

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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TORONTO FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7th, 1883.

FEMALE INTEMPERANCE.

On another page we publish a somewhat lengthy extract from an English paper bearing a most emphatic testimony to the terrible evils of the Grocer's License system. In addition, the following clipping from *The Coffee Public-House News* is worthy of thoughtful consideration:—

"When the Act for allowing grocers and shopkeepers to possess licenses for the sale of wines and spirits was first introduced to Parliament, legislators little suspected the evil effects the passing of such an Act would have upon the country at large, and especially upon the female portion.

"The Women's Union of the Church of England Temperance Society has just issued a pamphlet giving the evidence of medical men, coroners, clergymen, and others, upon this subject; and those who would know more of the means whereby their wives, sisters and female relations obtain surreptitiously so much drink will do well to glance over it, if only for this reason. The chief questions put by the Society to those willing to give evidence were as follows:—(1) Do you attribute the increase of female intemperance in any degree to the facilities given by the grocers' and shopkeepers' licenses? (2) If so, can you supply evidence? Answers to (1) are:—I do, most emphatically. Female intemperance has increased tenfold to my knowledge since the Act came into force. A worse Act was never introduced to the country, Most certainly I do; Most decidedly; and so on, each and every witness agreeing that female intemperance of the present day is largely caused by the facilities given by grocers' and shopkeepers' licenses.

"The numerous and terrible instances given in answer to question (2) are simply appalling, and there is unfortunately no reason to doubt the fact of their being true."

It may be true that in Canada a state of affairs as appalling as this has not yet been developed, but there are unmistakable indications of progress towards it, and we have in full operation the deadly agency for its production. Taken as a whole our Canadian women stand on the very highest attained platform of social morality and purity. In relation to the evils of strong drink, they are doing noble work for the purification of home-life and the conservation of the virtue of our boys and girls; and when a righteous

law puts the ballot in their hands they will sweep away the whole accursed system of a legalized drink-traffic. But though this is true of Canadian women generally, we grieve to be compelled to admit that there are cases, and not a few, where ladies—sometimes in the highest walks of social life—are disgracing their sex, and breaking the hearts of humiliated friends, by disgusting inebriety, and the grocers' license system is often the first cause and nearly always the perpetuating agency of their degradation and shame. It is a well-known fact that women are supplied with drink that the grocer charges in his bill as something else to prevent the head of the house who settles the account from knowing the full magnitude of the evil. We have been assured by a medical man of high standing and extensive practice that among his patients are a large number of women passing in society for confirmed invalids, who are simply confirmed inebriates, and this fact accounts for the frequent seclusion that is stated to be on account of some other affliction. Surely it is time we woke up to some decided action in view of this terrible evil. The grocers' license curse is the evil form of the drink-traffic that every municipal council either sanctions or prohibits. No solid reason or even excuse for its continuance has yet been advanced. Let us make it distinctly understood that any man who would have our votes at the coming municipal elections must pledge himself to work and vote for a by-law putting an end to this infamous and outrageous system.

THE TORONTO COFFEE-HOUSE ASSOCIATION.

The Annual Report of the Toronto Coffee-House Association is a very interesting document. It shows that the success of the movement has been equal to the expectations of its most sanguine advocates. A vast benefit has been conferred upon the community by an institution that has proved an unusually profitable investment for its promoters. The providing of good and cheap meals for the public, without the accompanying temptations to drink that restaurants usually present, cannot have been without great benefit to many of those who have patronized it, and the very large patronage it has received from all classes strongly evidences a high appreciation, on the part of the public of the provision made for supplying their necessities and wishes. Apart, however, from this very important consideration, the undertaking has been an exceedingly profitable one, the company's report showing a gross profit for the past year of over thirty-nine per cent. upon the paid-up stock. Even after making a liberal allowance for depreciation in the value of furniture in consideration of a year's wear, there is still a profit shown of over twenty-six per cent. The total amount of stock paid up is \$8,576, and the gross profit for the year was \$3,375. The company has done wisely in declaring only a comparatively small dividend and establishing a Reserve Fund for any future contingency. We cordially congratulate the Coffee-House Association, on what it has accomplished, and earnestly hope that its success will lead to the establishment of similar institutions in other cities and towns. We are pleased to learn that the Toronto Company is making arrangements for extending its operations by opening more Coffee-Houses here.

