

FIFTY LIVES LOST

THROUGH A LAKE CAPTAIN'S DRUNKENNESS.

The Vernon Disaster caused by Drunk-
Doubt that the Captain was Intoxicated
And that his Recklessness led to
the Awful Catastrophe.

There seems to be almost no room for doubt that drink was the cause of the awful disaster on Lake Michigan some time ago, in which the ill-fated steamer Vernon and her crew perished. The testimony of the sole survivor of the wreck goes to show that the captain was a confirmed drunkard, and that on the voyage in which the wreck occurred he was totally unable to attend to his duties. A dispatch dated Chicago, November 4th, says:

There seems now to be no doubt that Capt. Thorp, who was in command of the ill-fated steamer Vernon, which was lost on the Lake a short time ago, was an habitual drunkard. From the statements of many persons who had sailed with him, from time to time, it would appear that he was drunk on every voyage. One man emphatically declares that Thorp had delirium tremens in the pilot house a short time ago. Axel Stone, the only survivor of the disaster, when asked if he ever saw Capt. Thorp drunk, replied: "The captain was drunk most of the time, and he was very drunk when we left Shobogyan last week. While we were coming through the straits the second mate said to him: 'Sober up, you drunken beast, and take care of this boat and the people.' The captain told him to go to hell. I was in the cabin at the time, and heard every word that was said. Friday night, which was the night that the steamer was lost, the captain was as drunk as I ever saw him, and he kept taking a drink every little while from a bottle that he carried in his coat pocket. If the captain had been sober, I don't believe the vessel would have been lost, for any sober man would have turned back when he saw how badly she acted in a big sea."

THE CHURCHES AND DRINK.

How the Latter Affects the Former.

A movement was set on foot some time ago in Birmingham to find out the opinions of clergymen, teachers, mission workers and others as to the extent to which strong drink interfered with their work. The questions sent out and the replies received were as follows:

QUESTIONS.	REPLIES.	PERCENTAGE.
1. Is intemperance at places of worship affected by public houses?	61	1
2. Is drinking amongst women in increasing?	42	3
3. Are ladies from religious life largely due to drink?	33	5
4. Do drinking temptations affect young persons who have been previously scholars in Sunday schools?	31	8
5. Are lapses of attendance at early morning adult schools due to drink?	19	18
6. Is mission and rescue work hindered by drink?	31	11
7. Are crime, destitution, and poverty largely due to drink?	60	1
8. Can you cite cases illustrating answers to queried?	31	3
9. Should the number of licensed houses be reduced?	61	1
10. Should ratepayers have the power to lessen the number of close public houses altogether?	58	4

Phenomenal.

"Oh, George!" cried young Mrs. Merry, running to meet her husband at the door. "I've something the best to tell you."

"No?" said George. "What is it?"

"Why, don't you think—the baby can talk? Yes, sir, actually talk! He's said ever and over so many things. Come right into the nursery and hear him."

George went in.

"Now, baby," said mamma, persuasively, "talk some for papa. Say 'How do you do, papa!'"

"Goo, goo, goo, goo," says baby.

"Hear him!" shrieks mamma, ecstatically. "Wasn't that just as plain as plain can be?"

George says it is, and tries to think so, too.

"Now say, 'I'm glad to see you, papa.'"

"Da, da, boo, bee, boo."

"Did you ever?" cries mamma.

"He can just say everything! Now you precious little honey bunny boy, say, 'Are you well, papa!'"

"Hoo, ha, de, goo, goo."

"There it is," said mamma. "Did you ever know a child of his age who could really talk as he does? He can just say anything he wants to; can't you, you own dear little darling precious, you?"

"Goo, goo, dee, dee, di, goo."

"Hear that! He says, 'Of course I can, just as plainly as anybody could say it. Oh, George, it really worries me to have him so phenomenally bright. These very brilliant babies nearly always die young.'"

—*Tid-Bite.*

THE SALOON MUST GO.

NO LICENSE FOR CRIME.

"Up the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen,
Summon out the might of men!"

"Men of purpose, sound the tocsin
For the fray!
Men of courage, shout the war-cry,
Lead the way!
Win the day!"

