

# THE CANADA CITIZEN

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD

Freedom for the Right Means Suppression of the Wrong.

VOL. 5.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 25th, 1884.

NO. 4.

## The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

A Journal devoted to the advocacy of Prohibition, and the promotion of social progress and moral Reform.

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F. S. SPENCE, - - MANAGER.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 25TH, 1884.

This number is sent to many friends whose names are not yet on our subscription list. Will they kindly aid our enterprise by forwarding their dollars and addresses? It is desirable to subscribe early, as we propose making every number well worth preserving for future reference and use.

### WHAT THE BEER BUSINESS DOES FOR THE COUNTRY.

Let us carefully summarize what has been said elsewhere in reference to the financial results to the country of moderate beer-drinking.

A workingman who drinks daily two glasses of beer at five cents each, will this way spend annually THIRTY-SIX DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS.

This represents about 45 gallons of beer.

This represents about 37 bushels of barley.

For this barley the farmers gets about TWO DOLLARS AND FORTY-FIVE CENTS.

The balance of the workingman's \$36.50 stays in the hands of the brewer and liquor seller. The workingman has swallowed his beer and has nothing of value to show for his money. He may have weaker nerves, a less clear brain and a dangerous appetite, but we leave these out of our calculations now, and say he has literally NOTHING.

Suppose that Prohibition became law, and the workingman did not spend this \$36.50 for beer, it would be available, and would be spent in NEEDFUL articles for his home. The bread, the butter, the cheese, the meat, the vegetables, the woollen cloths that it would purchase, are all directly or indirectly the produce of the farm. If we allow the manufacturers and dealers in these articles 40 per cent of their selling price for profit, the farmer will still get \$21.90, and

the traders have \$14.60. But it must be noticed that now the workingman has had something to show for his money. Food in his cupboard, clothing for his family to the full value of \$36.50. And it must not be imagined that the farmer has failed to sell his barley. He has EXPORTED it either in grain or changed to beef, and has received the \$2.45 for it all the same, but with this difference, that now the money to pay him has come into Canada from abroad, and the country has in it \$2.45 more than it would have if its workingman had drunk that barley in the shape of beer.

Let us put these calculations in the form of a comparative table showing what is the result of the spending of the workingman's \$36.50 in these different cases.

#### UNDER LICENSE.

The farmer gets for his barley .....	\$2 45
The farmer gets for other produce.....	0 00
The merchant and manufacturer get.....	0 00
The workingman has left .....	0 00

Total for farmer, trader and workingman .....	\$ 2 45
Balance for brewer and liquor seller .....	34 05

Total of money and value held by all.....\$36 50

#### UNDER PROHIBITION.

The farmer gets for his barley .....	\$ 2 45
The farmer gets for other produce .....	21 90
The merchant and manufacturer get .....	14 60
The workingman has goods value for .....	36 50

Total for farmer, trader and workingman .....	\$75 45
Balance for brewer and liquor seller .....	0 00

Total of money and value held by all.....\$75 45

Some one will be ready to ask, "Do not the brewer and liquor-dealer in the first case use this money in employing men and patronizing production?" The reply is, "Yes, but not nearly to the same extent as do the farmer and trader in the second case."

The great brewing and distilling interests of Canada are not only preventing the accumulation of wealth by the people, they are absorbing and locking up in their own possession the little wealth that does exist.

The second case may be made even stronger.—The brewer and liquor seller will be driven under prohibition to engage in some better business, that will bless the country instead of cursing it. The wealth they produce and hold will not be represented by \$0.00, and the aggregate \$75.45 will be still further increased; but, in the first case, under the beer system, there can be no change in any of the items of \$0.00, as the outcome of the workingman's expenditure of \$36.50.

#### A STEPPING-STONE.

The ultimate object of the present campaign is the total prohibition of the liquor traffic—the entire suppression of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating drink as a beverage. Our Parliament is pledged to give us this boon as soon as we can show

that the people of this country are in favor of its being granted. In the meantime the Scott Act has been given us as a measure of partial relief from the terrible evils of intemperance, and an instrument by which we can test public sentiment on the principles it embodies. We have accepted it, admitting its imperfections, because with all its faults it is better than the license system that it displaces, and because it will enable us to show our legislators what is the real sentiment of our electorate on the question of prohibition.

Sometimes we meet with men who profess to be anxious to get prohibition, but who refuse to support the Scott Act. This position is not consistent. A vote for the Scott Act is practically an affirmative answer to the enquiry—"Are you in favor of prohibition?" A vote against the Scott Act is a negative answer, and a refusal to vote is a refusal to express an opinion. Without the promise of support implied in a large Scott Act vote, our legislators will not give us any better law. If we show that we have the mass of the people at our back—and an overwhelming Scott Act vote will do this,—they will give us anything we demand. The Scott Act is far from being all we want, but it is better than what we have, and we claim support for it both for what it is in itself and for what it will enable us to get. We have heard of few things so insanely inconsistent as the conduct of the shipwrecked man who determinedly refuses to take the boat that will carry him surely and safely to shore, because the boat is not the shore that he is anxious to reach.

#### ARTHABASKA.

Another has been added to the roll of glorious victories for the cause of right and progress. Arthabaska has the proud distinction of being the first county of Quebec to wheel into line, and she has done it with a vote which shows that her electors are thoroughly roused and intensely in earnest. The loyal old French province is true to the core to the sound principles upon which Canada's greatness is being built up. Liberty is the watchword of the advancing nations of the age. Enlightened public opinion is sweeping out of existence one by one, all forms of tyranny, and lingering relics of the by-gone barbarism in which the despotic selfishness of the few oppressed and enslaved the many, and enriched itself at the expense of the suffering masses. The world is waking up to a realization of the sublime truth of the great doctrine of the brotherhood of man, and is abolishing the old tyrannical institutions that were the agencies of unrighteous gain and cruel impoverishment. Progress is necessarily aggressive. It must fight every step of its way. Avarice and fraud will not yield an inch of their foothold till they are forced from it by the irresistible indignation that will inevitably assail every form of injustice, when liberal institutions and right treatments have educated the people to know their rights and feel their power. The men of Quebec have fought bravely for their rights in days gone by. They have learned to appreciate the rest truth embodied in the watchword of the Scott Act campaign: "Freedom for the right means suppression of the wrong." They see that the liquor traffic antagonizes and hinders every agency that is at work for the elevation of humanity, and they have joined with heart and voice in the earnest announcement:—The liquor traffic must be put down.

There is a conservatism in certain classes of society that ultimately becomes the very backbone of true progress. We would be very badly off without it in many of the political storms that we have to weather. It is the ballast that steadies the ship of state when the winds of reform are filling her sails. Its weight and worth make it slow to move, but when it moves no mortal power can withstand its momentum. Quebec is inherently conservative. In the earliest days of the Scott Act, two of her counties refused to adopt it. It was new, it was untried as to worth, and untested as

to constitutionality. To-day it stands unshaken and unchanged, vindicated in its successful operation, sustained by our highest judicial tribunal, and Quebec hesitates no longer. Arthabaska endorses it by a majority of more than six to one, and other counties are getting ready to vote. Arthabaska's majority for the Act is nearly double the aggregate of the majority that the two Quebec counties recorded against it some four years ago.

There have now been forty-one contests upon the Scott Act. In six of these, majorities have been polled against us, one we lost by a tie vote, and in thirty-four have there been majorities in our favor. Every agitation for repeal has been defeated and *no Scott Act county has ever gone back to license.* The growth of public opinion is well shown in the following facts. It is now nearly three years since the anti-Scott-Act party polled their last majority. We have not been beaten since the Privy Council sustained the Act.

For the four contests that have taken place during the present year, our majorities aggregate 4,477, while the aggregate majority of our opponents in the seven victories that they won so long ago was only 3,245. The total vote now stands

For the Act .....	50,590
Against the Act .....	27,179

Majority for the Act .....	23,411
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"We thank God, and take courage."

#### Scott Act News.

RENFREW.—A convention for this county met in the Temperance Hall of Renfrew village on the 18th inst, at 10 a.m. The attendance was remarkably large, and the feeling of the meeting very enthusiastic. The time was not very opportune, haying being in progress, and the farmers left their work and came in to discuss a question to the importance of which they are thoroughly alive.

The meeting was opened by prayer, led by the Rev. Mr. Ballantyne, of Pembroke, after which Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew, was appointed chairman. Mr. Campbell then gave an outline of the Act, and called upon the different representatives to state what was the feeling in reference to it in their respective localities. The reports that were given were all favorable, and after an address from Mr. F. S. Spence, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, a strongly worded resolution was adopted pledging the meeting to work for the carrying of the Scott Act in this county. An organization was at once formed to be called the Renfrew County Branch of the Dominion Alliance, and the following officers were elected:—

President, D. Halliday, Horton, vice-presidents, R. Arth, senr. and J. W. O'Hara, Renfrew, Secretary, W. E. Small, of the Renfrew Mercury; Treasurer, George Eady, jr., Renfrew; and the following vice-presidents representing the different municipalities: Admaston—P. Dalgleish; Alice—John Rowen; Bromley—Charles Ross; Pettawawa—Mr. Selkirk; Head—W. H. McIntyre; Pembroke—M. Gorman, senr.; Pembroke township—H. J. Church; Ross—Rev. M. D. M. Blakely; Stafford—Geo. Sparling; Westmeath—Jas. Finlay, ex-M.P.; Wilberforce—James Reeves, J.P.; Arnprior—E. W. Kenny, Bagot—John Wallace; Grattan—M. McFarlane; Horton South—R. A. Jamieson; Horton York—James Lindsay, Reeve; Renfrew—Jas. Stewart; Raglan—Theo. Wasmund; McNab—Rev. G. Bremner.

In the evening a mass meeting was held, addressed by Mr. Spence. Opposition was invited, but no one would champion the anti-temperance cause. It is confidently expected that Renfrew county will give the Scott Act an immense majority.

PERTH.—As announced last week, the temperance convention was held in the temperance hall on Tuesday last. A large number of the delegates were present, and the outlook, so far, for the passage of the Scott Act is good. Nearly three thousand out of the ten thousand voters in the county have signed the petition, and still two places to hear from. In the evening a mass meeting was held in the town hall, which was crowded to the doors. Mr. Spence, of Toronto, was the principal speaker, and advanced some very strong arguments in favor of the Scott Act. Frank Ross, formerly ostler in the Mansion House, went to the platform to oppose the speakers in favor of the Act, but Mr. John Payne, proprietor

of the Royal Hotel, requested the chairman not to allow him to speak, as it was not the wish of himself and his friends, that he should do so, but when the time came, if they thought it necessary, they would have men of intelligence and ability to express their views on the subject. The meeting was very orderly. A collection was taken up to advance the interests of the cause.—*Stratford Advertiser*.

