Balen and Phetches.

The Lords of Labor

THEY come, they come, in a glorious march,

You can bear their steam-steeds

arch.

Or plunge mid the dencing spray. Their bale fires blaze in the mighty

forge, Their life pulse throbs in the mill, Their lightnings shiver thegaping gorge And their thunders shake the hill

Ho' these are the Titans of toil and

trade. The heroes who wield no sabre:

That is borne by the Lords of Labor.

Brave hearts, like jewels, light the sod. Through the mists of commerce

And souls flash out like stars of God From the midnight of the mine.

No palaco is theirs, no castle great No princely pillared hal! And they well may laugh at the roofs

of state 'Neath the heaven which is over all.

Hot these are the Titans of toil and trade, The heroes who wield no sabro;

Which is borne by the Lords of broad Piccadilly, Inbut.

Each bares his arm for the winning

That marshalls the sons of the soil, And the sweat-drops shed in the battle of life

Are gems in the crown of Toil.

Then hurral for the sturdy sons of toil, lighting courage. To get out of the Whose brows with work are wet, And better their well won wreaths, I trow.

Than the clasp of a coronet.

Then hurrals for each hero, although his deed

Be unblown by the trump or tabor, For holier, happier far is the meed That crowneth the Lords of Labor' -Central Good Templar.

Beer and a Baby.

BY KATHERINL ARMSTRONG.

"Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity tis, 'tis true, (Concluded from last week).

"You really must not give way to such fear, darling," said her mother; them. "nurse has probably taken him out She is a good reliable creature, and hel will come to no libra.

"I want my baby," she mounted; another of the crowd.

tgo, papa, and look for him " for he too, thought that nearing six clergyman at first taking only a huo'clock in the ovening it was high time mane interest in the drunken woman the "good, reliable creature" should and her child, discovered that the bring her month-old charge home. wretched creature was the very woman gue her father set out on his voyage of dis-covery quite alone. The two "jowels' the wretch's arms, into his own, said of servants down stairs said that nurse to the policeman, never knowing, never

The reverend gentleman's wife remained upstairs with her daughter, tore the shawl from the woman to wrap Seven o'clock eight o'clock name about the poor waif, or whether some o'clock came. No nurse, no baby '

By this time the young mother was in a state bordering on distraction, recovering consciousness after one faint- that the crowd had followed him, homeing fit only to swoon again. The hushand had returned to dinner, stormed he had recollected himself sufficiently a little, ate his meal and then departed to call a cab and rid himself of them, in the wake of his father in-law, to the awful story that had so unman hunt for his baby. The doctor was ned him. sent for, and with the mother tried all. The "tectotaler," it seemed, had that science and drugs and tenderness only reformed a short time before exsent for, and with the mother tried all could do to keep the bereft mother's gaging herself to Major Blank-Blanks's strength from entirely breaking down wife. Solver, she was a skilful nurse.

when the old clergyman entered the yond her months stipulated engageroom and half staggered with a burden ment. She had gone over her month's towards his daughter's bed. In an old good behavior, and several days before shawl the haby lay, his poor little face her patient's unlucky drive into the weary and pinched by the exhaustion country, the craving for drink had alof hunger and weeping. The poor old ready begun. As soon as 'Irs. Blank-man gave the child into his wife's Blank had gone, she dressed the baby hands, and then, falling on his face for a "turn" out-of-doors, and took

Imagine the picture! The young and water. There she drank again mother prostrate and now half stupid and again. Still able to keep her feet, with drugs; the doctor open-mouthed she left the "Pub" only to stop in anwith autonishment; the aged mother other to steady the shattered nerves scarcely holding the poor baty secure | caused by the liquor obtained in the ly in her arms, in sheer terror at the first halting-place. cause of her husband's awful grief!

his head. Not as he remembered old gentleman walked on.

the policeman said with a course laugh, polish a sentence! and before the old clergyman was out But mightier conquests reapeth the ty and perplexity, and helplesaness, so study, the green country view out of face, and hunting as for a needle in a town-not suburb. haystack for a four-weeks'-old baby. He half wondered if he were not

> Two chubby boys' faces were turned up to his perplexed eyes. The old man have you seen a taby, a very little buby, with a nurse pass this way?"
> "Oh, yes," said both boys, confident-

> regular screwed, and almost dropped down there," both pointing toward the

> The poor old man, duzed with terror, hastily thanked them, and hurried on. Before he had reached Sloane Square he saw a crowd ahead of him, and tried to press through it, that he might lose no time, but was prevented by a street fight. Two men were battering each other, having drank themselves into meles he turned into a side street, and on he went again, making a detouc, until again he had reached a broad street leading into Piccadilly. Here

a bright thought struck him, and he club, and join head and forces with returning from a day's cares to home star. and dinner-going. It seemed the wrong way, indeed, but the crowd pressed him on. He did not know that he had passed the "Rag", the hackneyed name for the Army and Navy Club, only at policemen were arguing with a drunk. Magazine. en woman, who was loudly resisting

"Chuck the kid over here," shouted one of the gamins.

