IACK, THE FISHERMAN.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

One night Jack came home unexpectedly; a strange mood sat upon him, which his wife did not find herself able to classify by any of the instant and expected with the classify by any of the instant and expected with the classify by any of the instant and expected with the classify by any of the instant and expected with the classify by any of the instant and expected with the classify by any of the instant and expected with the classification of the classify by any of the instant and expected with the classification of the c to classify by any of the instant and exquisite perceptions which grow, like new faculties, in wives. He had been drinking heavily when he left her, and she had not looked for him for days; if he sailed as he was, it would be a matter of weeks. Teen went straight to him; she thought he might be hurt: she thought he might be hurt; she held out her arms as she would to one of her children; but he met her with a gesture of indifference, and she shrank sittin' there and cryin' when he come back.

"I wish she'd talk to you," said Teen, saying precisely the wrong thing by the fatal instinct which so often possesses drunkards' wives.

"You do, do you?" quoth Jack.
"Well, I don't. I haven't given her the chance." He crushed on his hat and stole out of the house again. But this mood was on him yet; the

difference being that his wife was out of it. He sulked and skulked about the the streets alone for a while; he did not back to the boys just then, but readered with the apparent aimless ness in which the most tenacious aims are hidden. Mother Mary and her husband were holding sailors' meet ings in the roughest quarter in the There was need enough of Mother Mary in Fairharbor. A crowd had gathered to hear the novelty. Fairharbor seamen were none too used to being objects of consideration; was a matter of mark that a parson and a lady should hire a room from a rich fish-firm, pay for it out of their scanty pockets, and invite one in from deck or wharf, in one's oil clothes or jumper, to hear what a messmate of Jack's called "high-toned prayer." He meant perhaps to convey the idea that the petition treated the audience

politely. Jack followed the crowd in the dark, shrinking in its wake, for he was now sober enough not to feel like himself. He waited till the last of the fellows he knew had gone into the place and then crept up on tiptoe, and put his face against the window of the salt-cod warehouse, where the little congregation was gathered, and looked in. The room was full and bright. It wore that same look of peace and shelter which he remembered. Mother Mary stood, as she had stood before, tall and pale in her black dress, with the white covering on her bosom. Her husband had been speaking of the fishermen, and she, as Jack put his gnarled hand to his excited eyes and his eyes to the window-glass, turned her face full about to start the singing. She seemed to Jack to look at him. Her look was He felt ashamed, and cowered down below the window-sill. But he wanted to hear her sing—he had never heard anybody sing like Mother Mary, so he stayed there for a little while, curled against the fish-house. It began to rain, and he was pretty wet; but Jack was in his jumper, and a ragged old jumper at that; he knew he was not so handsome as he used to be; he felt that he cut but a poor figure, even for a drunken fisherman; all the selfrespect that life had left him shrank from letting Mother Mary see him. Jack would not go in. A confused notion came to him as he crouched against the warehouse, in the shower, that it was just as well it should rain on him; it might wash him. He pushed up his sleeves and let the rain fall on his arms. He found an old Cape Ann knee might rest upon it, and thus bring his eye to a level with the window-sill, while yet he could not be seen from within. So he crouched listening. The glimmer from the prayer room came across the fisherman's bared right arm, and struck the crucifix. Jack had the unconscious attitude of one sinking, who had thrown up his arms to be saved. The Christ on the crucifix looked starved and sickly. Jack did

themselves mistily before her, as if they had been the countenance of one helpless man:

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!" "Oh, my God!" cried Jack.

CHAPTER IV.

It was the next day that some one woman wanted a few words with her. The visitor was Teen. She was worn and wan and sobbing with excitement. these places is incredibly barbarous, Her baby was soon to be born. She but it is less than the barbarity of cat. She had come, she said, just to see Mother Mary, just to tell her, for Jack would never tell himself, but she

The words were few—they were not see Mother Mary, just to tell her, for Jack would never tell himself, but she was sure her husband had reformed; he would never drink again; he meant to be a sober man; and Mother Mary bught to know she did it, for she did, Cod bless her!