**YORK.**—A picnic gathering was held in Riddell's grove, in Georgina township on Saturday last, under the auspices of the Sons of Temperance. The members of the Order attended in regalia. In the afternoon a meeting was held in support of the Scott Act. The chair was occupied by Mr. A. Riddell, ex-Reeve of the township of Georgina. The principal speaker was Mr. Wm. Burgess, of Toronto, who gave a popular explanation of the Scott Act, and for a full hour sustained the interest of the audience in defence of prohibition. The Rev. Jas. Fraser said that the canvass of the township for the petition in favor of the Scott Act was now completed, and the result was very favorable, as there were considerably more names than was necessary. Mr. Webster, of Udora, a prominent farmer, addressed the meeting, contending that there was no common sense in opposing the natural growth of temperance principles towards prohibition. He was in favor of the Scott Act because it recognized the right to deal with a great system by the will of the people. Mr. M. Baker, ex-Deputy-Reeve, also spoke in the strongest terms in favor of the Act. Mr. Burgess preached a temperance sermon in the Presbyterian church on Sunday.—*Mail*.

**BRUCE.**—A large and enthusiastic Scott Act Convention met in Paisley last week. Rev. W. Smyth, of Walkerton, acted as chairman. The object of the Convention was stated to be to receive reports from different localities as to the advisability of submitting the Scott Act to the electors of Bruce. Nearly one hundred delegates were in attendance, among other prominent temperance workers present being Rev. Mr. Brethour, of Halton; James Somerville, M. P. for West Bruce; Revs. Galloway, Port Elgin; Gregg, Hale, McDonald, Edge, Paisley; Rupert, Invermay; Greene, Ferguson, Chesley; Mordy, Mildmay; Cadie, Pinkerton; Coutts, Glammis; Campbell, Arran; Cameron, Lucknow; and Messrs. G. W. Mallock, Mills, Chambers, Paisley; Stevenson, Beaton, Conron, Chesley, John Cunningham, Greenock; Harrington, Walkerton; J. R. Coutts, Warton; Manley, Smellie, Elderslie, and many others. Delegates were present from every town, village and township in the county except Huron township.

After some routine business had been disposed of the Convention proceeded to hear the delegates' reports as to the feeling in their several localities. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed as delegate after delegate reported the strong feeling in favor of at once submitting the Act. Carrick is the only township, in the county where an adverse vote is expected.

After the reports were received and discussed the following resolution was unanimously carried by a standing vote of the Convention. viz.:—Resolved,—That this Convention is of opinion from the reports received from the delegates, that the time has arrived for the submission of the Scott Act to the electors of Bruce.

The Convention then went into the work of perfecting their organization, and energetic committees to secure the necessary signatures to petitions were struck. Rev. Mr. Brethour addressed a mass-meeting in the Town Hall in the evening.—*Globe*.

**HURON.**—A correspondent from Londesborough writes: "There was a meeting in the interests of the Scott Act in Londesborough on the 14th, which will be productive of much good. There was a very large meeting and good order. Mr. McGillicuddy, of the *Signal*, and Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Goderich addressed the meeting for nearly two and a half hours, and showed forth the benefits of the Act and the objects in view, and denounced the traffic in a very masterly way. The two Anti-Scott men who opposed them at Auburn on the 3rd inst., were challenged to meet them here, but they did not dare to put in an appearance, or even reply to the challenge. There was therefore no one to oppose the Act on the platform. When a vote was taken nearly all stood up for the Act, and not one could be got to stand up against it. They were ashamed."

A *Globe* correspondent gives an account of a mass-meeting held in Drew's Hall, Exeter, to discuss the merits of the Canada Temperance Act. The Hall, which is the largest in the village, was filled to overflowing. Fully two hundred persons were unable to gain admission, failing to obtain over standing room. The meeting was called by the Huron County Scott Act Association, to be addressed by the Rev. C. R. Morrow, of Oxford, and an invitation was ex-

tended to any representative of the anti-temperance party to take part in the discussion. In response to that invitation Mr. George Moir, of the *Exeter Reflector*, appeared. Mr. Morrow's address was a strong appeal to the electors to put a stop to the crime of drunkenness, and an argument that prohibition was the best means to a stop for the accomplishment of that purpose, and that the Scott Act was an effective prohibitory measure. Mr. Moir complained that the title of Anti-Temperance Party was a misnomer, as applied to the interest he represented, and endeavored to convince the audience that the liquor sellers and their patrons were the true temperance party. He claimed that prohibition, wherever tried, had resulted in failure, and devoted the greater part of his attention to the county of Halton. Mr. Morrow replied, and at the close of the speech the chairman, the Rev. Colin Fletcher, asked for a vote of those present for and against the adoption of the Scott Act in the county. Two-thirds of the audience voted in favor of the adoption of the Act. Very good order was maintained throughout the discussion, though a few interruptions occurred during the course of Mr. Morrow's closing address.

**HALTON.**—The fight over the repeal of the Scott Act in the county of Halton has now extended to the Department of State, Ottawa. Mr. D. McGibbon, barrister, Milton, arrived on Wednesday and presented a petition praying the Governor in Council to fix a day for voting on the repeal of the Scott Act. The other day Mr. W. G. Lee, presented a counter petition signed on behalf of the temperance electors of Halton, by Rev. M. C. Cameron, President of the Halton Alliance; Rev. D. L. Brethour, Secretary; W. D. Brother, Assistant Secretary; Austin Willmalt, Treasurer; W. H. Lindsay, James Hollinrake, Rev. D. M. McKenzie, T. J. Starrett, Editor of *Halton News*; J. M. Bastedo and Johnson Hanison.

The counter petition sets forth that in the petition for repeal, the terms of the Scott Act itself and the Order in Council of January 31, 1881, respecting petitions have not been complied with. That a majority of the names on the petition were obtained during the autumn of 1882. That many who signed it then are now opposed to a repeal of the Act. That the advertised notice of deposit was not, as the law demands, two clear weeks before deposit. The petition is further declared to contain many errors, names of men who are not on the last revised list of voters, men dead nearly two years and that in its procuring have been committed other irregularities. It appears that after the petition was filed, the repealers found that the provisions of the Order in Council passed on January 31, 1881, providing certain forms whereby the names of voters could be easily traced, had not been complied with, they then took the petition, although filed and beyond their control, and changed its form, hacked and mutilated it so that it did not resemble the original petition. They even added printed matter. This the Scott Act people hold is illegal and forms of itself sufficient ground to render it void. The fight to get the Dominion Government to reject the petition for repeal will be long and bitter. A strong deputation from various parts of the Province will come here in a few days to urge the Government to refuse the prayer asking for a repeal vote.—*Globe*.

**WINNIPEG.**—Since the decision of the Prohibition convention, held in the city a few weeks ago, to proceed with an agitation for the adoption of the Scott Act, the Executive Committee have been busy perfecting arrangements so that the campaign might be conducted with system and energy, and all the steps taken in strict accordance with law. The opinion of the best Provincial and Dominion lawyers have been secured upon the whole line of action proposed, and the work laid out by the committee may be entered upon by prohibitionists with full confidence that there is no hap-hazard procedure. A long and full opinion has just been received from Mr. J. J. McLaren, Q.C., of Toronto, the gentleman who so successfully defended the Scott Act appeal to the Privy Council of Great Britain. It is a very important document, and very encouraging to the Alliance Committees are being organized in every part of the province, and the work of circulating the petitions will commence at once.

At a meeting of representatives of the different temperance organizations in the city, held recently in the Roblin House, it was decided to have a grand temperance picnic in this city, in August next, by way of inaugurating the Scott Act campaign in this province. There will be a procession before the picnic. A choir of 150 voices will be formed to render temperance songs, and addresses will be delivered by General Neal Dow, of Maine, and Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul. Sub-committees were appointed to make the necessary arrangements.—*Winnipeg Sun*.

GREY.—A Convention called for the east riding of Grey, met at Flesherton on the 17th. Mr. Sing, of Meaford, briefly stated that the object of the meeting was to complete the organization for the obtaining of the necessary number of names of the ratepayers, and to organize the different municipalities. He stated that his position as Collector of Customs prevented him taking as active a part as he would like, yet he would work for the Scott Act, and he believed it would carry in the County of Grey. The chairman called upon the delegates from the different parts, who gave very encouraging reports. After complete organization, it was decided to ask the County Secretary to hold another Convention at some central place in the county; and that Mr. F. S. Spence, Secretary Dominion Alliance, be requested to deliver an address on the Scott Act at an early date.

WELLINGTON AND GUELPH.—The Scott Act agitation in Wellington county, Ont., is on the increase, and there should be no relaxation of efforts now put forward until victory perches upon the banners of the army. At a recent convention of the temperance delegates held in Fergus in that county, the hotel-keepers closed their doors to the delegates. In one case three ladies without escort had the doors of the hotels shut in their faces and the stables closed against their horses. The hotel-keepers showed their true colors in thus doing. Men who fatten upon the ruin of their fellows might be expected to act in such a manner. Their action was an insult, not to the delegates, but to the good name of Fergus, a place whose hospitality to visitors is a proverb. None of the delegates were allowed to suffer any but a temporary inconvenience. They were cared for by the people of Fergus with true fellowship. The meeting was a very encouraging one; by a standing vote it was unanimously resolved to submit the Scott Act in Wellington county and Guelph city. The result has given Wellington the nucleus of an army of workers who know no such word as fail. The Scott Act is certain to be carried in the end, and the cry is "agitate! agitate!" The Guelph Christian Temperance Club, after conferring, has expressed the opinion that the people of the city are prepared to adopt the Scott Act.—*War Notes.*

ARTHABASKA, P. Q.—If Parliament or people want an expression of public sentiment on the liquor question, let them study yesterday's vote in Arthabaska County, for the result will be an eye-opener, even to many friends of temperance. The splendid majority of 1,252 does not tell the whole story. Neither does the small adverse vote of 235 tell it. Six to one is a striking victory, but that is not all the question. Deduct from 235 all there are in a whole county who are pecuniarily interested in the traffic, and those who are under the bad influence and evil power of the trafficker, and what have you for an exhibit of public opinion in favor of license? Compare with that small showing the large number who were prompt to take this the first opportunity offered them to demand prohibition, and we have clear evidence of a public sentiment all for prohibition. Much as is told by mere numbers there is more emphasis in the character behind them. On the one side is strongly represented the best the county can produce. If, on the other side, there were a single respectable representative of a respectable class he has not the proud satisfaction of being in an honorable minority, but rather the shame of having chosen to stand alone in the bad company of self-interest, degradation and purchased manhood. Know that all the support Arthabaska could afford to uphold license has been called out by desperate self-interest, and, therefore, the liquor traffic in Arthabaska has shown its full strength. Remember that where self-interest is not present it is a human failing to be apathetic, and therefore, that if more strength were wanted to deal a death blow to a recognized evil Arthabaska has more to draw upon.

