

A Bottle For a Leg.

Hark!

Clang! clang! clang!

They were laying the rails on the Canadian Pacific Railway, that shoots over lonely prairies, through rugged forests, along wild mountain passes, till the murmur of the Pacific winds echoes to the tired puff of the locomotive.

"Hurry there Bob," cried Joe Stevens, an emigrant from old England.

"Hurry! A good draught of whisky would put the hurry into me," said Bob Sanders, alike from the mother country.

"Twill take the hurry out of you," declared Joe.

Clang! clang! clang! went the hammers of the track layers, as if saying to Joe, in confirmation of his sentiment "Yes, yes, yes."

"The construction train want to be off!" asked Bob.

"Of course, man," replied Joe.

Bob looked. He could see on the end of the piece of track, most recently laid, the big boarding cars, containing, on their first floor, offices, dining rooms, and other conveniences; on the second, and third also, were sleeping quarters for the men. These boarding cars advanced as the sections of track were laid, and in their rear now halted the construction train, whose load of material had been almost dropped. Mules and horses were drawing light wagons, loaded with ties and rails, to the points where they might be needed. Swift armed, muscular fellows were then laying the tracks, stretching an iron bracelet across the continent. In one day five miles were laid, as an experiment, but a less number ordinarily.

"Ah," growled Bob, "whisky would make things lively."

"Of course," said Joe, laughing. "It would set a lot of lists in motion, poking noses, breaking noses, and smashing things generally. See here, Bob, there is to be a temperance lecturer round to-night, wherever we stop, so they say, and we must hear him."

"One of them spoonies what talk for money?"

"No. But if they do, what harm? Don't you work for money? I tell you, Bob, temperance is a money-saving operation, and a lecturer might well charge a couple of shillings a head."

"Nonsense! I don't want to hear your lectures."

However, Bob, after supper went to hear the man.

It was an interesting sight; the wide, toney Canadian prairie, across which the iron rails were pushing, and in its centre the knot of boarding cars, the construction-train, that tomorrow would lose its load from its wooden back, and the sunbrowned, rugged, muscular men that ringed a speaker who occupied the top of a dry-goods box.

"How far could I go on a bottle as a leg?" he asked. "See here, my men," as he spoke, the lecturer leaned forward, and rested his weight on a bottle that he grasped in his right hand. Whether he intended it or no, the bottle broke. The lecturer used the incident effectively.

"See here. It has broken. Of course, it will not support me. It has cut my hand, too."

He held up a hand stained with blood. This object lesson was heartily applauded by the men, some of them pounding on the railroad ties with spikes. "That's blarney," declared Bob to his cronies Joe.

"No, tant, Bob. Its truth, that's what it is."

Bob went away shaking his head, and disgusted.

The days and weeks went by. Autumn came, dressing the forests in a transient glory, ere winter's cold, keen winds should sweep across the far north land.

"I am going to quit work on the railroad," said Joe one day. "You know I want to build a log house, and so on, get comfortable before winter sets in. If you want to come out there I can give you a job, I think."

"Thank ye, winter and I will come along together," replied Bob.

"Well, come when you can."

The next day Joe was erecting a little emigrant party over the prairie. His brother Abram had been before him, securing and stacking a crop of hay in readiness for use during the winter. He had been living in a wigwam the Indians had made for him, but he was glad to leave it for more substantial quarters. On Joe's arrival the two brothers made their axes fly about the trunks of an oak patch.

"How long will it take us, Abram, to build our house?" asked Joe.

"Bout a week," asserted Abram.

In eight days the house was erected. It consisted of logs, laid upon one another. The spaces between them were filled up with any convenient earth, soft and workable. A log hut for the live stock was also built. These two buildings and the hay-stack rose above

the plain in a very social cluster. As for the hay-stack, it looked like a brown door knob, and suggested that if you turned it wonderful treasures below would be revealed to you.

"I wonder where Bob is!" said Abram Stevens, one bitter day, on the very rim of winter.

"Oh, he may turn up at any time," replied Joe. "He won't forget the job I promised him."

It was this very day that Bob started to join his prairie friends. The ground was still bare, but a suspicious haziness about the hills, and a misty veil, let fall over the sun's eye, suggested that snow might not be far off.

"The doctor says I had better not start," soliloquized Bob. "Hurt my leg the other day, and I must not get cold in it, he says. Guess I can stand it. I have a good friend for company. Ha, ha!"

Here he pulled a bottle out of his pocket and put it to his lips.

"Got some money in my pocket, too, and I need not work yet awhile," he reflected. "Bob, Bob Sanders, you are going to have an easy time—money enough to pay for board two long months. Ha, ha! Let's have another pull!"

He tipped the bottle again.

"That helps me over the road," said Bob. "That is as good as a third leg. That old temperance lecturer, he didn't know what he was talking about."

Now Bob laughed. He sang and shouted, and it seemed as if half a dozen, and not one, were following, across the prairie, the old trail first started by Father Bruin and his four-footed family.

