

Temperance Societies.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY
 Hold Temperance Meetings every Sabbath afternoon at the Temperance Hall, Temperance Street, at 3 o'clock. Addresses by reformed men and others. Good singing by the choir.
 J. WARDLELL, Pres. J. D. MARSHALL, Sec.

"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, 8 p.m., Temperance Hall, Brook St.
 Jno. DUNLOP, Sec., 198 Muter St.

WEST END CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.
 Sunday Afternoon. Occident Hall.
 Five-cent concert every Saturday evening.
 A. FAHEY, Pres. F. J. FRAMPTON, Sec.
 186 St. Patrick St. 120 Queen St., Parkdale.

PATTERSON PLACE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION
 Sydenham St. Minton Hall, Ft. of Regent St.
 Concerts every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Silver Collection.
 Mrs. M. A. Beck, 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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Sabbies' Department.

WOMAN.

ELIZABETH F. MERRILL

AFTER EDEN

BLACK the night is round about thee, by no thickening star-gleam crossed; Grows thy sad soul sick with longing for the joys of Eden lost! Or, sore heart of Woman shrieking 'neath the curse in Eden won, Curse that like a blasting mildew ever rests thy life upon!

Eden's joys are gone forever, Eden's happy gates are barred, And beside the shining portals, stands the awful angel guard.

Thine the weary lot to stagger 'neath the heaviest, sorest load, Thine to mark with bloody foot-track, all the long and toilsome road

Thine to atfite throes of anguish, wear'ng silently thy chain Through long ages, knowing never balm for wounds, surcease of pain.

Yet to thee, O heart of Woman, with the curse, the promise came, And its glory shall illumine all thy night of woe and shame

THE CHRIST.

Lo the eastern star is flushing! Lo, the morning star appears! God hath counted all thy sorrows, God hath numbered all thy tears.

Chap the Babe, O Mary Mother o this first glad Christmas morn, Heart of Woman, bow thee lowly to thy King, the Manger-born!

Follow in His sinless foot-steps, listen humbly at His feet, On thy sin sick bruised spirit He will have compassion sweet!

Touch His robe with trembling fingers in the throng that round Him press;

Peace divine and blessed healing, all thy being shall possess!

Bring thy box of alabaster, rich oblation, costly, free, That dear head thy hand anointed shall be crowned with thorns for thee!

Cover with impassioned kisses, bathed with tears His way-worn feet, Wipe them with thy siken tresses, —it is only homage meet

Underneath the awful shadow of the cross uplifted high, In thy sore heart's deep despairing thou shalt utter forth thy cry!

Go, intent on love's sweet mission ere the breaking of the day, Faltering not though questioning vainly who should roll the stone away!

Lo, an empty tomb! Ah, whither have they borne His precious clay? Blind with tears and dazed with sorrow falleth on thy deep dismay

Accent tender, thrilling, filling all thy soul with joy complete, 'Tis no vision. Fall before Him, closely clasp His pierced feet, In His blessed incarnation womanhood was crowned and blest,

To the constant heart of woman now the first is manifest His triumphant resurrection, His full victory over death.

Rise! The curse of Eden lifteth Listen what the Saviour saith — Go, and spread the blessed tidings! This is thy commission. Go!

Bear thy honors proudly, gladly, for His sake who loved thee so Down the viated ages moving, shadows round thee black as night, Yet by Faith's clear eye discerning evermore the fadeless light.

'T was for thee and thine He suffered, bore the mocking and the scorn, Crown Him! Crown Him! Heart of Woman! Crown thy King the Manger-born!

Woman's Sphere.

Women ought to accomplish the duty of voting.

It is an easy thing to teach, an easy thing to learn, selfishness, and call it womanliness.

There are plenty to say or to hear the saying, "The world is God's, not thine; let Him work out a change, if change must be." Take thine ease under thine own vine and fig-tree. Let the world rush on its way to sorrow, to sin, to shame. What should such a fragile form as thine do to arrest or to save? Soit it by no such contact.

Let gilded bells be opened on all sides to lure thy sons and thy neighbors' sons to gamble away their earnings, the support of a home; to draw them to arms that will embrace only to poison, sending them back to innocent and unconscious arms that will be poisoned in turn; to put to the mouth of the weak in will, the strong in appetite, that which will destroy body and brain, reason and conscience, home and happiness, heart and soul, together. What shouldst thou know of such matters? To know is to be contaminated; keep thy ignorance, or thy ostensible ignorance, and thy womanly charm together.

Let government go to wreck, let commerce and society conspire to accomplish evil, let lives be blasted and hearts be broken and souls be damned. What are these to thee! Thy sole duty is as a violet, to smell sweet, as a lute, to sound fine harmonies.

