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Your request is for "Something Original," (Society frowns at a pun)

In compliance, familiar words Scriptural, ("There's nothing new under the sun!")

Are naught, that the SNOWFLAKE may gain o'n a fractional

Of travel, adventure, or clutch at tragedy, pathos, or fun.

If you've fully considered the danger (Ere the attempt is fairly begun),

Of disproving the sweeping disclaimer, Then, surely, my labors are done;

But, if determined to be a free ranger, In tracking deep errors in Solomon,

Remember, -ho spake of the sun as a stranger,

For—not half of it's course had been run.

THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT OF 1878.

In the history of the Dominion of Canada, the year which is about to close will be distinguished for three now events: a new Governor-General, a new Government, and a new Temperance Act. The passing of this Act indicates progress on a subject intimately connected with the temporal well-being, and moral improvement of the people. It is decidedly preferable to any other Temperance law that has been passed, not only in its structure, but inasmuch as it gives the sanction of the supreme legislative authority to the Prohibition principle, and will prevent the litigations and obstructive elements that were frequently found to neutralise the good effects of previous Temperance Acts.

Before Confederation, the Parliament of Canada passed the Temperance Act of 1861, better known as the Dunkin Act, which refers to the provinces of Ontario and Quebec only.

In Nova Scotia there is a License Law providing that licenses shall be granted only by the Bench of Magistrates, on the recommendation of the Grand Jury and a petition of two thirds of the ratepayers in the district in which the tavern is proposed to be established.

The New Brunswick Law provides that no license shall be granted when the majority of the rate payers resident in a parish or municipality shall petition the Municipal Council against issuing any license. This law, though in the statute-book, has been declared *ultra vires* by the Court of New Brunswick.

We shall notice one or two features of the Dominion Temperance Act, which were prepared in behalf of the Government by the Hon. Mr. Scott.

1st. It applies to counties and cities - The Dunkin Act was applicable to townships, to small municipalities - to every municipality, whether it was a village, town, or city. It has been found of little use to pass the Dunkin Act in a small township when all the townships around were without the operation of the law. But when the Act is made applicable to a larger area, it can all the more easily be enforced.

2nd. The Act is brought in force through the Governor-General, and not through Municipal Councils, and, thus, many difficulties formerly experienced are removed.

3rd. Where the Act is desired, the signature of, at least, one fourth of the electors to a petition in favor of it, is necessary, this petition to be forwarded to the Governor-General, through the Secretary of State. On receipt of this petition, His Excellency issues a proclamation naming the date on which the vote will be taken, by ballot, throughout the city or county, in one day. A majority of the electors decides whether the law shall be adopted, and the decision is unalterable, for three years.

4th. The Act prohibits the common sale of intoxicating liquors, but affords opportunities for obtaining wine for sacramental use, and liquors for medicinal or manufacturing purposes. A person who sells or keeps for sale liquor is liable to a fine of \$50 for the first offence, \$100 for the second, and two months imprisonment for the third.

It should be gratifying to New Brunswickers that the first great battle for the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act was fought and won in Fredericton, N.B., on Thursday, Oct. 31st. The Act was carried by a majority of 2 to 1. The good example of Fredericton, we trust, will soon be followed by other localities.

"Come, arise to the rescue 'ye sons of the North
With your banner of war and of peace streaming forth;
Of war 'gainst the Drink-King too long who has thrall'd,
And peace to the captives his strong chains have gall'd;
What 'our hands find to do, done with might let it be,
That the despot be bound and his slaves be set free!"
December, 1878.

NOTHING.

Written expressly for the SNOWFLAKE, and submitted to public criticism without an apology.

To write, or not to write? That is the question. I go on writing, thus answering the question. Secondly, What to write about? Ah, that's the poser. I would fain be unlike the novels "which belie their name and offer nothing new," but alas, there is nothing new under the sun.

Byron says "a book's a book though there's nothing in it," and may I not apply the same idea to a literary effort for the SNOWFLAKE; the poet just quoted also says that "Thy pleasant sure to see one's name in print," therefore I shall proceed (if for nothing else) in order that I may have the bliss of seeing my eulphonic cognomen at the end of my dissertation on everything in general and nothing in particular. I once heard a story of a shoemaker who was looked upon by his fellow villagers as a great literary star, a person of much knowledge, a modern Cicero, Demosthenes, "a rose blushing unseen," and I know not what else; at one period of his useful career (a career which left many *lasting* remembrances) he was waited upon by some of his friends and invited to lecture. He readily acquiesced, and on the evening appointed for the delivery of the oration, Mr. Pidgeon (as I shall call him, rest to his bones) appeared on the platform of the village Athenaeum behind a little table on which, of course, stood a pitcher of water. After several preliminary tumbler of this cooling and refreshing beverage, interspersed with sundry hums and haws which I am told are common to orators, Mr. Pidgeon, amid a buzz of satisfaction from the expectant audience, opened a large book and proceeded without proface (wise man) to read—selections from

Shakespeare—while his horror-struck listeners sat spell bound—too much astonished at their friend's audacity in reading to them from a wicked play book to be able to take action and depart from the polluted walls of the aforesaid Athenaeum. When the finale was reached, they turned and shook off the dust as it were of their brother's deception and loft, doubtless feeling "sadder if not wiser."