THE SOLID CHURCH SHOULD COME DOWN LIKE A PILE DRIVER ON THE SOLID SALOON AND DRIVE IT INTO THE MUD. —*The Issue.*

Because law is too impotent to punish, there is no reason why it should go to the other extreme and protect and encourage. —*Sheldon Amos.*

Any political party that is more afraid of offending the Whisky vote than the temperance vote of the land is a sycophant of the saloons—a whisky spaniel—and as such unfit to be entrusted with power in Municipal, State, or National politics. No whisky spaniel makes a safe watch-dog for the people. —*Joseph Cook.*

The most wonderful era of prosperity, of material, moral and intellectual development of growth in the country, cities and towns ever witnessed on the American continent has been illustrated in Kansas during the six years since the temperance amendment to our constitution was adopted, and especially during the past two years, the period of its most complete enforcement. —*Governor Martin, of Kansas.*

The principle of prohibition seems to me to be the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance. This opinion has been strengthened and confirmed by the hard labor of more than twenty years in the temperance cause. —*Father Mathew, in 1851.*

Alcohol is specifically, and to all intents and purposes, a cerebral poison. It seizes with its disorganizing energy upon the brain—that mysterious part whose steady and undisturbed action holds man in true and responsible relations with his family, with society and with God. And it is this fearful fact that gives to government and society their tremendous interest in the question. —*E. L. Youmans.*

Our hope, our protection from wrong-doing is the law; when the law is the will of the classes most closely connected with, and most largely responsible for wrong-doing, evil reigns triumphant. —*Bishop John Ireland.*

CURIOUS OFFICIALS.

How They Enforce the Act.

ON 21st inst., at Guelph, George Hodgson, a county constable, was brought before Police Magistrate Saunders, on several charges of violation of the Canada Temperance Act. He was proved guilty of one of these charges, convicted and fined \$50 and costs. A case against his wife at the same time and place was dismissed. Mr. G. W. Field appeared for the prosecution and Mr. W. H. Pearson, County Crown Attorney for the defence.

A DRIVER of a street car recently called out to a green conductor, "Switch off!" and instantly nineteen out of the twenty women in the car put their hands quickly to the back of their heads.

Tourist: "You have a fine farm, indeed?" Farmer: "Yes, I reckon it's one of the best." Tourist: "What is its most profitable source of income?" Farmer: "Summer boarders." —*Boston Budget.*

The Minneapolis Tribune in stating "There is a female brass band at Fremont, Neb., adds: 'Bless the little tootsie-wootsies!'"

While the summer girl is at Nantasket breasting the wave, her good old mother stays at home and stems the current. —*Springfield Union.*

"How can you give such a dirty napkin as this?" "Bez pardon, sir; got folded the wrong way, sir. There, sir, how's that now?" —*Yiddish.*

Red River is so low," says a Texas paper, "it can get out of its bed." On the other hand, here is the Ocmulgee so full that it can't be kept in its bed. —*Macoon Telegraph.*

A Regular Bad 'Un.

I.

Yee, Sammy's a sad 'un,
A radical, ho;
A regular bad 'un,
As ever you see.
His riot and tearing
And banging about
Is really past bearing—
It's wearing me out.
And rambling and roaming,
And larks in the lane—
Your cleaning and pointing
Is labor in vain.
And as for his pinner—
It's ruin, I vow;
Clean on for his dinner—
And look at it now!
And scrubbing the tiles, ma'am
And dusting the things,
It aint worth your whiles, ma'am,
For mud as he brings,
And growling, and poking
His toes through his shoes!
Without any joking
We ought to be Jews
Whatever's unlawful—
Oil, blacking or ink—
I tell you it's awful
The things as he'll drink.
Then lost, and run over,
And choking, and fights—
My life aint no clover,
A getting such frights.
It's mischance and shindy
Week, Sunday and all—
That hole in the windy
Was him and his ball
And then there's his dad, ma'am,
A taking his part,
And spoiling the lad, ma'am,
With taily and tart.
No use now, not any
A-climbing my knees!
And axing a penny!
Hear that, if you please!
You're allus a-stuffin'
And spoiling your tea,
No penny, you ruffin',
No penny from me.
It's a rod I'll be buying—
I'm sober, I am—
I've set him off crying!
Ah, mother's pet lamb!
Look here, now! What's this lad?
Then give me a kiss, lad—
My own little Sam!

II.

A change in the house, ma'am—
A sad 'un 'yon'll find;
As still as a mouse ma'am;
I'll draw up the blind.
No, no! I aint fretting—
He doeth all well!
But as for forgetting—
Ah, mothers can tell!
Yes, these are my riches,
My jewels and gold
The jacket and breeches
I made him of old.
I brash 'em and air 'em
O' Saturday night,
But no little Sammy
Comes running anon,
A-crying out "Mummy,
Just look at 'em on!"
When the housework is ending,
Tow'rs three of the clock,
I still sit a-mending
Some little gray sock.
And sometimes through thirsting
And longing so sore
I hear him come bursting
And banging the door.
And jump up to hold him.
And feed on his smiles
Oh, how could I scold him
For soiling the tiles!
All the gold ever minted
I'll gladly give o'er
To see his foot printed
In mud on the floor.
There's the bed where I laid him
My precious, at night,
And the quilt as I made him
So cosy and light
And now as he's lying
Down under the mold,
I'm walking and crying
A-thinking he's cold.
I know as it's blindness
Rebellious I am;
The Shepherd in kindness
Has folded his lamb.
But oh, how I miss him,
And hunger to kiss him,
My own little Sam!