#### NOTABLE POINTS.

Arthabaska is the first county in the Province of Quebec to adopt the Scott Act. It was submitted in the adjoining county of Megantic and lost by a vote 341 to 372, and by the county of Stanstead and lost by a vote of 941 to 760. Arthabaska thus occupies the proud position of being first and she has earned the gratitude of workers all over Canada for her yeoman service in sweeping the field as she has done.

Arthabaska is the first county in the Province to submit the Act since it was declared constitutional and the agitation has been renewed. The counties of Stanstead and Megantic had submitted the Act under the more adverse circumstances of constitutional doubt. Let it be noted here that the majority for the Act now in Artha-

baska (1,252) is nearly double the combined adverse majorities in both the counties of Stanstead and Megantic then, (650.)

Arthabaska is almost wholly a Catholic county. A gentleman in one of its villages saw an extract from an Ontario paper wherein it was claimed that for this reason the Scott Act would not pass in the county! Do we all know that the father of this "Canada Temperance Act," the Hon. R. W. Scott, of Ottawa, is a Roman Catholic? A Catholic priest informs the writer that the Catholic clergy are all warm friends of temperance. On the other hand, a Scotchman was this day complaining here that some of the Ontario Scotch Presbyterians were still "foolishly prating about individual liberty, forbidding men to use the good creatures of God," &c. Catholic Arthabaska suggested to herself the attempt to obtain prohibition, and to her religious teachers does she owe the large vote. Let Protestant Ontario know, for the encouragement of her moral community, and a warning to her liquor advocates, that Catholic Quebec, like herself, has suffered from intemperance to the limits of endurance, and she, too, may be counted upon to do her part in the hard conflict that is upon us.

Religious differences were forgotten in the campaign just ended. The writer has a letter from one of the priests equally earnest with his *confreres*, unreservedly expressing his thankfulness for certain slight aid that was offered him, and welcoming any help that could be given, making no suggestion of creed, distinction or place. There has been the ready fellowship that grows from a sense of present danger and the warm feeling that comes of a common purpose.

Arthabaska has been somewhat notorious for the drinking habits of her people. Residents in adjoining counties were slow to believe that she could do herself any credit in what seemed to be a new role in which she was ill-fitted to act. But this drunkenness from which she was suffering has disgusted and sickened the thinking portion, and all were glad to do something that gave promise of relief.

It is interesting to note that Drummond, of which Arthabaska then formed a part, was first to elect Judge Dunkin who gave old Canada the Dunkin Act, the fore-runner of the Scott Act. It was bread cast upon the waters. The example of the success of the Dunkin Act, on the borders of Arthabaska, and, perhaps, the help of friends who had fought to enforce that Act, had something to do in preparing for the good result we note.

Among the friends and workers were two resident members of Parliament—Hon. W. Laurier and D. O. Bourbeau. The latter represents the county, and the former was once a representative, but is now member for Quebec East. Neither of these gentlemen voted on the Alliance resolutions at Ottawa last winter. Give them a chance next session.

#### WHAT GAINED THE BATTLE.

Hard work had its usual place here. Thorough organization, in some places at least, and the circulation of literature had a good effect. The influence of the clergy, who spoke with no uncertain sound was very great. Bishop Latteche when making his pastoral tour through the county recently, spoke strongly for temperance. Some of the municipalities had already taken the life of the thing in their midst. There was successful municipal prohibition in Warwick, parts of Tngwick and elsewhere in the county. This was important, as in such places there were no local interests to oppose the new law. Open bars and dealers behind them who wore fearful their occupation would be gone, would have had a bad effect on poor human nature.

The weather was especially favorable. Had people been haying at this season, which is usually so busy, they would not have come out in such numbers, although there is no doubt the Act would have carried. The rain for days past has kept the farmers out of the hay fields. Voting day the weather cleared up, not enough for hay-making, but enough to send the voters out to the polls, cheered by the bright sunshine that seemed to smile on the good work.

#### AN INCIDENT.

The liquor interest had enlisted, in opposition to the temperance effort, a brawny lover of the fiery liquid, and sent him out with the necessary quantity of the stuff to fortify weak supporters of the traffic, or weaken strong supporters of the Scott Act. Before he had made his tour and returned he had shown the courage of his own convictions by getting "dead drunk" himself. He furnished an illustration of the merit of his advocacy hardly profitable to his patrons. They paid too dear for wetting so many whistles.

#### HOPED FOR RESULTS.

Other counties will take courage and work with more hope.

The liquor interest will work with more desperation. The surprise of unlooked-for success must be made helpful to more than compensate for the increased energy that will come of the surprise of a defeat greater than was expected. The influence of this contest will extend beyond Provincial lines. Let us make the most of it.

Megantic will doubtless now try again to bring herself under the Scott Act. With the example of success on her boarder she need not be discouraged with the former defeat. She will expect more good from the Act now that her borders are brought under the better conditions.

The vote for the Act (1,487) is within 13 of being one-half of the whole number of voters on the list (3,000.) The vote against the Act (235) is about one-thirteenth of the whole number of voters. There are few political contests with like results. Let the lesson be heeded.—*Correspondence of the Montreal Witness.*

### Sons of Temperance.

The National Division of North America, composed of representatives from the United States and British Provinces, held its annual session at Halifax, commencing on the 9th inst. M.W.P., Bro. Benj. B. Jewell, presided, and about 150 representatives were present. Those from the Grand Division of Ontario were Geo. Maclean Rose, Henry O'Hara, W. H. Orr, Toronto; J. M. T. Hunnum, Ottawa; Edward Carswell, Oshawa; Platt Hinman, Grafton; W. H. Bewell, Whitby; Rev. E. B. Young, Bowmanville. The following is from the report of the Most Worthy Patriarch:

#### MOST WORTHY REPRESENTATIVES:

The Temperance Reform is to-day commanding the attention of the civilized world. The question of self-government is on trial for all time. The American Republic is passing through trials that are straining every fibre of the ship of State. The Dominion Government is wrestling bravely with the liquor problem. The hope of liberty-loving nations is largely dependent upon the sobriety of their citizens. Freemen! there is no question so vital to our interests as this. The battle waged against intemperance is not for an hour, not for a day, not for a generation; as long as man has the appetite and temptations to allure, so long must this conflict continue. Our freedom can only be maintained by an intelligent, virtuous, sober and loyal people. An evil that invades the cabins of the poor, the homes of those who have neither "poverty nor riches," and the abodes of wealth and luxury; that is confined to no age, sex, people, nor condition of life; whose ravages are almost universal, and among whose victims are found the young, the gifted, and the beautiful of earth—an evil like this must be destroyed, or we shall soon see the beginning of the end of successful self-government.

In the last two decades, Europe has poured upon our shores tens of thousands of her criminal classes, bringing with them the customs vices and sins of the old world. We gladly welcome the honest laboring class who come to the new world to better their condition; to enjoy the blessings of civil and religious liberty; to make homes in our broad domain, from the icy banks of Hudson's Bay to the sunny shores of the Gulf of Mexico. These we welcome; but those who attempt to introduce the beer-drinking customs of Europe, who desecrate the Sabbath, who foster communism, who would pervert and supplant the principles of right and justice, should be watched with a jealous eye. The sterling independence of our ancestry, and the firm principles of the early settlers of the new world are in danger of being forgotten. The religion that gives independence to thought, that denies the power of the church in national affairs, that encourages the education of the masses, that demands that the Bible shall not be excluded from the public schools, is assailed by a false liberalism, and false ideas of personal liberty.

Let the liberties, the government and the laws of our State, Province or Nation, be determined by an ignorant, debauched or criminal suffrage, and what hope have we for the future. Place our liberties in the hands of the vicious, the drunkard and the drunkard-maker, and the hope of self-government is gone for ever.

Shall we yield to the demands of the Liquor Traffic? If we yield, we are far on the road to anarchy, and nearing the overthrow of all we hold dear as Christians and as lovers of our race. From our opponents we can learn wisdom if we will. They are united in action; we are not. They are true to their interests; are we true to our convictions of duty?

Let us bring against this "crime of crimes," the intellectual power that sustains our principles, the moral influence of men and women of culture and refinement, of social standing and position, the Christian ministry and the church, and the membership of our temperance organizations in one solid phalanx, and success will be certain.

There can be no compromise, no surrender on our part. It must be a war of extermination. Forty-six years ago an eminent lawyer said in Massachusetts, "The sale of alcoholic liquors should be prohibited, because they

are to the human constitution a poison, the use of which is always hurtful; because they produce and aggravate disease, weaken the understanding, stupefy the conscience, cause insanity, occasion the loss of a great amount of property, destroy social happiness, increase domestic wretchedness, weaken the motives to do right, and increase the motives to do wrong, cause most of the crime and pauperism in the community, counteract the efficacy of moral instruction, and all the means of intellectual elevation, the moral purity, the personal benefit and usefulness of men and because they corrupt public morals, endanger the permanency and purity of free institutions, and shorten human life."

Do you desire to witness drunkenness in its folly, loathsomeness and beastliness; poverty in its most deplorable forms, disease in its most malignant guise; chastity outraged by brutal lust; crime in all its hideousness arrayed in garments made crimson by the blood of its victims; support the *Liquor Traffic*.

Do you desire to see knowledge generally diffused; enterprise everywhere apparent; a pure patriotism, loyalty to free Government, a progressive exhibition of the missionary spirit; and the universal dissemination of Christian principles; *exterminate the Drink System*.

No form of license, however specious the argument in its favor, can receive the support of a true Son of Temperance. What is morally wrong can never be made right by legislative action; no person can have a moral right to traffic in what deprives the purchaser of his reason or manhood, or which will in any manner endanger the safety of society.

We may teach our sons the evils of intemperance, and send them into the world to battle with the evils of life; but while temptation invites them on every side, we may well fear the result. It has been truly said, "Precepts are of little value if temptation abound." Millions have fallen and millions are now tottering, soon to fall, our sons are not safe. We cannot tell the hour when they may weakly yield to the solicitations of some companion and enter the wide open door of ruin.