She would never tell himself, but she words were few—they were not of us—but they were enough to do the understood. They assailed the honor of his home, the truth of his wife; the honor was very kind. And he set a little, and we was talkin' about the club, burled her past at her and at himself.

very fit for walkin', nor I can't afford a "reformed man," whose domestic prosferry ticket, for he didn't leave me pects were—as they were; they exulted thon as were attributable to his condition nothin' on this trip, but I've come to over him with the exultation in the will not be reproduced here.

but he come to yours, because he says you treat a man like folks, and he wouldn't go inside, for he had ben drinkin' and he felt ashamed. So he set outside upon a box behind the winder and he peeked in. And he said it rained on him while he sat peekin', for he wanted to get a look at And he come home and told me, for we'd had some words beforehand, and I was glad to see him. I 'I wouldn't, Teen, says he, 'for I've "She's here," said Jack. "Mother seen Mother Mary, and I'm reformed," Mary's in this d—town. 1 see says he. So he told me how he sat upon the box and peeked. He says you looked straight at him. He says you stood up very tall and kind of white. He says you read something out of a book, and then you sang to him. He says the song you sang was Rock of Ages, and it made him feel so bad I had to cry to see him. He come in, and he ounge against our window, and he pu is hand acrost his eyes and groaned like he was hurted in an accident. And he says, 'Teen, I wished I was a better man.' And I says, 'Jack, I wished you was.' And he says, 'Jost the hanker when I heard her sing the Rock of Ages, and if I lost the hanker I could swear off.' So I didn't answer him, for if I says, 'do swear off,' he'd just swear on-they won't, you know But I made him a cup of coffee, for I didn't know what else to do, and I brought it to him on the unge, and he thanked me. 'Teen, says, 'I'll never drink a drop again, so help me Mother Mary !' And then he kissed me—for they don't, you know, after you've married. And he's

> better know." "You've had no breakfast," answered Mother Mary, "and you've walked too far. Here, stop at the Holly Tree as you go home; get a bowl of soup; and take the ferry back. There, there! don't cry quite so hard. I'll try to stay a little longer. I won't leave town till Jack comes in. It takes the Rock of Ages to cure the hanker, Teen. But I've seen older men than he is stop, as if they had been stopped by a lasso thrown from heaven. If there's any save in him," added Mother Mary below her breath, "he shall have his chance, this time.'

gone out haddockin,' but we parted

very kind. And so I come to tell you

He went aboard sober, and sober he stayed. He kept a good deal by himself and thought of many things. His face paled out and refined, as their from abstinence; the ghost of his good looks hovered about him; he mended up his clothes; he did a kind turn to a messmate now and then; he told some excellent clean stories, and raised the spirits of the crew; he lent to a fellow with the rheumatism who had an indebtedness to liquidate for St. Galen's Oil. When he had lone this, he remembered that he had eft his wife without money, and said aloud: "That's a --- mean trick to play on a woman."

He had bad luck, however, that trip: nis share was small; he made \$7 20 in three weeks. This was conceded by the crew of the fishing-schooner (her name was the Destiny) to be because Jack had "sworn off." It is a super-It is a superstition among them. One unfamiliar with the lives of these men will hammer cold iron if he thinks to pursuade them that rum and luck do not go toturkey-box that was lying about, gether; or that to "reform" does not turned it edgewise so that one ragged imply a reduction of personal income. You might as well try to fisherman's mind into proportion upon

this point. Therefore Jack took his poor trip carelessly; it was to be expected; he would explain it to Mother Mary when he got in. He drank nothing at all;

and they weighed for home.

When Jack stepped off the Destiny, at Zephaniah, Salt & Co.'s wharf at Fairharbor, after that voyage, clean, pale, good-natured, and sober, thinking yearning voice rang out above the hoarse chorus of the fishermen, whose weather-ragged and reverent faces life. he would start an account at the market, and carry her a chop or a sausage, in fact, thinking about her with an absorption which resembled consideration, if not affection-suddenly

he caught her name upon the wharves. It may have been said of accident, or of the devil—God knew; they may have been too drunk to notice Jack at told Mother Mary, at the poor boarding house where she stayed, that a scented from afar the bad blood they stirred, like the hounds they were. I did not look as if she had enough to drinking men to a man who strikes out

God bless her!

