

Temperance Societies.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY

Hold Temperance Meetings every Sabbath afternoon at the Temperance Hall, Temperance Street, at 3 o'clock. Addressed by reformed men and others. Good singing by the choir.

"PERSEVERANCE LODGE," No. 1. Meets every Tuesday evening at Temperance Hall, Pandora St., Victoria, B.C.

I. O. G. T. LODGES. MONDAY EVENING.

"THE TORONTO," No. 827. Orange Hall, Queen Street East. M. Brown, L.D., 264 Simcoe St.

MOUNT LEBANON LODGE, No. 15. Meets in No. 2 Room, Basement, Temperance Hall, on Mondays, at 8 p.m. Wm. Jones, 45 Arcade, Toronto.

TUESDAY EVENING.

"TEMPLARS' HOME," Copeland's Hall, cor. King and Sherbourne Sts. H. Brooks, L.D., 195 King St. E.

R. T. OF TEMPERANCE.

PIONEER COUNCIL, No. 1. Every Monday, 9 p.m., Temperance Hall, Brock St. Jno. Dunlop, Sec., 194 Muter St.

WEST END CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

Sunday Afternoons. Occident Hall. Five-cent concert every Saturday evening. A. Fraley, Pres., F. J. Frampton, Sec., 186 St. Patrick St., 120 Queen St., Parkdale.

PATTERSON PLACE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION. By John St. Mission Hall, Ft. of Regent St. Concerts every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Silver Collection. Mrs. M. A. Brock, Sec., 9 Patterson Place.

W. G. T. UNIONS.

"CENTRAL" UNION. Monday Afternoon. Shaftesbury Hall. Mrs. K. M. Smith, Sec., 247 Jarvis St.

TORONTO Y. W. C. T. U. 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, 4 p.m. Shaftesbury Hall. Miss Tilley, Pres., 78 John St. Miss Scott, Cor. Sec., 753 Yonge St.

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Selections.

More frightened Than Hurt.

Men call us lovely, call us dear, Because we mend their coats; They call us angels, yet they fear Our darling angel votes

'Tis not the angels of the sky Of whom in dread they stand, But the dear angel gliding by With ballot in her hand.

So very long they've had their say, So long have chained our souls They well may dread the reckoning day With women at the polls.

Bad women, set from trammels free, They say will riot then. How very thankful we should be That there are no bad men

I hope the world will roll along- I hope it will not sink; I hope there will be mirth and song, And pen and printer's ink

I hope that man, how'er alarmed, Will be in mercy spared, To find that he has not been harmed, But only badly scared. -Mrs. Emma R. Thurston in the Woman's Journal

Peace, be Still.

BY L. A. MORRISON, TORONTO.

"And He arose, and rebuked the winds, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and the sea was a great calm." -Mark IV, 35.

Jesus, Master, speak once more "Peace, be still" Speak, as Thou didst once of yore "Peace, be still" Passion-toss'd on life's rough sea, Thy disciples still to Thee. In their sore besetment cry "Save us, Master. From on high Speak, and bid the surging cease, Bring each calling one Thy peace."

Jesus, Master, still they need "Peace, be still" For Thy word of grace they plead "Peace, be still"

Calling yet, in fear for Thee, Tempest-toss'd, each Galilee Bears its freighted barques still o'er Toward Gadara's alien shore; Rise, dear Lord, and bring release; Grant these toiling ones Thy peace.

Jesus, Master, speak the word: "Peace, be still" Speak, till all the earth hath heard: "Peace, be still"

Through the turmoil and the din, O'er the turbulence and sin, Waft millennial blessings near, Speak the Word that all may hear. Banish wrong, let right increase; Lead the nations into peace.

Jesus, Master, rise and speak: "Peace, be still" Thou hast here the help we seek: "Peace, be still"

Let Thine own sweet restful calm With its blessedness and balm. Breathe its spirit o'er the strife Of this weary human life. Till from fear shall come release, And to all Thy perfect peace

Jesus, Master, speak for me: "Peace, be still" Speak, and let my soul be free "Peace, be still"

Bid my troubled nature rest, Stormy passions sweep my breast. Speak the word of conscious power To my heart, and this glad hour All its tumult-throbs shall cease: I shall have Thy perfect peace.