We want to say to our friends, however, that they have not yet fully accomplished the work of establishing a thoroughly equipped counter-attraction to the dangerous saloon. Our Coffee Houses are excellent dining-rooms, but we want something more than mere dining-rooms. The appeal to the social instincts and the love of cheerfulness and rest is the strongest feature of the tavern attractiveness. This must be made a feature of the Coffee House if it is to take the place of the saloon. Let it have conversation-rooms, reading-rooms, games-rooms, bright attractive cosy places where a man can spend an hour or an evening as pleasantly as he could in a hotel sitting-room or bar-room, and it will vastly augment both its usefulness and profits.

THE C. E. TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE MEETING IN ST. JAMES' SCHOOL HOUSE, TORONTO,
ON THE 26TH ULT., BY N. W. HOYLES.

There is great need of stirring our church as a body, and also of getting hold of the individual consciences of its members and rousing them to the necessity of work in the cause of Temperance.

Until recently the Church had principally distinguished herself by passing resolutions in Synod and going to sleep over them. Then when a churchman was asked about Temperance work, he could like little Jack Horner triumphantly turn to his synod journal, and picking out a forcible resolution on the subject, say, "What a good boy am I." So for some time resolutions were passed on the subject of intemperance, and addresses made in Synod deploring its evils, but nothing further was done. The condition of the church as regards intemperance was like that of the mayor of the French town. When the cholera was coming instructions were sent from Paris to the various mayors throughout the country to make preparations. An answer was received from one mayor that he was quite prepared. On being asked for details of his preparations, he wrote in reply, "I have had a census taken of all the inhabitants of the town, and a grave dug for each man, woman and child, and now we are ready for the cholera—let it come." And this has been our condition in the Church of England in Canada. We have pointed to our gaols, our hospitals, our asylums, and have said, "Intemperance is a fearful evil, but we are ready for it—let it come."

There is still need however, notwithstanding the progress we have made, to press home the need of greater earnestness in this cause. In no words of my own do I propose to-night to discuss the question, but have sheltered myself under the Episcopal ægis, and intend to quote solely the utterances of two Bishops (one an English Bishop, the other a Canadian), on the subject.

The one whose words I first rely on is well known as one of the greatest theologians and scholars in England at the present day—one who from his position, education and scholarship would be little likely to utter hasty and fanatical language on this or any other subject. In presiding at a great meeting in Sunderland on Oct. 30th, bringing to a close the 9th anniversary of the C. E. T. S., the BISHOP OF DURHAM said:—"The advocates of the temperance cause were accused of using very strong language. It was a pleasant jibe against them that they, the advocates of the temperance cause, were the most intemperate people in the world. (Laughter.) But when they felt strongly how could they help speaking strongly. (Applause.) The question was whether they, facing this gigantic evil, could measure their language nicely? God forgive them if they said one word which they could not feel or one word which they could not substantiate. But was it true or not that intemperance was the parent of a hideous brood, a countless progeny, of shameful vices and hateful crimes? Was it true or not that inebriety was a great incentive to impurity, covered itself with a mist of untruthfulness and evasion, and impelled to cruelty, to selfishness, to the most hateful crimes of violence of all kinds? Did it or did it not squander health, squander money, squander intellect, and all that was valuable to men? Did it or did it not fill our gaols, and desolate our homes? Did it or did it not ruin a man, body and soul, and drag him down to perdition? He believed it was given on medical authority that one in seven or eight of all the deaths that occurred was due either wholly or partially to intemperance. But there was one more appalling fact even than this. It was the increase of female intemperance. Of 40,000 habitués drunkards they were told that at least 11,000 were women, and what this must mean to those 11,000 households of which they were members he need not stop to describe. Not only that, but the numbers, he believed were increasing rapidly."

Now if these words are true, it behoves every christian man to do his utmost in the cause of temperance, and to fight to the last against what caused the terrible evils that the Bishop deplored, but more especially is it incumbent upon churchmen to undertake this work. They bear on their brows the sign placed there at their baptism in token that they are pledged to "manfully fight under Christ's banner against sin, the world and the devil." As faithful soldiers therefore let all members of the church take up this contest against what has been spoken of by the Archbishop of York as "poisoning and cursing the country and presenting a sight at which devils may laugh and triumph."

