

One at Each Corner.

A NEW YEAR'S TRACT.

To build a new life on a ruined life. To make the future fairer than the past.

It beats any house we've seen, Joe," said a pleasant looking young woman as she stood on the doorstep of one of a row of workmen's dwellings recently built in a city street.

"Ay, Dinah," said the young man to whom she spoke, "they are good rooms, clean and airy, but—yes—there's one at each corner," he added with an air of hesitation, as he stepped on the pavement and glanced up and down the street.

"So there is—nice-looking pumps, too. Well, Joe, you bade me speak my mind," said the girl as she looked up with shy brightness at the tall, broad-shouldered young man; "this is the house I like."

"All right, Dinah, my lass, I'll fix with the landlord to-morrow. Come now, we'll have a turn in the gardens; you've been so quick making up your mind, we've plenty time left." So the pair strolled away, talking of their plans, as happy lovers will; for their wedding day was fixed for the following week.

"Yes, there is one at each corner, and no mistake. But what of that? A man's not going to make a boast of himself because there happen to be two drinking shops near his door," said Joe Baker to himself as he walked home wards after having seen his betrothed wife safely to her mistress's door. "I would have been a pity to have put my lass out o' conceit of the nice rooms. She thought I meant the pumps—ha, ha!"

But though he laughed aloud, Joe did not feel altogether easy. Not that he was a slave to the deadly vice pandered to by those brilliantly lighted houses which he was passing now. His employers, indeed, would have specially noted, in any certificate of character they were asked to give Joseph Baker, that, in addition to being a good workman, he was both sober and respectable. But Joe, in moments when conscience was at work and revealed to him the plagues of his own heart, was bound to acknowledge that a glass of whiskey had a strong and increasing attraction for him. To be sure, he frequently boasted to himself, and sometimes to his neighbors, that, though "the pledge" might be good for poor wretches who could not pass a public house without getting tipsy, it was not needed for "the sake of him."

He was master of himself, and would remain so.

The gay windows of one of these corner houses were passed, and Joe went cheerily on his way with his hands in his pockets, whistling, *Well, gang niss mair to you toon*. But suddenly he slackened his pace. The door of the upper public house was swung open. "That's surely Jack Mather—the very man I want to see." Crossing the street, he joined the group that clustered about the bar.

Unlike many who stumbled out at the swing-door that evening, Joe Baker was still to be reckoned sober when he stepped into the street an hour afterwards. Still, with equal truth it must be told that the fine edge of his evening's pure happiness had been quaffed away in the glass of grog which he felt bound to take.

His pockets, too, were emptied of several shillings which he intended to spend on his new furnishings at the ironmonger's shop a few doors further up. His friends had to be "treated" in honor of his wedding, they said; and Joe was not unwilling. But there was a frown on his face as he walked away. "That place will not see the color o' my mon-y again, I'll bet. Bother it—I wish there hadn't been one at each corner. But after I marry Dinah I'll not darken one of their doors again. — sure's my name's Joe Baker."

As Joe's vow fell on the still night air, he liked the sound of it, and repeated it. The listening angels heard it too, but there was none of that joy which fills their loving hearts as they hearken unseen to vows spoken by good men, to human eyes, look much less hopeful than the stalwart Joe as he strode along. Alas! they missed "the breathing of a sigh, the falling of a tear, the upward glancing of the eye." *Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe*, was not in Joe Baker's heart or on his lips, and the devil knew it, and was glad.

II.

Spring had come again. Dinah stood one evening in the gloaming, on the spot where she stood a year before. The outline of her face was sharper, and she had a wearied, anxious look as she glanced up and down the street. "Good evening, Mrs. Baker," said an aged, stooping man who had just stepped out of his house next door with a jag in his hand. Dinah sometimes

liked a chat with her quiet neighbor, but at this moment she did not feel inclined to talk, for now she saw her husband, for whom she had been on the outlook.

"Can I ill your can for you, to night, Mrs. Baker? I'm going to the spring you like best at the top of the street. It's very handy, is it not, having one at each corner?"

"And why shouldn't there be one at each corner? you sneaking old hypocrite!" shouted a voice that made Dinah start even more than her old neighbor, for it was her husband's, and these were not his sober tones. The fiery, bloodshot eyes, which were meeting the old man's gentle glance, were not the clear, kindly eyes that rested on her and their infant son as he left for his work that morning. Alas! Joe seldom passed the gaudily painted corner houses now. And this evening his visit had been specially inflaming to brain and temper, for one of his mates tauntingly told him that his "missus was keeping her eye on him from her doorstep"—a game he wouldn't stand.

He stood glaring now, repeating with maddening fury, "And why shouldn't there be one at each corner—and as he spoke he gave the feeble old man a push with his muscular elbow which laid him on the pavement, with broken jug and outstretched arms. Dinah sprang forward, with a low cry, to his help. In an instant the usual little street crowd clustered, with its comments and its verdict. And, wonderful to narrate, a policeman was on the spot, for once, when he seemed to be wanted. 'Twas him that went for old Daniel Gray. I saw it with my own eyes," cried a slatternly-looking woman who had long been jealous of the comely Dinah.