The Right Way and the Wrong Way.

The right way and the wrong way They neathe side by side, And one is narrow, straight, and rough, The other smooth and wide. Poor weary, burdened pilgrims, The weak and oft the strong, Turn from the narrow path of right And follow in the wrong

And we, as Christian watchmen And pilgrims of the day, Should take our brother by the hand And lead him in the way; Should turn the wavering footsteps Towards the gates of light, From journeying in the path of wrong To walking in the right.

The right way and the wrong way, So very plain to see, That e'en a child may choose between The two, all will agree. May angels fair attend us While journeying along, And lead us through this path of right And keep us from the wrong. -Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

Tales and Fables.

SAVED BY A MOUNTED POLICEMAN.

BY MUSCOWPRTUNG

Written for THE CANADA CITIZEN

"THAT'S the way I do with a fellow like that," said a typical bar-keeper in a far western Canadian town not long ago, one night, to a couple of men who were standing near the counter, though both were apparently strangers to each other. The by-stander had flung out a man from his den, and the indictment which he had hastily filed against the man was that he was a dead beat and a nuisance. The man flung out was known by name to one of the two men—a strapping, handsome looking fellow, who, in a cool, determined manner, said, "Oh, custom of the district, I suppose, or rather the custom of the trade you follow."

The bar-keeper was a short, thick-set man, a Canadian, but partly white-washed by a residence in Bismark and subsequently in Boreman, Montana. There are, paradoxical as it may appear, some bar-keepers who will not kick a man out of their saloon when he is dead broke and drunk to boot and who has been voted by the habitues a "dead beat." They are sometimes human, and they have been known to lead a customer of that sort out of the door and then bolt the door and put the lights out in order to keep the peace. This was not one of that kind. When he had no use for a customer that is to say, when the customer was cleaned out and hadn't another nickel—then "his combination was busted," and without much regard for anatomical considerations the "man from nowhere" was flung out into the cold charities of the street. When the mounted policeman, dressed as a civilian, spoke as he did, his manner was quiet but authoritative. He added "I'm going to tyle the lodge."

"Oh, I see," said the bar-keeper, "all right," and he reached out a bottle of liquid, what was evidently the combined result of alcohol and blue-stone.

"Not any," said the trooper. I must tyle the lodge."

The bar-keeper was evidently non-plussed at the grave demeanor of the man, and he was beginning to get his "back up" when the trooper opened his coat and showed his badge. It was a small "riband of blue," well known as the emblem of "on duty," and the man of the bottle said, "All up! I'll go down to-morrow."

"If it's all the same you had better come now. Perhaps that man you flung out will want a lift down to the barracks."

Whisky had been a prime factor in the town for some days and the commanding officer had made up his mind to put in his veto.

The lodge was duly "tyled," and the men went into the night. Catching hold of the man that had been flung out, the policeman lifted him on his back, and in company with the prisoner started for the barracks. When the quarters were reached signs passed between the sergeant of the guard and the trooper. The man who had been flung out was gently conducted to the mess-room and given a good square meal, while the prisoner was conducted to the cell, but not flung in as the man was flung out, but with that disciplined dignity which recognizes that although a man is a prisoner he is not necessarily guilty, and not a criminal, until he has been proven guilty. Contrast this treatment and see what military discipline means. But, of course, the sergeant and the trooper were both masons, and while they were doing their duty as mounted policemen they were endeavoring to rescue a man who was without a friend, who needed help, and they did it.

"Why did not they put the man in the cells too? There was no charge proffered against him. If drunk he was not disorderly. He resisted not. Though not a mason his brother was one, and although masonry was not shielding him or assisting him, two men who were both royal arch masons were doing so because a promise had been made to a brother, and he had committed no crime except against himself."

