

as the liquor traffic has come down to us through many generations. A broad, deep, mighty torrent bearing on its black and rushing tide untold thousands to utter, hope, less ruin. It is simple lunacy to suppose that at one wave of the hand, one single stroke of the pen, we can legislate this curse and scourge out of existence; no, our true policy is to contract and narrow its span and reduce its volume.

If there were but 50 taverns in Toronto, and that had been our condition for a number of years, and a proposition were made to increase the number, so that the poor man would have as much chance to get drunk as his wealthier neighbour, seeing that the right to get drunk was equal in both cases, and it was a wrong and hardship to deprive him of the privilege; and to this end the price of the license must be lowered so that the number of taverns would be increased until there were at least 200. Would temperance men hail the proposition as a boon? Would it not rather be condemned as a retrograde step calculated to undo and destroy the barriers that with infinite care and labour we had erected in the interest of our poorer, and therefore often weaker brethren.

Mr. Editor, I am in favour of anything which will lessen the number of taverns and drink shops, anything which will reduce consumption and thus lessen production anything which will withdraw capital and thus weaken our opposing forces and because High License promises to work in this direction I say, "Yes by all means give it a fair trial." Apologizing for the length of this letter, I remain, yours,

JAMES THOMPSON

### WHISKY INSANITY.

To the Editor of THE CANADA CITIZEN.

The above term—Whisky Insanity—may appear new, but the condition implied by it is just as old as whisky itself, and its prevalence is proportionate to the use of alcoholic stimulants as beverages.

The best embodiment of wisdom the world has known declared long long ago that "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging," and the growing intelligence of the centuries since that judgment was pronounced has but emphasized the verdict.

That sad occurrence which took place on a street in our city a few nights ago—the shooting of Maroney by Andrews—was clearly a case of the kind named, and one of the oft-recurring natural results of the Liquor Traffic.

Poor Maroney's untimely end was the violent cutting off of a valuable life. It may result in the gallows for the murderer Andrews, and as far as our country and municipality are concerned, it was all brought about for the sake of the excise tax and the license fee paid on the liquor that he and his associates drank.

Let our National financiers, or our eloquent and sapient whisky apologists show how they can balance the demoralization, the crime, the loss of life, the cost of the arrest, imprisonment, and punishment of the murderer, by the dollars and cents received from the liquor which brought about the tragedy.

I know that the ready defenders of the real criminal—the whisky interest—will brazen the truth, saying that Andrews was drunk when he did the deed; and with characteristic effrontery they will ask us to accept this as an explanation to acquit their "enraging" protegee of blame.

Verily, the audacity of the supporters of the Liquor Traffic, as exhibited in their readiness to wink at its doings, is not exceeded in criminality, even by the deed of blood which terminated so fatally for poor Maroney. Supposing their apology were true, what more thorough condemnation need be made of that which caused him to commit the murder?

The facts elicited show, however, that A. J. Andrews was not what is commonly called a drunken man at the time he fired the fatal shot, but was rather filled with that morbid desperateness often arising from long previous use of liquor.

Witnesses testify that during the evening he asserted that he felt he must shoot somebody that night, also that he was on friendly terms with Maroney up to a few minutes before the deed. This shows suspension of the moral, and inflaming of the animal disposition of the man, the maddened condition implied in the term "whisky insanity."

In the quarrel picked with Maroney because he remonstrated against his getting drunk that night (then about midnight), and in the tussle with him over the display of the pistol, Andrews showed that he was not the ordinary drunken man. From his expert use of the pistol also, and from his nimbleness of foot in attempting to escape, as well as in his desperate struggle with the constable before being disarmed and captured, it is evident that the condition Andrews was in when he did the deed was the result of drinking previously and somewhat continuously. Instead of drunkenness, it might be more correctly called "whisky insanity," such as Solomon referred to when he said, "Strong drink is raging." Why license an agency productive of such results, at any price?

Toronto, Aug 15, 1883.

H. K.—M.

Consumption is a disease concentrated by a neglected cold, how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. One of the most popular medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunnville, writes "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."

Leading druggists on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficent effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities. It has accomplished remarkable cures.

### Tales and Sketches.

#### THE LAST ROLL CALL.

Through the crowded ranks of the hospital,  
Where the sick and the wounded lay,  
Slowly, at nightfall, the surgeon  
Made his last slow round for the day.

And he paused a moment in silence  
By a bed where a boyish face,  
With a death white look, said plainly  
Here will soon be an empty place.

Poor boy! how fast he is going!  
He thought as he turned, when a clear,  
Unfaltering voice, through the stillness  
Ringing out like a bell, called, "Here!"

Ah, my boy, what is it you wish for?  
"Nothing," faintly the answer came;  
But with eyes all alight with glory,  
"I was answering to my name."

In the tranquil face of the soldier  
There was never a doubt or fear—  
"They were calling the roll in heaven,  
I was only answering, Here."

The soft dim rays of the lamp-light  
Fell down on the dead boy's face.  
In the morning the ranks were broken,  
For another had taken his place.

Far away in God's beautiful heaven,  
They are calling the "roll" each day,  
And some one slips into the places  
Of the ones who are summoned away.

—*Christian Standard.*

#### THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

When I was a girl my father was a tradesman in a pretty little town in the South of England; a town of diminutive size, where everybody knew everybody, or else felt it his duty to find every stranger body out. By the time I was eight years old, I knew all the ordinary passers-by up and down our High Street, wherein my father's shop and dwelling were situated, and the 'carriage folks,' as we termed them, were objects of special interest to me. Amongst these were Squire Downing, his wife, and his only child, a daughter. Little Miss Downing had a name which I heard for the first time as belonging to her, 'Arabella,' and it struck my childish fancy, and when in my play with my brothers and sisters I assumed a new character; it was almost invariably that of 'Arabella Downing.' When I saw her in the handsome old-fashioned barouche which the Squire used, I was eager to note her appearance and her dress, and her ways, as far as I could observe them. Arabella was by no means a pretty child, but she had a certain style and grace about her that fascinated my youthful imagination. Sometimes, on a few rare occasions, she came with her parents into my father's shop, when I happened to be in it, and then I feasted my curiosity with a nearer view of the Squire's daughter, and a closer observation of her manners.

As time passed, though this curious childish interest in her somewhat faded, I yet noted every change in her, and her history was almost as familiar to me as my own. She grew tall and graceful, and though neither beautiful nor clever, always preserved that dignity of demeanor which gave observers a sense of her being some one of consequence. She was very rich, untold wealth belonged to her, if the gossips of Willowlea were to be trusted. An heiress, and a rich heiress, was Arabella, yet for some reason or other no suitors came to woo her, much to the disappointment, it was said, both of the old squire and his lady. Arabella's wishes in the matter were not discoverable. She danced, she hunted, she frequented places of amusement, but still she remained Miss Arabella Downing.

"It did seem strange, and began to account for it in various ways. Some said her temper was violent, others that her money