The evening of this day Joe and his brother Abram sat by the fire in the snug log cabin.

"Snowing, brother," remarked Abram. "Cold, too. Tough!"

"Well, we are comfortable inside. Got a home, you know. Say, Abram, I was estimating, to-day, what my farm has cost me, and I thought of the time of our old minister at home—you remember him?"

"Of course I do."

"He saw me drinking—it was beer, you know. He said 'Save your beer-money, and it will buy you a home some day.' Well, I made an estimate how much I had saved that way, and if it didn't amount to the cost of my place here."

"Good!" declared Abram.

Here Joe went to the window and saw the soft fold of snow clinging to the window ledges.

"Abram, let's go out and look at our live stock in the barn," suggested Joe, lighting a lantern.

Oh, how the wind drove without, flinging the fine, powdery snow into the faces of the brothers! It was the dreaded blizzard, raging over the lonely northern prairie.

"What's the matter at that hay-stack?" asked Abram.

"Don't know. Why—why?"

At the base of the hay-stack, half covered by the snow, senseless, was Bob Sanders. They tenderly raised him and bore him into the house.

"Ah!" said Joe, "he's been drinking."

Yes, drunk in that rough Western storm! He had somehow reached the farm, stumbled against the hay stack, fallen—and fallen also into a stupor, and was freezing.

"We must have the doctor," said Joe.

The doctor came.

"Ah, this man had some trouble with his leg, and has taken cold there," said the doctor, "and I am afraid he will have to lose the leg."

Lose it he did; and ever after poor Bob, foolish Bob, erring Bob, went about limping on a crutch. He had found out what it was to have a bottle for a leg.—A *Raid, in British Workman*.

A Quaker was advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered the Quaker, "it is just as easy as to open my hand, friend. Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my word and honor to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth and thou wilt never be drunk again."

An elderly gentleman accustomed to "indulge," entered the room of a certain inn, where sat a sedate old Quaker by the fire. Laying a pair of green spectacles up on his forehead, rubbing his inflamed eyes and calling for hot brandy and water, he came leaning to the friend that his eyes were getting weaker and weaker and the spectacles did not seem to do him any good. "I'll tell thee friend," replied the Quaker, "what I think. If thou were to wear the spectacles over the mouth for a few months thy eyes would soon get well again."

Jamaica Ginger.

THERE was offered us an advertisement of Jamaica Ginger which the proprietor assured us was free from alcohol, and on that assurance the advertisement was inserted. But as we studied into the matter our suspicions were aroused, we purchased a bottle of the preparation and tasted it. This test showed that it did contain alcohol, in spite of the proprietor's assurance to the contrary, and the advertisement was at once dropped.

Many others are deceived by Jamaica Ginger. Certain preparations of it are the cause of prohibition towns, where they are bought and drank instead of whisky. The preparation by which we were deceived had less alcohol than these, but enough to exclude it from our columns. Concerning one of the preparations of Jamaica Ginger of commerce, Rev. D. C. Babcock says, in a letter to Miss Willard, which she kindly permits us to copy:

"There is a specific remedy for the preparation known as 'The Celebrated Essence of Jamaica Ginger.' The ginger root is ground quite fine, moistened with ninety five per cent alcohol in a close vessel to cause it to swell what it will, and then it is packed into a 'percolator' (glass funnel) and ninety five per cent alcohol poured over it. The preparations call for about twenty per cent of ginger to one hundred per cent of alcohol, and it will 'cut up' the ginger in about twenty four hours. The alcohol is called 'ninety five per cent' by druggists. I think about ninety two and one half is as pure as can be obtained without the use of lime in the distillation. If you will get a vial of the 'ginger' and turn a little in the bottom of a cup or goblet and touch a lighted match to it, you will find that the alcohol will burn off and leave the ginger visible to the eye and distinct to the smell. I doubt if it has any medicinal value. I have known many victims of the alcohol habit resort to it. It is kept in some apothecaries and sold to those who call for it. You can submit this statement to any druggist if you desire. I have just gone over the case with one here so as not to give you anything unreliable in reply to your questions."—*Union Signal*.

They Put It Right.

THE following terse sentiments were adopted at a recent meeting in New York: Drunkenness is a private and public curse.

The liquor traffic, as the cause of that curse, is a crime.

To perpetuate the curse by protecting the crime is itself a crime.

The crime is protected and the curse perpetuated by the tax policy of the nation and the license policy of the state.

The political power which protects the crime and perpetuates the curse is a sinful power.

Whoever knowingly sustains a sinful power is a sinner.

The sinful power which thus protects the crime and perpetuates the curse, is vested in the parties which control the legislative policy of the state and nation.

Whoever protects the crime by voting for either of these license parties, becomes responsible for perpetuating the curse of drunkenness.

The evils of drunkenness are uniform in every State and Territory.

To remove a uniform evil uniform legislation removing the cause of that evil is necessary.