Lest however it might be said that the words of the Bishop of Durham have no application here, I proceed to quote from a recent pastoral of the Bishop of Toronto, addressed to the clergy and lay representatives of the Synod of Toronto when summoning them to meet for the formation of the Diocesan Society of the C. E. T. S. His lordship says:—"You will surely share with me, as Churchmen, the conviction that we should be, as a Church, not the last but the foremost, in the crusade against a deadly enemy of souls which avowedly opposes itself as a fatal hindrance to the kingdom of Christ; that there is no cause which our church is more imperatively bound, by her sacred commission, to espouse and pursue to a last issue; that if this cause of temperance and soberness against excess and drunkenness—is to triumph in our land, it must be accomplished, not by political agitation, not merely by philanthropic effort, but by the religious agency of the Church, which affords not only the most efficient organization but the most fitting and powerful means for

"penetrating with good influences the social and private lives of the people.

I call upon you then by your loyalty to your Bishop to assist him in this work. Help him to realize this most noble ambition, and to place our Church in the foremost rank in this crusade. I appeal to you as christians to without delay espouse and pursue this cause to a last issue, remembering that in such a contest as this inaction, is as culpable as would be active aid to the foe. Every man is a missionary whether he will or no; consciously or unconsciously he is exerting some influence in the world—either for good or evil—upon those around him. See to it that in respect of Temperance there can be no doubt as to your position and that no one can point to you as having been the cause of ruin to some poor soul, lost through the want of your word or your example.

Especially in this matter I would call upon all women to exert themselves, for many reasons. As shown by the Bishop of Durham, and as we know too well from what passes around us, the danger is coming near yourselves. You cannot afford to be indifferent. Then too you are the principal sufferers from this vice in others. Who suffers when there is a drunken husband, brother or son? Who but the poor wife, or sister, or mother!

Then too you should work because you have enormous power in your hands. Women, and especially young women, can do much either to make or mar in this work. Many a man has proved powerless to withstand the smile of ridicule, the jest or sneer of his friends, and many a man might be saved did some woman exert in the cause of temperance her powerful influence over him. You can do much in the way of making this movement fashionable and thus removing a stumbling-block out of the way of those who can at present be reached in no other way. In your homes and in society show that you are heartily in favor of temperance, and much will be accomplished. Then you can wear the badge and thus show which side you are on. Many of you wear as ornaments imitation spiders and other by no means pretty objects, you can surely not object to wearing the very neat little badge adopted for our society. It is said that when Gen. Grant was entering a city in the Southern States after some great victory, he saw walking by the side of his victorious troops an old, bent, grey-headed woman with a kitchen poker shouldered like a rifle. On asking her what she was doing this for she replied, "To show which side I am on, General!" So you can wear the badge and in that and other ways show that you are on the Lord's side in this matter, and thus perhaps (all unknown to yourselves but not unmarked by him) be the means of lifting up many "hands which hang down, and many feeble feet," and by the straight paths of your own feet may cause that "that which is lame be not turned out of the way, but that it rather be healed."

Selected Articles.

IS LAGER BEER INTOXICATING.

The effort is being made by the moderate drinkers to secure a "discrimination" in favor of lager beer and light wines. The effect of alcohol, however, is the same whether found in beer and wine, or whisky and rum, if enough is taken. Beer is the commonest of the causes of three-fourths of the drunkards of the country. Of this there is abundance of testimony. The *New York Christian Advocate* adds the following to the discussion of this question:

"The time to ascertain the effects of lager beer is not a few minutes after the first glass has been drunk, but later in the evening. After men have been drinking five or six or ten glasses and the hour of ten or twelve o'clock is reached, it will be found that many of them are visibly drunk—not wild and desperate, like the whisky drinker, but stupid and jovially drunk. The writer has seen a dozen boys as drunk upon beer as they could have been upon whisky; and but a short time since in this city suit was brought against a brewer for allowing boys and girls to become intoxicated at his establishment. The defence was that he was not aware of what was going on. One of the police justices of New England testified that two-thirds of the drunkenness brought before him were cases of men who had got drunk on beer. A leading organist was found, to the surprise of the congregation accustomed to listen to his music, in a state of intoxication. On inquiry it was found that he had been induced by a friend to drink a single glass of beer. So sensitive were his brain and nervous system to the influence of alcohol that from that time forward he knew nothing of what he was doing and became intoxicated. As it cannot be denied that a beverage containing five per cent. of alcohol drunk in ten times the quantity, would produce the same alcoholic effects that a beverage ten times as strong would produce if drunk in one-tenth the quantity, it must follow that malt liquors, including lager beer, are intoxicating, unless it can be shown that there is something in malt liquors to counteract the effect of the alcohol. This cannot be done. All that can be done is to show that there is

something in malt liquors which tends to modify the effect. 'That some men can drink two or three gallons a day and keep as sober as they ever are proves no more than that an opium eater can take enough before he feels sleepy to kill ten or more men who are not accustomed to it.'—*Temperance Worker.*

DRINKING AND MORALITY.

