

Temperance Department.

TRUTH desires to give, each week, information from every part of the Temperance work. Any information gladly received. Address T. W. CARR, G. W. B., Editor, Napanee, Ont.

A Plea for Prohibition.

What the result of a single day's prohibition will do in a city like Toronto may be inferred from the following paragraph, clipped from the *Globe* of Tuesday, 6th inst:—

"Yesterday being election day the saloons and taverns in the city were all kept rigidly closed, and the result was plainly perceptible at the various stations, not a single prisoner being in custody for drunkenness."

The civic elections in this city were more than usually exciting this year, and there is good reason to believe that, had all the liquor shops been open as on other days instead of the ordinary dozen or score of "drunks" being arrested, there would have been double that number. On Christmas day the streets of the city contained a large number of reeling drunkards, and the policemen had a busy time running them in; on New Year's day it was even worse, but on both those days the saloons were open and busy and the inebriated enjoyed the full "liberty of the subject" of which so much boast is made, and many of them enjoyed the full result of that "liberty," by being locked up in the cells the same night, while the taxpayers enjoy the liberty of paying extra taxes for caring for all these men, as the Police constables and the Police Court cares for them.

Surely the time will come when the people will become fairly aroused to the fact that the open saloons cause most of the open drunkenness, and that so long as the one is allowed by law the other will go on, notwithstanding the law prohibits it under the pains and penalties of fine and imprisonment.

Is there any honest reason for supposing that prohibition on other days would not be as productive of good results as is prohibition on election days? Surely the arguments in favor of one time apply with as much force to all times. We would do well to give the experiment a fair trial at any rate.

The Alliance Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Ontario Prohibitory Alliance will be held in Temperance Hall, Toronto, commencing on Tuesday, 20th inst., and it will continue three days. The Executive are making arrangements for a large and successful meeting, and a general representation is requested. Public meetings of some kind are expected each of the three evenings, and questions of importance will be discussed by some of the ablest men in the temperance work. Arrangements have been made for reduced railway fare to all wishing to attend. Full particulars may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Mr. F. S. Spence, Toronto.

Another Vote.

It is now officially announced that voting or the adoption of the Scott Act will take place in the United Counties of Northumberland and Durham on Tuesday, February, 26th. It is also expected that voting will take place in Lambton County some time next month. Several other counties have sent in their petitions and are waiting the action of the Government to fix the time of voting.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

ANOTHER ADDITION.—Lowell Lodge, King P. O., York County, was organized on the 17th ult. by Bro. Wm. Bosley, with fair prospects of success. W.C.T., J. S. Green; W.V., Mary Fanning; W.S., Wm. Blanchard; F.S., Alf Reddett; W.C., E. J. Davis; W.T., Susan Hollinghead; W.M., John Fraser; I.G., Lizzie Green; O.G., Geo. Brett. Night of meeting, Saturday.

INCREASING.—The Order appears to be on the increase again in Great Britain, after some years of discouragement. The recent report of the Secretary of the Worthy Grand

Lodge of the British Isles shows a net increase of 823 members over last year's returns.

COL. HICKMAN.—Arrangements have been made by the Executive of the Grand Lodge of this Province, with Col. J. J. Hickman, of Kentucky, to address thirty or more meetings in various sections of the country, in the interest of Temperance and Templary. Col. Hickman is one of the most eloquent and prominent temperance workers in the United States, and his name is well and favorably known in Canada in connection with his former labors here. Much good is expected from these meetings. The object is specially to aid the Good Templar work, by organizing new lodges and strengthening those already at work. The G. W. C. T. has authorized Bro. Thomas Lawless, G. W. C., of Napanee, to make all the arrangements for Col. Hickman's meetings, and parties desiring his services will do well to write to that gentleman at once. The meetings will probably commence in the western section of the Province about the last week in this month. No time should be lost in making application.

THE BABY IN THE BROWN COTTAGE.

T. S. ARTHUR.
(Concluded.)

"I've thought it all over, Mrs. Wilder—over and over again—and Marj and I can do it all," said Hetty.

"Mary and you! Why Mary is only seven years old," answered the neighbor.

"She's a handy little thing for all that. Oh, we can get along, if they won't take baby."

"What does your father say about it? Has Mrs. Florence spoken to him?"

"Yes; I heard them talking it over. Mrs. Florence wanted to take baby right off, but father said, wait until to-morrow."

