ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

Every Wednesday at Bridgetown.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION...$1.50 per annum, in advance; if not paid within six months, $2.00

Communications solicited on all matters of public interest, to be accompanied with the writers name, which will be held, if so desired, strictly confidential. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

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ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, - N. S.

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January 28th, 1884. 42 1y

Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of WILLIAM JACKSON, late of Clarence, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render their accounts against said estate, duly attested, within three months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

S. N. JACKSON, G. H. JACKSON, } Executors.
Clarence, Dec. 13, '84. 31t36.

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HOW LOST HOW RESTORED!

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STENCILS
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CREELMAN BROS.,
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Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, 1885. NO. 39.

SUMMER OF 1884.

THE POPULAR
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TO AND FROM
BOSTON.
COMPRISING THE
SHORT ROUTES
VIA
ANNAPOLIS or YARMOUTH.

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E. F. CLEMENTS,
Gen'l Man., Yarmouth, N. S.
June 30, 1884. 12tf

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Possession given 1st of May ensuing.

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Clarence, Nov. 3rd, '84. 3m.

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CHAIN PUMPS!
ORDERS ATTENDED TO PROMPTLY.
Pumps Complete,
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FLOUR AND MEAL AT 25 CENTS ADVANCE ON COST.
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BARRISTER - AT - LAW,
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Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1882—1y

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Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

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CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Circulars free.
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MAKE HENS LAY

CUSTOM TAILORING!
FIRST PRIZE DOMINION EXHIBITION, 1881!
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MERCHANT TAILORS,
HALIFAX, - - - - - N. S.
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BRIDGETOWN, and Vicinity,
That a Complete Line of
SAMPLES OF CLOTHS,
—FOR—
GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS'
CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING,
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Where orders will be taken, and Goods delivered at the SAME PRICES as we charge in HALIFAX.
All work guaranteed in every instance. All work done promptly on time.
TERMS—Cash Only.

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FIRST CLASS CHURCH & PARLOR ORGANS,
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MILLS,
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Sawing, Grinding, Threshing.
Lumber sawn to order,
Grain ground to order,
Grain threshed to order.
HAVING put a first-class Gray's full power machine capable of threshing ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY BUSHELS PER HOUR, we shall be ready to fill orders in this department with extra promptness and despatch. Grain, when in at condition, will be ground immediately on being threshed if required.
LUMBER IN STOCK,
Long and Short Shingles, Boards, Staves &c.
Best Pressed Hay, Wheat, Oats, Cornmeal, Graham, Buckwheat, Middlings, Flour, MIXED FEED, &c., &c., &c.
Logs and Lumber bought at market rates.
All orders attended promptly, at short notice and at Bottom prices!
Terms—Cash.
J. L. BROWN & CO.
Lawrencetown, August 1884.

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Can be obtained from the
N. S. P. B. Building Society and Savings Fund,
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For particulars apply to
J. M. OWEN,
Agent for County of Annapolis.
Annapolis, 27th, 1883.

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Dr. R. R. McLean,
Corner Granville & Salter streets
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Sept. 4th, 1884—1y

A Large Number in this County that have tried all kinds of B. Bitters and Safe Cures say that
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BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,
Is the best in the Market for Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Kidney, and all diseases arising from a sluggish liver. Sold everywhere at $100 per bottle. And
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New Store!
NEW GOODS!
The subscriber has opened a store on Water St., adjoining his dwelling, where he will keep on hand a large quantity of the Best Brands of
FLOUR, CORN MEAL, AND OATMEAL,
which will be sold at low prices for cash.
Also.—A well assorted stock of
GROCERIES,
in Sugar, Spices, Salt, Tobaccos, Brooms, Soaps, Raisins and Currants. Canned Goods, Biscuits, Syrups, &c., &c. A quantity of Cow Corn.
A REFRESHMENT TABLE, where lunches can be had at all hours will be found on the premises.
P. NICHOLSON.
Bridgetown, June 19th, 1883.

WANTED A SPECIAL AGENT for enlarged edition of "LIFE OF REV. C. H. SPURGEON, London, also, "STREET ARABS" and *Life among the Lowly*. Both books splendidly illustrated. A grand chance given to the right man. D. L. GUERNSEY, Publisher, Boston, Mass. 4t37

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Poetry.

Before the Dawning.

was just before the dawning,
The casket was ajar,
And from its depths the jewel
Shone like a radiant star,
Upon it lay the light of day
From that bright world afar.

O soul, too pure to linger
'Neath earth's o'erclouded skies!
O heart, whose true devotion
Makes home a paradise!
Sweet eyes which shone with love alone,
The light we dearly prize.