The most frightful effects of the drink-habit are not those which can be tabulated in statistics and reported in the census. It is not the waste of corn, nor the destruction of property, nor the increase of taxes, nor even the ruin of physical health, nor the loss of life, which most impresses the mind of the thoughtful observer of inebriety. It is the effect of this vice upon the characters of men, as it is exhibited to him, day by day, in his ordinary intercourse with them. It is the spiritual realm that the ravages of strong drink are most terrible.

Body and mind are so closely related that when the one suffers the other must share the suffering; and the injury of the physical health resulting from intemperate drinking must, therefore, be accompanied by similar injury of the mental and moral powers. But the inclination of the popular thought is so strongly toward the investigation of physical phenomena, that the spiritual consequences of drunkenness are often overlooked. Degeneration of tissue is more palpable than degeneracy of spirit; a lesion of the brain more startling than a breach of faith; but the deeper fact, of which the senses take no note, is the more important fact; and it would be well if the attention of men could be fixed upon it.

The phenomena to which we have referred often report themselves to the quickened perceptions of those who stand nearest to the habitual drinker. Many a mother observes, with a heart that grows heavier day by day, the signs of moral decay in the character of her son. It is not the flushed face and the heavy eyes that trouble her most; it is the evidence that his mind is becoming duller and fouler, his sensibilities less acute, his sense of honor less commanding. She discovers that his loyalty to truth is somewhat impaired; that he deceives her frequently, without compunction. This effect is often observed in the character of the inebriate. Truthfulness is the fundamental virtue; when it is impaired the character is undermined. Coupled with the loss of truthfulness is that weakening of the will which always accompanies chronic alcoholism. The man loses, little by little, the mastery over himself; the regal faculties are in chains. How many of his broken promises are due to a debilitated will, and how many to a decay of his veraciousness, it would be impossible for the victim himself to determine. Doubtless his intention to break off his evil habit is sometimes honest, and the failure is due to the paralysis of his will; doubtless he often asseverates that such is his purpose at the moment when he is contriving how he shall obtain the next dram. It is pitiful to mark the gradual decay of these prime elements of manliness in the character of the man who is addicted to strong drink.

The loss of self-respect, the lowering of ambition, and the fading out of hope are signs of the progress of this disease in the character. It is a mournful spectacle—that of the brave, ingenious, high-spirited man sinking steadily down into the degradation of inebriety; but how many such spectacles are visible all over the land! And it is not in the character of those alone who are notorious drunkards that such tendencies appear. They are often distinctly seen in the lives of men who are never drunk. Sir Henry Thompson's testimony is emphatic to the effect that "the habitual use of fermented liquors, to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce intoxication, injures the body and diminishes the mental power." If, as he testifies, a large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies of the body are due to "the use of fermented liquors, taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate," then it is certain that such use of them must result also in serious injuries to the mental and moral nature. Who does not know reputable gentlemen, physicians, artists, clergymen even, who were never drunk in their lives, and never will be, but who reveal, in conversation and in conduct, certain melancholy effects of the drinking habit? The brain is so often inflamed with alcohol that its functions are imperfectly performed; and there is a perceptible loss of mental power and of moral tone. The drinker is not conscious of this loss; but those who know him best are painfully aware that his perceptions are less keen, his judgments less sound, his temper less serene, his spiritual

vision less clear, because he carries every day a little too long at the wine. Even those who refuse to entertain ascetic theories respecting these beverages may be able to see that there are uses of them that stop short of drunkenness, and that are still extremely hurtful to the mind and the heart as well as the body. That conventional idea of moderation, to which Sir Henry Thompson refers, is quite elastic; the term is stretched to cover habits that are steadily spoiling the life of its rarest fruits. The drinking habit is often defended by reputable gentlemen to whom the very thought of a debauch would be shocking, but to whom, if it were only lawful, in the tender and just solicitude of friendship, such words as these might be spoken: "It is true that you are not drunkards, and may never be; but if you could know, what is too evident to those who love you best, how your character is slowly losing the firmness of its texture and the fineness of its outline; how your art deteriorates in the delicacy of its touch; how the atmosphere of your life seems to grow murky and the sky lowers gloomily above you—you would not think your daily indulgence harmless in its measure. It is in just such lives as yours that drink exhibits some of its most mournful tragedies."—*The Century.*

THE BRITISH JUGGERNAUT.