"I've walked all this way to bless they derided the trust which he had in her in his absence; they sneered at the secretary, and she wanted you to join, wishing to insure himself against the

sight of the havoc wrought, which is the for I told her you'd reformed-Jack,

most inexplicable impulse of evil.

Everybody knew how hot-blooded Jack was; and when the fury rushed red over his face painted gray there was a smart scattering upon the wharves.

His hand clapped to his pockets; but his was an old, rusty pistol (he had swapped a Bible and his trawls for it once, upon a spree, and got cheated); it held but one cartridge, and his wrist The shot went sputtering into hook. he water, and no harm came of it. Jack jammed the pistol back into his pocket; he glared about him madly. out he had his glare for his pains; the men were afraid of him; he was alone ipon the wharf.

It can hardly be said that he hesi-Would that it could. Raving to himself — head down, hands elenched, feet stumbling like a blind man's-the fisherman sank into the first open door he staggered by, as a seiner, pierced by an invisible sword-fish, sinks into the sea. He had fifteen such places to pass before he reached his house. His chances were

-as such chances go—at best. He drank for half an hour—an hour a half more-came out and went straight home.

It was now night of a February day. It had not been a very cold day; a light, clean snow had fallen, which was thawing gently. Jack, looking dimly on through his craze, saw the light of gray cottage shining ahead; he per eived that the frost was melted from he windows. The warm color came quietly down to greet him across the snow; it had to him in his de irium the look of a woman's eves when they are true, and lean out of her love to greet a man. He did not put this to nimself in these words, but said: "Them lamps look like she used to.

curse her !" and so went hurtling on. He dashed up against the house, as bowsprit dashes on the rocks, took one mad look through the unfrosted win dow, below the half-drawn curtains, and flung himself against the door and in.

for it mayn't be many days that I could His wife sat there in the great rockwalk it, and I've been that to him as I ng-chair, leaning back; she had a pilsaid I should, and I thought you'd behind her and her feet on the saltfish box which he had covered once to make a cricket for her, when they were first married. She looked pale pretty-very pretty. She was talking to a visitor who sat upon the lounge beside her. It was a man. Now, Jack knew this man well; it was an old mess mate; he had sworn off a year ago, and they had gone different ways; he used to be a rough fellow; but people said now you wouldn't know him,
"I ain't so drunk but I see who you

Jim," began the husband darkly; 'I'll settle with you another day. I've got that to say to my wife I'd say better if we missed your company. Leave us by ourselves!"

"Look here, Jack," Jim flashed good humoredly, you're drunk, you know. She'll tell you what I come for. You ask her. Seein' she wasn't right smart and there's them as says she lacked for victuals-my wife sent me over with bowl of cranberry sass, so help me

heaven! "I'll kill you some other evenin'.

Leave us be!" cried Jack.
"We was sittin' and talkin' about the Reform Club when you come in," obected Jim, with the patience of an old friend. "We was wonderin' if we couldn't get you to sign, Jack. Ask her if we wasn't. Come, now! I wouldn't make a fool of myself if I was you, Jack. See there. You've set her to cryin' already. And she ain't right

"Clear out of my house!" * thundered Jack, "Leave us be by ourselves "I don't know's I'd ought to," hesi-

tated Jim. "Leave us be! or I won't leave you be a d— minute longer! Ain't it my house. Get out of it!"

"It is, that's a fact," admitted the visitor, looking perplexed; "but I declare to Jupiter I don't know's I'd oughter leave it, the way things look. Have your senses, Jack, my boy! Have your senses! She ain't right

But with this Jack sprang upon him, and the wife cried out between them. for the love of mercy, that murder would be done.

"Leave us be!" she pleaded, bing. "Nothin' else won't pacify him. Go, Jim, go, and shut the door, and thank her for the cranberry sarse. It was very kind of her, and for my husband's sake don't tell nobody wasn't kind to me. There. That's right. There."

She sank back into the rockingchair, for she was feeble still, and looked gently up into her husband's All the tones of her agitated voice had changed.

