



Sketches.

TEMPERANCE AND SOCIOLOGY.

A Pugilist turned Preacher and what came of it.

"I suppose it is no harm to pray in this country," said Jenkins, as he confronted the old man? "Not a harm me boy," said the man with the gun, "and it's not Dan Dewire that would be after putting a stop to ye in the same matter."

"Sure and there's not much of the same kind of exercise in these parts, excepting when a stray missionary comes along, and that's not often."

"Mary has often said that it is no better than a haythen country, where there is no place to have praying for the good of the people," "Mary is my wife, sir, and if there is any good in the neighborhood it's she that's got it; though I say it myself."

"But where might ye be going, if I might make so bould as ax ye?"

"I am on my way to the lumber camps near the village of Pinedale, which, I think, is not far from here," said our friend, "I suppose the men are at work in the bush by this time?" "Yes, they have been at it for more than two weeks, and they are likely to clear the whole country if they keep on in the way they have been going."

"Well, then, if you have been on your travels all day to reach the camps, it's meself that's thinkin' ye will not be out of the need of a mouthful of something to ate," "Come along, and Mary will be delighted to give ye the best in the house, and more, because of the praying. I'm not what you'd call a haythen, but it's not a short time since I was much else."

"And it's not long since I was worse than a heathen," said Jenkins, "but the Lord had mercy on me, and I can now praise Him all the day long." While he was speaking the old man, who had been leading the way, stopped, leaned his gun against a tree, and turned aside into the forest. Instinctively the young man followed him; they had come but a short distance when they came upon a large buck, dead with a bullet hole in his head. "It's the only bit of fresh mate we have in this part of the country, but they are not so easy to come at, as they were when I first come, ten years ago." "Now, young man, if you will just be after givin us a hand we can haul this fellow to the house, which is not far away."

"If you will carry yourself and the gun, I'll take charge of the deer," said Jenkins, and picking it up in his arms he throw the animal over his shoulder and turned to the old man to lead the way. "Sure it's your father's son that's a bit of a giant I see," said Dewire.

It was but a short distance to the home of the Dewires, which stood in the midst of a wide clearing in the pine woods, which covered the hills and valleys of this north land.

The house was the backwoods log structure, with shingled roof and back and saddle corners.

Mary Dewire came to the door to look for her husband, who was heralded by the barking of a large dog, which was chained to the kennel near by.

When Mrs. Dewire saw that a stranger was coming, she retreated into the house to set things in order, a duty which was little needed, for hers was a home of tidiness, even to a fault.

"Well, Mary," said the husband, as he reached the door, "I caught more than the deer this time, for here is a fellow who will be to your liking, as he is mighty religious, and great in the prayers." This was not said in a tone of scorn, but rather with the intimation that such as Jenkins were not often found in the backwoods.

"If he comes as a man of prayer, Daniel, he shall be welcome in my house," said his wife, "and it is to be hoped we shall be the better for his coming."

There was, in the tone of her voice, and in the utterance of the words, as well as in the choice of the language used, the evidence of a culture which indicated the woman of early educational advantages. A native of Ireland, and the only daughter of a half-pay officer, she had been tenderly reared and beloved by all who knew her, until she came in contact with the Methodist preachers, and, under their preaching, gave her young heart to the Savior, which led to her father driving her from his home. The gay life which she had led in the past was no longer to her liking, and, living with an uncle, who was a class leader, she learned the way of salvation more perfectly.

It was long after this that she met the rollicking Dan Dewire, who, though a Catholic, was willing to renounce it, "and everything else for that matter," as he often said, if the lovely Mary would but "give him the pleasant word." This she did, and her heart was in it, and, though the way of life had not been one of roses, she never had a sorrow for her choice.

It was into this elect lady's house James Jenkins was introduced on the evening of his last day's tramp to the lumber woods.

"I have not the pleasure of your name," said Mrs. Dewire, as she wiped a chair for the stranger. "My name is James Jenkins," said our friend, "and I am on my way to the camps to get work. I have come about two hundred miles on foot, and is the strangest journey I ever took."

"I suppose my name is familiar to you, as I have been in this part of the country before?" "I do not think I ever heard of you, and that is strange, as we generally get to know all the missionaries who come to Muskoka or Parry Sound." "But I am not a missionary," said our friend, "although your husband did find me at prayer by the way, and on that account, I suppose, he thought me a preacher. But I am bound to the lumber camps to preach to the men who are there, if they will listen to me." Dan Dewire had already dressed the deer, and presenting a large plateful of the venison to his wife, he remarked that as they had a second Goliath for supper he would bring more if she thought it would be needed.

"Did you get the name of this young gentleman, Mary," said the old man, "for its meself that forgot to ax him?" When Mrs. Dewire spoke the name of Jenkins the old man turned, and walking up to him, looked sharply into his face, and uttered two words, "Buffer him," and as he spoke the words he stretched out his hand to the young man, who, rising, grasped the proffered hand

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