

Wayside Gleanings.

BY A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.
SHABBY TEETOTALERS.

In a pretty little village in Ontario, which bears the name of a great European capital city, there is an hotel, quiet, clean and well-conducted, and withal (a great consideration with commercial men) has a *good table*. The proprietor is a man who, once seen, is long remembered, his individuality being most marked. To say he is an old man is to understate the case; he bears the appearance of antiquity, and forcefully reminds one of the period of the deluge. His movements are slow, his form erect, his bearing dignified, and, as he walks through his domains he looks like a man "born to rule," at least, his own household. He wears an exceptionally large collar, clean and white, and, to use a common expression, "he has no end of no-c." This latter feature has occasional "paugs of hunger," and so is fed with an occasional pinch of real Scotch—Sandy's delight. After being thus indulged the nose seems to bear the appearance of satisfaction, and, if it could articulate, would say:

Knows he who never took a pinch?
Knows he the pleasure thence that flows?
Knows he the titillating joy which my nose knows?
O, nose, I am as proud of thee,
As any mountain of its snows;
I think of thee and feel the joy
A Roman knows.

This man, take him for all in all, is a model landlord; and his house, take that also for all in all, is a model hotel. If all other hotels in Ontario were as well conducted, we poor commercials would be able to spend more time in the blissful embrace of

"Tired nature's sweet restorer—balmey sleep."

One thing struck me, and that was, though this was a licensed house, alcoholic drinks took a very subordinate place. This is certain, no man would be led into temptation to drink who had not the desire to do so. I remarked upon this peculiarity to the landlord, who replied, "I don't care much to sell it, and for what I sell I might almost as well run a temperance house; people can have what they want if they ask for it, but I never ask them to buy." "Well then," said I, "why keep it at all? why not run a temperance house?" He replied, "I did so for some time, in fact we all did, for the Temperance Act was in force." I intimated, "Then you made a virtue of necessity." "O, no, by no means," he responded, "for the next election defeated the Temperance Act!" "Then you again took out your license?" "No," said he, "I did not, I wanted to keep on a temperance house, and should have done so, but for the temperance people themselves." "How so?" I inquired; to which he replied, "I thought to compensate myself for loss of profit on drink by charging five cents extra for dinner; my neighbor, across the way, took out a license and had all the drink trade. I expected the temperance people would give me their support—and so they did, by putting their horses in my stable and their waggons in my yard; but when the dinner-bell rang they went across the road to save a petty five cents, because there they paid 25c., and I charged 30c."

"Well, that was rather mean and shabby," I replied, "they might have made so small a sacrifice for their principles." "So I thought, but they didn't," said he. "I then tried charging a cent or two extra for stable accommodation. Some then began to bring their own feed for their horses, and others 'put up' at my neighbor's, but they came to my house for dinner."

I asked if that arose from the fact that he had begun again to charge 25c. "Just so," replied he, "now you know why this is not a temperance house, and why I sell drink; I do so in self-defence, and because temperance people are so mean and shabby."

It is not often I hesitate to announce myself a temperance man, but I must confess I did so in this instance, contenting myself by saying "I did not think all temperance people were alike, that I had found some very noble and generous men among them." This fact he readily admitted, but remarked, "They are a shabby lot about here."

This is not the only case I have met with of a similar sort in my travels. In some, I was not surprised temperance people did not support them, my only surprise being that non-temperance people did. They were untidy and unclean, and altogether innocent of comfort, but in the one selected none of these disqualifications existed. The house was attractive; the landlord, a character whom Dickens would have revelled in, and, withal, possessed of a disposition to promote temperance principles, or, at least, not to counteract them. There is, at least, to my knowledge, one licensed house in Ontario which would not have existed if temperance men had been true to their principles.

Sorrel-Top.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HELEN'S DAUGHTER."

(Concluded.)

Matters were apparently in a very nice way at the termination of our last, and Herbert was so pleased with himself and everything in general, that he actually had the courage to ask the mother to let the dear children stay another week; but in so doing he made a fatal mistake. The mother, delighted that Uncle Herbert should take such an interest in the little darlings, at once consented. If our bank clerk could only have foreseen the events of the next few days, how he would have cursed the inspiration that made him stay the immediate departure of those children.