It is a melancholy fact that whilst upwards of one hundred and sixty millions of pounds sterling are spent at the shrine of Bacchus every year in Great Britain, in intoxicating drinks, but little more than a million is raised by all our Missionary and Bible Societies put together, for spreading the cause of Christ throughout the heathen world!

Who can reflect upon the expenditure of this immense sum of money, the tendency of which is to propagate misery, crime, disease, and death—filling our prisons with criminals, our asylums with lunatics, and our work-houses with paupers—without feelings of sorrow and shame?

Reader, have you ever seriously considered what would be the influence upon the various trades of our country, and also upon the domestic comfort of the people, if this large amount of capital, now worse than wasted, was yearly employed in the production of useful manufactures? If not do so now.

These one hundred and sixty millions would pay for—

8 Millions of Coats, at 40s 0d each.....	£16,000,000
8 Millions of Trousers, at 20s each	8,000,000
8 Millions of Waistcoats, at 10s each	4,000,000
8 Millions of Hats, at 6s each	2,400,000
8 Millions of Boots, at 10s per pair	4,000,000
8 Millions of Stockings, at 1s 6d per pair	600,000
8 Millions of Shirts at 5s each	2,000,000
8 Millions of Blankets at 12s 6d per pair.....	5,000,000
8 Millions of Gowns, at 12s 6d each	5,000,000
8 Millions of Bonnets, at 10s each	4,000,000
16 Millions of Caps, at 2s 6d each	2,000,000
20 Millions of Chairs at 4s each	4,000,000
4 Millions of Tables, at 20s each	4,000,000
2 Millions of Bookcases at 40s each	4,000,000
40 Millions of Books at 1s each.....	2,000,000
8 Millions of Clocks, at 22s 6d each	9,000,000
20 Millions of Bibles, at 2s each.....	2,000,000
100,000 Cottages for men to live in, rent free (£200 each)	20,000,000
In addition to which there would be left for the poor rates for the whole kingdom	12,000,000
Pensions to 100,000 Publicans, and Beer and Gin-Shop Keepers, say £200 a year each...	20,000,000
And for Savings' Banks... ..	30,000,000
Total	£160,000,000

—*Starlight Companion.*

Or, take this view of the case: The above-mentioned sum of one hundred and sixty million pounds sterling, if employed for the amelioration of the condition of the tenant farming class of Great Britain, by emigration to the old Province of Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada, would secure for EACH of ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND FAMI-

LIES the following respectable establishment, unsurpassed, if equalled, in any portion of the Mother Country:

1 Cleared farm of 100 acres, with dwelling house, barn, stabling, etc., at \$5,000	\$5,000 00
1 Team of horses	200 00
6 Cows, at \$50 each	300 00
25 Sheep, at \$5 each.....	125 00
8 Pigs, at \$5 each	40 00
1 Wagon.....	100 00
1 Sleigh	50 00
1 Scotch Cart.....	40 00
1 Scotch Plough	40 00
1 Set Harrows	20 00
1 Set Team Harness.....	40 00
1 Set Plough do	20 00
1 Set Cart do	20 00
1 Cooking Stove, furnished	40 00
1 Self-Feeding Coal Heater	30 00
1 Carpet.....	50 00
1 do.	40 00
1 do.	25 00
1 Bedroom Set	50 00
1 do	40 00
1 do	30 00
1 Parlor Set.....	125 00
1 Book Case	15 00
100 Volumes Standard Works, at \$1 each.....	100 00
A working capital for each family of.....	1,460 00

Total for each family..... \$8,000 00

Which, multiplied by one hundred thousand, gives the aggregate of eight hundred millions of dollars, or one hundred and sixty million pounds sterling, the amount consumed in intoxicating liquors in one year, in Great Britain alone.

Comment ought to be unnecessary.—*Investigator*.

[The money annually expended for strong drink in the Dominion of Canada averages about \$5,000,000. This sum would furnish all that is detailed above to each of THREE THOUSAND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE FAMILIES.—EDITOR CANADA CITIZEN.]

FEMALE INTEMPERANCE.