Are we wise and good citizens to commission men to do the evil work of enticement; to encourage them to corrupt and destroy, to hesitate over some vague ideal of human liberty when the sword is among us, slaying our best and dearest?

Let us not deceive ourselves. As an Order, it is our duty to boldly and fearlessly stand for the right. Let us nail the flag of Statutory and Constitutional Prohibition to the mast, and never compromise our principles.

On the question of License, let every Son of Temperance—

Vote no! and the mother's heart will leap,  
The sister's tears be dry,  
The poor inebriate clasp his hands  
And raise his voice on high.

Vote yes! and the careworn heart will break,  
The pale lip hush its prayer,  
The wretched drunkard, clamoring, haste  
To realms of dark despair.

Oh, then, by the life which God hath given,  
By your power to curse or bless,  
By your fears of hell and hopes of heaven,  
Let not your vote be Yes.

By the cherished hearthstone's bitter wrong,  
By the spirit's deathless woe;  
In name of God and name of man,  
Let every vote be No!

#### The Most Worthy Scribe says—

In my first official communication to the National Division, made at Saratogo Springs, three years ago, though required by the stern logic of facts to report a loss during the year 1880, of 4,693, yet I was encouraged by my correspondence, and by "Supplementary Returns," to express the opinion that the Order in many localities, had "touched bottom," and that the general tendency was upward. One year later, I was permitted to say that, "For the first time since the Philadelphia Session of 1876 [six years], the regular Returns show a very considerable increase in membership," the net gain in 1881, being 2,017. One year later, the outlook was better still, the net increase for 1882, as officially reported, being 6,248. And now, after another of progress, assembled at the invitation of the Banner Grand Division of the World, we can rejoice over a net increase for 1883, of 10,707, and for the three years last reported, of 10,152 members.

The reported gains are:—Eastern New York, 159; New Jersey, 22; Maryland, 10; Pennsylvania, 674; Connecticut, 690; Massachusetts, 1,209; Maine, 250; Kentucky, 304; North Carolina, 990; Illinois, 168; Rhode Island, 141; New Hampshire, 50; New Brunswick, 456; Wisconsin, 130; Nova Scotia, 4,449; Prince Edward Island, 139; Ontario, 1,224; Newfoundland, 12; Quebec, 135; Vermont, 164; Maryland Junior, 152; South Carolina, 178; Missouri, 344; Kansas, 515; Bahama Islands, 15; Iowa, 249; Minnesota, 36. Total gains, 12,805; net gain 10707.

According to recent custom, I sought information as to the progress of the Order in the several Grand Divisions since the 31st day of December, asking for brief supplemental returns, accompanied by letters explanatory of the figures given; twenty-nine Grand Scribes have responded, reporting gains as follows:—

Eastern New York, 8 divisions and 150 members; New Jersey, 1 division and 80 members; Maryland, 3 divisions and 103 members; Pennsylvania, 2 divisions and 379 members; Massachusetts, 4 divisions and 114 members; Maine, 7 divisions and about 300 members; Ohio, 20 divisions and 918 members; Illinois, 3 divisions and 77 members; Rhode Island, 75 members; New Brunswick, 3 divisions and 269 members; Wisconsin, 6 divisions and 107 members; Nova Scotia, 26 divisions and 2,039 members; Vermont, 2 divisions and about 250 members; Prince Edward Island, 4 divisions and 273 members; Ontario, 10 divisions and 681 members; Newfoundland, 15 members; Quebec, 5 divisions and 210 members; Maryland, Jr., 19 members; Florida, 8 divisions and 329 members; District of Columbia, 5 divisions and about 200 members; Minnesota, 8 divisions and 283 members; Kansas, 17 members; Indiana, 2 divisions and 86 members; Iowa, 35 members; Connecticut, 1 division and 195 members; Virginia, 2 divisions and 57 members; Western New York, 2 divisions and 263 members; New Hampshire, 13 divisions and 215 members. Total gains reported, 146 divisions and 7,739 members.

In 1882, the membership of the largest Grand Division was less than nine thousand; in April, 1884, the membership of the largest Grand Division is upwards of fifteen thousand. From official statements made by the several Grand Scribes, the membership in the thirty-eight Grand Divisions in July, 1882, was fifty-one thousand two hundred and seventy-one, an average of one thousand three hundred and forty-nine members in each Grand Division.

Twenty-one months later, the reported number of members in the thirty-eight Grand Divisions was seventy-two thousand four hundred and forty-five, an average membership of one thousand nine hundred and six, a net gain in membership from July, 1882, to April, 1884, of forty per cent. The reported membership for the term ending March 31, 1884, is seventy-three thousand two hundred and eighty.

Referring to the Dominion the reports say—

**NEW BRUNSWICK.**—In July, 1882, there were two thousand five hundred and eleven persons connected with the Order, and in April, 1884, there were two thousand nine hundred and forty-eight persons registered, a net gain of seventeen per cent. including Lady Visitors, and a net gain of twenty-five per cent. of members.

**NOVA SCOTIA.**—There were connected with the Order in July, 1882, eight thousand three hundred and fifty-nine persons, and twenty-one months later, fifteen thousand three hundred and ninety-five persons, a gain of eighty-one per cent. including Lady Visitors, and eighty-five per cent. of members.

**PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.**—In July, 1882, there were reported eight hundred and sixteen members; in April, 1884, there were registered one thousand four hundred and forty-eight members, a net gain of seventy-seven per cent.

**ONTARIO.**—In July, 1882, the membership was four thousand four hundred and fourteen, and in April, 1884, six thousand seven hundred and sixty-eight; a net gain of fifty-three per cent. The work is very systematically carried forward in this Grand Division, and their methods meet with my approval.

**NEWFOUNDLAND.**—In July, 1882, the membership reported was six hundred and seventy, at the close of the term ending March 31, 1884, six hundred and twenty-five, a loss of seven per cent. Refunded Propagation Tax, \$21.12. In this jurisdiction they labor under great disadvantages owing principally to great distances and want of communication—only about twenty miles of railway in the Province. They continue only by personal effort; they have not the means to employ any other agencies. The members deserve the highest commendation.

**QUEBEC.**—This Grand Division makes a net gain of thirty-eight per cent in twenty-one months, reporting eight hundred and thirty-three members in July, 1882, and a membership of one thousand one hundred and fifty in April, 1884. The scattered population of this Province makes it a difficult one for extending the Order. The G. W. P.'s have done efficient service for the past two years, and Bro. J. S. Hall, the beloved Grand Scribe, and the honored Most Worthy Associate of this National Division is especially worthy of mention for his faithful service in the Order.

**MANITOBA.**—A Grand Division has just been organized in this Province, but I am not in a position to report the numerical strength of the Order.

The following are the officers elected for the ensuing two years:—

B. F. Denison, Philadelphia, Pa. M.W.P.  
C. A. Everett, St. John. N.B., M.W.A.  
Rev. R. A. Temple, Halifax, N.S., M.W.S.  
W. Duff, Philadelphia, Pa., M.W.T.

Rev. C. H. Mead, New York, M.W.C. Chap.  
Mrs. G. C. Sanford, Connecticut, M.W.Com.  
Geo. P. Bliss, Brandon Man., M.W.Sent.

The next place of meeting was fixed for Mountain Lake Park, on the 8th July, 1885.

## Temperance Items.

The West End Christian Temperance Society hold regular five cent concerts in Occident Hall every Saturday evening. They are always well patronized, and the singing, readings, recitations, etc., are, to say the least, exceptionally good. Last Saturday a very attractive programme was presented, and among those who took part were Messrs. George-Ward, Whitehouse, Gillem, and little Master Gooder, whose temperance recitation was well received. Mrs. Martin presided at the piano.

At the regular Sunday afternoon experience meeting of the above Society in Occident Hall, addresses were delivered by Messrs. Farley, Carter, Hopper, Miller and others. A short but effective address was delivered by Mr. Haycock, an aged divine. A large number on invitation went forward and signed the pledge. A collection was taken up for the family of an afflicted Bro., and the sum of \$9 realized.

The excursion by this Society to St. Catharines and the Falls, promises to be the most successful of the season. The Society, through Mr. F. S. Spence, received the following letter from M. Youmans, M.D., of St. Catharines, containing a resolution passed by Grantham division, Sons of Temperance, of that city, on Tuesday evening last, having reference to the forthcoming excursion of the West End Christian Temperance Society on the 7th August next:

"We, the members of Grantham division, No. 72, Sons of Temperance, extend to our fellow-workers in Toronto a most cordial invitation and welcome to our city and grounds, which shall be free to all who may favor us with a visit that day. Furthermore, if the West End Christian Temperance Society so wills it, we will do what we can to make the day enjoyable. We desire to know if we might have one little corner of the programme, just to show our friendly feeling, and if it be the wish of the Society we would gladly cooperate and do anything we can to make the visit a pleasant one and the meeting a grand success."

The West End Christian Temperance Society feel deeply grateful for the kind expressions contained in the above, and will be only too glad to have their St. Kitt's brethren join with them in the day's proceedings. Besides the Society have arranged with the G.T.R. to run an excursion to the Falls, the fare for which they have placed at the remarkably low price of \$1 for the round trip. The Society's choir is, without exception, the best equipped in the West End. It is at present under the leadership of Mr. George Ward, who has succeeded in gathering around him a number of the City's best singers.

On Sunday, at the experience meeting, Mr. Miller, an active worker in the Society, read an excellent poem from the columns of THE CITIZEN, entitled "When the Liquor Trade is Gone," which was well received.