"All right, old lady, you'll be a willing witness, and no mistake, said the policeman in a sneering tone, as he laid his hand on Joe's arm, who seemed suddenly to acquiesce in the righteousness of his official touch. Dinah looked wildly about. The old man, whom she had just succeeded in helping up, perceiving the situation, feebly said, "Hey, policeman, wait a bit. Don't ye be that sharp. Maybe 'twas only an accident like. But as he spoke the blood flowed from his temples, and he dropped again on the pavement, unconscious and deathlike.

III.

It was New Year's Eve. No light burned in Joe and Dinah's windows. They were evidently spending their evening elsewhere. In an upper room of the next house the light burned hardly more brightly than in the tenement one, for it was the chamber of death. A healthy baby boy lay crawling in his cradle in one corner, but his father and mother had no eyes for him to-night. They bent together over a dying man. Dinah, with ministering touches, was soothing the pillows on which the straggling grey locks rested. But it was not on his faithful nurse of many months that old Daniel Gray's eyes were fixed, but on a bent head and grief-stricken face by his side.

"Come, Joe, man—no more bitter things against yourself. Why, 'twas a blessed bit shove you—for both you and me," gasped the old man, with a bright smile. "And, Joe, Mr Gray thinks this might have come anyway. And the court you, know—"

"Dinah, woman, don't you be helping the devil. Say the worst and it's the truth. If the law spared me, thanks to him here. But it was no that struck the blow that's killing you, and, with a groan, the strong man hid his face in the coverlet.

"Joe," said the feeble voice once more, "a dying man must not mince matters, as they say. It cuts you sore to think o' that blow. But, believe me, lad, the Almighty saw that nothing else would do. I watched you, Joe. You were a confident man. No fear o' me like, was written on your face. Drink had got a deadly grip on you, Joe, it might have been me there, or your big bairn. My frail tabernacle was just a-c' the breaking up, anyhow. The Almighty knew that old Daniel was longing for his promotion." There was a light on the old man's face which surely came from that far-off land where he was so soon to see the King in His beauty, thought Dinah, as she watched him. But Daniel was not ready yet to give himself up to the blessed thought of the home so near, for were there not many "out on the hills away, far off from the gates of gold."

"Joe, you would like to make up to me for that bit shove, I know, shall I tell you how you can do it? You've sought the Lord yourself, Joe, and I've good hopes you've found Him—for you've had the broken heart. He looks for, this while back. You've taken the pledge, too, and since I heard you tell Himself you might, n' your knees, that only in His strength could you stand, I've had a happy mind about you. For, mind, we must be at the foot of

His cross first, we must have a meeting with Him who hung there for us, we must take that great pledge of all pledges to be His redeemed ones, or else the temperance pledge will not help us. It will be a broken vow before long. But you have got that blessed new life in your soul, Joe; I see it, know it, as it was not given to me to know it about my own," and the old man's voice faltered as he went on.

"Listen; I'll tell you what I never told before. I had a son once, promising as any. But he came under the power o' drink. In a public house brawl he killed a man. It was a life for a life. On the gallows he died. They could not speak of his penitence, nor could I. My life has been dim and sad since that day, but my Father is calling me away from my lifelong sorrow. It was drink that did it all. Hearken to me Joe. God has been merciful to you. Repentance a turn- ing away heart and soul from the evil—has been given. Now, if ye keep thinking ye owe old Daniel Gray anything, I'll tell you how you can pay the debt a hundredfold, every day, till ye lie low as I do this night. Joe, give your manhood's strength to put down these accursed drink shops. Mind, man, there is still one at each corner. And *Woe unto him that getteth his neighbor drunk, that putteth the bot- tle before him, and maketh him drunk as also.*"

A new strength seemed given to the dying man. With flashing eye and uplifted hand he uttered the terrible "woe." It might have been the old prophet himself who spoke, thought Dinah, as she gazed on him with awe. After a moment's breathless pause he continued, "Man and wife, both o' ye, fill yourselves heart and soul into the temperance cause. Give the Almighty no rest till he make it the cause victorious. With God all things are possible. Keep praying and working, and watching, and though it has not been given my eyes to behold it, you may live to see that great curse of our land swept away by Him who is still the miracle worker. Ay, Joe—Dinah, ye may bring the news to me, when we meet up yonder, that there is not left a public house in all the length and breadth of our beloved land."

When New Year's day dawned dim and sad, Joe and Dinah still knelt by Daniel Gray's bedside, but he was not there. "Another morn than ours" had risen for him, where earth's shadows have for ever fled away. *Published by the British Women's Temperance Association, Scottish Christian Union.*

Dry Goods. GO TO— The People's Store. 622 Queen St. W., Cor. Muter. —FOR— Cheap Blankets, Cheap Comforters, Cheap Dress Goods, Cheap Shirts and Drawers, Cheap Millinery, Table Linens, Flannels and Blankets. DAVID MILLAR. RICHARD ASHDOWN 724. WILLOW BASKET WARE AND REED FURNITURE. Dealer in PAIRS, BRUSHES, BROOMS, WITH GOODS, AND GENERAL FANCY GOODS. 818 Queen St. West. (Near Queens St.) Canal Bottom Chairs Re-seated.

PURE GOLD GOODS ARE THE BEST MADE. ASK FOR THEM IN CANS, BOTTLES OR PACKAGES. THE LEADING LINES ARE BAKING POWDER, FLAVORING EXTRACTS, SHOE BLACKING, STOVE POLISH, COFFEE, SPICES, BORAX, CURRY POWDER, CELERY SALT, MUSTARD, POWDERED HERBS.

2 GOLD MEDALS 1 SILVER MEDAL 8 BRONZE MEDALS 1886.

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED PURE GOLD MANIC CO.

ST. JAMES' WARD PROHIBITION CLUB. YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE KINDLY REQUESTED FOR THE REELECTION OF W. MILLICHAMP AS ALDERMAN FOR 1888. ELECTION MONDAY, 2nd January, 1888.

ST. MATTHEW'S WARD. PUSH, PROGRESS AND PROSPERITY. YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR THE REELECTION OF E. A. MACDONALD AS ALDERMAN FOR 1888. The Elections will be held on Monday, January 2nd, 1888.

1888 ST. PATRICK'S WARD. 1888 YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR THE REELECTION OF JOHN HARVIE AS ALDERMAN FOR 1888. Election takes Place on Monday, Jan. 2, 1888.

St. Lawrence Ward. JAMES L. MORRISON, JOHN HALLAM, G. F. FRANKLAND, AS ALDERMEN. Your Vote and Assistance are Respectfully Solicited.

"THE BON MARCHE" To say that the Bon Marche has been busy since the commencement of the Great Bankrupt Stock Sale of Fancy Goods on Monday morning last would be drawing it very mild indeed, every department having been so crowded that we have found it impossible in numerous instances to give the careful attention to customers that it is always our wish to do. With an immediate and considerable addition to our staff, however, we hope to overcome the difficulty. Our stock of Mantle Broches and Flashes present a magnificent variety for ladies to select from, all at very low regular prices. Ladies wishing to spend their money judiciously will certainly see our stock before buying anything in the least elsewhere. During this sale, which is the most successful ever achieved in this city, as the crowded state of our store will confirm, we shall continue to lay before customers from day to day new and attractive lines of heavy goods suitable for the season.

F. X. Cousineau & Co., "Bon Marche" BANKRUPT STOCK EMPORIUM, 7 & 9 KING STREET EAST. P.S. 600 Doz. or 7,200 Hks. The Largest Collection of Ladies' and Gent's Silk Handkerchiefs ever seen in this city, ranging from 2x up to 100 Doz. Ladies' Pure Linen Hem stitched Handkerchiefs at \$1.50 per doz., worth 18. 500 doz. Ladies' Fancy Bordered French Lawn Handkerchiefs, French designs, 50c. doz., worth 75c. 75c. doz., worth \$1. \$1 doz., worth \$1.50.

SOLID PROGRESS & GOOD RESULTS Persons insuring their lives should investigate the financial standing of a company, the same as they would a bank in which they intended to invest, not by the volume of business passing in and out, but by its financial record and interest paying results. No company in the U.S. has made as regular and solid dividend paying progress, and increased its ANNUAL CASH DIVIDENDS to policy holders for so many years past, without a retrograde step, as the

ETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD. Head Office for Canada, 9 Toronto Street, cor. of Court Street, Toronto.

We invite attention to the following unequalled showing of increase in all four items of (1) Cash Dividends, (2) Assets to each \$100 of Liabilities, (3) Assets to each \$100 of Insurance, and (4) Gross Accumulated Funds:

Table with columns: YEAR Ending Jan 1st, PROFIT Paid on Policy No. to 20, ASSETS Per \$100 of Liabilities, ASSETS Per \$100 of Insurance, GROSS Accumulated Funds. Rows for years 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

Table with columns: Year Paid, Etna Life, Three Other Leading Cos, Etna Life, Another Co. Rows for years 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887.

Average of the Etna Life's Footings, upon the \$20,000, same age and plan Average of the Other Four Companies Better Results from the Etna's Management on similar policy in ten years Information as to the name and residence of the party holding the first four policies, and particulars of the plans of insurance recommended by this Company, will be cheerfully given to leading insurers by addressing W. H. ORR & SONS, Managers. Toronto, October 27th, 1887.