The growth of female intemperance is one of the most discouraging features of our time. Recent judicial statistics clearly show not only that there is a great proportionate increase of drunkenness amongst women, but that in their case the habit is more inveterate than in men. In the Judicial Statistics for 1882, recently published, it is stated that the offenders who have been convicted for any crime above ten times are 4,391 males, and 8,946 females, or 89 and 293 per cent. respectively on the total commitments. In other words, more than a quarter of all women in prison, whose offence is not the first, have been in over ten times. A comparison of five years will show how women have been steadily getting worse in this respect:—1878, 5,673 females; 1879, 5,800 females; 1880, 6,773 females; 1881, 7,946 females; 1882, 8,946 females. This preponderance of women, according to the competent testimony of the Rev. J. W. Horsley, is almost entirely due to the special character, and the increase of female intemperance. A similar fact is given in the police reports of New York City. The number of women arrested for being drunk more than five times in four years was 9,006; the number of men arrested, during the same period, for being drunk more than five times was only 560—sixteen times as many women as men.

One phase of this terrible evil was alluded to by a writer in last week's *Lancet*, who says:—

"When we are taking stock of the causes of misery and poverty, we must give a large place to the drunkenness of women. It is painful to see women almost rivalling men in the frequency with and boldness with which they enter public-houses. A very painful inquest reported in the *Times* of Tuesday illustrates the consequences. The victim was a little boy, Edward Langley, seven years and a half old. His father was a sober, hard-working man; but his mother drank. On

the Wednesday evening of last week, after some remonstrance from her husband, she left the house. On the Thursday the father went to his work till the evening. When he returned the boy was dead. He had died alone, or, rather, with only his brother or sister, three years old in the room. He suffered from pneumonia, plus all the indescribable aggravation of neglect, dirt and vermin. The sooner we get back to the time when women were ashamed to enter public-houses and publicans were ashamed to serve them, the better."

This is by no means an isolated case. Any careful reader of the newspapers could furnish several of a similar character every week. Why is it that the time referred to by the *Lancet* has passed away, "when women were ashamed to enter public-houses and publicans were ashamed to serve them?" One cause against which the *Lancet* has nobly protested is what is familiarly known as the Grocer's Licences Act. The repeal of that Act, we feel persuaded, would put a decided check upon the increase of female intemperance, and should be urgently pressed upon the Legislature by all classes of social reformers. Another cause was pointed out by Mr. Arthur Pease, M. P., when addressing a meeting of the Yorkshire Women's Christian Temperance Union held last week at Middlesborough.

"He sometimes thought the tendency to intemperance amongst women arose partly from a cause to which hardly sufficient attention was paid by the working and middle classes, and that was the lack of exercise. There were a large number of women who never left their homes, unless to go to the shop or something of that sort. Was it surprising, then, that they should feel languid? They took that which they thought would give them strength, mistaking the exhilarating influence of the stimulant for that real strength which they could only get by taking good food and healthy exercise. So they became more and more dependent on artificial stimulus, till at last that which they had taken as a medicine bound its chains on them and they became the bond slaves of intemperance."

To these causes we would add another, the influence of fashion and custom, which still exercises a powerful sway over woman-kind in all classes of society. We acknowledge with thankfulness that in highly influential circles the tyranny of the drinking customs has become less exacting during recent years, but there is still a large number of most estimable ladies who think it exceedingly vulgar to dispense hospitality without the aid of intoxicating drinks, and until that is thoroughly changed there is reason to fear that we shall not get back to the time when women were ashamed to enter public-houses. If good wives and mothers see no harm in providing and using alcoholic liquors at their own tables, it may naturally be expected that they will have little hesitation in seeking what they believe to be reasonable refreshment when needful at a house of public entertainment, and when this course has been entered upon their descent from the respectable refreshment-room to the vulgar public-house generally becomes rapid and easy, and their destruction certain. To avert such disastrous results, we should strenuously exert ourselves to correct the erroneous notions that still prevail with regard to the harmlessness of social and domestic drinking, and disseminate far and wide the important truth that alcoholic drink is always dangerous, whether taken at the public-house, in the social circle, or at the family board.—*Temperance Record*.

RAISINS.

A very pretty device for a banner in a temperance procession was a bunch of grapes with the motto, "If you eat us we are food; if you drink us we are poison." Institutions have been built for the practice of the "grape-cure," a diet of grapes being considered corrective and restorative. In the dried form such salutary food is certainly within the reach of everyone; and the superiority of it to fiery drink is almost self-evident.

According to Sir William Gull, Queen Victoria's physician, and of course eminent in his profession, it is better, in case of a fatigue from overwork to eat raisins than to resort to alcohol. In his testimony before the Lords' Commission in London, a few months ago, he affirmed "that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when exhausted, they might very well drink water, or they might very well take food, and they would be very much better without the alcohol."

He added, as to the form of food he himself resorts to, "In cases of fatigue from overwork, I would say that if I am thus fatigued my food is very simple—I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. For thirty years

I have had large experience in this practice. I have recommended it to my personal friends. It is a limited experience, but I believe it is a very good and true experience."

This is a valuable testimony; we know of none better from medical resources, and we commend it to the thoughtful consideration of all those who are in the habit of resorting to "a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

Temperance News.

A stirring convention has been held in the County of Norfolk, and it is proposed to petition at once for the submission of the Scott Act.

The *Temperance Signal* from St. Stephens in New Brunswick, tells of active Scott Act agitation going on in that province. Prof. Foster is doing good work.

An order has been promulgated at the brigade office, Halifax, N. S., abolishing the sale of intoxicating liquors in all the military canteens.

The Toronto Auxiliary of the Dominion Alliance has appointed an election committee to superintend efforts to secure the return of temperance men as members of the City Council.

A special meeting of the Executive of the Ontario Branch of the Alliance will be held at Toronto on Saturday.

A promising Council of Royal Templars has been organized at North Toronto. It meets every Friday evening at the Davenport Road Temperance Hall.

The British Church of England Temperance Society has held its twenty-first anniversary. The meeting was a great success. We hope to give details shortly. The membership of this society is now about 500,000.

The *Social Reformer* of Sidney, N. S. Wales, advertises the officers of the Local Option League of N. S. W. Two Lord Bishops two Deans, six other ministers, and some others of high standing are among its 20 Vice-Presidents, and the Central Committee of 19 is headed with 5 Clergymen.

The state of Maine votes next September on a proposition to add a prohibitory amendment to the constitution. Several hundred town committees have been appointed to organize the movement in favor of the amendment. The temperance women have special committees. It is said that over 2,000 speeches in favor of the amendment have already been made in the state. The question will complicate matters somewhat in the next canvass, when a governor and other officers are to be chosen.

A man was seen passing through California on his way to Washington Territory. He said he was going where there were no pesky "fanatics." The facts leaked out that he had just served three months in jail in the State of Kansas for selling liquor.—*Western Wave*.

The Romans under the republic were prohibitionists after a fashion. Men of honorable family were forbidden by law to drink wine before they are of thirty, or to drink to excess; while for women of any condition, free or slave, to touch wine on some solemn occasion, as a sacrifice, was an offence visited by severe penalties. Hence originated the custom of girls kissing their parents on the lips as a means of discovery whether they had been sampling the contents of the family amphora. But the law, as affecting women, was in time so far modified that they were permitted to drink wine made from boiled must or raisins.

Intemperance News.

The *Sidney Morning Herald* attributes 47,500 of the 51,000 convictions in N. S. Wales, in 1882, to intemperance caused by the dramshops.

The Wisconsin Saloon Keepers' Convention, after mature deliberation; have arrived at the conclusion that drunkenness is not

due to the saloons, but to the lack of education. They do not say how much nor what of an education is necessary to keep a man from indulging too freely, but we presume nothing short of a diploma from the Missouri University, Yale or Harvard would answer, and we much doubt whether this will.—*Missouri Statesman*.

Some figures which we find in the *Philadelphia Record* are suggestive. According to official information furnished that paper by William J. Pollock, Collector of Internal Revenue, more beer was made in the five Pennsylvania counties of Philadelphia, Montgomery, Bucks, Chester and Delaware, during the twelve months ending July 1, than in any previous period. The aggregate of such production reached 1,133,000 barrels, involving an expense to consumers of \$23,000,000, and yielding an average of 450 glasses for each man, woman and child in the five counties—an increase over the previous year of sixty glasses *per capita*. Since 1876 the beer supply has increased 100 *per cent*. Of course it will be said at once that this enormous increase in the consumption of malt liquor has occasioned large decrease in the use of whisky, but Mr. Pollock shows that the whisky supply has been greatly multiplied, 282,282 gallons having been distilled, representing a total of 18,384,330 drinks, costing about one-tenth as much to the consumers as the year's beer cost. By the full showing, the district named paid \$34,000,000 in twelve months for its liquors, its tobacco and cigars. All of which might better have been thrown into the Delaware.—*American Reformer*.