—*Fredrick Langbridge.*

A teacher observed a huge blot of ink on a boy's copy book. "What is that?" he demanded. "Sure, I think it's a tear, sir." "A tear! How could a tear be black?" "Sure, I think wan o' the colored boys dropped it, sir."

A bright little girl who saw three sisters with hair of a decided auburn, remarked to her mother: "Seems to me, mamma, that kind of hair must be hereditary in that family."

"If you haven't yet read that book you promised to," said a lady severely to her son, "you show a great lack of principle." "Oh, no, mamma," was the calm reply, "not lack of principle, only lack of interest." —*Christian Guardian.*

WITTICISMS.

"This is a sad and bitter world," remarked a gentleman of Irish extraction. "We never strew flowers on a man's grave till after he is dead." —*Washington Herald.*

"Bessie, I hear your sister is sick. What ails her?" "I don't know, ma'am. Maybe it's the diploma." "The what, child?" "The diploma. I heard mother say she took it at school."

At Sychar Camp-meeting, Knox Co. O. "Brethren, I could say a great deal more, but I can stop right here, praise the Lord." Response: "Amen!" Hallelujah! —*New York Weekly Witness.*

A stout old lady got out of a crowded omnibus the other day, exclaiming: "Well, that's a relief, anyhow." To which the driver, eyeing her ample proportions, replied, "So the 'esses thinks, mum."

It is said that at a late hanging in Louisiana the Governor's special messenger arrived on the scene at the last moment bearing a reprieve, whereupon the fortunate culprit remarked, "No noose is good news." —*Life.*

"What is the reason of a blow leaving a blue mark after it?" asked an inquiring young man of a medical student. "It's easily accounted for," was the reply, "for you know that 'blow' in the perfect makes 'blow.'"

"What are you doing now, Thomas?" asked the minister, patronizingly. "I am a writer for the press," said the lad, proudly. "Indeed, you are quite young for that. What do you write?" "I direct wrappers." —*Washington Critic.*

Old Mr. Sandstorm: "Young Peterly, they say, has developed a taste for strong drink. It's dreadful to see a man going to the bad." Old Mrs. Sandstorm: "Yes, when a young man gets dissipated that's the end on him." —*Judge.*

Dan M.—, a genuine son of Erin-go-bragh, while digging in the ground, was accosted thus: "Dan what are you digging? A hole in the ground?" "Arrah, no," was the answer, "I'm diggin' the dirt away, and lavin' the hole."

Mr. Poppingay: "Women's curiosity amuses me." Mrs. Poppingay: "Aha, by the way, what's that stain on your hand?" Mr. Poppingay: "Paint. I was coming by Blotson's fence and just touched my finger to see if it was dry." —*Burlington Free Press.*

Child: "Grandpa, how old are you?" Grandpa: "I am eighty-seven years old, my dear." Child: "Then you was born eighty years before I was?" Grandpa: "Yes, my little girl." Child: "Oh, what a long time you had to wait for me." —*New York Weekly Witness.*

A LITTLE three-year old girl, when her mother was trying to get her to sleep one summer evening, began to ask questions about a noise outside. When told that it was caused by a cricket, she wisely remarked: "Mamma, I think it ought to be boiled." —*Christian Guardian.*

Lonely Teacher: "Can any of you boys inform me why icebergs cannot become dissolved when they reach the Southern seas?" (Precocious youth holds out his hand.) L. T.: "Well, my little man, what do you think?" P. Y.: "Because there's no sawdust on them, mum." —*New York Weekly Witness.*

On a wet day a number of persons took shelter in Rowland Hall chapel during a heavy shower, while he was preaching. Hall remarked: "Many people are greatly to be blamed for making their religion a cloak, but I do not think that those are much better who make it an umbrella."

Old Lady (to grocer's boy): "Don't you know, boy, that it is very rude to whistle when dealing with a lady?" Boy: "That's what the boss told me to do, mum." Old Lady: "Told you to whistle?" Boy: "Yes'm. He said if we ever sold you anything we'd have to whistle for the money." —*Harpers Bazaar.*

Here is a bit of conscious rustic wit: John Mann had been sent by his shrewish wife to market to sell the pig. On the way he got drunk, the pig strayed and never turned up again. A few weeks afterwards John was asked if he had "heard anything of the pig yet." "Eard of 'im," he said. "Eard of him? Oh, ay, I eard of 'im most days."