"It would, perhaps, be better for the baby—"

"It wouldn't be better for anybody," spoke out Hetty, in a strong and decided manner. "And in particular, it wouldn't be for father."

"Why not for your father?" asked Mrs. Wilder.

Hetty's face grew hot, and then pale; and her voice choked a little at first, as she answered,

"You know about father, how dreadful it is. It will get worse if baby goes. I'm sure of that. He loves baby. And now mother's gone, I've thought his loving baby so might help him to—"

Hetty paused; she could not speak the word that was on her tongue, but the neighbor understood her.

"You are a wise little girl," said Mrs. Wilder, laying her hand on the child's head, tenderly, "and in the right I'm thinking. Now tell me freely all that is in your mind."

"It's just this, Mrs. Wilder," said Hetty, her manner taking on the thoughtful seriousness of a woman. "Father loves baby, and now that mother's gone he will feel softer towards us all. Mary and I will do everything to make it comfortable for him; and we'll always keep baby looking so sweet and clean that he'll love to come home just to see him, instead of going to the tavern when he shuts down the mill. If Mrs. Florence would give baby a nice white frock, and one with a white or blue spot in it, and a pair of new shoes, I could keep him looking oh, so lovely! Father couldn't help coming right home from—mill to see him; and who knows, Mrs. Wilder, father continued, growing warm and hopeful, "but father might stop drinking altogether. Oh, if Mrs. Florence would do this, and not think of taking baby away!"

"I'll see Mrs. Florence and talk with her," said Mrs. Wilder, as Hetty stopped speaking.

"Will you? Oh, do, please, right away! Tell her that it won't be good for us to let baby go."

Mrs. Florence, when all this was related to her, was deeply moved. She had lost a dear baby two years before, and the clothes it used to wear had been folded away in a bureau drawer since then.

"The dear child shall have her way," she answered. Then going to the drawer, into which she had not looked for many months, she took out three almost new frocks, one of white muslin, and two of delicately figured chintz; also three pairs of stockings, a pair of morocco shoes, and some underclothing, and sent them to the motherless baby.

On the next day the miller, sobered by the loss of his wife, kept away from the

tavern, and tried to settle in his mind what was best to be done. He had promised the baby to Mrs. Florence, but baby had given him so tight a hug as he kissed and parted from him at breakfast time, that he felt his dear little arms clinging around his neck all the morning as he went about the mill. How could he let him go? And Hetty was good and thoughtful, and so fond of baby. It would break her heart to give him up.

"What a handy girl Hetty is!" the miller said to himself, as he remembered how nice a breakfast she had got for him, and how clean and orderly everything was about the house.

As it drew towards noon the miller began to feel a little anxious about his promise to Mrs. Florence. She was to have baby that day. What if she had come for him already, and then when he went home at dinner time there should be no baby to spring into his arms and hug him around the neck.

In the meantime Hetty had received the bundle of clothes, and with the bundle had come a message from Mrs. Florence saying that she had changed her mind about taking baby.

"Oh, darling, Darling!" exclaimed Hetty, almost wild with joy, hugging and kissing the baby, who crowed and laughed and hugged and kissed her in return, as if he understood and shared in her delight.

"Oh, but won't he look sweet!" she exclaimed, as she opened and admired the beautiful baby clothes, finer than anything he had ever worn.

"Father will be home soon," she said to Mary. "You set the table, and I'll wash petty and dress him in this pink slip with the white ruffled apron, and tie up the sleeves with bows of blue ribbon. He'll look so sweet that father will hardly know him."

So baby was washed and dressed in the new clothes, and I can tell you he did look lovely. There was not a handsomer baby in all that neighborhood.

"He's going to sleep," said Mary, who saw his eyes beginning to droop. "Oh, I wish he'd stay awake until father comes." But even as she spoke, the long dark lashes fell lower and lower until they rested on his cheeks.

"You hold him until I put on a clean pillow-case," and Hetty placed the sleeper in her sister's arms. A soiled pillow-case was changed for one of snowy whiteness, and baby laid upon the bed where only a few days before his mother had slept the sleep from which none ever awakes in this world.

How lovely he was! No wonder the little sisters hung around the bed, so entranced by his beauty that it seemed impossible to tear themselves away.

"Father is coming," said Mary, who had turned her eyes to the window.