Her life was an evangel,
The cross of pain she bore
With such a patient sweetness;
Till from the other shore
The glad release to rest and peace
Crowned her for evermore

To gather up His jewels,
The King in glory came;
The welcome summons greeting,
She breathed the precious name;
Exultant songs from angel throngs
Her blessedness proclaim.

The bright and shining portal
For her was opened wide,
For her who, o'er as mortal,
On earth was glorified.
The night has passed for her at last,
We cannot say she died.

For her the life eternal
Is only just begun;
For her the crown of gladness
For evermore is won;
She dwells for aye in endless day;
Her work on earth is done.

Select Literature.

A Race against Time.

BY FRANK ABELL.

Dreams are not always true. Nor, on the other hand, are they always false—a fact within the observation, if not experience, of everybody. Of course I do not refer to day dreams, nor the fancies conjured by a disordered stomach

Let me transcribe a page or two of my own experience, and judge for yourselves whether shadows of the impending future can be projected in dreams.

I had been stationed on the main line of the great Central railway for something more than a year, attending to all the day and night duties at that point with such an unfailing regularity that no thought of possible accident had ever occurred to me. The duties were not especially arduous, but the responsibility was far greater.

There was an express day and night, both ways, for which the main line had to be always clear; a local express each way, which ran on the turnout, and waited for the through train to pass; a mail train night and morning which had the right of way; one ordinary passenger, and half a dozen perhaps, accommodation and freight.

To see that the main line was always closed at the right moment, that the turnout was always ready when it should be, that the branch were the local made up was open, and in short, that everything was in condition for prompt and satisfactory working, kept me almost constantly at my post, though, as I have already said, the duties were not especially arduous.

In order to be handy to my business, I lived in a cottage close by, from the open door of which, looking eastward, I could see any coming train for a mile away, and notice whether the signals of 'danger' or 'safety' were in their proper positions.

One morning, just after the local had made up and gone, my wife came running to me with an alarmed face.

Our little girl was missing. She had seen her only a few minutes before the departure of the train and had made a hasty search for her as soon as she discovered her absence. She feared she knew not what.

I calmed her with a few brief words, and, hurrying around to the station building, began a careful examination of every possible place where I deemed it likely the child might be. (She was only five years old.) The search resulted in my finding her on the sunny side of a pile of railroad ties, with her doll, half as large as herself, lying beside her. That night I had a singular dream.

I thought I was in the middle of a vast plain, through which stretched, broad and clear before me, the double track of a main line.

Like ours, yet unlike, for every few rods I could see open switches and blood-red signals, that give me an agony of apprehension.

As I looked again at the line my eyes fell upon an object—a small form lying upon the rails. My child!

With a mighty effort I awoke, turned over, and went to sleep, and dreamed the same thing again, with addition that I seemed mounted on a winged horse, and riding for life to close the switches.

Again I awoke bathed in perspiration and roused myself sufficiently to get up and visit my little darling's crib of course to find her safe.

I walked the floor in my stocking feet for a while, looked at the clock, and again turned in, to dream for the third time the same thing; to start suddenly and broadly awake, as if the voice which roused the Thane of Cawdor had hissed in my ear, as in his: 'Sleep no more!' to woke and find the first gleam of the incoming day glowing gravely in the eastern wall.

However a visit to all those switches—mine, not those of the dream—a dash, headformost, into a cool, deep runnning stream near, and a warm breakfast, seemed to clear away whatever remained of the lingering effects of my nocturnal visions, and I felt like myself once more.

Between the passage of the down mail which stopped, and the through express which did not, there was an interval of an hour and a half, that was essentially my own.

But that morning a despatch had come for one of the directors, who lived three miles to the south of us, and as it so happened, the agent, who was busy, requested me to take it, offering the use of his fast mare, which stood in harness under the shed—an animal remarkable for its speed and endurance, as I ascertained thereafter.

I had been to the director's house on one or two similar occasions, and neither the agent nor myself deemed the time necessary to go and come any consideration when an hour and a half was at my disposal.

Besides, had such scourse been necessary, he would have taken the keys and acted for me. But there was no thought of that.

I drove leisurely over, enjoying the ride much, for the mare, Fancy, was in excellent sprits, and the air was clear and bracing.

I had delivered the despatch, received a brief word of thanks, and was already turning homeward, when the director came himself toward the paling, calling out to me by name. I reined up.

'There is some mistake here, Jennings,' he said, with some excitment, waving the despatch. 'This should not have been sent to me, but our agent.' On reflection: 'He knows the contents, I suppose?'