## Selected Articles.

### THE BARLEY QUESTION.

STATEMENT OF J. C. SNELL, ESQ., FARMER AND STOCK-RAISER, EDMONTON P. O., PEEL COUNTY, ONT.—Believing that Mr. Howland's arguments on the commercial aspect of the Barley Question are unanswerable, I propose to discuss it chiefly from an agricultural standpoint. And to meet our opponents on their own ground, I shall deal with the question as if there were no God but the mighty dollar, and a farmer's chief end was to make money and to enjoy it forever. Excluding, then, all considerations of religion, morality, and love to our fellowmen, let us try to find out whether the extensive growing of barley is a necessity, and whether it is even profitable. My estimate of expenditure and returns per acre is as follows:

COST OF PRODUCTION.		PROCEEDS.	
Rent.....	\$ 3 00	30 bushels at 65 cents....	\$ 19 50
Ploughing.....	1 50	Straw.....	3 00
Cultivating and Sowing ..	75		
Harrowing and rolling....	50	Total proceeds....	\$22 50
Seed (2 bushels).....	1 30		
Harvesting .....	2 00	Profit,.....	\$5 00
Threshing .....	1 50		
Marketing .....	1 00		
Manure.....	5 00		
Total cost....			\$16 55

Following Mr. Howland, I have taken 30 bushels an acre as an average crop. The Agricultural Commission of Ontario Report of 1881 (vol. 1, page 369) puts it at 25 bushels, and the Bureau of Industries' report of 1883 at 24 bushels. My own average for last year was 23 bushels, but I think that, take one year with another, 30 bushels is a fair average. Now let us compare the returns from barley with those from other spring crops. Professor Brown, of the Provincial Model Farm (Ag. Com. Report, vol. 1, page 265-369) estimates as follows:

Roots, profit per acre .. .. .	\$ 34 80
Wheat, " " .. .. .	26 90
Peas, " " .. .. .	17 25
Oats, " " .. .. .	11 72
Barley, " " .. .. .	9 70

The yield on my own farm last year was:

Wild Goose Wheat, 31 bush. per acre, 85 cents	\$26 35
Oats, 50 bushels per acre, 35 cents.....	17 50
Peas, 30 bushels per acre, 75 cents .....	22 50
Barley, 23 bushels per acre, 65 cents .....	14 95

The straw from the four principal grain crops, Prof. Brown (Ag. Report as above) values as follows:

Wheat straw .. .. .	\$ 5 00
Oat " .. .. .	6 00
Pea " .. .. .	5 00
Barley " .. .. .	3 50

I think most of my fellow farmers will agree with me that the above estimate is too high all round, but certainly the straw off an acre of barley is seldom worth more than half what we get from an acre of any other grain. Summing up, then, it would appear from these estimates that barley is one of the least remunerative crops that a farmer can raise, whether we consider the cash returns or the exhaustion of the land caused by taking off so much in the way of grain and returning so little in the way of straw. But, however, we may differ about exact figures, I think most practical farmers will endorse the following statements:

1. That continual cropping with any one kind of grain is injurious to the land, and should be avoided, especially by any man who owns his farm and intends to remain on it.
2. That the farmers of this county have during the last ten years grown or rather sown, too much barley.
3. That if three-fourths of the acreage devoted to barley during the last ten years had been given to meadow and pasture, and to peas and oats *to be fed on the place*, we farmers would to-day have as much money, and vastly more productive land than we have.
4. That we in this county are blessed with a good honest soil which generously responds to generous treatment, and that we are therefore not dependent upon any one crop for our living.

While on the dollars and cents side of this question I must notice the statement recently made that "by maintaining the interests of the brewers and malsters the farmers support their own interest." Let us see how this will work on the old rule of "tit-for-tat," "you buy my barley and I buy your beer." I am a farmer, and get from the brewer for my crop of 300 bushels of barley \$195. Mr. Double X is a brewer, and makes from my 300 bushels of barley 73,000 glasses of beer, \$3,650, which I buy, and lose

on the transaction \$3,455. In other words, for every 65 cents which the farmer gets for his barley (and only about 15 or 20 cents of that is profit) he supports the brewer to the tune of \$12.16. It would take him a long time to get rich if he had no one but brewers to deal with, wouldn't it? I fear I cannot give our friends credit for much "forethought." They are about as wise as the little fish (was it a "mullet," or a "sucker?") who called all his brethren together and implored them to support and encourage the fishermen, for, said he, "you all know how they supply us with worms." In my opinion the proportion of bait to hook is about as large with the brewers as with other experienced anglers. But perhaps farmers do not buy all the beer made from our barley. Well, if we buy it and lose twelve to one, how is any one else to buy it and lose less? If on 300 bushels raised by one farmer the loss is \$3,455, what is the loss on 13,000,000 bushels raised by all the farmers in the country? I make it as nearly as possible \$148,700,000. Of course this is reckoning that the barley is all made into beer, and sold at 5 cents a glass, but as a great portion (say one half) is used for other purposes, the real loss is only about \$75,000,000. To sum up:—if we farmers can't live without the brewers, and we can't stand up like men and drink enough beer to support these gentlemen who support us, but have to call in our friends and neighbors to put their hands in their pockets and some seventy-five millions deep to keep the men who own—I mean keep—us, then we've come down from the most independent set of men on earth to a poor lot of hangers-on to the coat-tails of the men who have subscribed \$1000 each to pay professional agitators to pull the wool over our eyes, and make us afraid to do our duty to God and man.

So far I have only tried to show that we as farmers need not be afraid of prohibition, but I think I could easily go further and prove that we should gain. The temperance reform is spreading faster in England than here. There the rule has been that the mechanic and the laborer must have his beer, whether he had his beef or not—and he had *not*. Now he is giving up his beer, and he will take our beef instead. Our own people too will use more beef, more milk and butter, more of all our farm products, when they give up their "support" of the brewers and distillers. Then there will be more cases like that of a neighbor of Mr. M's, who a few weeks ago turned out ten head of fat cattle for which he received \$1000, and rejoices in the possession of a grand heap of rich manure, which will go to enrich his farm and make it produce two bushels where an over-cropped farm would produce one.

### WHICH IS THE FOOL?

The beer or spirit drinker is wont to look with ill-concealed contempt upon the simple water drinker, and as he tosses off the glass he has just paid his money for he imagines he has swallowed something far better, and performed an action far more sensible. Yet if he could stop a moment to ask what he has just taken, he might think quite differently. Let us see. A barrel of beer contains about five hundred glasses. The seller gives about eight dollars for it, and sells it for five cents per glass, or twenty-five dollars. His profit is two hundred and fifteen per cent. The drinker drops in ten times per day and takes his glass of beer; in fifty days he has consumed the five hundred glasses, and paid twenty-five dollars therefor. What has he swallowed? Scientific men say that in the five hundred glasses of beer there were four hundred and sixty glasses of mere water, twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, fifteen glasses of extracts and gums. So the beer drinker has paid twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of water, and impure at that, which he might have had at the nearest spring for nothing, and pure as nature made it. He had in addition twenty-five glasses of pure alcohol, which is a poison,—at enmity with every function of the system,—no food nor heat producer. And besides all this, he has taken fifteen glasses of extract of malt, sugary matter, indigestible gums, etc.

Surely there is no absurdity so absurd. To pay twenty-three dollars for four hundred and sixty glasses of impure water, when he could have it pure for nothing, and two dollars for forty glasses of poison and mostly indigestible drugs! But it pays the brewer and saloon keeper to sell water at two hundred and fifteen per cent. advance on all their trouble for barreling and bottling it.—Prof. George E. Foster, M.P.

## THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

'Tis coming up the steep of time,  
 And this old world is growing brighter;  
 We may not see its dawn sublime,  
 Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter,  
 We may be sleeping in the ground  
 When it awakes the world in wonder;  
 But we have felt the gathering round,  
 And heard its voice in living thunder—  
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, the glorious time  
 Foretold by seers and sung in story;  
 For which, when thinking was a crime,  
 Souls leapt to heaven from scaffolds gory!  
 They passed, nor saw the work they wrought;  
 Now the crown'd hopes of centuries blossom!  
 But the live lightnings of their thought  
 And daring deeds doth pulse earth's bosom!  
 'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Aye, it must come! The tyrant's throne  
 Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted;  
 The sword earth's mighty-ones have leant on  
 Is cankered, with our hearts blood crusted.  
 Room! for the men of mind make way!  
 Ye robber rulers, pause no longer,  
 Ye can not stay the opening day!  
 The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—  
 The people's advent's coming!

## RESULT OF LICENSE.

License me to sow the seed of poverty and shame all over the community! License me to coin money out of widows' sighs and orphans' tears, and the blood of souls! License me to weave cords of habit about your strong men and lead them captive, bound to the chariot wheel of demon rum! License me to make widows and orphans! License me to write the word "Disgrace" upon the fair foreheads of innocent children! License me to break the hearts of fond mothers and fathers, whose sons I will bring to poverty and shame, and of whose daughters I will make drunkards' wives! License me to take bread from hungry children, and rob them of shoes for their little feet, and comfortable clothes for their shivering forms! License me to befog the mind, paralyze the reason and benumb the conscience of your legislators, and thus corrupt the very fountains of your political life and prosperity! License me to incite red-handed murder to work of destruction, and turn loose upon society a whole brood of evils that will fill your jails and penitentiaries, poor-houses and asylums! License me to aid in the work of sending one hundred thousand of our American citizens down to drunkards' graves every year! Throw around me the protection of law, while I poison the bodies, enfeeble the minds, and ruin the souls of my fellow-men!—*Catholic Temperance Advocate.*

## UNDER THE BANNER OF THE BLACK-SMITH.

Legend states that from the kiss of the evil one there sprang hissing serpents from the shoulders of the Persian king Zohak. Then the evil one appeared again in the disguise of a wise man, saying, "This ill cannot be healed, neither can the serpents be uprooted. Prepare food for them, and give to them for nourishment the brains of men, for perchance this may destroy them." The secret heart of the evil one desired by this means to make the world desolate. At last a blacksmith, who had lost sixteen of his seventeen sons in sacrifice to appease the hunger of the serpents, and the last was appointed to die, called for justice, and, with the blacksmith's apron for a banner, organized a revolt against the serpent king. The

people under the banner of the blacksmith's apron triumphed. Zohak, the serpent king, was dethroned, bound to a rock, and left to perish.

The liquor saloon is the serpent in this land, and many have been saying, "This ill cannot be healed," and this serpent king has been fed for these years with the brains of men. The time has come for revolt. For the sake of the rising generation we urge the people to gather under the banner of the "blacksmith's apron," and chain the serpent king where he can no longer drink the life blood of the state. Give us freedom from the liquor saloon. Let no man be indifferent. Let no time be wasted in the discussion of methods. Let not the temperance forces waste themselves in trying to neutralize each other. The serpent king must be bound, or the terrible sacrifice of homes, lives, and happiness must continue. Every man, every woman, every child to the work, in any way, in every way, determined on one object—the binding of the serpent king. No more children, when trained, educated in our homes, and ready for a life of usefulness, shall be offered in sacrifice on the altars of the rum-shops, to satisfy the thirst of the serpent king.—*The Law Enforcement.*

## General News.

## CANADIAN.

Alliston has had an \$80,000 fire.

The fear of cholera grows greater in Montreal.