And yet, air, and yet, madam, God created this woman, not a flower, not a lute, but a living soul; as such to receive help and to yield help to all other living souls, to it intrusted seed to sow, talents to multiply, work to be done. By-and-by the Lord of the harvest will say to it:

"I gave thee of my seed to sow. Bringest thou me an hundred fold? Can she look up with face aglow. And answer, "Father, here is gold!"

Nay, rather, she will respond; "This talent I multiplied not. I was afraid afraid that multiplication would bring weights to be carried, and provoke envy and jealousies, fears within and cares without. This garden and this field I ploughed and planted and weeded not. The way was rough and hurt my feet; the sun was hot and spoiled my beauty. To be pleasing in men's eyes, to men's tastes, or men's prejudices, to take my ease, was more to me than to do the work of God."

O my sisters, the world is groaning and travailing in pain until this day, crying out of the darkness wherein it ropes, out of the anguish in which it writhes, for your hands and help and care! Where, then, are your woman's hearts and your woman's consciences, that you are silent and as still!

Go to the asylums and hospitals, and make of them homes. Go to the jails, prisons, the penitentiaries, and make them reformatories and regenerators. Go to the ignorant, the rude, the stupid, and see that the light of intelligence is let into their night of mental bondage.

Go to the doors through which men go in men, and come out wild beasts, the doors that return for the money there left, poverty, fightings, dismantled homes, brawls, murders; that absorb men and money, and in exchange crowd almshouses and jails, and ripen fruit for that ghastly tree of civilization, the gallows. Standing there in behalf of men, of women, of children, of society, aliko outraged, defied, dishonored, destroyed, say, "In the name of the law, and with the power of the law, I stop this whole sale poison and butchery."

O men, my brothers, of what are you afraid? In just such measure as a man does his duty to the world does he grow in real manliness. In just such measure as a woman does her duty to the world does she grow in real womanliness.

Selfishness is not loveliness; weakness is not tenderness. As woman's life broadens and deepens, as her thought and her cares and her responsibilities widen, so does her capacity for love, her strength of love, broaden and deepen. grow in richness and beauty, grace and power. As women love humanity more, they will give better love to the men by their sides. Out of such work and such life, men, then, will be the gainers.—Anna Dickinson

Onions.

MR. GLADSTONE'S words, says the Echo, deserve to be printed in golden letters. He says:—"I am perfectly convinced that as the means of this kind of cultivation—the cultivation of vegetables and fruits—are enlarged in this country, partly by awakening public attention to them, partly by the multiplication of gardens and allotments—a matter of the utmost consequence—and I must also say by the increasing disposition of farmers, here and there, to include these important objects in their view, and to add to the variety of their resources, by trying something in this direction, we shall have a large increase on the one hand of the means and wealth of producers, and, on the other hand, of the advantages enjoyed by the consumers of food, both for the reasonable satisfaction which the Almighty never intended to be severed from the use of food, and likewise in that most important view with reference to the sanitary condition of the country, and the health of the people." Now, there are few things more wholesome, or more profitable to grow, than onions, for which there is always a demand. They require some attention and skill in cultivation, and thrive best in rich, well-cultivated, and well-manured soil, being described as "gross feeders." Onions planted in autumn will come up quite three weeks earlier than those sown in spring. The Giant Rocca is one of the best of these biennials, and requires about twenty pounds to the acre. One of our principal growers mentions that three specimens of Giant Rocca, weighing over nine pounds, were

Domestic Department.

What Becomes of all the Pins?

THE manufactories of Birmingham, which hold the first rank in the pin industry, are said to produce about 37,000,000 pins per day! The output of other pin factories in this country is about 17,000,000 per day, thus making a grand daily total of 54,000,000 of pins for England alone. In France they make about 20,000,000 per day, while in Holland, Germany, and other countries, they produce about 10,000,000. The European production of pins is therefore about 84,000,000 daily, which appears so very large a number that one naturally asks, "What do we do with all the pins?" It is seldom that a pin is broken, or spoiled, or even worn out, but often they are lost. In fact, there is, perhaps, no small domestic article, that one can think of, of which there is so much waste, by loss, as in pins. It is so small and insignificant an article that few people would take the trouble to stoop and pick one up; and if a few are lost daily in every household in this way, collectively, the number which disappears will be very large. It is probable, therefore, that pins disappear from circulation by loss, and consequently that, roughly speaking, 84,000,000 of pins are lost every day in Europe. Taking the population of Europe as 210,000,000, it would appear that one pin is not lost by each individual every day, but on an average, as nearly as possible on every third day; but if all the world participated in this losing of pins, then it would seem, after all, that we are not very prodigal of pins. This loss of pins represents more than a thousand pounds worth per day. In the factories the pins are made faster than one can count them.—The World of Wonders

Tobacco Blindness in a Woman.

A PROMINENT oculist recently reported a case of tobacco blindness in a woman of apparently cultivated and refined habits. Not suspecting the real cause, the doctor made a very thorough investigation of the cause, and was much puzzled to determine its real nature.

