

Family Reading.

Sample Rooms.

Samples of wine, and samples of beer, Samples of all kinds of liquor sold here; Samples of whisky, samples of gin, Samples of all kinds of bitters. Step in. Samples of ale, and porter and brandy. Samples as large as you please and handy. Our samples are pure, and also you'll find Our customers always genteel and refined; For gentlemen know when they've taken enough, And never partake of the common stuff. Besides these samples within, you know, There are samples without of what they can do: Samples of headache, samples of gout; Samples of coats with the elbows out. Samples of boots without heels or toes. Samples of men with a broken nose, Samples of men in the gutter lying, Samples of men with delirium dying. Samples of men carousing and swearing, Samples of men all evil daring; Samples of lonely, tired men, Who long in vain for their freedom again; Samples of old men worn in the strife, Samples of young men tired of life; Samples of ruined hopes and lives, Samples of desolate homes and wives; Samples of aching hearts grown cold With anguish and misery untold; Samples of noble youth in disgrace, Who meet you with averted face Samples of hungry little ones, Starving to death in their dreary homes. In fact, there is scarcely a woe on earth But these "samples" have nurtured or given birth! Oh! all ye helpers to sorrow and crime, Who deal out death for a single dime, Know ye that the Lord, though he may delay, Has in reserve for the last great day The terrible "woe," of whose solemn weight No mortal can know till the pearly gate is closed and with one accord Acknowledge the justice of their reward.

—Philadelphia Quill.

Must I Let Him in?

There's a wolf at my door, and his name is sin; Must I let him in—must I let him in? He howls out there through the live-long night In the rain and storm, and the fierce mad light Of his eyes gleams in at the window. He Is waiting out there in the dark for me! I hear him and shiver—my weary head Bends o'er the writing that brings me bread— A crust, but no matter—'tis much to win With a man's doors barred on this wolf of sin! But hunger and thirst and the soul's despair Are bitter and burdensome things to bear. This hand where the quivering pen I hold Might strike a blow in the dark—then—gold Glowing, glittering gold to buy A gleam of life with before I die! But better a crust, on a winter's night, By the flameless hearth where I sit and write. With the soul as God made it—stainless—white— Than the golden chain of this wolf of sin, Whose fangs would rend if I let him in! —F. L. Stanton, in Temperance Caterer

The Home vs. the Saloon

"I do not deliberately desire to do harm," says the saloon keeper, "but I must keep my patronage recruited, because if I do this I am sure to become a rich man after awhile. That is the reason why I am in the business I must pay my tax on somebody's fire-side, on somebody's cradle, on somebody's dearest and best. In order to succeed I must take away the little fellow from his mother's side, bait for him with cigarettes and cider, music, cards, and young company, drawing him away gradually, until after awhile I will change that boy's ideas so greatly that he who loved the songs of home and sanctuary, shall far better love the bacchanalian ditty of the saloon—he who used to breathe God's name in prayer, shall hiss out that name in curses; and I will so change his face that his mother would not know him, and his soul that God would not recognize it." Friends, it is because these things are true that womanhood has been aroused at last; for to protect her child from the dearest and most sacred instinct of a woman's heart. FRANCES WILLARD.

Four Drinks.

Policeman Number Sixty-seven was an elder and more thoughtful man than is usually found on the municipal force. He was retained, in spite of his gray hairs, because of his staunch integrity. He was apt, in his leisure moments, to look below the misery and crime which came in his way, to find their cause.

I was once standing in front of Tuft's saloon, he said one day, when the bar-keeper set down a blue bottle on the counter, and said: There are just four drinks in that. It occurred to me I'd like to trace up them four drinks—where they went and what they did.

Well, continued the policeman, a woman, got the first glass. She wasn't an old woman, nor used to whisky; about thirty years old, had been pretty once, and accustomed to having a gay time, I suppose. She was on her way home now from a day's hard work, tired and cold, and the whisky was a temptation. It would take the place of the dance and theatre and fun. She turned down into a by-street, and stopped at the door of a snug, little house.

I knew her husband Crafts, the carpenter, a cheerful, hard-working fellow. He opened the door and her baby ran out to meet her. She struck it down to the ground with an oath. Her husband looked at her, and fell back as though he, too, had been struck. Then he picked up the child and carried it into a pretty, warm room. I saw the mother lying stretched across the hearth as though she were dead.

The second drink out of the bottle, the bar-keeper told me, was given to old Stacy. He is nigh seventy, and soaked with liquor; blood, stomach and brain is poisoned by it. There's not a healthy atom of flesh left in his body, not a good feeling in his heart nor manly thought in his head. The drink only helped, with all the liquor that he has drunk to kill him surely inch by inch.

By this time I had got back to the saloon, and in a few minutes I saw a young man named Waters stop for the next. He had been drinking already; I called to him. I used to know Waters, a young clerk with a good salary; had a nice little home, and pretty wife and babies. He's quarrelsome in drink and a glass or two upsets him.

Waters, I said, don't drink that, you've had enough. But he laughed, took his drink, and went down the street. A few minutes later I heard a row going on and followed him. He had picked a quarrel with one of his friends and shot him dead. Waters was sentenced to ten years; his home is broken up, his wife takes in washing to keep her children from starving.

There was one drink left in the bottle. An hour later a young lad came in, a bright faced boy, the son of Dr. Bunker. He's about sixteen now. I've watched him grow up since he was a baby in his pretty lace dresses. I know what he is to his mother. They have but this one child. I think they never heard of a good or great man that they do not fancy Jim will be like him.

He tossed off the drink, and went down the street, with a red face and leering, stupid eyes. He is on the same road as Waters and old Stacy. They are a little ahead of him.

I only traced up those four drinks; but I know there is not a drop of liquor which goes out of Tuft's saloon which does not help to carry discomfort, ill temper, misery, disease, poverty and disgrace into some wretched, unfortunate home.—Youth's Companion

Spley Definitions.

A smart, pithy, or humorous definition often furnishes a happy illustration of the proverbial brevity which is the soul of wit. Here are a few apt ones that are evidently spontaneous: A boy once said that "dust is mud with the juice squeezed out." A far, we learn from another juvenile source, is "a thing to brush warmth off with," and a monkey "a small boy with a tail." salt, "what makes your potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on," and ice, "water that stayed out late in the cold and went to sleep." A schoolboy asked to define the word "sob," whimpered out "It means when a feller don't mean to cry and it bursts out itself." A youngster was asked to give his idea of the meaning of "responsibility," so he said: "Well, supposing I had only two buttons on my trousers and one came off—all the responsibility would rest on the other button." To hit off a jury as "a body of men organized to find out which side has the smartest lawyer," is to satirize many of our "intelligent fellow-countrymen." The word "suspicion" is, in the opinion of a jealous husband, "a feeling that compels you to try to find out something which you don't wish to know."

ing that compels you to try to find out something which you don't wish to know."

A good definition of a "Pharisee" is "a tradesman who uses long prayers and short weights;" of a humbug, "one who agrees with everybody," and of a tyrant, "the other's version of somebody's idea."

A lady's idea of the ballet girl was "an open muslin umbrella with two pink handles," and a Parisian's of chess, "a humane substitute for hard labor."

Thin soup, according to an Irish mendicant, is "a quart of water boiled down to a pint, to make it strong." Of definitions of a bachelor: "unaltared man," "a singular being," and "a target for a miss," are apt enough. A walking-stick may be described as "the old man's strength and the young man's weakness," and an umbrella as "a fair and foul weather friend who has had many ups and downs in the world."—The Voice.

Domestic Department.

Waste in the Kitchen.

Waste in the kitchen is often very great from apparently trivial sources. In cooking meats the water is thrown out without removing the grease, or the grease from the dripping-pan is thrown away.

Scraps of meat are thrown away. Cold potatoes are left to sour and spoil.

Dried fruits are not looked after and become wormy. Vinegar and sauce are left standing in tin.

Apples are left to decay for want of "sorting over."

The tea cannister is left open. Victuals are left exposed to be eaten by mice.

Bones of meat and the carcass of turkey are thrown away, when they could be used in making good soups.

Sugar, tea, coffee, and rice are carelessly spilled in the handling.

Soap is left to dissolve and waste in the water.

Dish towels are used for dish cloths. Napkins are used for dish towels.

Towels are used for holders. Brooms and mops are not hung up.

More coal is burned than necessary by not arranging dampers when not using the fire.

Lights are left burning when not used.

Tin dishes are not properly cleansed and dried.

Good new brooms are used in scrubbing kitchen floors.

Silver spoons are used in scraping kettles.

Cream is left to mould and spoil. Mustard is left to spoil in the cruse, etc.

Vinegar is left to stand until the tin vessel becomes corroded and spoiled.

Pickles become spoiled by the leaking out or evaporation of the vinegar.

Pork spoils for want of salt, and beef because the brine wants scalding.

Hams become tainted or filled with vermin for want of care.

Cheese moulds and is eaten by mice and vermin.

Tea and coffee pots are injured on the stove.

Woodenware is unscalded and left to warp and crack.—Temperance Caterer.

KITCHEN CLIPPINGS.

Vegetarian Cookery.

Rice (Milk).—Boil three ounces rice in a quart of milk, gently stirring often, one hour; add one ounce of sugar, and flavor with lemon peel rubbed on some of the sugar; or a little nutmeg or other flavoring.

Rice (Moulded).—To eight ounces rice add half a pint water and one and a half pints milk. (Rice does not cook well in milk alone.) Stew the rice in milk till the whole is absorbed and the rice thoroughly softened, then press it into a mould or basin for half an hour with a weight. Serve, turned out, with preserved or stewed fruit.

Rice (Snowballs).—Boil six ounces rice in a quart of milk, stirring often, flavored with lemon freely, rubbed with sugar; or boil three bay or two laurel leaves in the milk (taking them out after ten minutes) and one ounce of loaf sugar. When the rice is quite soft—in about one hour—put it into tea cups. When cold turn out in a deep glass dish, pour one pint of custard over, flavored like the rice, and on the top of each ball place a piece of bright preserve or jelly.

Sago (Jelly).—A quart of water, three ounces of fine sago; boil two hours, stirring occasionally. When the sago is quite dissolved, add the juice of a large lemon and three to four ounces of loaf sugar; rub one or two lumps of sugar on the rind; boil two or three minutes, and pour into the mould. Should be made the day before.

ETNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF HARTFORD, CONN. THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT, January 1st, 1888.

Table with financial data for Etna Life Insurance Company. Columns include ASSETS, RECEIPTS, DISBURSEMENTS, and LIABILITIES. Total assets reported as \$31,234,520.72.

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