One old man alone remained; he walked to the platform and with great solemnity proceeded to remonstrate with his friend, the deceptive Pidgeon, upon his reckless behaviour, winding up with "Noo brither Pidgeon, we can'tae hear ye lecter an' no tae listen tae yon wicked play stories an'm astonished at ye."

"Weel, weel, Mr. Samson, all I can say's jist this, if ye're no pleased wi' Shakspeare an'm vera sure ye'd no be pleased wi me."

This was unanswerable. The remonstrating brother knew enough of Shakespeare to understand that though indeed he wrote "yon wicked play stories," yet after all very likely he was something cleverer than Zedekiah Pidgeon, who had thus inveigled his friends into listening to another man's mind when they had met to listen to his own original eloquence.

What I wish to deduce from the above anecdote is, that if my readers are not pleased with me, they will not be pleased with a lesser light! My position, truth to tell, is somewhat embarrassing, a sort of sermonizing without a text, but being similar in nature to the boy who stood on the burning deck, I am determined not to desert my post till the end come, writing upon nothing, sure to hit or miss. "I look back into the mist of years" but the past aids me not. I question the present and search "the dusty way of common life." The present is silent, "the lusty way" offers no new subject for discourse. The telephone, microphone, electric light, and kindred spirits have been done to death. In vain I try to interview the future. "Beyond, is all abyss," the far away to come is veiled and none may dare to say what lies behind. What then shall be my theme? Reader, 'tis nothing! Worcester announces to inquiring minds that nothing is—nonentity—a thing of no importance—a trifle—but I myself am inclined to think that everything (even nothing) is of importance. How often we hear the word nothing so misapplied as to make us wonder at the faculty of man (and woman) and we tear our hair (figuratively of course) as we ponder upon the depravity of human nature generally. For instance ask the meditative daffy-down-dilly youth who wandereth silently into your conservatory what he is about, and he will probably answer "Nothing." Next morning you will find, to your heart's sorrow that your best camelia is plucked, and when your adorable Mrs. Poppett calls to have a chat and interfere materially with your morning plans, she accidentally mentions that Miss Tompkins was at the opera last night with a beautiful camelia in her hair. From previous knowledge of your young friend's predilection for Miss Tompkins, you are forced to own to your enquiring heart, that her adornment must have been the veritable camelia which "came up as a flower" near your drawing-room window yesterday. And you wring your hands and sorrowfully meditate upon "Nothing." In the above, my reader, you have one proof that nothing is not always a trifle.

Secondly, and again, an instance.

Ask the golden-haired juvenile, who is apparently absorbed in some great deed so enveloped is she in silence, ask I say, what doth the busy bee, etc., and an angel's silver voice will stir the air and the aforesaid juvenile will answer "nothing," whereas, if you be of an unbelieving nature, and haste to see for yourself, you will probably find the playful babe seated in the coal scuttle, sipping sweetness unlimited from a jam pot or sugar bowl, and despairingly you question and re-echo "Nothing!"

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"The meanest plant that grows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." And yet many, in the overweening conceit of humanity at large, plume themselves on being superior to observation of such trifles, forgetting that "trifles make up the sum of life." Feeling with our friend Mr. Pidgeon, that originality is not always best, permit me to lay before you something which struck me in recent reading, and which I am sure you will agree with me is a very grand and philosophic view of the unimportance of little things which many of us pass by coldly esteeming them mere "nothings." I quote as follows. "To learn how to see and delight in little things as well as large, is, in fact, to make no slight progress both in true intelligence and in aptitude for genuine pleasure. Many laugh at the idea of being pleased with little things. 'Little things,' they say, 'please little minds.' They should remember that the great mass of the population of our planet consists of the merest pigmies, diminutive birds and fishes, tiny insects, animalcules only visible with a microscope; so that to turn away from little things is to be indifferent to almost everything the world contains. Besides, with Uranus eighty times greater than the whole earth, Neptune a hundred and fifty times greater, Saturn more than seven hundred times, and Jupiter more than fourteen hundred, it is rather inconsistent to talk about *littleness* in the objects of a world itself so puny."

Take heart "Little Minds," it is no common eye which sees "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything," and, indeed, the so-called great minds, after all, search but a very little way into the mysteries of the unknown.

"A little way, a very little way, (Life is so short), they dig into the mud,

And they are very sorry, so they say—
Sorry for what they had."

Therefore, deeming nothing in the world too mean for our attention let me beg of you, who have patiently followed me thus far—to garner up the fragments, giving heed to much of that you have hitherto held to be nothing; remembering the whole, that our lives all through are precious, and if we despise altogether the trifles, we shall not be likely to use aright the great opportunities and gifts granted us by Him who giveth all. Richter expresses an opinion that "a variety of mere nothings gave more pleasure than uniformity of something," and Mrs. Balfour reminds us that "many of the most deep-rooted habits and customs originate in nothing and some of the most magnificent schemes of man have ended in nothing." Being only second to Cliché Heap, in the virtue of unobtrusiveness, I shall no longer trespass on my readers' attention and hoping I have not already made too "much ado about nothing." I draw this defective article to a close and remain in great trepidation at appearing in public, humbly, the public's servant.

JEREMIAH GIOVANNI JUDKINS.