Hetty looked out and saw him crossing the road. His steps were quicker and firmer than usual.

"I want him to see baby all alone by himself." And Hetty as she spoke, drew Mary from the room.

They heard a low exclamation of surprise from their father as he entered, and then all was still—still for so long a time that Hetty began to wonder, and then to feel uneasy. At last, pushing open the door softly, she looked in and saw her father on his knees by the bedside, his face buried in the clothes. A little while she stood, almost motionless, her breath. She was about closing the door, when he lifted his face from the bed-clothes and fixed his eyes on the baby. Tears wet his cheeks. How fondly, tenderly, almost reverently did he look at the sleeping child—pure as an angel.

A slight movement drew his attention to Hetty. He looked at her for a moment and then said,

"Call Mary."

The two children went up to him. He took them in his arms, still kneeling, and tried to speak to them. But sobs choked back the words he would have uttered. At last, in the anguish of repentance, and in half despair of his own strength, he cried out,

"O, Lord and Saviour, help me to be a father indeed to these motherless little ones!"

Then a deep quiet fell upon them. A stillness, as if each listened for an audible answer to the almost wildly spoken prayer. Hetty was first to break silence.

"Dear father," she said kissing him, and tenderly stroking his cheek, "We'll do everything, Mary and I, to make it nice for you at home. And we'll keep baby as sweet

and clean as the richest baby in the land.

"Oh, isn't he a darling?" Then they all arose and bent over the sleeping baby, and though dead had just taken their dearest one away, it was a long, long time since the waves of happiness had flooded their hearts so deeply as now.

The shadows that lifted that day did not fall again. The miller had dragged himself, by a strong effort, through strength given from heaven, out of a worse slough than Christian got mired in ere he reached the Wicket gate. Once more on firm ground, love for his baby, that grew more winning every day, and love for his good children, Hetty and Mary, who never tired of doing for their father, God used as a means of keeping his feet in the safe ways of sobriety. He never went again astray.

Music and the Drama.

DEAR TRUTH.—Last week your readers very reluctantly bade farewell to their old and tried friend, "Sempronious." Mary have been the expressions of regret at his departure from among us, and if our genial critic could have heard the flattering tributes paid to his good qualities of head and heart, he would certainly have felt that this world was something more than "a howling wilderness."

In assuming the duties so ably, impartially and conscientiously discharged by "Sempronious," I am impressed with a deep sense of my inability to fill the place in the hearts of the readers of TRUTH which he has so long occupied. But I am sure will at least have their forbearance, and as we become acquainted with each other, I hope to enlist a share of their good will and affection.

In theatrical circles, last week was perhaps the dulllest which managers will see during the entire season. The attraction at the Grand was the ever popular success, "The Black Flag." I am certainly safe in saying that scarcely any other piece would have drawn such large and enthusiastic audiences so soon after holiday week. The company on this occasion was an unusually strong one, and where each performer merited unqualified and unstinted praise, it would be invidious for me to particularize. Suffice it to say that Mr. Thorne, as the hero of the play, fully sustained his well-earned reputation as a clever and brilliant actor.

This week the powerful melodrama, "Her Last Hope," holds the boards at the Grand. This play is by the well-known W. C. Cowper, who appears in one of the leading roles. The piece, which is described as being one of the most fascinating and interesting which has visited Toronto for some time, is playing to good business.

I did not attend any of the "Jesse James" performances at Montford's last week. I am thoroughly in accord with the sentiment expressed by "Sempronious" last week in regard to the injurious tendency of such plays as those of the "Jesse James" stamp. Of course the theatre was crowded nightly. The audiences were composed mainly of young men, whose purposes and aims in attending this questionable and demoralizing production.

This week the Tervenier Dramatic Company at this theatre.

After a brief interval of holidaying, the Philharmonic Society have resumed their practices. The society at its next concert will produce "Gode's Crusaders" and the magnificent cantata, "Fair Ellen." I, with the rest of the public, eagerly await the announcement of the dates for the Philharmonic's next performance.

The Toronto string quartette club gave their second concert in the Convocation Hall of the University, on Saturday afternoon last. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present and the performance was greatly appreciated. Rarely in Toronto an opportunity given of hearing the music of the great masters so brilliantly rendered. On this occasion the audience had the additional pleasure of listening to Miss C. Cluxton, of Peterboro, a young vocalist of great promise.

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