Uniform prohibitory legislation can only be secured by one body having jurisdiction over the entire domain.

To select a Congress to enact and executives to enforce such national prohibitory legislation, a national party having that purpose for its chief aim, is essential.

The Old Year and the New.

LIVES: to the midnight bell,
Tolling out the old year's knell;
O'er our hearts there comes a spell
Such as when we say—"Farewell!"
As we ponder o'er the past
Eyes are dim and earnest,
Silent falls full many a tear
As we part with thee—Old Year!

Seasons come and seasons go,
Summer flowers and Winter's snow
Like the ocean's ebb and flow,
Joy and pain, and weal and woe
Birthdays greetings—old and gay
Wedded hearts were linked for aye
Not a churchyard but a mound
Tells what reaper Death hath found

Yet we welcome thee, New Year,
And approach thee without fear:
Though we know not what may be
Portent'd out for us in thee,
Let us hope, and watch, and pray,
Growing wiser day by day;
Learning lessons from the past—
As this year may be our last!

Though the Old Year now must go,
Shrouded in a sheet of snow,
May the snow an emblem be
Of the New Year's purity!
As our footsteps in the snow
Show the path we wish to go,
May each day our record be—
Coming nearer, God, to Thee!
—John Lewis, Toronto.

Art.

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To the Electors of St. John's Ward.

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Solicited to

JAMES THOMSON

AS ALDERMAN FOR ST. JOHN'S WARD FOR 1888.

Election takes place on Monday, January 2nd, 1888.

1888-9 ST. JOHN'S WARD. 1888-9

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully requested for the Re Election of

GEORGE BOXALL

SCHOOL TRUSTEE.

Election takes place on Monday, Jan. 2 1888.

ST. PATRICK'S WARD.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

Are respectfully solicited for

DR. W. W. OGDEN

SCHOOL TRUSTEE

FOR ST. PATRICK'S WARD FOR 1888-9

Election takes place on Monday, Jan. 2 1888.

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Ice Cream and Soda Water. Oysters in Season. Wedding Cakes made to order.

TO THE ELECTORS OF

ST. JOHN'S WARD.

Your Vote and Influence Respectfully solicited for the election of

A. H. GILBERT

As Alderman for 1888. Election will take place on Monday, January 2, 1888.

St. Matthew's Ward.

Your Vote and Influence is Respectfully Solicited for

F. E. GALBRAITH

AS ALDERMAN FOR 1888.

Nomination Dec. 26 1887. Election Jan. 2, 1888.

ELECTORS OF

ST. STEPHEN'S WARD.

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Solicited for the Re election of

R. H. GRAHAM

AS ALDERMAN FOR 1888.

Election will Take Place on Monday, January 2nd, 1888.

ST. MATTHEW'S WARD.

INDUSTRY. INTEGRITY

Ladies and Gentlemen, your Votes and Influence are respectfully solicited for

JOHN. C. GRAHAM,

AS ALDERMAN FOR 1888.

Nomination Dec. 26, '87. Election Jan. 2, '88.

WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE!

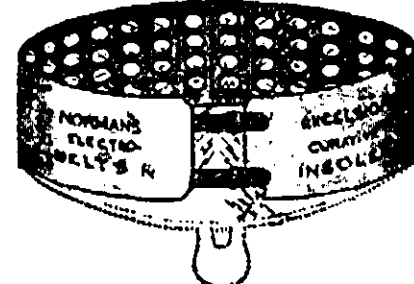
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AND POVERTY
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192 Yonge St., Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1887.

A. NORMAN, ESQUIRE.
Dear Sir, Twelve months ago I had to leave my business through complete prostration, and by the advice of my physician I travelled and stayed at different country resorts. After four months, circumstances occurred which compelled me to return to my business. I hardly knew how to do so, as my head felt so bad with creeping sensations through it, and my thoughts I could not concentrate for two minutes together; also I could not rest at night owing to dreams and sweats. In this condition I consulted you and you told me if I carried out the course you recommended I would get relief in a few days. I was doubtful, but I tried it and I must own in two days I felt like a new man, since which time I have rested more and worked less, and to-day I am in better health than I have been for years past.—Yours respectfully, ALIVE DOLLARD.

Toronto, Nov. 30th, 1887.

A. NORMAN, ESQ.
Dear Sir,—In justice to you and your system of Electric Treatment, I acknowledge the very great benefit I have derived from its use. A year ago I commenced the use of the belt and took electric baths to see if they could do me any good. Although I had little or no hope of receiving any benefit, because for thirty years or more I suffered with sciatica, rheumatism, constipation, pain day and night, sometimes very severe. I was also run down, weak and nervous, lost my appetite, and my digestion was bad, but now I feel strong and almost entirely free from pain, have a good appetite and digestion. To me the change is wonderful, for I did not believe it possible to cure a case of so long standing.—Yours gratefully, CHAS. AGENT AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE CO.