"She laughed heartily, and then confessed that she did smoke a good deal. Naturally, I desired to know how one with her education and refinement had acquired a habit so unusual to ladies. Her history was soon told. "I married when quite young, and went to live with my husband in North Carolina, where he had a very large farming interest. He owned so extensive a tract of land that neighbors were far away, and I saw but little of them. I have had no children, and during many long winters my husband and myself have been the sole occupants of our country house. My husband had always been devoted to his pipe, which he takes up as soon as he gets into the house after overexerting his farm work. Often, during our early months of married life, he would call upon me to fill it for him, and at times would even

kept from autumn until the following April, and when cooked, were found equal to the finest Spanish importations. Onions realize from eight pounds to ten pounds per ton in Metropolitan markets, and a well cultivated acre should yield an average return of £120. The onion tribe contains a principle known as allyle, which gives them their peculiar and characteristic smell and flavor. This, however, can be considerably modified by boiling a lemon, from which the acid has been peeled, with the onions, and also by changing the water in which they are boiled two or three times. Spanish onions thus treated, in milk, are delicious.

Children are found to derive great benefit from eating onions two or three times a week. Let them feast on young onions, crude, when in season. As the onions become stronger, serve them boiled. The liberal use of onions in dietary will prevent worms in children, and keep them from attacks of fever, diphtheria, and analogous diseases, onions being prophylactic in a remarkable degree. Onions charred and powdered, and then inhaled, are found to cure violent sick headaches. Some of the best kind for pickling are Nocera, and silver-skinned Queen Chives are excellent for salads and seasonings. When gathering, cut the leaves close to the root, as this induces fresh leaves to spring up; a bed will last in good condition about four years, after that, plant another, by dividing the roots; onions, for market purposes, should be drawn with the roots attached, and the green leaves as little damaged as possible, as the vegetable should look fresh and uncrushed. It certainly seems a pity that onions are not more thoroughly and largely grown at home; as many thousands of tons of this valuable esculent are annually imported to England, at a cost of about £100,000 sterling.—The Temperance Caterer.

Rusks and Sally Lunn Buns.

Rusks. One cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, four eggs, with flour to make a soft dough. Let rise, work in more flour with a teaspoon of butter. When light make out in short square rolls, let rise and bake.

ENO RUSKS.—One quart of flour, six eggs, two cups of milk, half a pound of sugar, three ounces of butter and one cup of yeast. When light work in flour to make a stiff dough. Make in rusks, let rise and bake.

STOUT RUSKS.—Take two cups of raised dough, one teacup of sugar, half a cup of butter, two eggs, flour to make a stiff dough, set to rise, mold into small biscuits, let rise, roll in white sugar and bake. When done sift over with sugar.

MILK RUSKS.—One pint of new milk, one teacup of sugar and one large cup of yeast, flour to make batter. Let stand eight hours, work down several times. When very light roll out and cut in small cakes, put in greased pans, when ready to bake, sift over with sugar and set in very hot oven.—The Iconic.

IN LINCOLN COUNTY.

A Convention of Workers—The Scott Act Does Good Work But the Inspector Does Not Strong Resolutions

ON Saturday last the Scott Act workers of Lincoln county held a convention in Victoria Hall at St. Catharines, for the transaction of general business. Reports were received of the working of the law in the different parts of the county, those running on the general lines with which our readers are familiar, asserting that the Scott Act is an almost unmixed good in rural districts; but that, owing to the inefficiency of inspectors liquor is being freely sold in towns and large villages.

A resolution was arrived at in favor of the holding all through the county during the winter, of public meetings, to be addressed by efficient speakers, in support of the Scott Act and Prohibition.

A committee was appointed to carry out the suggestion, composed of Hon. J. G. Curry, Dr. Youmans, R. Murtagh, and some other workers. Mr. Murtagh was re-elected president and Dr. Youmans re-elected secretary.

The convention declared in favor of a salaried police magistrate and appointed a committee to urge this policy upon the County Council. Among the resolutions adopted were the following:

Another Step of Progress.

THE women of Wisconsin scored a victory recently, which entitled them to vote in the municipal elections. The State Legislature passed an act granting women the right to vote at all elections in the state pertaining to school matters. In some cities the mayor appointed the school board. At the election in Racine for Mayor a lady tendered her vote and it was refused. She sued for damages and the courts decided in her favor, thus establishing municipal women suffrages in Wisconsin. The Woman's Journal announces the victory in an article headed by a dove with the olive branch instead of the customary banner.

A Lull in Dynamiting.

THERE is very little doubt that good has resulted from the prompt action of the Ontario Government in offering a reward of \$1,000 for the detection of the Orangeville dynamiters. More than a week has elapsed without the usual reports of incendiarism, dynamiting, etc., in different Scott Act counties.