The effect on the man was electrical. "I suppose he joined the force?" "He did not." "Did he become a mason?" "He did not." "The man was one of the most experienced shipping clerks in the maritime provinces."

"What became of him?" "He was furnished with money enough to go to Hong Kong where he is to get steady employment at his specialty, that is, at work which owing to the decline of commerce on the Atlantic coast, openings are scarce."

"How was he protected against temptation on the route?" "He was sent in company with a

sea captain who is both a royal arch mason and a total abstainer."

"You seem to have a great respect for royal arch masons who are total abstainers, why is this?"

"That I cannot answer, but I may add that if Royal Oak masons were all total abstainers they would be as potent a moral force as were the crusaders under Peter the Great. They commend temperance to those who practice it but are opposed to total abstinence as an obligation of their craft. They are still going about doing good even on the frontiers of civilization where men often forget they are men, and share the instincts of the interior animal instead of the virtues of the motherhood of man."

"Then what point have you made by this incident?" "That inasmuch as many persons claim that masonry leads many men to drink, it frequently happens that masonry is a means of reclaiming drunkards, especially when the masons are total abstainers, has a most wonderful influence for good on a man when he is a stranger in a strange land and without friends; and masons themselves being men of the world for the most part, and unlike many other societies possessing too much sentiment, know that in order to assist a man you must endeavor to do so substantially and in a way that raises him effectually out of the slough of despond. But temperance people who are not masons, unfortunately too often overlook the fact that to reclaim a man addicted to drink sentimentality is of no account. The masons look deeper into the springs of action, and when they bid a man arise it is to follow his labor and fear no danger."

"Then you would associate masonry with temperance as much as possible?"

"I would, and have if possible every mason a total abstainer, because he would be then a more potent factor to do good and to suppress evil than he is without total abstinence, being an obligation of his craft."

A MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

Terrible, but True.

"WELL, boys! I have it all between yez. Look after herself, and don't let the ould crathur come to want, an' God bless yez all!"

The words issued from a truckle bed, on which, dimly seen through the peat smoke of a big fire, lay the form of a white-haired, withered-looking old man. Round it were grouped his whole family. The mother with grained, seamed face, Thady and Dermot, two stalwart sons, and Grace the only daughter.

"An' father," said Dermot, "is it to be share and share alike betwixt us? Thady the farm and myself the shop?"

"An' had cess to yez, Dermot, for a thieving villain, to be worrying himself wid the thought. Can't yez let him be, the crathur, and him makin' his soul so comfortable!"

So spoke the old mother, gazing sadly at her husband's darkening face. But Dermot had a purpose in his first question, and he had another to put before he could suffer his father to pass into the unseen.

His voice was choked, and the tears raining down his impressionable Celtic face, as he put it. "An' is it the Eileen Bawn yez wish me to bring home as my wife! Tell me, father, before yez go, and let the others hear yez." But already the death-knell had placed his seal of silence on old Terence Donohoe's lips. He could only bow his head, and as he did so his spirit took its flight.

There was a grand "wake." The Donohoes were known for miles round as "strong" farmers, and upright, sensible men. So, up the steep mountain road toiled the neighbors, in their big blue cloaks and rough, iron-clamped brogues. Many a tumble down "ass's car" groaned and thumped over the rough stones. Many a sympathizer, dismounted at the foot of Tinnagary weir, and, after tying the water's head to a convenient post, strode up to pay the last respects to Terence Donohoe. Many little children, too, pattered in at the open door, with their bare feet, and shared in the "potheen," liberally distributed to all comers.

"It's meself thinks the bhoys and such good friends as they used to be. Thady looks bitterly at Dermot and what can it beall about?" So said one of the neighbors, as they left the Hill Farm, with its one silent occupant and its many riotous visitors.

"It's had blood between them on account o' Eileen Bawn, so it is. 'Tis Dermot is the favored one, I hear. But 'tis herself is deep, any way." It was too true. Even over their father's dead body the two brothers were casting angry glances at each other. Thady, the elder, scarce restrained himself to speak civilly to Dermot, his junior by four years; while the latter, stung to the quick, proudly

averted his face, and went about with resentment burning in his heart. It was all so different to what it had once been. On the whole side of "White Stairs" they had been noted for their loving courtesy to and kind consideration for one another. "The boys," in their early years, had raced and leaped and worked together. Together they had sat on the hard form of the school with the square bell tower, in the neighboring village; together they had driven cattle and fed pigs and mowed the meadow; together they had cut turf from the bog lands of Mount Ulster, and shot plover on the moor near "Seven Mile Cross." Then, as years passed by, and the barefooted "gossosons" grew up to be stalwart young men, they had each chosen their profession, Thady, the elder, had elected to work the Donohoe farm, while Dermot had contentedly fallen into the second place, and followed the calling of a carpenter. Thady had helped to rear the big, comortable shed at the back of the house, dignified by the name of "the shop," and Dermot had advanced some of his earnings to help in the purchase of a colt for Thady's use on the farm.

And now a young girl had come between the brothers, and made "bad blood." Eileen Bawn lived in a cottage not far from the Donohoe farm, and, as Thady plowed his fallow meadow, or sowed his spring crops, or dug his early potatoes, he could not help watching her. Lithe, and active, and gay, Eileen went about her work, exchanging little words of greeting with the young farmer, or shedding her smiles like sunshine upon him.

Then Dermot, with his crisp curly hair and fair beard, with his broad strapping shoulders, and merry eager face, also worked in sight of Eileen's home. From the door of the shed where he planed and sawed, and bevelled and turned, he could see the Eileen Bawn feeding her hens and calves. He could watch her as she milked the cows morning and evening. He could listen to her as, with her musical voice, she sang the quaint "Bock, bock, bock," for the herd of pigs on the roadside.

And as Eileen met the two men—one dark and muddy after his day's tramp over the wet ground following the plow, the other tidy and clean from his workshop, what wonder that she admired the latter and gave the promise of her hand to Dermot.

It was six weeks after Terence Donohoe's death, when the morning sun, striking its first splinter of light over Ulster's purple brow, shone down on Dermot and Eileen's wedding day.

The life at home, since his father's death, had almost driven the youngest son to despair. Dark words and darker looks from his still loved and respected elder brother, sharp recrimination on both sides, and the possibility of blows between them, had forced Dermot to put custom at defiance, and marry his bride "before his father was cold." The old mother, from her corner in the settle, looked on and nodded, but did not interfere. But all her sympathies were with Thady, the rejected suitor and her own first born son. Grace did nothing to stem the tide of opposition setting in against Dermot. If she took his part, might not Thady turn her out of the homestead?

So, alone and unaided, Dermot the carpenter had to fight his own battle. By himself, he, in the dark hours of the night, made the wooden chairs and tables which were to be for his wife when he brought her home. Alone he carved the heavy old bed frame, and screwed together the poles and uprights. Alone he planed and planned, and hammered and dovetailed. Alone he nailed and fitted, and matched, until he had chairs for his bride to sit on, a table for her to eat at, a press for her clothes, a rack for her dishes, and a bed for her to lie in. Then he went to claim Eileen Bawn for his own.

But, before he started, he boldly fronted his brother. "Thady," he said, speaking quite calmly, though the veins on his forehead stood out like thick whipcord, "Thady," I am to marry Eileen to-morrow. Let us be friends before I bring herself home."

The elder brother went on sharpening the scythe he was mowing with. "No wife of Dermot Donohoe's shall darken the homestead door. An' if I were he I would not ask Eileen Bawn to become a beggar's bride."

Dermot shrank back as if he had been dealt a blow, and, just remarking that his home was to be here, he strode away.

The swish, swish of the scythe in the cool meadow grass followed him as he hastened down the mountain side; the sweet song of the lark trilled overhead. Before him lay happiness, as he thought; behind him the dark outline of the everlasting hills. Down in the Killbarria Chapel, the