On reflection, I couldn't say, and so stated.

'Then go back to your post at once, and give it to him. A special train of excursionists to Hamstead Beach, will pass at 9.30. Look out for it.'

He turned leisurely and sauntered up the walk toward the house, while with a word I started the mare into a trot.

A special at 9 30.

I drew a taut rein with my right hand and took my watch from my pocket with my trembling left.

Nine twenty-two! Three miles of straight road—less, perhaps, a quarter of a mile of detour to the station, when I should reach the track—and the main line open to the west ward for the passage out of the mail!

Three miles, and eight minutes in which to accomplish it!

In my youth I had known something about horses, and that knowledge did not fail me now.

I drew out the long whip—seldom used as I have noticed—and touched the mare quietly on the flank.

How can I describe that ride!

I have been where charger met charger in the swirl and dust of battle, and men and horses have gone down together, but in that there was fellowship—association.

In this—but no words can fitly describe the fierce emotions of that solitary ride against time, where hundreds of innocent lives, all unconscious of the peril toward which they were speeding, hung trembling in the balance.

I recall now the tempest which swayed my shrinking soul, as, outwardly calm and rigidly erect, with every muscle strong as steel, I held the mare firmly up to her work, and, by voice and touch, electrified the noble animal with almost human consciousness of the necessities and peril of the occasion.

Trees, houses, fences, gardens,—sometimes men, staring in wild-eyed astonishment—flew past in one unbroken flight.

My hat was off, my hair and beard streaming in the wind, my lips compressed, save when emitting low cries of encouragment to the noble mare; and thus I reached a low rise of ground commanding a view of the line for a mile or more on either hand.

Up to this moment from the time I had drawn taut rein and glanced at my watch, this point had been the objective goal for which I was riding.

If I could reach it before the whistle blew at the crossing below, there would be hope. If not—I shuddered at the alternative.

I recalled afterwards, and many times, how a thought of my dream—a long line of switches—swept across me then! how my eyes for the first time swerved from their steady gaze at my horse's head and flashed a glance up and down the whole visible line for the coming special! Not in sight—thank God! Stay! there is smoke on the horizon.

But there is no stay in the wild rush of our onward course. With as unflinching nerve as when she started, the gallant mare stretches away down the gentle declivity, while every moment the distance lessens, and the on-coming train gets larger and nearer as it nears us.

I stand up in the wagon; I urge to greater speed; I wave scarf and hand; I shout, but my voice is beyond my control. Ha! Joy unutterable! I am seen!

A whistle!—the agent runs out with a red flag! two whistles! Down brakes! the train is saved, and comes to a halt not a dozen yards from the open switch. It was time. Time—as they say in the racing calendar—seven minutes and a half. This I confirmed afterward,

I completed the last quarter of the detour to the station more leisurely, but am in time to receive from the arms of the agent my sleepy little girl, whom he had snatched from the shadow of the misplaced switch, where she was lying fast asleep, with her golden curls directly on the rails.

That dream again! Shall I ever be thankful enough?

I am an older man now, and have other and higher interests in railroads, but not on that line. That experience was too much for me. I left soon after and my fortunes soon improved. My golden haired little darling is now a woman, and happily married, and has a little darling of her own just beginning to walk.

And if you would like to see the gallant mare, Fanny, that run the race against time, and an affectionate place in the my remembrance evermore, come out to the orchard, and you will see her enjoying a comfortable old age, petted and caressed by the whole family.

So I end as I began. Dreams are not always true. Nor on the other hand, are they always false.—*Selected.*

A Gun-Boat Running the Gauntlet.

From an illustrated article by Rear-Admiral Walke, in the "Operations of the Western Flotilla" in the January *Century*, we quote the following:

'Having received written orders from the flag-officer, under date of March 30th, I at once began to prepare the *Carondelet* for the ordeal. All the loose material a at hand was collected, and on the 4th of April the decks were covered with it to protect them against plunging shot. Hawsers and chain cables were placed around the pilot house and other vulnerable parts of the vessel, and every precaution was adopted to prevent disaster. A coal-barge laden with hay and coal was lashed to the part of the port side on which there was no iron plating to protect the magazine. And it was truly said that the old *Carondelet* at that time resembled a farmer's wagon prepared for market. The engineers led the escape-steam, through the pipes aft, into the wheel-house, to avoid the puffing sound it made when blown through the smoke-stacks.