After the kissing, etc., had been got through, a day or two of ecstatic bliss followed, too delightful for anything—to last in fact; for one evening while Herbert was urging Miss H—to name an early day when she would place her hand and heart (and dollars) in his keeping, she tragically intimated that she had promised her papa, for some unknown reason, not to marry for two years. Here was a dilemma. He could wait two years for the hand and heart, but the dollars he felt he must have immediately. His fiery headed *fiancee* could only direct him to her dear papa for any amelioration of the dread delay. Now, Herbert wasn't so foolish as he looked, and turned his mind toward devising some scheme for, as he muttered to himself (unfortunately in the hearing of Tottie, "getting the better of Sorrel-Top's old man." So, putting his wits to work, he concluded that about the best thing he could do would be to drop a note to old Mr. H—, sympathizing with him on his illness, and requesting to be allowed to sit up with and care for him—in fact he wished to be allowed the same share in the care of him as one of the family. The letter, when finished, Herbert thought, would move the heart of a stone, and he calculated that in the lonely watches of the night he would have ample opportunity to talk the old gentleman into the belief that it would be a monstrous thing to die and leave his daughter unmarried and unsettled in life, and to suggest how glad he would be to take care of her if her father should be called away.

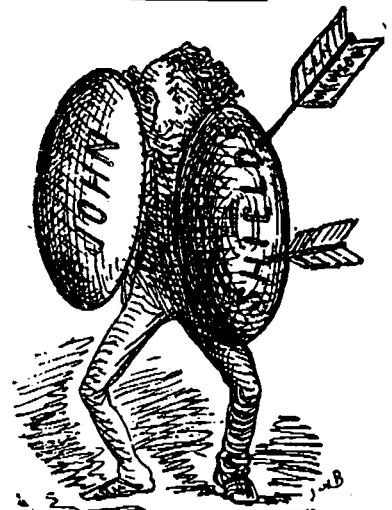
Just as he finished, some of "our fellows" called for Herbert. "Something good at the Grand," they said. And, being near eight o'clock, he hurriedly folded up the sheet, placed it in an envelope, directed it, and laid it on the table with other papers till he should return. He left Tottie and Daisy playing in the room, and telling them to be good and not touch anything, he joined the party and sallied forth in

high spirits—so soon, alas, to turn to deepest gloom.

He had no sooner gone than Tottie, who had heard the remark about getting the better of the old man, proposed to Daisy that they should help him. So, taking up the unsealed letter they added to its contents several of the slips of paper on the table. The innocent little dears were not going to see their uncle fail, if slips of paper with writing on would help him.

Gay was Herbert as he came home that night and mounted the stairs to his fourth-story chamber; pulling the bell, he handed the servant who answered it the letter to be posted. The next morning when he called to ask how Mr. H— was, the door was slammed in his face, and returning to his home to think over whether he should discharge the servant who did so, immediately on his taking possession, or give him a month's notice, he found a letter awaiting him in the handwriting of his "Sorrel-Top." Hastily tearing it open he found himself informed that neither Miss H— nor her father were interested in knowing the exact amount due on his spring suit or his last pair of patent leathers, that his washing bill would have looked better had it been receipted, and that as for getting the better of Sorrel-Top and her old man (which remark, it appeared, he had, in an absent moment, scribbled on the back of one of the aforesaid slips), all Miss H— could say was, that if her hair was of a light auburn tint, it suited her and need not further interest him.

Poor Herb! He collapsed utterly. The haunts which knew him once will know him no more. From being one of the jauntiest and dressiest of B. C.'s, he fell till he became one of the shabbiest and most widely known bank presidents on the Continent, and continued to descend till he eventually married the dark-haired daughter of the projector of a new colonization company, and disappeared in the Great North-West.



JOHN A. PROTECTED BY HIS BRAZEN SHIELDS.

[For full particulars apply to Col. Hewson.]

"I understand that you told in a store that I wasn't a man to be depended on," said Hickenlooper to Wigglesworth, as they met the other morning. "T'aint so," promptly denied Wigglesworth; "what I said was that you were a tergiversationist." "Oh, well, that's quite another thing," responded Hickenlooper; "I'm much obliged to you for your good opinion," and he shook Wigglesworth warmly by the hand and went away.