She spoke very low and calmly, as if she gathered her breath for the first stage of a struggle whose nature she solemnly understood. She had grown

'Jack, dear?' softly. "I'll give ye time," he answered with an ominous quiet. "Tell yer story first. Out with it!"

Jack! Oh, Jack! What are you goin't to do to me? What makes you look like that?—Jack, Jack, Jack!"
"Stand up here!" he raved. He was

ast reason and she saw it; he tore off is coat and pushed up ihs sleeves from

is tatooed arms. You've played me false, I say! rusted ye, and you've tricked me. I'll teach you to be the talk upon the wharves another time when I get in from Georges'!"

She stood as he bade her, tottered and sank back; crawled up again, holdng by the wooden arm of the rockingchair, and stretched one hand out to nim feebly. She did not dare to touch nim, he would have throttled her. When she saw him rolling up sleeves, har heart stood still. But Teen thought: "I will not show him I'm afraid of him. It's the only chance The poor girl looked up once into

his face, and thought she smiled.
"Jack? Dear Jack!" "I'll teach ye! I'll teach ye!"

"Oh, wait a moment, Jack, For the love of heaven—stop a minute! I've been that I said I'd be to you, since was married. I've been an honest wife to you, since we was married. I've been an honest wife to you, my boy, and there's none on earth nor heaven

s can look me in the eye and darst to ay I haven't. I swore to you on the cock of Ages, Mother Mary witnessin', -why, Jack!" her voice sank to inite sweetness, "have ye forgotten? ou ain't yourself, poor boy. You'll e so sorry. I ain't very strong, yet— ou'd feel bad if you should hit me hate to have you feel so bad. Jack, lear, don't. Go look in the other om, before you strike again. ain't seen it yet. Jack, for the love of mercy!—Jack! Jack!

"I can't own up to you, for I swore ou by the Rock of Ages; I swore ye I rould be an honest wife. You may way them words I swore to ye . . . , that, . . . Jack, for the love of eaven don't ye, Jack! For the way feel to me, dear, dear ack! For the sake of the babies we

love of God! Not the pistol! Oh, r the Rock of"-But there he struck her down. The tt end of the weapon was heavy enough to do the deed. He struck,

and then flung it away. Upon his bared arm, as it came crashing, the crucifix was spattered red.

CHAPTER V.

He stood up stupidly and looked about the room. The covers were off he kitchen stove, and the heart of the coals blazed out. Her yellow hair had oosened as she fell, and shone upon the floor.

He remembered that he spoke about the other room, and said of something yonder, that he hadn't seen it yet, Confusedly he wondered what it was. He stumbled in and stared about the bedroom. It was not very light there, and it was some moments before he perceived the cradle, standing straight across his way. The child waked as he hit the cradle, and began to cry, stretching out its hands.

He had forgotten all about the baby,

There had been so many.
"You'd better get up, Teen," he said as he went out; "it's cryin' after you." He shut the door and staggered down the steps. He hesitated once, and thought he would go back and say to

What's the use of lavin' there?" But he thought better or worse of be left alone. The men were afraid of Jack, when he was so far gone under Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks the worst Jack, when he was so far gone under as this. Nobody spoke to him. He results flow from whisky and other went down to Salt Brothers' wharf, ardent spirits. My friend says: "I opposite Salt & Co.'s, and found the Daredevil just about to weigh. was short by one hand, and took him as he was.

He was surprised to find himself aboard when the next sun went down; he had turned in his bunk and was overheard to call for Teen, ordering her to do some service for him testily enough.

"Oh," he muttered, "she ain't here, is she? Be blasted if I ain't on the Daredevil."

He was good for nothing, for a matter of days, and silent or sullen for the trip. It had been a heavy spree. He ell to, when he came to himself, and ished desperately; his luck turned, and he made money; he made \$75. They were gone three weeks. They had a bitter voyage, for it was March.

(To be continued.)

Insured His Customers.

At an inquest held the other day in England, the evidence brought to light the queer fact that the dead man's life had been issured for \$100 by the liquor dealer whose bar he chiefly patronized. No secret was made about above board, the liquor dealer only wishing to insure himself against the loss of business consequent on the death of the valuable customer. The practice is stated to be quite frequent.