A portion of the Windsor Street Railway track was torn up by indignant citizens during Monday night.

The Peterborough Postoffice has been robbed of stamps and money to the value of \$2,400.

The judicial recount in the Megantic election gives Mr. Langelier a majority of 49.

A prisoner escaped from the Orangeville gaol Tuesday.

The Hon. A. A. Macdonald has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island.

The Dominion and United States Governments have reached an agreement regarding dutiable matter passing through the mails.

A meeting of half-breeds was held near Prince Albert on Tuesday to consider grievances. Riel made a speech in a peaceable vein, and the whole proceedings seem to have been of a quiet and orderly character.

Mr. John Lloyd, father of the late Dr. Lloyd, was killed on the G.T.R. Wednesday evening, by the Chicago fast express. No blame can be attached to the railway employees, as the whistle was sounded and everything possible done to warn the old gentleman of the danger, but without avail.

Customs officers have succeeded in capturing a vessel on the north shore of the St. Lawrence which was engaged in endeavoring to smuggle a cargo of French liquors from St. Pierre Miquelon into the Dominion.

Alfred Patton, sixteen years old, was accidentally shot and killed on Thursday evening by Charles Patton, another young man who was handling a gun. Both parties lived near Deseronto.

## UNITED STATES.

Mr. D. L. Moody has arrived at New York from England.

There is a great strike of bricklayers and laborers at New York.

A movement has been started for a grand public reception to Lieutenant Greely.

The American Government is taking active steps to prevent the introduction of cholera.

An unsuccessful attempt was made on Thursday night to wreck a train on the Boston & Maine Railroad.

Crops within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles from Cincinnati are being seriously injured by drouth.

Extensive forest fires are raging in Michigan owing to the long-continued drouth. Hundreds of men are fighting the flames, which are spreading with fearful rapidity. Whole sections have been completely devastated.

A tornado on Monday afternoon demolished twelve buildings, two stores, two churches, a schoolhouse, and two wheat warehouses at Dell Rapids, Dakota. Some stock was blown away. Many persons were hurt and one killed. The crops and farm property were destroyed.



The National Prohibition Convention met in Lafayette Hall, Pittsburg, five hundred delegates being present, including a number of ladies. Telegrams encouraging the convention were received from various parts of the country.

Nearly the entire business portion of Cedar Spring, Mich., with two-thirds of the residences, was swept away by fire last Friday.

The Zell Guano Company's works at Locust Point were burnt on Tuesday. Loss \$200,000.

Fire started in a wheat field at Modesto, Cal., on the 21st. The alarm was instantly telegraphed and telephoned to all available points. Two thousand men from different sections rushed to the rescue. The old fashioned prairie way of fighting the fire was resorted to. At 3.30 p.m., after a desperate struggle, the fire was controlled. Six thousand acres of grain and several large dwellings were destroyed. The loss is \$150,000.

An excursion train with a thousand excursionists on board was wrecked on Saturday night on the Valley Railway, two miles east of Canton, Ohio. Twenty-five persons were seriously injured, and a dozen or more killed.

#### BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Cæsar Henry Hawkins, the celebrated English surgeon, is dead.

The *Mark Lane Express* says the English wheat crop appears to be equal to the average.

Lord Randolph Churchill will probably make a tour of the United States during the recess of Parliament.

It is reported that Zebehr Pasha's messengers to Khartoum have returned, bringing letters from General Gordon, who says he is confident of holding Khartoum.

Nearly twenty mass meetings were held in various towns in England to denounce the action of the Lords regarding the Franchise Bill.

The health officers intend organizing a hospital service throughout the city of London so that in the event of the appearance of cholera, patients can be immediately cared for.

There were twenty deaths from yellow fever in Havana last week.

Eight cases of cholera were reported at Paris Tuesday.

Toulon is threatened with famine.

The public schools at Toulon and Marseilles have been closed.

Two deaths from cholera at Vienna are reported.

Two deaths from cholera occurred at Madrid.

The prospect of an abundant harvest of wheat and other food crops are favorable in Austria.

Torrid heat prevails in Vienna. Seven deaths from sunstroke occurred in the streets in two days.

Ferdinand Von Hochstetters, the German traveller and geologist, is dead.

Russia and Germany have adopted a treaty against the anarchists. In future, Russians will not be allowed to reside in Germany without the permission of Russia.

#### Tales and Sketches.

##### EARLY TEMPERANCE REFORM IN CANADA.

When one looks at the Canada of to-day, a leader in the work of temperance reform, setting the mother country an example she may well be proud to follow, it cannot be said that Canada has erred from ignorance of the pernicious consequences of strong drink. Originally, as we know, it was colonised from France, and at first the idea was to win the country for the Church of Rome. It is incredible almost the story of that mission. It is impossible to realize the ardor of the faith which led religious men and women, nuns and priests, to give up their pleasant life in France, to cross the stormy ocean, to plant themselves in Canadian forests, to yield up their lives for the glory of God, and, as they believed, the good of the people. The history of Canada redounds to the glory of the Romish Church in a way of which we can form no idea. The colonists were settled at Quebec, Montreal, and the Three Rivers, and between and around them was a wilderness filled with cruel savages ever thirsting for their blood. In some cases these devoted priests made converts. "The Dutch," said the Indians on one occasion, "have neither brains nor tongues; they never tell us about Paradise or hell—on the contrary, they lead us into bad ways." But awful were the sufferings of the Jesuit missionaries nevertheless. "If we die," said one of them, "by the fires of the Iroquois we shall have won eternal life by snatching souls from the fires of hell."

But there were other things to trouble the priests than the cruelties of the savages. In 1662 we find the little colony torn by the temperance question. The inordinate passion of the Indians for brandy had long been the source of excessive disorders. They drank expressly to get drunk, and

when drunk they were like wild beasts. Crime and violence of all sorts ensued; the priests saw their teachings despised and their flocks ruined. On the other hand, the sale of brandy was a chief source of profit, direct or indirect, to all those interested in the fur trade, including the principal persons in the colony. The Church was prepared to meet this evil. The Bishop Laval, who belonged to one of the proudest families of Europe, and in whose veins there ran the blood of the stern Constable of France, whose name still adorns the Catholic University of Quebec, launched an excommunication against those engaged in the trade—for nothing less than total prohibition would content the clerical party; and besides the spiritual penalty, they demanded the punishment of death against the contumacious offender. Death, in fact, was decreed. On one occasion two men were shot, and one whipped, for selling brandy to Indians. As is usual, there was a reaction against such Draconian severity. A woman had been condemned to imprisonment for the same offence. One of the Jesuit Fathers pleaded on her behalf. Said the brusque old governor Avangour, "You and your brethren were the first to cry out against the trade, and now you want to save the traders from punishment. I will no longer be the sport of your contradictions. Since it is not a crime for this woman, it shall not be a crime for anybody." Henceforth there was again full license in liquor-dealing, and brandy flowed freely among French and Indians alike, and what was the result? In the words of the historian Parkman, "The ungodly drank to spite the priests and revenge themselves for the restraint of conscience of which they loudly complained. The utmost confusion followed, and the principles on which the pious colony was built seemed upheaved from the foundation. Laval was distracted with grief and anger. He outpoured himself from the pulpit in threats of Divine wrath, and launched fresh excommunications against the offenders; but such was the popular fury that he was forced to yield and revoke them." Half dead with grief—worn to a shadow—he sailed back to France.

Under the reign of Louis XIV. Canada ceased to be a mission and became a colony. He had heard of the vast political possibilities of Canada, and he had its interests at heart. His first plan was to despatch there a governor-general, with whom went a throng of young nobles sailed eager to explore the marvels and the mysteries of the western world. Soldiers were sent to clear off the Indians, men to till the soil, and women selected to become their wives, and a royal bounty was given to the fathers of large families; but then there was the brandy question again. It was impossible for the colony to flourish if, as the governor wrote to Colbert, a hundred thousand livres a year were spent in the purchase of wine and brandy. To keep this money in the colony he declared his intention of building a brewery. Colbert approved the plan, not only on economic grounds, but because the vice of drunkenness would thereby cease to move scandal by reason of the cold nature of beer, the vapors whereof rarely deprive men of the use of judgment—a testimony to the virtue of beer not borne certainly by later experiences, either in the Old World or the New. At times the drinking of brandy nevertheless flourished at a furious rate. For instance a great annual fair was established by the King at Montreal. Thither came down a host of Indians with their beaver skins to sell, while the merchants came with their goods from Quebec. We are told that the prohibition to sell brandy at such a time could rarely be enforced, and the fair often ended in a pandemonium of drunken frenzy. A similar fair was held on the Three Rivers, but these yearly markets did not fully answer the desired end. There was a constant tendency among the colonists to form settlements above Montreal to intercept the Indians on their way down and drench them with brandy. Again there was another difficulty in the colony by reason of the brandy. Hundreds of young men would go into the woods hunting. After roving some months they would return to Montreal. As long as their beaver skins lasted they would set no bounds to their riot. Every house, we are told, in the place was turned into a drinking-shop. There was gambling and drinking night and day. When at last they were sober, they sought absolution for their sins; nor could the priests venture to bear too hard on their unruly penitents, lest they should break wholly with the Church, and dispense henceforth with the sacraments. Worst of all, when the self-devoted Catholic priests had planted a mission among the Indians in the forest, there the dealers in spirits followed. "Our missions," writes one of them in despair to the governor, "are reduced to such extremity that we can no longer maintain them against the infinity of disorder, brutality, violence, injustice, impiety, impurity, insolence, scorn, and insult, which the deplorable and infamous traffic in brandy had spread universally among the Indians of these parts. In the despair in which we are plunged nothing remains for us but to abandon them to the brandy-sellers as a domain of drunkenness and debauchery."

We now come to the first temperance meeting held, perhaps, anywhere—at any rate in Canada. It was held in the summer of 1648 at Sillery. The drum beat after mass, and the Indians gathered at the summons. Then an Algonquin chief, a zealous convert of the Jesuits, proclaimed to the crowd a late edict imposing penalties for drunkenness, and in his own name, and in that of the other chiefs, exhorted them to abstinence, declaring that all drunkards should be handed over to the French for punishment. One of the French fathers looked on delighted. "It was," he says, "the finest public act of jurisdiction exercised among the Indians since I have been in this country. From the beginning of the world they have all thought

themselves as great lords the one to the other, and never before submitted to their chiefs any further than they chose to do so." The Jesuits, however, had to be careful even in this good work. There was real danger that the thirsty Indians, if refused brandy by the French, would seek it from the Dutch or English of New York.