Confessioner: "Remember, that all the French candy is in this case. Next Clerk: "How do you get it fresh?" "Fresh!" "Why we make it, of course." "But I thought French candy was imported." "Oh no. We make it ourselves." "But, then, why is it called French candy? Do the ingredients come from France?" "Well, I don't know, maybe the plaster of Paris does!"

"What wonderful patience those fishermen have!" exclaimed an idler to a passing friend. "Here I have been watching that fellow for three whole hours, and he hasn't yet had a bite!" —*Enrich Fun.*

"Where is the island of Java situated?" asked a school teacher of a small boy. "I dunno, sir." "Don't you know where coffee comes from?" "Yes, sir, we borrow it from the next-door neighbor."

Curate, to old man who is beating his donkey. "Fie, fie, my good friend! Do you know what happened to Balaam once?" Old Man: "Ees, sure, zur—the same as happened to me, zur—an ass spoke to him." —*League Journal.*

A young lady wishes to know if you can tell anything about a gentleman by the color of his eyes. We should not like to risk any positive reply, but will venture to say that something can be determined by the color of his nose. —*Exchange.*

A TEACHER in a Sabbath school was speaking to his class of the miracle of Jonah in the whale's belly. After exciting the wonder of the children by the narrative, he said, "Could any of you imagine a miracle more wonderful than that?" "Yes, sir," said a precocious little fellow, shaking his head vigorously. "What?" said the teacher. "A whale in Jonah's belly," was the reply.

KITCHEN RECIPES.

RICE AND HAM CAKES.—Mix quarter lb. chopped ham, or potted ham, with a gill of cold boiled rice; add a little butter, pepper, mace, and chopped parsley. Mix well with a beaten egg, form into cakes, and fry on both sides.

CHEESE CAKES, ANOTHER WAY.—Make some puff paste, roll out, and spread thickly over it some grated cheese; fold into three, roll again, repeat, and cut into cakes with a round tin cutter; bake quickly. Serve hot on a napkin.

CHEESE FRITTERS.—Take some mild bric or gruyere cheese, add some milk and butter, and put the whole into a saucepan; put to these ingredients flour, eggs and sugar, make into a paste, of which form your fritters; fry them of a nice color and serve, then sprinkle with sugar; a small quantity of orange flowers may be added.

CHEESE CAKES.—Take quarter lb. soft bread crumbs, quarter lb. grated cheese, one ounce warmed butter; add pepper, salt, and one teaspoonful of powdered mustard. Beat the yolks of two eggs and mix together, form into small cakes with the hands, and bake till slightly browned. Have ready the beaten whites of the eggs, and pile a little on to each cake; put into the oven till set, and serve very hot.

CALF'S HEART ROASTED.—Put the heart to disgorge in luke-warm water for an hour nearly; then wipe it dry, stuff it with a nice and highly seasoned veal stuffing or force-meat; cover it with buttered paper, and set it down to roast at a good fire. Serve it with good gravy or any sharp sauce. Send it up as hot as possible to table. —*Temperance Caterer.*

BEEF AU MIRETON.—Cut some thin slices of cold beef and one large onion or two small ones into slices, and fry them a nice brown in a quarter of a pound of butter, turn the pan round frequently to prevent the meat from burning; then boil up half a pint of beef broth, seasoned with a little pepper and salt, put it over the meat, and serve it as hot as possible. This is a good and economical dish.

MARMALADE OF APPLES.—Scald apples until they will pulp from the core, then take in large lumps the same quantity of sugar as apple; damp the sugar in water, then boil them, keeping it well skimmed; boil it until it is a thick syrup, then put it to the pulped apple; boil it over a quick fire for about a quarter-of-an-hour, add the grating of one lemon and six cloves, but take out the cloves again; then fill your jars.

OX-TAILS STEWED.—Take two ox-tails and divide at the joints, put them into a stewpan, and cover them with cold water. When it boils take off the scum, and add a bunch of savoury herbs, a small onion cut into slices, four cloves, half a blade of mace, and a little pepper and salt. Let the tails simmer very slowly for about two hours and a half, or until they are quite tender, keeping the stewpan closely covered. When done, take them out, thicken the gravy with a lump of butter and a little flour, and let it just boil once more; then strain the gravy, add the ketchup and the juice of half a lemon strained, put in the tails, boil them up, and serve garnished with sippets of toasted bread.