"Well, you are well screwed," said

This last was spoken by a low crea-And this papa was willing to do ture in man's dress, as our poor old Major Blank-Blank was at the club, so the was searching for, and taking the Queen Street. He respectfully solicits a from his releads and the Public generally. of servants down stairs and that nurse to the policeman, nover knowing, never had gone out with "little Master heeding the dramatic "situation" he stand 3 Richmond Street East. TOHONTO.

Frederick" just after the mistress had gone out for her drive, and she had probably gone to see a friend -1 cousin of hers on the Brempton Road, 15 enough, he told the story of the day "Pimlico way"

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Thom: Stand 3 Richmond Street East, TOHONTO.

Thom: Physician. Hours - 12 to 4 m. except Sundays, and p. m. dally. Tuesday on Monday and Thurse and Friday evenings. To the assembled policemen. to the assembled policemen.

He could not have told whether he kird soul had given him the wrap. He only knew that the policeman had taken the tottering creature away, and ward, had poured into his cars before

It was nearly eleven o'clock at night but alas! she could not keep sober beupon the table, broke, man as he was. him for an outing, stopping in the into a wild storm of sols. him first tavern for her accustomed whisky

Oh the pity of it! It seems to be a Then the doctor led the old man out sort of torture put upon one's readers of the room. This was what happened: After the of that awful drunken woman's walk old man left the house in search of the —the baby nearly dropping out of her missing nurse and baby, he wandered arms, sobbing pitifully from thirst

afinlessly down the West Brompton and hunger down and on, on, into Road, looking helplessly right and left, the park and out again, wandering sometimes stopping as if to speak to a down Sloane street, into Sloane square, passer-by, then, as if changing his into Eaton Park, out ngain, through mind, resuming his walk. Once a by way and high-way into Piccadilly, Hold Temperature Meetings every Sabbath policeman spoke to him and asked him on into Pall Mall, the shouting, host afternoon at the Temperature Hall, Temper if anything was wrong. The old ing crowd, after her, not a mother's ance Street, at 3 o'clock. Addresses by gentleman courteously lifted his last. I -I -- am looking for our nurse who though they were, to snatch the baby As they dash through Skill's triumphal has gone out with our little grandson to their hearts. Oh; no, they enjoyed and who has not returned; and we are the "fuddle". It was as good as any very anxious. Do you happen to have thing they could see at the Haymarket. Meets every Tuesday evening at Tem seen a baby!" The policeman shook the very theatre they were nearing.

Do you wonder the old man wept? He had just come on duty, too. The Do you understand why I am telling, indignantly, I hope, a straightforward "Thought the olddufferwas screwed, story, stopping my pen not once to

The remainder of the young mother's of hearing. But he was too absorbed life was simply a catalogue, a dreary to take offence, too heavy with anxie one I wish I could tell you or hap pier days; of brighter sun than foggy far away from home, the quiet of his London knows of, of rural life, with the Rectory windows, and religion and bleating of sheep and all that makes science—wandering in busy London, life in the country a palpable loveliness, haunted by his poor daughter's agonized but no, her life was cast in London

Her baby died.

She got on somehow, but the servants did not. They grew more careless, more defiant, more hypocritical, (bourne Sts. smiled on them. "My little men, as the changes rang, but she grew weaker. Then one day, when too feeble, or too listless, or too stolid to reply, his family- the family of ly, "she came down here this afternoon, Major Blank-Blank (who still drank his eight glasses of wine at dinner But mightier conquests reapeth the the baby on the pave. She's gone finishing up with whiskey and a novel, Brock St. which he read in bed at night) -- his family, I say, told everybody they know that Reginald's wife was ruining WESTENDCHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE him with extravagance!

Baby was dead.

She was weary, weary.

God seemed very far off, gossip and njustice were very near.

she knew they said so.

She wondered what a pistol was the steam of pedestrians seemed thicker, like 1 and if it hurt 1 and if it was worse than her head-achet And if any until he should reach his son in law's stranger than the spinning sensation, in her head! which sometimes was him. It seemed to him an unusually like the echo of her sewing machine noisy crowd, not at all like gentlemen and sometimes like the falling of a

Then she pulled the trigger, just to Death was instantaneous.

You may give her your prayers in fullest confidence, my orthodox friends. last the crowd had found a focus near | She was as mad as any one could the Haymarket Theatre, where some possibly desire. - Demorest's Monthly

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