After this it fared hard with the culprit caught in the act of selling brandy to the Indians. He was led to the door of the church, where, kneeling on the pavement, partially stripped, and bearing in his hand the penitential torch, he received a good whipping. Bishop Laval not only discharged against the offenders volleys of wholesale excommunication, but he made of the offence "a reserved case"—that is, a case in which the power of granting absolution should be reserved to himself alone. The brandy-sellers appealed to the King, who referred it in his turn to the fathers of the Sorbonne, who, after solemn discussion, pronounced the selling of brandy to the Indians a mortal sin. Alas! Louis XIV. was no prohibitionist, and the prayers and suggestions of the Jesuits were unheeded. In a little while the colony was overrun with taverns. Then it was ordained that no innkeeper should furnish food or drink to any hired laborer or to any person residing in the place where his inn was situated. It grieves us to learn how much was done by the Jesuit fathers to put down drinking and to feel that under English rule the good work had to be all done over again.—*Temperance Record.*

### AN ADDRESS.

BY REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

There was a beautiful picture published at the close of the American centennial. The picture was full of bonny, bright faces—a wonderful variety, and a variety because created by the Almighty, for God never repeats himself. Every child in an original, and if that is lost there never is and never will be another to take that child's place. And there they were in their wonderful variety, and I read across the bottom: "We are going to the next centennial." None of the grown up people will be there, but some of these will be there. They were going to the next centennial, and that is true of the children around us to-day—they are going to be the fathers and mothers, the future legislators, the future church members, the future ministers. The future is within our grasp, if we are only wise enough to seize it.

Somebody told me this week of a man working in connection with the Band of Hope, and a friend said to him: "Why do you spend your time in talking to a lot of children? Why not talk to the adults who can understand you?" And the young fellow drew himself up, and said: "I am talking to the ladies and gentlemen of the next generation." Yes, what you make the children, the future will be. Neglect the children, and there will be dishonor, take care of the children and train them up in temperance and Christianity, and there is a future before our country that no imagination can conceive. Therefore, because of the importance of the children, I rejoice that there is such an organization as this to protect them from the dangers to which they are exposed. I speak of danger to the children; and I ask you is there any utterance that arouses the interest and emotion of any human being as the declaration that a child is in danger? Nothing will arouse a crowd like that. I was down at Hull the other day; the street was busy; it was near the time of a departure of a train; the unfortunate bridge that opens across the street was likely soon to be swung up, and unless the intending passengers got speedily across they would miss the train. Cabs and all sorts of conveyances were hurrying past, but suddenly there was a cry—"The Boy!" Everybody stopped. They forgot there was such a thing as a train; they forgot there was such a thing as the possibility of missing it—and why? A poor little waif, running behind a gentleman's carriage, had missed his footing, and his little arm was caught in the spike, and minister and merchant forgot everything for the time save that a child was in danger. And when a fire is raging round a building, what is it that kindles the enthusiasm of all the crowd and make heroes of everybody? The cry, "There is a child in the house," and in a moment every brave and true man feels, "I will lay down my life, but the child shall be saved."

Gentlemen, the children of our country are in danger. Oh! would that I could say words that would make every one in this audience understand me. The children of our country are in danger. Do you doubt it? Then I ask you for a moment to look at those who were children with us—the children of the present generation. Where are they? Were they in no danger? Turn over the tablets of your memory. Ask for your old companions. Where are they? Go and look in the graveyard; turn over the green turf. Find the coffin lid, and there in hundreds, in thousands, aye, in tens of thousands of instances you will find out that those who were boys and girls when we were did not live out half their days. What do you read there? "Died, aged 22," "Died, aged 23," "Died, aged 24." The days of our years are three score and ten, but they did not live so long; they are gone. Let us look for some more of them. Go to that workhouse. There is a surging crowd waiting for relief. They were boys and

girls as bright and promising as any of us. Look at their faces. Look at the dull and passionless look they bear, and at the rags they carry. They were once bright and promising little children, but there they are at the workhouse door. And turn across to the prison. There is the revolving treadmill. Miserable work! Look at those men in their yellow-striped dress. They were once bright, bonny boys. And go down your street to-night, and there you will find the outcast, and you draw up your skirts lest the touch should be pollution. Yet even she was once the bonny girl. Once a mother blessed her, a father prayed for her. They were all as bright as any of us, but now look at that surging mass. Picture their faces if you can, and then turn round and look at these children behind; and turning from one to another is like turning from hell to heaven. Do you see it, gentlemen? Look at that crowd at the workhouse, at the prison, at the treadmill, at the lunatic asylum, and down in the graveyard, and then look at these bright and bonny faces, and remember they were once like these; and now I go with trembling, and I ask what hellish potion has transmuted fair children into beings like that? Something has done it. God has done it. Oh, no! God says, "It is not my will that one of these should perish." Then I ask, what has been the cause of this horrible transmutation? I speak to them as they hustle at the workhouse door for a night's lodging. "How is it you are here?" "O, it's the drink that has done it." I go to the man as he comes off the treadmill—I did do so—and I said, "How came you here?" "O," said he, "I was once a scholar in your school, but the drink has done it."

I speak to the poor outcast on the street, as I did the other night, and "how came you at this terrible work?" The tears stole down her young face, a bright and bonny face, as she said, "O sir, the drink has done it." And then came the sad story—a story that might be written in blood. She said, "My father is a Wesleyan Methodist local preacher and a class leader. (She told me where he was). I was brought up a teetotaler. I went out to a Sunday-school holiday and they took us into a public house." O gentlemen, when will you understand that where there is drink there is always danger. I wish every one here could have seen that tear-bathed face, and that quivering lip as the child said to me: "We went into the public house and they gave me something to drink, I don't know what, but," she said, "I was insensible. I don't know what happened, and then in the morning I went home and we had family prayer. I knelt down with the rest of the children, and while father was praying I felt that I was staining them all. I said I cannot tell them. I will leave them. They shall never hear of me again, and fled from home. The drink has done it." Dragging her down in her beauty, as well as the young man in his strength. And so the answer comes in horrible monotony. "The drink has done it." "The drink has done it." "The drink has done it." Nothing but the drink could have done it.

Here is a house and the drainage is bad. A poisonous gas exudes. It steals through all the house. You hear your friends talking about it. The drainage is bad. One child sickens. Another dies. The father says, "This is a serious thing. I am losing my children. What is the matter?" Somebody says, "Why the drainage wants looking after. There is a poisonous gas in the house," "Nonsense," says the old man. "Poison, indeed! Slow poison! I have lived in the house fifty years, and my grandfather was a hundred when he died, and he lived here, and you say it is poison, indeed. No, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I will have the house new papered." Yet they sicken. He says, "I will get them some new clothes;" he gets them new clothes, and yet the children sicken and die. "We will get them a new governess to see better after them," and they have it, and yet the children sicken and die. He says, "I cannot understand this." Somebody says, "Is there not an agent, a material agent at work? is there not a poisonous gas in the house?" "Oh!" he says, "I have done everything." "No, you have not." "What have I not done?" "You have not removed the cause. Remove the cause and the effect will cease. I do not object to your new paper, your new clothes, your new governess (I hope you treated the old one well), I do not object to a prayer-meeting, but I say that so long as you keep the destructive agent in your house you will have the destruction. Remove the destructive agent and your children are saved."—*Morning and day of Reform.*

### For Girls and Boys.

#### "LOOKING OVER" MOTHER.

BY HOWE BENNING.

"Going anywhere this vacation, Kate Morgan?"

"No, I did think I would go to the Catskills for a week and have one good time 'like folks.' You know I never really did do anything just for pleasure, but the stern needs of the coming winter I think I will change my plans."

"What's the need?"  
 "A velvet dress."

"You don't mean it. Do you forget that you are a graded school teacher at a salary of nine dollars a week?"

"I cannot help it. I have earned my money and saved it, and I want one thing I feel at home in when I am invited to such places as Mrs. Cunningham's, for instance."

"All right, of course."

"Are you going anywhere, Louise?"

"No, I have changed my plan, too."

"What was it?"

"I was invited up to Uncle Edward's farm to spend the summer, and expected to go until I heard Dr. Lane's sermon two weeks ago."

"I did not hear him allude to the fact."

"Not exactly, but do you remember his asking us if we had ever thought what was the very best blessing we ever had, and advising us to go home and 'look over our blessings,' and give God thanks for them?"

"Yes, I do remember that."

"I had no difficulty in thinking up my best blessing. It is my good, patient mother, and when I went home and 'looked her over,' it did not take me long to decide who needed mountain air and fresh milk the most of any one. So the upshot of the matter is, mother goes for three weeks to the farm, and I am your most gracious and successful housekeeper at home. Come and take tea will you?"

"Perhaps," Kate Morgan answered, absently, and the two teachers left the subject and the large school-room together.

But the earnest, energetic Kate Morgan took a new thought along the familiar streets. All the school-years of her twenty-one years of life had been spent in some connection with that graded-school in the busy manufacturing town of Benton. The year before she had been graduated with honor from the high school, and at once offered a situation in the intermediate department, that she had filled to the satisfaction of all, and her own great enjoyment.

For so many years she had known what close economies were necessary to her plain home that the younger children might be clothed decently and that she might complete the school course. She had seen her father count out his quarterly salary as a clerk, and sigh over its meagreness again and again. She had seen the lines in her mother's patient face deepen over the problems of turned garments, and doing without things. No wonder her salary had seemed to her almost a fortune, and its possibilities a little intoxicating. She was young, too, and pretty, with musical gifts that made her welcome everywhere. But she was a child of the "kingdom," too, and every day prayed, "Search me, O God of thyself," and to such the Spirit is the leader.

It was late when she reached home, and she was still busy in "looking over" her mother and thinking that she had never seen her so pale and worn, when her father entered with a sigh over the warm day, and sank down in his chair quite exhausted. His daughter wondered that she had not noticed before how fast he was growing old. The three young children came in and they sat down to the plain supper. Kate wished now she had bought a quart of berries in the morning instead of that fashion magazine, when she saw how little appetite her father had and how the sickly boy Willis left his bread uneaten. Willis was thirteen, Herbert ten, and little Alice five years of age. Three others were waiting up in "God's acre" on the hill.

That night up in her own room Kate went through a rapid mental calculation, and with pencil and paper laid the result plainly before her eyes, after this fashion:

Kate Morgan.	Dr.
To twelve yds. black velvet at \$4.00 per yd.	\$48 00
To trimmings and making.....	10 00
	-----
Money lost .....	58 00
Kate Morgan.	Cr.
To cash in hand .....	\$58 00
	-----
Saved.....	