Reply to Mr. Goldwin Smith

The following letter appeared in the Toronto Globe on Saturday last:

Sir,-When, a few days ago, you requested my views on the coming prohibition plebiscite I consented with pleasure to re-enter for the moment the familiar columns with which for seven or eight years I had been connected.

As I write I observe a letter from

Mr. Goldwin Smith, adverse to prohibition, which I may use to indicate my own point of view.

Mr. Goldwin Smith, as becomes

him, bespeaks fair discussion. states his position "with perfect respect for the opinions of those who take the opposite view," and adds: "They, I hope, will give me the credit for desiring the suppression of vice and misery which attends it as heartly as they do, though I cannot agree with them as to the best means for the accomplishment of that end." By all means let the discussion of this important question be lifted to a plane above the imputation of motives and other personalities. Than Mr. Goldwin Smith no man in Canada is more entitled to be heard with respect, In private life, irreproachable and benevolent; in public utterance, sincere, and singularly courageous, he has never shown fear of being in a minority. On one or two questions which he has made his own it is within possibility that before many years he may stand out as the Canadian who has done more than any other to create currents of opinion that have carried more than one question irrevocably past old moor-

Mr. Goldwin Smith does not favor prohibition. I do. Prohibition is A FUNDAMENTAL LAW

"Say you've played me false, and I'll of the universe. It pervades all law p Own up, and I'll quit. Own up divine and human. It studs me, I say!" Scriptures. Its mandates look It studs the from every page of every statute book. It is a necessary feature of family life. And yet this universal law of prohimmel me to death, but I'll not lie bition is not ordained in wrath or caprice, but of necessity and love. "We are born into a kingdom of laws.

Mr. Goldwin Smith "does not think k! For the sake of the babies we it possible, even were it desirable," to do not and you walked beside of enforce total abstinence. I think it is ne, to bury 'em! Oh, for God's sake

Jack! Oh, you said
ou'd be kind to me Oh, ye'll
be sorry! For the love of pity! For
young man who abstains entirely from intoxicants can become a drunkard, and for the reason that no one can say with certainty when he is emerging from the state of a so called moderate drinker into that of an immoderate drinker.

My friend says that "as the taste for fermented liquors is common to all races of mankind," antedating the be ginning of history, "unless the pro-hibitionist can eradicate the taste, experience shows that he cannot put down the habit." That is largely true, though millions, both of Christian and non-Christian abstainers might be nuoted contra. Taste, we are truly told, creates habit. But does not

HABIT ALSO CREATE TASTE? And surely a philosophical metho of correcting undesirable habit is to put, not facilities, but difficulties, in the way of indulgence in the habit. That is the aim of all restrictive measures, whether the prohibition be entire, or as in the case of license; only

partial. Mr. Goldwin Smith says, "Make what laws you will, you cannot make people believe that drinking or selling a glass of liquor is a crime." There is almost universal consent to license restriction, and those who violate these restrictions are regarded as law-breakers. Here we touch the legal and moral right to prohibit the traffic. In this city of London, with its 35,000 or 40,000 people, all except 40 persons are prohibited from selling intoxicants. and went his way. He went out and Is there any difference in principle bereshipped at once, lingering only long tween prohibiting the liquor traffic enough to drink madly on the way, at entirely and prohibiting all but 40 pera place he knew where he was sure to sons out of 35,000 or 40,000 from en-

> would not be unwilling even to try the She effect of their total prohibition, including their manufacture and impor-tation, as well as the retail trade, though I should greatly doubt the success of the experiment." On this point I will only say that prominent medical authorities consider beer quite as destructive to health as whisky. Medical science, if may be said in passing, more and more declines to indorse liquor as a true or necessary remedial agency. Dr. Bucke, superintendent of the London Asylum for the Insane, in recently addressing a large gathering of Canadian medical men-stated that after entirely abandon ing the use of liquor in the asylum the health of the patients had been distinctly better and the death rate distinctly lower. Sir Andrew Clark stimulating, or both, but it must be one says: "Alcohol, even in small doses, or the other to make it worth holding." will take the bloom off and injure the perfection and loveliness of health, both mental and physical." Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson (the best ex-pert authority on alcoholism) says: need to be roused. If it does "A man may be considered by his friends and neighbors, as well as by useless, because the time and money himself, to be a sober and temperate man, and yet it is quite possible that such a man may die of disease caused will bring out the votes is the