'All the necessary preparations having been made, I informed the flag officer of my intention to run the gauntlet that night, and received his approval. Colonel Buford, who commanded the land forces temporarily with the flotilla, assisted me in preparing for the trip, and on the 4th brought on board Captain Hollenstein, of the Forty second Illinois, and twenty-three sharp shooters of his command, who volunteered their service, which were gratefully accepted. Colonel Buford remained on board until the last moment to encourage us. I informed the officers and crew of the nature of the undertaking, and all expressed a readiness to make the venture. In order to resist boarding parties in case we should be disturbed, the sailors were well armed, and pistols, cutlasses, muskets, boarding spikes, and hand-grenades were within reach. Hose was attached to the boilers for throwing scalding water over any who might attempt to board. If it should be found impossible to save the vessel, it was designed to sink rather than burn her, as the loss of life would probably be greater than in the latter case by the explosion of her magazines. During the afternoon there was promise of a clear moonlight night, and it was determined to wait until the moon was down, and then to make the attempt, whatever the chances. Having gone so far, we could not abandon the project without a bad effect on the men, equal almost to a failure.

'At ten o'clock the moon had gone down, and the sky, the earth, and the river were alike then in the black shadow of a thunder-storm, which had now spread itself over all the heavens. As the time seemed favorable, I ordered the first master to cast off. Dark clouds now rose rapidly over us, and enveloped us in almost total darkness, except when the sky was lighted up by the welcome flashes of vivid lightning, to show us the perilous way we were to take. Now and then the dim outline of the landscape could be seen and the forest bending under the roaring storm that came rushing up the river.

'With our bow pointing to the island, we passed the lowest point of land without being observed, it appears, by the enemy. All speed was given to the vessel to drive her through the tempest. The flashes of lightning continued with frightful brilliancy, and 'almost every second,' wrote a correspondent, 'every brace, post, and outline could be seen with startling distinctness, enshrouded by a blush white glare of light, and then her form for the next minute would become merged in the intense darkness.' When opposite battery No. 2, on the mainland, the smoke-stack blazed up, but the fire was soon subdued. It was caused by the soot becoming dry, as the escape steam, which usually kept the stacks wet, had been sent to the wheel-house, as already mentioned, to prevent noise. With such vivid lightning as prevailed during the whole passage, there was no prospect of escaping the vigilance of the enemy, but there was good reason to hope that he would be unable to point his guns accurately. Again the smoke-stacks took fire, and were soon put out; and then the rear of the enemy's guns began, and from batteries No. 2, 3, and 4, came almost incessantly the sharp crack and screaming sound of their rifle-shells, which seemed to unite with the electric batteries of the clouds to annihilate us.

'While nearing the island or somehoal point, during a few moments of total darkness, we were startled by the loud, sharp order, 'Hard a-port!' from our brave and skilful pilot, First Master Hoel. We almost grazed the island, and it appears that we were not seen through the storm until we were close in, and the enemy having no time to point his guns did not, or probably could not, depress them. While close under the lee of the island and during a lull in the storm and in the firing, one of our pilots heard a confederate officer shout, 'elevate your guns!' 'Yes, confound you,' said the pilot, in a much lower key, 'elevate.' It is probable that the muzzles of those guns had been depressed to keep the rain out of them, and the officers, not expecting another night attack in such a storm, and arriving late, ordered the guns elevated just in time to save us from the direct fire of the enemy's heaviest fort; and this, no doubt, was the cause of our remarkable escape. Nearly all the enemy's shot went over us.

'Having passed the principal batteries, we were greatly relieved from the suspense, patiently endured, however, by the officers and crew. But there was another floating battery, which was the great 'war elephant' of the Confederates, built to blockade the Mississipi permanently. As we passed her she fired six or eight shots at us, but without effect. One ball struck the coal barge, and was found in a bale of hay; we found also one or two musket bullets. We arrived at New Madrid about midnight with no one hurt, and were most joyfully received by our army. At the suggestion of Paymaster Nixon, all hands 'Spliced the main brace.'"

Correspondence.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

MR. EDITOR:—If you will allow me space in your valuable paper, I will appeal to the friends of temperance in behalf of the suffering public.

The questions that disturb us and that demand our immediate attention are home and heart questions, and propound themselves to all.

Shall rum rule and ruin? Shall any thing be done to uproot an evil which, all acknwledge, is fearfully on the increase, and whose terrible havoc all dread?

The rum traffic is an unmitigated evil, not one honest word can be said in its favor. All other trades have just and honorable foundations, but this is the trade of death.

Fellow citizens, you all know this traffic. We must work to put it down. Let it be an issue by itself; let it stand alone a monument of evil, a monument of murder, of suicide, of pauperism, of increased taxation, of prostitution, of treason to domestic peace and public weal, of all crimes. Let it stand in the midst of its gilded thoroughfares, to be despised in its glare by all political and social complexions; to be hooted and despised until cut off from all sympathy, it shall go down in eternal night.

