

don—stand fast to your colors, or rather your color. I have never been ashamed of teetotalism for 46 years. There is not a town in my native country but in its streets, when the synagogues have been closed against me, in its fairs, in its markets, amongst its fishermen and its miners, my voice has been heard, and I have denounced the traffic in unmeasured terms. I have been hissed at and pelted, and have had guns pointed at me—but what of that? If a teetotal advocate can't live down that, he is not worth anything. He must be able to stand powder and shot and fire, for we are engaged in a mortal combat, in a glorious warfare, and we shall win. We shall wave the flag of victory, on the turret of the foe, and by and bye we shall shout—"Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen to rise no more."—*The Rescue.*

### SUCSESSES OF PROHIBITION.

Gov. Robie, in his inaugural address to the Legislature, reviews the growth and resources of the State of Maine, and we take the following items which he gives and commend them to our readers. He says:

"The valuation of the real and personal property of the State measures its aggregate wealth, and the large and rapid increase that we have made in valuation (constantly advancing the past sixty years) represents, better than population, the material condition of our people and the general prosperity of the State. In the year 1820, when Maine became an independent State, our total valuation was only 20,962,778 dols.; in 1830, 28,807,687 dols.; in 1840, 69,246,288 dols.; in 1850, 100,037,964 dols.; in 1860, 162,158,581 dols.; in 1870, 224,822,800 dols.; in 1880, our valuation reached the sum of 235,978,716 dols.; an increase of 876 per cent. since 1820."

In 1870 they had 787 miles of railroad; now 1013. There were 64,309 farms in 1880, an increase of 4,495 during the last decade. Value of fishing production in 1880 was 3,739,224 dols.; and in 1870 only 979,610 dols. The ice harvest has increased 750,000 tons in ten years.

There are 2,000 establishments for the production of agricultural implements, employing 40,000 mechanics, with a capital of 62,109,668 dols.; and turning our implements for farms valued at 68,640,486 dols. The total number of manufacturing establishments in Maine 4,481; capital 49,984,571 dols.; employing 52,948 persons, paying 13,621,538 dols. yearly in wages. Value of materials, 51,119,281 dols. Value of products, 79,825,393 dols. Gov. Robie says:

"The manufactories of our State are constantly increasing, and statistics show that every branch of mechanical industry is making satisfactory progress. The beautiful cities of Lewiston, Auburn, and Biddeford, and the towns of Waterville and Westbrook, may soon have their rivals in other portions of the State. The manufacture of cotton takes the lead. There are but three States in the Union that use more bales of cotton, but four work more spindles, and but four employ more persons in the cotton mills than the States of Maine. The growth of this department of industry is shown by the following statistics: In 1870 the number of looms in the State was 9902; the number of spindles, 459,772; the number of bales of cotton used was 46,000; the number of persons employed, 9,439. In 1880 the number of looms was 15,978; spindles, 695,924; bales of cotton, 112,381; employes, 11,864."

Prohibition has worked immense advantages for the State of Maine. The vast sum of money which formerly went into the tills of the saloon-keeper is now spent for improving farms, households, and a thousand other ways which benefit society, and the entire State feels the beneficial effects, till both political parties and the great majority of the people look upon the prohibition of the liquor traffic as the salvation and safety of the State. The above figures give the lie to the infamous statement which the liquor interest persistently sends forth that prohibition is a failure. It has made liquor-selling a failure, excepting when they defy both God and man, and are willing to sell their souls to the devil for the price of a glass of rum.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

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."

### Contributed Articles.

#### PATRIOTIC DUTY TO DENOUNCE THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

BY M.

There is urgent need for plain outspoken words of strong condemnation uttered by good citizens against the legalized liquor traffic. It is no exaggeration to assert that no other enemy of human well-being is at all to be equalled thereto as a ruinous evil power. But we ought to bear in mind that the drink disaster being self-inflicted on society, is to be accounted a fault rather than a misfortune.

Would they who feel strongly opposed, express sternly the deserved condemnation; then should there be produced more intense detestation, observantly looking at the real bearings.

"Amid such scenes 'tis impious to be calm." Most assuredly, passionate, severe words, repeated persistently, would be helpful in fixing attention, not only on the appalling evil, but also more on adoption of remedial measures.

Declared war of extermination of the traffic involves no malice or enmity to any fellow-being. Rather will the measure of intensity of desire to save the victim be fairly represented by the measure of enmity to the enemy; and, of all parties concerned, those in the trade will be especially benefitted by prohibition.

Not only are true patriots entitled, but bound by right to condemn unsparingly, and labor for the destruction of the destroyer. Undoubtedly the severe designations "sum of all villainies," and the like, relentlessly applied to the once lawful evil of slavery, had much to do with hastening its end. Truly then is stern denunciation a pressing, present duty in view of the need for increased feeling and effective action for the suppression of the evil traffic. If but honestly the fearful truth is spoken it will indeed be awfully severe.

Call the liquor business by as condemnatory a name as you please, only reserve a more severe for the law which provides for its license; then apply both combined to the voting which gives direction to the legislation.

Cruel, atrocious, murderous, and such like epithets may sound rather harsh when applied to that which we as a community uphold, but not too severe in sight of the dread realities.

Let not then denunciation be feeble, but rather accumulate, both in frequency and force, until reitorated benefittingly, until impatience with the unholy trade shall be so intensified as to preclude toleration. So shall every earnest condemnatory expression somewhat help to hasten the much to be desired time when such sad and severe words may no longer need to be spoken.

[This and many similar articles sold in leaflet form at the THE CITIZEN OFFICE at very low prices.]

### Tales and Sketches.

#### THE POSTMAN'S "COOLER."

It was a hot day—a very hot day; people said the hottest we had ever had. The sun blazed in a speckless sky, and not a cloud shaded the earth from its burning rays.

It was oppressively hot in the country, and the reader may imagine what it was in Fleet Street! One side was so hot that, although my office branched out of it, I made a rush for the other side for the sake of a few hundred yards of shade. I met pedestrians with veils and pieces of linen hanging behind their hats, as a preservative against sunstroke, and I saw omnibus drivers similarly protected.

My office is tolerably cool in the most scorching weather, being up a shady court, into which the rays of the sun do not penetrate. Just then, what the oven-like atmosphere must have been outside, when even this shady nook began to feel more and more like the Desert of Sahara, and to grow almost unbearable! In the outer office was my lad, who began life by becoming a member of the Band of Hope; and his bright red hair and his blooming face seemed to make the place hotter. I read all that the *Times* had to say about cooling drinks, and was glad to see that those who wrote letters were unanimous in their condemnation of alcoholic beverages. Instead of assuaging, these increased one's thirst. How much lemonade and how much iced water I took this morning, I am afraid to estimate; I only know things were approaching a desperate pass, when a quick footstep resounded in the court.

Yes, there was a man who actually had the hardihood to walk quickly this weather! and presently he passed my window with a smile upon his countenance. A man smiling! with the thermometer I do not know how much in the shade! He was a postman, and he seemed no more to feel the heat than if he was a Salamander. He trotted up the steps as if it were a spring morning. I languidly gazed at the man who could do this on the hottest day we had had, partly in