knowing it." Sir Henry Thompson says: "I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most painful maladies which come under my notice, as well as those which every medical man has to treat, to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate. But, if I venture one step further it would be to express a belief that there is no single in this country which so much tends to deteriorate the qualities of the race, and as much disqualifies it for endurance in that competition which in the nature of things must exist, and in which struggle the prize of superiority must fall to the best and the strongest.

I consider a prohibitory law would be JUSTIFIABLE, DESIRABLE, WORKABLE. We in London only two or three years ago had an experiment, not only with the plebiscite, but with prohibition, that is, partial prohibition. We had already prohibited all but 70 persons out of 25.000 or 40,000 from engaging in the traffic. We then obtained permission from the city council for a municipal plebiscite on the question of prohibit. ing all but 40 persons out of 35,000 or 40,000. By a majority of 700 the electors decided to prohibit 30 more persons out of 35,000 or 40,000, from engaging in the traffic. The popular vote had no legal force without the action of the city council. But, as public opinion is the real force, to public opinion the council at once bowed. And so our municipal plebiscite was a complete success. A suc cess, not only in operation, but in results. London has always been a comparatively law-abiding city. Yet after the adoption of the partial prohibition referred to crime and arrests in our midst decreased in proportion as was shown before the recent sitting in this city of the Royal Commission.

The paramount question is first. Is prohibition right? to which some would add, Is it expedient? I believe it to be expedient, and I feel sure that it is right. The liquor traffic is not like any other. Its effects cause every life and all property to be less secure than otherwise they would be. Even if society or the individual were conten to let the traffic alone, the traffic will let neither society nor the individua alone. Look at the great cities of th United States for the object lesson that the liquor traffic must be dominated

otherwise it will dominate. I would like here to correct

ONE CURRENT MISCONCEPTION of our position, namely, that our mai and reliance are those of making people virtuous by act of Parliament as if our attitude were that of saying to Parliaments: "We will press the legislative button by means of the plebiscite, and you will be expected to do he rest," or as if we do not attach as much importance as others to line upor line and precept upon precept, to constant educative effort. We believe and put reliance chiefly in such educative influences, but we expect to see the reults of such moral agencies from time to time crystallized in legislation, Such an opportunity is now before us.

A WORD AS TO LIBERTY.

Is it the custom of our country that every man shall do as he pleases? That is the principle that ruled to a greater or less extent in barbaric times. Have we reached the plane of a loftier line of conduct? Is Ontario capable of taking the higher ground? I believe that she is and that she will. I would like to see my native Province using her liberty to declare that, so far as her vote in the coming plebiscite can effect it, she will put an end to an influence which is only evil, and that continually. Says John Stuart Mill "My liberty ends when it begins to involve the possibility of ruin to my neighbor." Blackstone says: "No man has a right to use his property in such a manner as shall injure the life or property of another, and the consen of the party injured is no mitigation the offense." Says Lyman Abbo Says Lyman Abbott "Liberty is not the right of every man to do what seemeth to him good. Liberty involves the right of every man to find out for himself what are the divine laws, and to obey those laws as they are revealed and disclosed to him. provided that obedience to his own understanding of them does not l him into conflict with the rights of his

He who proposes to do away with a deadly traffic is surely interfering but slightly, if at all, with the rights of his neighbor; while, beyond all question, the liquor traffic does interfere constantly and menacingly with the rights and interests of every man, woman and child in the Province.

JOHN CAMERON.

neighbor.'

London, Nov. 1.

Votes Count,

Once again we remind our friends of the danger of trusting too much to meetings in this plebiscite campaign. A good meeting may be informing or the other to make it worth holding. If a meeting informs the people it is good one, because many people need information. If it rouses the people to If it does neither