We should deal very kindly with the drunkard, there is a general disposition to kick the poor fellow, to speak harshly to him, or, at least, to let him alone, as a degraded specimen of humanity. This is wrong, he is besotted it is true, because of his beastly appetite, but that appetite has been goaded on by the seller of strong drink, and the seller of strong drink has been allowed to pursus his fiendish business with little hinderance on the part of chrstian people, beyond an occasional (not very forcible) remonstrance.

It is our duty to help put down the rum trade. It has become a mighty power against christianity. No outrage nor indecency is to great for it to commit. For gain, it makes merchandise of the souls of its victims. It ruins families. It breaks up the peace of families. It makes widows and orphans. It fills poorhouses, jails and penitentiaries. It fattens pauper grave-yards with the remains of its victims. The slave trade was bad; the slave auctions were horrible; the dealer in human flesh was voted to be a low wretch who could not gain admission into decent society. The liquor trade is, if possible, worse. The bartering of a man's soul across a bar counter for glass after glass of mean whiskey, is fully as vile as to sell his body by auction. As the slave dealer was held accursed, so let society frown on the maker and seller, wholesale or retail of distilled perdition, until every vendor of the poison, shall, by force of public opinion, if not of law, be driven out of a life of crime and dishonesty, into some decent business in which he can consistently ask the blessing of God. The rum seller is, in a certain degree, guilty of every outrage his victims may commit, while under the effect of the stimulant that they received from his hand. They have a partnership in every blow they strike, in every murder and every suicide committed. The man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips is accountable for what comes from those lips, under the influence of the dram; and is accountable too, for every outrage that the maddened victim of the cup may perpetrate during his temporary insanity. What good is a rum-seller to any place? Draymen, bootblacks, chimney sweeps, or scavengers do some good, their work is indispensible, but what good does the rum-seller do? They have not the slightest argument. Why should they be allowed to disturb the peace and quiet of peaceable citizens, and become nuisances wherever they are? They increase ignorance, they more than double our taxes, they diminish our churches, they multiply our prisons and destroy our families. No truly respectable person would engage in the business, and he should be shnnned and despised by every respectable citizen, and they should use every effort for the suppression of these hells of drunkenness, and get rid of these howling, staggering inebrites, who turn our streets into perfect hells of violence, turmoil and crime.

It is our duty to enforce the law, and break up this hellish business. It is no good to plead with them any more, their hearts are hardened against all that is decent, they can stand the melting pleas of blasted homes and broken hearts. They hope to quell their cries by aweing into silence those mothers whose sons have fallen victims to their trade; and wives whose husbands come to them no more in peace, love and fidelity; children whose parents have been sent to untimely graves, those they may intimidate, but there is a class they cannot intimidate, and that class are true and tried christians, and temperance men and women who know that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven, and they know also, that these dram shops are digging hundreds of graves, and on the headstone of each one we read the words, that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. Then, if this be so, if these words be true, where are they? Where is that vast multitude of immortal souls to spend eternity, if not in heaven? We could mention some who have filled those graves, and also the dens where they bought the poison, but it would tear open too many secret wounds, which pride and affection are attempting, in vain, to conceal. It would reveal wrecks that angels might weep over. It would open afresh some tombs where the charitable, green turf now hides out of sight, what surviving friendship would love to have forgotten. Look, christians! look, benevolent men! look until your heart aches and your eyes fill up with tears of commiseration—look at the corruption that gathers around you—look at the drunkards that reel in your path, who if they were sober would make our most influential citizens. Look at the groggeries in our town—a stench in the nostrils of decent society. Look at the neglected children of the drunkard; we cannot be idle spectators of their forsaken and pitiful condition. We have not the right to permit the numerous afflictions they are compelled to endure. Our very manhood should prompt us to rush to their rescue. What we can rightfully do for their relief, we are cowardly as well as criminal for not doing. The child has no control over the conduct of its parents, yet how much depends on the drunkenness or sobriety to that child of its father. The rum shop is the only place where parents can buy anything to extinguish parental affection, and this brutalizing agent they peddle out to such as have dependant little ones in charge. Oh, shameful rum seller—do you not blush for your vile deeds when you contemplate the result of your trade. We would think you could hear the cries of your baby victims. You need not think to escape the burning brand your atrocities merit. If the poor drunkard cannot enter the abode of the pure and the just, what chance is there for you, the drunkard maker?

JOSEPH H. PURDIE.
Round Hill, Dec. 16th, 1884.

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