But it kept her awake that night, and it was several days before her busy brain gave her even a beginning of things and how it should be saved. But each day she prayed, "Teach me, O God, of Thee, in this, as all things."

One morning at breakfast, she asked,

"Father, when do you have your vacation this year?"

"The second and third weeks of August," was the reply, "but I shall probably straighten up Jay's books for him in the time—a little extra pay."

That afternoon found Kate walking up to the door of Deacon Hollis' pleasant farmhouse. She found the Deacon and his wife sitting in their shaded porch, and met a hearty welcome. Their own three daughters were settled in homes of their own, and the old people enjoyed a call from Kate, and her singing greatly. She had to give them "Rock of Ages," now as soon as she recovered breath. It was some time before she could get to business. Then she asked:

"Deacon Hollis, have you disposed of your two-seated rockaway yet?"

"No."

"You don't use it?"

"Not often. Wife and I have agreed to ride on the same seat, so the little carriage answers us."

Then Kate's plan came out. She wanted to hire the Deacon's stall horse Roxy, and the roomy rockaway, and take her father and mother, and the children, with herself, on a ride of ten days or so out in the country.

"But where are you going?" asked Mrs. Hollis, whose kind heart was interested at once. "Your mother does look real peaked," she said.

"My plan is to go up to Lake George, see that, and spend one night there with friends that have visited us two or three times. Then, about thirty-five miles further, in among the mountains, on a stage road, lives an old aunt and uncle of father's, who writes us about once a year, and always urge us so heartily to come and visit. Now is that too far?"

The Deacon reckoned the miles and said, "Roxy could easily do it in four days, and, three back," he added: "she's a masterful hand to know when her head is turned homewards."

It was all settled at last. The Deacon liked to put a generous bill in the collection for foreign missions and he liked a good bargain right well, and it did come a little hard to offer Roxy and the rockaway for "a dollar a day and her keep" but generosity compelled, and he never regretted it.

That evening Kate unfolded her plan at home. Of the surprise, the objections, the slow, because fearful, assent of the stay-at-home elders, and the delight of the children, we need not stop to speak.

Suffice it, that the second week of August proved as bright and bland as could be desired, and at half-past five Roxy and the carriage were in waiting at the door of the Morgan home. Then it took the family just one hour to pack in the belongings necessary for the trip. Not the clothes—they had each on a good stout suit, and besides that carried one poorer to wear in the woods. But there was a small boiled ham, and three loaves of wheat bread, and a pail of ginger-snaps, and a package of cheese, a bag with salt and pepper for the eggs they should buy, and tea and coffee and sugar, and pain-killer, and liniment, and a few other such motherly provisions.

"Husband you haven't made a mistake in the box, have you? That does not look just like the one I put the sugar and things in."

It was opened and found to contain hard soap and silver polish, and they all enjoyed the laugh, and as for Kate, one look in her father's face was payment enough for all her trouble.

At last they were off in the early glory of the morning, through the half-awakened streets, down over the bridge near the noisy factories, and then out and up into the fair countryside, past beautiful farm-homes with their flowers and fruit orchards, through bits of woods where birds were chirping and squirrels racing, by little singing brooks and miniature falls, until at eleven o'clock they had come fifteen miles and were all agreed that a convenient wood with large flat stones was just the place for a dining room; and here they camped out. Roxy was unharnessed, a little fire built by the brook, and over it they boiled some potatoes and eggs, and tea for two. They spread a cloth on a rock, and on it a toad perched himself as if quite at home. After dinner, papa and the boys went exploring, while mamma and Alice took a nap in the hammock, and Kate ambitiously sketched a tiny waterfall. Toward night they drove five miles farther, and there put up at a small country inn, where they found good beds and small hills. The next day they had three hours at Lake George and time to reach their friends' cordial welcome.

But the third day they really had an adventure. A thunder storm overtook them on the lonely mountain road, and they were obliged to seek shelter in a barn, and finally to spend the night there finding beds in hay or hammock or carriage as they best could, and

thankful when morning gave them a bright sun again and chance to go on.

And that Sabbath among the Adirondacks, in its deep quiet, its purple haze, its majesty of rock and tree—will any of them ever forget it? And every hour of that piny, aromatic air seemed a tonic to the worn father and mother, and sickly Willis, and to Kate herself it brought such a sense of majesty and of inexpressible rest, as gave to her prayer a new and richer meaning.

But all vacations have their end, and Wednesday morning found the Morgan family turned with face homeward. True to the character given her, Roxy encouraged no loitering by the way this time, and before sunset of Friday was meditating over the oats in her own stable.

"I've gained ten pounds, I do believe," Kate heard her father telling a neighbor, "and I feel like a new man."

"I don't believe I have enjoyed getting up in the morning and going into my kitchen in five years before," Mrs. Morgan said, the next morning as she moulded her bread into loaves. "How much good a little change does do one, and I have got such a help, too, on my rag carpet from Aunt Martha—ten balls all cut and sewed. Well, Kate, you have given us all pleasure enough to satisfy any daughter."

And Kate was more than satisfied, even when she wore a plain cashmere for best, all winter.

"You went away after all," her friend Louise said, with a smile.

"Yes, after I had taken your advice and 'looked over mother,' and father too, and counted them both as my best blessings."—*Advantage.*

#### HOW SMALL EXPENDITURES COUNT.

Five cents each morning. A mere trifle, thirty-five cents per week. Not much, yet it would buy coffee or sugar for a whole family, \$18.25 per year. And this amount invested in a savings bank at the end of each year, and the interest thereon at six per cent computed annually, would in twelve years amount to more than \$670. Enough to buy a good farm in the West.

Five cents before breakfast, dinner, and supper. you'd hardly miss it, yet 'tis fifteen cents a day, \$1.05 per week. Enough to buy wife or daughter a dress. \$54.60 a year. Enough to buy a small library of books. Invest this as before, and in twenty years you would have over \$2000. Quite enough to buy a good house and lot.

Ten cents each morning; hardly worth a second thought; yet with it you can buy a paper of pins or spool of thread. Seventy cents per week; 'twould buy several yards of muslin, \$36.50 in one year. Deposit this amount as before, and you would have \$1340 in twenty years; quite a snug little fortune. Ten cents before each breakfast, dinner, and supper—thirty cents a day. It would buy a book for the children. \$2.10 a week; enough to pay for a year's subscription to a good newspaper. \$109.20 per year. With it you could buy a good melodeon on which your wife or daughter could produce sweet music to pleasantly while the evening hours away. And this amount, invested as before, would, in forty years, produce the desirable amount, \$12,000.

Boys, learn a lesson. If you would be a happy youth, lead a sober life. and if you would be a wealthy and influential man, instead of squandering your extra change, invest in a library or a savings bank.

If you would be a miserable youth, lead a drunken life, abuse your children, grieve your wife, be a wretched and despicable being while you live, and finally go down to a dishonored grave, take your extra change and invest it in a drinking-saloon.—*Tidings.*

#### Our Casket.

##### BITS OF TINSEL.

It is not much of a compliment, after all, to say that a man is sound. Some men are nothing but sound.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule; you will soon find that you are better off.

"An anxious father" writes to know what he shall do with his daughter, as she is full of electricity. Marry her to a good conductor.

Highland Preacher—First Sabbath I will be preaching in Glenbolich, the next Sabbath I will be in Glenfuaim, and the Sabbath after that I will not be in any place at all!

"An' that's the pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "Gracious! what are the rest of his bedclothes like, I wonder."

The Arkansaw Traveller's aged colored person says: "My idea of de better worl is whar dar is a election goin' on all de time; case de white folks is allers perlight."

When a lady, in answer to an importunate alms-taker, answered that she never gave anything at the door, the begger said as to that he had no scruples to going into the parlor.

"Did not the sons of Jacob commit a heinous sin when they sold their brother Joseph?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of the son of an Austin merchant, "Yes, sir." "What sin did they commit?" "They sold him too cheap."

"I preserve my equilibrium under all circumstances," she was heard to say in a pause of the music to the tow-headed youth who was her escort. "Do you?" he answered softly. "Mother cans hers." Then the music resumed.

A rural friend wants to know what is the best thing to feed hogs on. He might feed them on the ground, or, if he wishes, in a trough. We never did approve of fixing up mahogany tables with marble tops for hogs.

Mrs. Fogg visited a second-hand auction the other day and bought a job lot of kitchen furnishing goods. Fogg says every article in the list has a hole in it excepting the pepper-box cover, and that everything leaks but the cullender and milk-strainer.

A Frenchman met an English soldier with a Waterloo medal, and cast reproaches on the English Government for bestowing such a trifle, remarking that it would scarcely cost three francs. "That may be true," replied the hero, "but then it cost the French Government a Napoleon."

When Hattie was five years old, her sister married a farmer who owned a large sugar orchard. Soon after, a generous package of maple sugar was sent home, and the little girl exclaimed, "Oh, mamma, I'm so glad we've married into such a nice family!"

Dr. Bushnell said once to a young pastor: "In your studying, work when you work, and rest when you rest. Take hold sharp, and let go sharp." And Dr. Turnbull applies to this subject the adage, that "men who are fastest asleep when they are asleep are widest awake when they are awake."

An English Nonconformist was once bandying words with a curate about Episcopacy. "I should not care to live subject to a bench of Bishops," he observed. "But is there no authority over you?" asked the curate. "Only a board," was the answer. "Well, what's a board except a bench with no legs to stand upon?"

The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dickey Swivel, *alias* "Stove Pipe Pete," was placed at the bar, and questioned by the judge to the following effect.—Judge. "Bring the prisoner into Court." Pete. "Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirit of turpentine said when it was all a-fire." "We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live?" "I ain't particular, as the oyster said, when they asked him if he would be roasted or fried." "We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the spirit of turpentine either. What do you do, fellow?" "Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said, when he ran over a little nigger." "Don't care any thing about the locomotive. What is your business?" "That's various, as the cat said when she stole the chickens off the table." "If I hear any more absurd comparisons I will give you twelve months." "I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook." "Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks?" "No, sir, I can't go around the docks without a boat, and I ain't got none." "Answer me, sir. How do you get your bread?" "Sometimes at the baker's, and sometimes I eat taters." "No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?" "Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a cheer" (chair). "How do you keep yourself alive?" "By breathing, sir." "I order you to answer me this question correctly: How do you do?" "Pretty well, I thank you, Judge. How do you do?" "I shall have to commit you." "Well you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation."