa' hame.

O Jonnie, my man, the bairns they're a' greetin',
There's une meal in the barrel to fill their wee wames,
While you sit here drinking and keep me lamentin',
So rise up, my Jonnie, and come awa' hame.

O Jennie, do you no mind the time when we courted,
When whiskie ne'er troubled my mind or my wame?
We could sit a hale nicht among weet scented roses,
And ne'er hear a word about gaun awa' hame.

O well I remember the time when we courted,
These times are awa' and they'll ne'er come again;
We're here for the future, to do for the better,
So rise up, my Jonnie, and come awa' hame.

Jonnie got up and the door he flung open,
Saying, fare ye well, whiskie, for I'm awa' hame,
Saying, fare ye well, whiskie, you've aff set me tipsy,
So fare ye well, whiskie, you will ne'er daet again.

We'll Move the First of May.

We'll break the windows, mar the doors, and ruin everything;
We'll tear the paper off the walls—it's pretty nearly spring.
We'll make the house present an awful picture of decay;
It's time to go smashing things—we'll move the first of May.

We'll dump the ashes in the hall, we'll clog the water pipes,
We'll paint the ceilings one and all in wild, fantastic stripes;
We'll break the door kn s, and the house we'll wholly disarray,
For that's the way the ceple do who move the first of May.

The house we leave behind us will be awful to behold,
A sense of wreck and ruin will the premises enfold;
No other will awaken such a depth of dark dismay,
Except it be the house to which we'll move the first of May.

Chicago Herald.

The Girl of the Period.

She is tall and lithe and slender,
A fair product of her gender;
In her feelings she is tender
As a child.

She is modest, suave and gracious,
With foot and hand not spacious,
Tho' at times a bit loquacious,
She is mild.

She is good at canvas scratching;
She can take a hand at sketching;
And on learning rules of etching
She is bent.

She can satisfy your wishes
As to names of socks and fishes,
But she cannot wash the dishes
Worth a cent.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

With this news they were obliged to content themselves for some time. It was not till dark that M. Lemercier returned; and then to Esperance's joy, he was not alone. In the dim light she could just discern the uniform of a National Guard, and with an eager exclamation she hurried forward, but suddenly checked herself, unable to conceal her disappointment, for it was not Gaspard.

M. Lemercier hastened to introduce the stranger, and Esperance, with truly French politeness, recovered herself at once.

"Pardon, monsieur, I was expecting my brother. Do you bring us news?" turning to M. Lemercier.

"Yes, *mon amie*, news of Gaspard, but I trust not altogether bad news. Courage! Do not tremble so. Monsieur Ambrosin, who is a comrade of your brother, tells us that he is wounded, but I hope not seriously."

"*Mon Dieu!* when did he fall. Where did you leave him, monsieur? Surely, surely he is not still on the field?" She looked at M. Ambrosin, her eyes full of agonized entreaty.

"I hope not; but mademoiselle will understand that, in the midst of fighting, I can really hardly tell what happened. We had taken Montretout, for some time our men held it gallantly, but later in the day we were forced to evacuate it. In the retreat I was beside monsieur, your brother, when a ball struck him, and he fell. I think he was only stunned, but mademoiselle knows that there is no pause in a retreat. There were ambulances near. It is very possible that he is at this moment in this city, being carefully attended to."

Esperance shuddered. That "*bien possible*" was positive torture to her. Was it not also very possible that he was still on the battle-field, lying out there in the cold, among the dead and the dying, perhaps dying himself—and alone! Her tears fell fast, as in imagination she pictured all this to herself. A movement from M. Lemercier aroused her. She found M. Ambrosin taking leave, and, in spite of her swimming eyes, called up a sweet little farewell smile, and a few broken words of gratitude for his kindness.

He left the room, and madame, with loving words and caresses strove to comfort Esperance.

"Poor little one," she said, tenderly; "all the troubles of life come to you. But do not cry, dear child; no doubt Gaspard is but slightly wounded. Has he not passed through the rest of the siege without hurt—save, indeed, that arm wound, which was but a trifle?"

"But the uncertainty," sobbed poor Esperance; "I could bear it, if I only knew all, even if he were dead." Then as madame could find no reply, she started up with despairing energy, "Madame, I must know where he is! I must find him! I will go to the ambulances."

She hurried away to her own room, snatched up her cloak and hat, and in half a minute was again in the salon, where M. and Mme. Lemercier were discussing the possibility of her enterprise.

Monsieur, who was a kind-hearted little man, came to meet her with a mixture of affected gallantry and true sympathy, which would have amused her at any other time.

"Dear mademoiselle," he began, "do you rightly understand the difficulty of your task? The ambulances are scattered about the city in every direction; the night is cold, it will be too much for you. I will make every possible inquiry if you will permit—"

Esperance interrupted him.

"Monsieur is too good; if you will indeed go with me, I shall have no difficulty, it will be far easier for me to bear than waiting here. Let us come at once if you can really spare the time. Adieu, dear madame; give us your good wishes."

The night air felt cold and chill as Esperance and her companion walked down the street; the lamps had long ago ceased to be lighted, and their progress would have been slow had not M. Lemercier known every inch of the ground. A few minutes' walking brough them to the Odeon Theatre, which had been converted into an hospital. Esperance's heart beat high with hope as she waited in the vestibule while M. Lemercier went in to make inquiries, but after what seemed to her a long absence, he returned with "failure" written on his face

"He is not there, dear mademoiselle. But courage! we will find him yet. Let us go to the American ambulance."

Esperance loved the American hospital in spite of its painful associations; she had often visited it since her father's death, taking her small contributions of *charpie* or garments for the sick, so she was pleased at the thought of going there, and of seeing again the kind American ladies, and somehow she felt confident that Gaspard must be there if anywhere.

She walked on bravely in this hope. But alas, she was soon undeceived. The cool, airy tents were there, the prettily dressed American ladies were just as she had pictured them, but among the rows of wounded soldiers Gaspard was not to be found.

The names of several other ambulances were suggested to them, and they went on their search once more, but Esperance, now that her hope had been disappointed, found it hard work to keep up. Bodily fatigue and mental suffering were beginning to tell upon her, and after three or four more failures, M. Lemercier, looking at her white face grew alarmed.

"Mademoiselle is ill. Let me call a *fiacre*, if I can procure one, indeed which is doubtful after all the horse-flesh we have eaten. Let us return, and wait for daylight to resume our search."

But tired as she was, Esperance would not hear of this. "No, no, indeed I am not ill, monsieur," she replied, quickly; "let us do all we can. Which will be the next ambulance?"

"The Grand Hotel—and here we are; now let me persuade you to wait in the entrance while I go to inquire."

Esperance was, by this time so faint that she was obliged to consent, and, sinking down on a bench, she waited, though with scarcely any hope of success. It seemed hours before her companion returned, and then, once more, came the weary answer: "It is no use—he is not there."

M. Lemercier was now more than ever bent upon going home, and she had scarcely strength to resist his urging. It was not till he was on the very point of calling a *fiacre* that she was fully roused. The very realisation of what the relief would be, reminded her also of her object, quickening all her powers, and renewing her grief, which for the time had been half numbed.

"Indeed, monsieur, I would rather walk," she exclaimed, with sufficient energy to surprise M Lemercier, "and we have yet to inquire at the Theatre Francais."

"Ah, it is true," said monsieur, reflectively. "You are a veritable heroine, mademoiselle; and if you are really able to do so we will proceed. No, *citoyen*," to the driver of the *fiacre*, "one must walk on foot during a siege. Take my advice, and eat your horse while he is yours."

The driver growled out something about "a fare," and "adding to the rations"; but they were soon out of hearing of his grumbling. Esperance had been a little surprised at the friendly "*citoyen*" bestowed by M. Lemercier on the driver. She was still unaccustomed to Republican manners, and this little incident, trifling as it was, filled her thoughts during she walk.

She was quite exhausted when they reached the Theatre Francais, and waited wearily in the vestibule, unheedful of the comers or goers—half stupefied by grief, cold, and fatigue, while in her brain was a wild confusion of battle fields, ambulances, and *citoyen* drivers. Before M. Lemercier returned she had quite lost consciousness, and in her dark corner remained unnoticed for some time.

She returned to life a little later to find M. Lemercier bending over her, a mixture of anxiety and half-suppressed excitement in his face. He gave an exclamation of relief as she opened her eyes.

"Ah, she recovers! Dear mademoiselle, be comforted; I have good news for you. See, then, who is here!"

Esperance, thus appealed to, opened her heavy eyelids again, but only saw the statue of Voltaire. This roused her. She sat up, rubbed her eyes, and before she had time to look again, found Gaspard's arms round her, his well-known voice once more in her ears.

"Poor tired little one! And so you have been wandering all over Paris to find me!"

She could not look or speak then, but just put her head down on his shoulder and sobbed for joy, while her whole being was raised in a wordless thanksgiving.

M. Lemercier, who luckily was too true a Frenchman to dislike a "scene," waited patiently till she recovered herself before he proposed that they should return.

Then, for the first time, looking up, Esperance saw that Gaspard's head was bandaged, and, forgetting her own fatigue, began to make eager inquiries.

The wound was happily but a slight one, and Gaspard would have been sent home sooner, but when brought in from the field he had been, like many others, overcome by sleep, and so had been delayed. When all had been thus satisfactory explained, M. Lemercier went to find a carriage, this time in good earnest. He, however, declined to take a seat in it himself, and sent a message by Esperance to his wife to the effect that she need not expect him to return before morning.

During the long walk he had been making all manners of observations; discontented words from passers-by had caught his ears, disjointed sentences of murmuring against Trochu, and vague hopes of establishing Flourens. Full of hope for his ideal Commune, he walked off excitedly in the direction of Belleville, thankful that good fortune had favored his search for Gaspard de M' ' rejoicing that he was now free to serve "*la patrie*."

Esperance and Gaspard, meanwhile, had reached home safely, and were so much engrossed in each other that they scarcely heeded the *generale*, which, at eleven o'clock, resounded through the city to summon the National Guard to attack the Hotel de Ville. The insurrection, however, was but trifling; and, although for a few days M. Lemercier was very sanguine, he was soon obliged to confess that it had been unsuccessful, and that for the present the Communists must bide their time.

CHAPTER VIII.

"It is shameful! abominable! unbearable! We could have held for another month, at least! We will resist; we will not allow it, such atrocious conditions—such concessions to those beggarly Prussians!"

Gaspard was panting with rage and vexation, M. Lemercier having just brought in the news that the armistice was signed.

Madame could not help giving a sigh of relief, and Esperance might have followed her example had she not religiously tried to sympathize with Gaspard's views. She asked a safe question.

"Is it all over then?"

"Practically," replied M. Lemercier, "unless, indeed, we Communists can egg on the populace, which, as the Flourens insurrection failed, is more than doubtful."

"Think how they will exult over us, the monsters! It is surely impossible that France can submit to such terms while her sons still live! We will compel Vinoy to lead us forward once more! We will show Trochu that his signature is of no avail if the children of France do not approve!"

Gaspard paused, out of breath and exhausted by his excitement; for despite his lofty projects of future resistance and another sortie, his wound was by no means recovered.

M. Lemercier seized the opportunity for lamenting his pet grievance.

"And you have imprisoned the only man who has any spirit—any public feeling! If Flourens were—*Bien!* what would you, Antoinette?"

"Do you not see how your are exciting our convalescent? Go, then, and find us some fresh news, and wait another week before you try to make Monsieur Gaspard a Communist. Now tranquilize yourself, monsieur, or your face will be permanently disfigured."

M. Lemercier obdiently left the room, and Gaspard followed his nurse's directions, though, perhaps, not for the all-sufficient reason she had given. Esperance wondered why he looked so utterly miserable; she said nothing, however, until a trifling incident solved the mystery. Some one passed the window singing the "Marseillaise"; the complete mockery of the words could not but strike her, and, looking up as the thoughtless passenger sung—

"Le jour de gloire est arrive,"

she saw that tears of grief and humiliation had escaped Gaspard. He hid his face with a bitter groan, and Esperance realized for the first time how great was his love for France.

The siege was virtually at an end, but it was not till nearly the middle of February that food became cheaper, and still the Prussians were encamped round Paris, their presence galling the humiliated people.

Every one felt that the troubles of France were by no means at an end, and M. Lemercier grew daily more hopeful for his Commune. Esperance was sorely disappointed; she had hoped for a speedy deliverance from all privation and distress; but, instead of this, the aspect of affairs grew blacker each day, and Gaspard, who, even in the worst days of the siege, had been bright and hopeful, was now given up either to indignant murmuring or to settled melancholy.

Esperance tried obediently to grow patriotic, and succeeded in hating the Prussians very cordially, taking great pleasure in hanging a black flock from the window to greet them, when, on the 1st of March they entered to take possession of Paris. Still she could not but look forward to the time when they could leave France and find a safe, quiet refuge in England. As the weary days passed on, and M. Lemercier talked of the Commune, she longed for it more and more, and made up her mind to ask Gaspard about it the very next opportunity.

Now that his wound was healed she saw very little of him; he was out all day, and often far into the night, and for the last few days Esperance had fancied him changed—grown more hopeful, yet at the same time restless and excited.

It was now the 17th of March, seven weeks from the actual capitulation. There was no longer any difficulty in leaving the city, and as Esperance sat in the lonely salon waiting for Gaspard's return, she could not help thinking of her father's last charge, that they should leave Paris as soon as possible. Had Gaspard forgotten, she wondered. At any rate she would remind him of it, and that very evening, too.

As if to favor her design he came in alone, and apparently in good spirits.

"So you are alone, cherie; it is well I returned. Where is madame?"

"Gone to visit a friend. I am so glad you are come back, for I wanted to speak to you, Gaspard. I never seem to see you now."

"'Tis true, dear; but what can you expect in such days as these? The whole city is in agitation, the mob is growing furious; we may expect a second Revolution any day, and this time I think we Communists shall succeed. The country must stand first, you know; it is not that I love you less."

Esperance's heart sunk. So this was Gaspard's view of the subject. Was it possible that he had really become a Communiste? that his patriotism had degenerated to this?

For the first time she felt that it was impossible to agree with him, and there was a keenly pained tone in her voice as she asked:

"Then you have adopted Monsieur Lemercier plans? What would my father have thought of such a change?"

Gaspard looked a little surprised, then doubtful, and finally angry.

"Do not attempt to talk politics, please Esperance: I trust no sister of mine will ever set up for a '*femme savante*.'"

Her lips grew white with pain, not so much from the actual unkindness as from grief at the change which must have passed over Gaspare; never in her whole life had he spoken to her so bitterly.

She replied, not angrily, but unadvisely:

"As you would; but have you forgotten your promise to our father?"

"What promise?"

"To leave France as soon as possible, and settle in England."

"England?" Gaspard's countenance fell; he had indeed forgotten.

He was so completely taken aback, the idea was evidently so distasteful to him, that Esperance forgot their quarrel in trying to comfort him. But, alas! all she could say only made matters worse. Gaspard received her caresses in gloomy silence, and finally rose, with an impatient exclamation seized his hat strode out of the room without a word of farewell or explanation.

It would be hard to say which was the most miserable of the two; perhaps Esperance had less cause for self-reproach, but certainly her reflections were sad enough, as hour by hour she sat watching and hoping for Gaspard's return.

She listened and waited in vain, however, for he did not come home at all that night. Esperance's words were ringing in his ears, tormenting him, haunting him, do what he would. Must he indeed leave France just at this most exciting moment? Would his father have exacted such a promise if he had foreseen all that would happen? M. Lemercier had indoctrinated him, to some extent, in his communistic principles, and he could not fail to wish to be present during the coming struggle.

And then to add to his difficulties, poverty began to stare him in the face. He had been too much occupied of late to spare many thoughts for money matters, but he was aware that their income was of the smallest. How could they manage the removal into another country? How could he support himself when once they were there? Was not England already swarming with exiled Frenchmen?

In the midst of his reverie he was accosted by M. Lemercier, who was walking excitedly in an opposite direction.

"De Mabillon! the very man I wanted. Our little affair is progressing most favorably; to-morrow we may expect a *fracas* that will make all Europe ring. Come, then, with me, you shall be initiated." And linking his arm in Gaspard's he walked off in the direction of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

But in spite of the all-exciting plots and wild schemes which were that night revealed to him, Gaspard was persistently haunted by Esperance's pale, reproachful face; and, though he listened with excited pleasure to M. Lemercier's proposals, he felt an uncomfortable twinge when he remembered how he had pained his sister.

Esperance slept little that night; she was sore at heart, and full of anxiety for Gaspard. Neither he nor M. Lemercier had returned next morning, and the day wore on slowly and gloomily. Madame, by way of "distraction," took Esperance to the cemetery; but the visit to her father's grave only renewed her grief, and made her long more that ever for his help and advice. She wept so passionately that M. Lemercier was quite distressed, and began to apologize profusely for her foolish idea, her ill-conceived plan.

On the way home they heard confused reports of a Communist insurrection, but nothing definite. Madame was, of course, much interested, knowing that her husband would probably take a prominent part in any rising, and Esperance shivered as she membered that very possibly Gaspard might be involved in it, too.

They walked home almost in silence. Madame was anxious for news, however, and stayed below talking to the porter, while Esperance, taking her key, went up alone to their own rooms.

She had not waited long before footsteps were heard without. The door opened quickly and Gaspard entered looking very pale and exhausted.

Esperance gave an astonished exclamation at his appearance, and her heart sunk quickly as she wondered if he had indeed been assisting in the insurrection. But her doubts were soon dispelled; in another moment she was in his arms, while he poured out incoherent regrets and explanations of his last night's behavior.

She was wonderfully relieved. It was not for some minutes that she returned to the subject that had all day filled her thoughts, and asked what had been happening.

Gaspard turned away with a groan.

"Do not ask for details, it is too horrible. Lemercier told me yesterday that there would probably be a grand *fracas*. He had talked me into half believing in his ideal Commune—it sounds well enough in theory, and somehow at night it was exciting, and I, like a fool, really believed it was for the best. But when it was broad daylight, and one could see the mob looking more like demons than men, then I began to doubt. God be thanked, I had no hand in it, for it was a butchery, Esperance, nothing less—General Lecomte and Clement Thomas both murdered! Figure to yourself an old man, single-handed, against a multitude—dragged down—slaughtered! Ah! it was frightful—frightful!"

He paused, shuddering with horror, as he saw once more, in imagination, the terrible scene. It was not that he had for the first time gazed upon a horrible spectacle. For months he had been exposed to all the horrors of the siege, war and bloodshed were perfectly familiar to him, but this day every noble feeling within him had been outraged. His whole soul revolted from the barbarity of the assault, and the thought that only a few hours before he had well-nigh sided with the murderers, added to his horror.

Esperance did not allow him to think over it all much longer. She knelt down beside him, and strove, by every possible endearment to divert his mind. He looked up, trying to smile, but something in her face upset him completely. He turned away with a quick sob.

"Faithless wretch that I have been! forgetting my promise, forgetting you, thinking only of that abominable Commune. Esperance, we will leave Paris now; I will not let you stay here a single day longer. You are ill, I know, though you have said nothing, and my hateful neglect has been making you suffer. Ask Madame Lemercier to help you in your preparations, and I will go out now, at once, and see what can be arranged. It shall be to-morrow, at latest."

He hurried away, leaving Esperance in a flutter of excitiment, thankful indeed at the prospect of leaving Paris, and yet with a little mixture of regret, and a vague, undefined fear, that, after all, England might not prove all she expected.

Mme. Lemercier was much distressed at Gaspard's sudden plan; she had grown very fond of Esperance, and to lose her now, at a time when she was likely to see scarcely anything of her husband, was doubly trying. She proved her love, however, by the greatest kindness, and spent half the night in helping Esperance to pack their wordly goods.

They were to start early the next morning. Gaspard had obtained passports, and had done the best he could to settle his various accounts, but everything was in such confusion, owing to the war and the siege, that his arrangements were anything but satisfactory, and he was obliged to leave much to M. Lemercier's care. He went home with the unpleasant conviction that everything was in a very bad way, and that the war had put the finishing touch to the fallen fortunes of the De Mabillons.

They were just about to start the next morning, when M. Lemercier returned, wearied with his labors, but full of triumph; he was astonished to find a *fiacre* standing at the door, and trunks being carried downstairs, but still more so, when, on reaching the salon, he saw that Esperance and Gaspard were in travelling attire.

"De Mabillon! I have been wondering where on earth you could be! What means this? You are not going away on this most propitious of days?"

Gaspard answered gravely:

"I can not agree with you in thinking it propitious; our country has disgraced herself by that foul murder yesterday. Never, never, will your Commune prosper, which began with such meanness, such barbarity!"

M Lemercier looked pained and surprised, but not ashamed.

"*Mon Dieu!* I grant that we had a painful scene yesterday—but it was necessary—I am convinced it was necessary. Struggle and bloodshed there must be, but at last we shall establish true liberty—true equality—and Paris will be free."

Esperance was astonished to see how thoroughly in earnest was the speaker. His face lighted up with an expectant hope, there was something noble in his aspect—and yet surely he was greatly mistaken. She wondered whether Gaspard's resolution would be shaken, and looked up anxiously, but there was no sign of change in his grave, determined face.

He dropped the subject of the Commune without further remark and began to thank the Lemerciers for all their kindness; and then, amid tears, embraces, good wishes, and regrets, the brother and sister took leave of their home.

(To be Continued.)

THE LIQUOR PROBLEM.

A Calm Consideration of Proposed Methods for Its Solution.

ALCOHOL NOT AN EVIL.

The Beverage Traffic—Sentiment Improving—The Treating Habit—High License in Practice—Prohibition—Government Control—Drink and Poverty.

THIRD PAPER.

Perhaps no question that has ever presented itself to the people of this country has been so earnestly debated as the liquor traffic problem. Nor is this at all matter for wonder, when we consider the vast interests involved and the effects of promiscuous indulgence in intoxicants upon the people of the country. Great advances, both in interest and legislation, have been made within the life of the present generation, and now that as a rule the churches are ranged with those who seek a remedy, the need of careful study and careful action is more urgent, as it is desirable in legislation that we should not do one day what we find necessary to undo the next; nor in legislating to remove one evil commit another—in short that we may arrive at a correct solution of the great problem with which we have to deal. I have no plan of action to outline here, but merely wish to examine into the existing facts and direct some side-lights upon theories already before the public.

In approaching the subject it will be well to discover what it is we are desirous of doing away wish, how it came into existence, and by what means it subsists.

Much that has been spoken and written in the temperance cause has been stigmatized as fanatical, and, making all due allowance for the cause and the occasion, and with the experience of many years in active temperance work, I must confess that many extremely injudicious statements have been put forward by too enthusiastic or ill-informed champions of temperance. But better counsels prevail now and the maturer thought, while it may bring less of declamatory denunciation, brings to the platform and press proposals of reform studied out with greater or less accuracy from sociological laws and that broad liberal morality that looks to the good of the race, while conserving true individual liberty.

Alcoholic liquors, we may concede at once are of great use to mankind. As well talk of prohibiting the production of opium, (a most useful drug) because vicious people contract the opium habit, or the mining of lead, because belligerent humanity use it in bullets to slay each other, as to prohibit the production of alcohol because it is misused and made a curse instead of a blessing. But because opium, strychine, belladonna, aconite and other drugs in the pharmacopœia are capable of being, and are, abused, will hardly be considered a valid reason for refusing the benefits they bring us, when legitimately used.

What are the legitimate uses of alcoholic products? To enter upon a discussion of the action of alcohol upon the healthy human subject would unduly lengthen this paper, and the subject has been so frequently and exhaustively treated that in so far as the consumption of alcoholic products by man is concerned, I may be excused for briefly placing it in the category of the drugs above mentioned. Where its occasional, or even regular, use is indicated in the treatment of a physical ailment it may be as properly employed as any other product of nature or chemistry; and it should no more be recklessly prescribed than other powerful aids to medicine.

And would you relegate it to the pharmacy? Yes; if possible. It is essentially a product to be discerningly used, and the necessary degree of discretion is not possessed by all, or even a majority, of those who can accumulate five cents and walk up to a saloon bar. Perhaps few will disagree with this conclusion. Where, then, is the great obstacle to the desired reform? Ah! the Silversmiths!

Yes, it is the aggregation of wealth behind the men whose craft is the liquor traffic that makes it difficult to battle with it successfully; it is the organization in its interest and the exercise of its daily and nightly vigilance over a society strongly, even now, under its influence that delays the consummation which temperance workers on whatever plan hope for. But there is no cause for discouragement. There has been a great advance even within a very few years. Fortunately we have had legislators who have been prompt to make legislation keep pace with improving public sentiment as nearly as is commensurate with the proper enforcement of the law. Sometimes I am inclined to think they have exceeded that wise limit—particularly when I reflect on repealed prohibitory enactments which were passed and ill-enforced, and which professing ordinary moral attainments supported in casting discredit on attempts to enforce the laws and chuckling at occasional failures. I am comparatively young, but even within my recollection there has been a revolution wrought by improving sentiment backed by legislative fiats. Twenty-five years ago in some districts not to drink, and that to excess, was to be considered peculiar. Whiskey was cheap, "good," and a common beverage. For years my father was looked upon as "a fanatic" because his "raisings" and "bees" were not supplied with the usual kegs of liquor, and because the bringing of bottles of liquor to his mills ensured the discharge of the workman who persisted in doing so after warning. A country dance, a hog-killing party, a marriage, a christening or a funeral alike furnished an excuse for unlimited drinking. It was the usual ratification of a bargain in business, and I well remember how, when quite a boy, a good old minister who tried to steer me through Harkness, late at night at the close of a tiresome sermon, urged upon me a seasoning of whiskey punch as a "night cap." Places for the sale of liquor were plentiful, and the man who made it a rule to pass many of them in travelling was a marked man in the community. There has been a great improvement in tastes and habits, and also in ideas of what is good fellowship, and in our laws.

Apart from the mere aggregation of money and the employment of men in its conduct, the liquor traffic owes much of its strength to false ideas of honor and sociability. These false ideas render easier the progress of those who have already formed the appetite for liquor, while they are responsible for misleading thousands of youths who otherwise would probably have escaped the toils. I refer to the treating custom—a custom as silly, absurd and demeaning to real manliness as it is obviously in the interests of those engaged in the traffic to foster and stimulate. "Come and have something" has been the password to vice to many a youth. I have no hesitation in saying that were it possible to abolish this treating custom and restore the public mind to a healthy condition on that question the majority of the saloons would get out of business at the end of the license year and the whole beverage trade would be seized with a decline.

Another source of strength to the liquor traffic is the revenue it returns to government. People see the revenue it brings; they do not realize what its tolerance costs, even when the figures are hurled at them in bursts of fervid and dramatic oratory. Blood money? Yes, you may call it that; but a good many whom I have known as "temperance" men, when considering the pros and cons of the question, hesitated about acknowledging the correctness of my rule that no money price can justify my entering into partnership with a wrong. Doubtless the public's share of the business is unprofitable, but, as in the high tariff, some people see a large sum collected as revenue and, although they marvel that they remain poor, do not see clearly how they are daily bled to produce it, so on the temperance question a good many do consider the money as an offset, and failing to see that it far from balances the actual financial account, taking no notice of the moral phase of the question, hesitate about pursuing an otherwise plain course. This is equally true as regards Dominion and municipal revenue, and as long as we are silent partners in the traffic it ill becomes us to denounce those who do the drudgery part. The man who grows eloquent in prayer for the success of prohibition while he pockets his share of the revenue from the traffic—or what is the same, sanctions its use by the public—is not over-consistent.

The efforts of temperance workers are, generally speaking, devoted to gradually lessening the number of places where liquor is sold, and at the same time increasing the cost of entering the ranks of the bar-keepers by higher license. Let us glance at this method and its results in practice.

Premising that that large and growing class of citizens who labor for the extinction of the liquor traffic in intoxicants do not as a rule support license as a revenue-producing scheme, but as merely an incidental check and means of facilitating inspection and control, I may dismiss the money argument forthwith. The traffic is either right or wrong in itself—either good or evil to society. If good why should we create a monopoly in it? Why forbid any who wish to engage in it? We know that the cry is raised that in numbers of licenses the limit is usually reached. Why make a limit? Why is Jones' money not as good as Brown's? yet Brown is authorized to sell and Jones is refused authorization. Simply because we aim by the double checks of limitation as to number and high license fees to lessen the number of places in which saloons can be legally established. Now, experience has proven that while this reduction in numbers has operated with greater or less success in concentrating the traffic in the hands of a powerful few and killed out many drinking places it has, as per contra, made the traffic more and more respectable, led to the establishment of inviting resorts and made, in many ways, the introduction to the down grade more attractive and the descent easier to the better class of young men who would not easily be induced to patronize low resorts before they had acquired the appetite. And, further, the would-be liquor seller who is unable, either by reason of price or limitation of numbers, to obtain a license has a grievance over that which he would be able to plead under general prohibition, in that others are given privileges denied to him. Whatever the increase in cost of licenses and limitation of numbers granted may have done, it must always be kept in view that the refusal to grant more than a certain number is a violation of the rights of all citizens who are by the law precluded from obtaining (if the authority to carry on the traffic is a right), and that it has given a degree of strength and respectability to it that it could never otherwise have gathered. The weakness of the high license system may be briefly stated: It creates a monopoly; it makes liquor places attractive; it gives the traffic an air of respectability; it consolidates all the liquor interests in a degree in keeping with the money invested and to be earned in it; it is false in principle, and while it places those refused licenses in as bad a position as they would be under prohibition, it does not in practice materially affect the consumption of spirituous liquors.

Have we the right to prohibit—I mean right, not power? Undoubtedly. Could it be shown that without a beverage traffic sufficient for such purposes as I have referred to as within its proper sphere of utility could not be obtained, the negative might be forcefully urged. Could it even be maintained that the consequences of the beverage sale affected only consenting parties—that the drinker took all the consequences of his indulgences—I fear the argument for prohibition would be seriously impaired. But that, I fancy, cannot be done. The consequences affect families, society, the State, and will affect posterity; and in such cases society has a right to protect its members and itself.

Shall we have prohibition, then? Pause and count the cost—not the money cost, but the moral cost of enforcement. I have had some experience in the work; I know how lukewarm some people become when it comes to be a case of personal action to aid in compelling respect for the law. It is astonishing what a deep sympathy a captured law violater gets when that law violation consists in selling liquor illegally. The few get the work to do—the work is pleasant work—and even moral support is sparingly given. The law is all right; prohibition is defensible, but you require a higher state of culture, a more thoroughly impressed people than we now have to enforce it; and poorly enforced it is a sorry failure. Space will not permit enlargement upon the plea against prohibition on the grounds of throwing men out of employment; but surely if the beverage traffic is wasteful their labor could and would be applied to something of real good to mankind.

The question of the Government taking control of the traffic either as they have done in regard to methylated spirits, or on the Swiss or Bismarckian plan, may be worthy of consideration; but whatever is done it should square accurately with natural rights and aim at the general well-being of the race without regard to the facilities offered for the accumulation of wealth by private individuals or revenue by the State.

It must not be supposed, however, as is by some advanced, that drink is the sole, or even the principal, cause of poverty and suffering. But of this further in my next.

MASQUETTE.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

A Prominent South Australian Loses His Life by Fire in a Railway Car.

The Edinburgh *Scotsman* says: "Particulars have now been received of the tragic death in Adelaide last week of the Hon. J. G. Ramsay, M.L.C., one of the leading and most thoroughly respected public men in South Australia. Mr. Ramsay, accompanied by Mr W. B. Rounsevell, M.P., left Saddleworth on January 17th in the ordinary train for Adelaide; they travelled in the same compartment as far as Riverton, when Mr. Rounsevell changed into a smoking carriage. Mr. Rounsevell went to sleep, but was awakened by the report of the bursting of the kerosene lamp attached to the roof of the compartment. When the train reached Stockport a minute or so afterwards, Mr. Ramsay was found in a terrible condition, his clothes being burnt off, and his hair singed away. He lingered for a few hours in terrible agony. The deceased was held in the highest esteem by both foes and friends in local politics, and as a business man he had a high reputation. He was a native of Edinburgh, and had turned sixty years of age. He emigrated to Adelaide in 1852, and shortly afterwards established an agricultural implement and machine factory at Mount Barker, which has since grown into formidable dimensions. He took the portfolio of Commissioner of Public Works in the Ayers Boucaut Ministry in 1872, and in the last Ministry he held the office of Chief Secretary." About ten years ago Mr. Ramsay visited this country, in which he had a number of relatives by whom he was greatly beloved. Among them are five nieces, Mrs. Bain, Caledonia; Mrs. Galer, Mrs. Hodge and Mrs. Disher, Hamilton; and Mrs. Hoggan, Brant.

The Truth About Advertising.

There's nothing on earth so mysteriously funny as an advertisement. The prime, first, last and all-the-time object of an advertisement is to draw custom. It is not, was not and never will be designed for any other purpose. So the merchant waits till the busy season comes, and his store is so full of custom he can't get his hat off, and then he rushes to his printer and goes in for advertising. When the dull season gets along and there is no trade, and he wants to sell his goods so bad he can't pay his rent, he stops advertising. That is, some of them do; but occasionally a level-headed merchant does more of it, and scoops in all the business, while his neighbors are making mortgages to pay the gas bill. There are times when you couldn't stop people from buying everything in the store if you planted a cannon behind the door, and that's the time the advertisement is sent out on its holy mission. It makes light work for advertising, for a chalk sign on the sidewalk could do all that was needed and have a half holiday six days in a week; but who wants to favor an advertisement? They are built to do hard work, and should be sent out in the dull days, when a customer has to be knocked down with hard facts, and kicked insensible with bankrupt reductions, and dragged in with irresistible slaughter of prices before he will spend a cent. That's the aim and end of advertising, and if ever you open a store, don't try to get them to come when they are already sticking out of the windows, but give them your advertisement right between the eyes in the dull season, and you will wax rich, and own a fast horse, and perhaps be able to smoke a cigar once or twice a year. Write this down where you'll fall over it every day. The time to draw business is when you want business, and not when you have more than you can tend to already.—*The Advertisers Guide.*

Editors Must be Cautious.

A subscriber sent the ten commandments to a New Jersey editor with the request that he publish them in his paper. He wrote back: "Under the circumstances we must decline to do it. It is true the commandments were written several thousand years ago, but if we were to publish them some person would be sure to think they were aimed at him and come in and stop his paper. A publisher of a paper has to be careful about such things.—*Camden Post.*

—Reversible trousers are made.

THE QUEEN'S YACHT.

Features of the Floating Palace in Which Her Majesty Makes Cruises.

The exquisite cleanliness of everything strikes one forcibly on board the Victoria and Albert. The deck is laid with cork floor cloth, over which, when the Queen is on board, a carpet is placed, and everything else that is to be seen is of pure white, with gilded relief work and silver mountings. There are very comfortable little sitting rooms on the promenade deck and behind the paddle wings, and there is also a dining room on the promenade deck which has three big windows and a skylight. It is furnished in green morocco and the ceiling is painted in white and gold. The state apartments below are placed on either side of the corridor and they are furnished with a very pretty chintz. The Queen's cabins are on the starboard side, her sleeping apartment contains a large and old fashioned but very comfortable looking bedstead with pillows and canopy, and next is the dressing room, which was formerly Prince Albert's cabin, and it remains as he left it, his little writing table and wardrobe never having been moved. Large maps hang upon the walls. The cabins occupied by Princess Beatrice (or any princess who happens to be travelling with the Queen) are all of Her Majesty's quarters, and on the other side of the corridor are the cabins of the princess and a large bath room. The breakfast room is in the after part of the vessel, and is hung with all the portraits of all the officers who have commanded the royal yacht. The drawing room is forward on the port side and is furnished in bird's-eye maple, with a piano and several beautifully carved side tables. It is hung with portraits of members of the royal family, and in this room is a small library. The yacht is now lighted with electricity, except in the Queen's own cabins.—*London Truth.*

How It Feels to Be Hanged.

The plea for execution by electricity, I believe, is its painlessness. Hanging is equally painless and certain. Some years ago in France many criminals were sent to the south, where, in a desolate, rocky country, they were employed daily in the open air, barefooted, imperfectly clothed, and badly fed. The suffering was fearful.

The men condemned to this lot were confined for a time in the conciergerie at Paris. From time to time a gang would be sent off. The sufferings of those that were sent to the south were soon known by their comrades in Paris, and an epidemic of suicide broke out in the conciergerie. The cord would fasten the leg or some part of his garment around his throat. A bone from his meals or some similar object would be driven firmly into the crevices of the wall, as high as he could reach, and then a noose being made, rising on his toes he would fasten it to the bone. Lifting his feet he was soon lifeless. In the convulsion wh ch occurred previous to death he would kick vigorously on the walls producing some noise. After several suicides had thus occurred, the guards became more careful. On hearing the kicking the guard would rush to the door, unlock it, and cut down the suicide. A number of these were resuscitated, and when questioned all said that their only sensations were a feeling of lightness, as if floating in the air—no pain, a ringing in the ears and insensibility.

Twice I have been nearly asphyxiated, once when a boy, before I could swim. Bathing in the East River somewhere near what is now the foot of Delancey street, while venturing a little too far, I stepped into a hole. Immediately the feeling of buoyancy, the flash of light, the ringing in the ears occurred. I made mechanically a step or two and was out of the hole, and of danger. The second time occurred after I was of mature age, I was eating a biscuit, when from some surprise I drew a quick breath and drew some crumbs into the larynx. The same sensation followed, but I coughed and got rid of my strangulation.—*Letter in the New York Sun.*

A Point for Chronologists.

"Do you notice," queries a reader of the *Breakfast Table*, "how prevalent the idea is, even among newspaper men, that we are in the last decade of the century?"

It is a common error to which the correspondent alludes, but a moment's thought cannot fail to set one right. From the opening of the Christian era to the year 10 certainly formed the first decade of modern chronology, and the second decade began with the year 11. The first century ended with the close of the year 100, and the second century began with the opening of the year 101. So the nineteenth century began with January 1, 1801, and will close with December 31, 1900. The last decade of the nineteenth century will not begin, then, until January 1, 1891. Nevertheless, people for the rest of this year will insist that we have entered upon the last decade of the century.