Ten liquor dealers were elected at the late election in New York City, six of them being Aldermen, two Assemblymen, and the Register. Two of the liquor Aldermen are Republicans. Nineteen liquor dealers and three men identified with the trade received nominations, but were defeated.

The Secretary of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce reports that the manufacture of malt liquors in Cincinnati, Covington and Newport during the past year aggregated 875,000 barrels, an increase of more than 47,000 barrels. The report estimates the consumption of Cincinnati at 555 glasses *per annum* for every person in the three cities.

A Philadelphia despatch of November 9 says: "James R. Strahan, a short time since one of the most prominent citizens of Washington, a member of the City Council and Legislature for years, was sent to the Philadelphia Hospital to-day a veritable tramp, broken down by drink.

We have before us some of the maps and figures of whisky's rule in New York city. There are in all 10,075 places where liquor is sold. Shops for the sale of food, including butchers, bakers, and grocers, 7,197. That is, there are in the Empire city over 2,000 more drink shops than provision stores.

A \$100,000 fire at Port Costa, on Sunday morning last. Nearly the whole town was burned. It originated in a saloon about three o'clock. The burning of so many well stocked saloons furnished an opportunity for the lawless element to steal large quantities of liquors. As a consequence, a great many men ran around the town all through the day in a fighting and drunken condition without being in the least restrained.

Faro-bank and whisky have added another unfortunate to the list of their joint victims, in the person of Geo. Karr, a promising but dissipated young man of Albuquerque, N.M., who suicided in that town on the 31st ult.

William Baker was shot and killed by William Bennett, at Stewartsville, Contra Costa County, Cal., October 30th. Both men were in liquor and had been gambling. A dispute arose about \$6, resulting as above.

Nov. 6th, E. L. Cunningham shot and killed J. W. Fleming, formerly editor of the *Age and Progress*. They were rivals in business, and both were intoxicated at the time of the shooting.

John Connolly, a saloon keeper in New York city, killed himself on the night of election, Nov. 6th. Too much whisky.

Andraes Gullian killed Ernesto Torres, in a saloon six miles from Monterey, Nov. 5th. Too much whisky.

Charles Wilson was found in front of the Gem saloon, in Redding, early on the morning of Nov. 6th. He lived but a few moments after being discovered.—*Western Wave*.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE TO TURN.

Written and Sung by

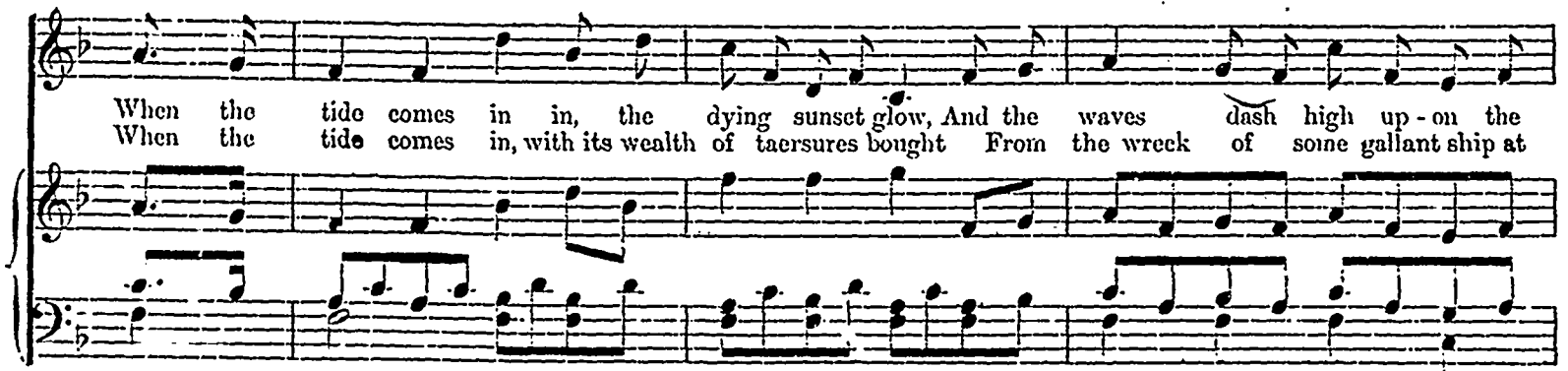
LOUIS F. BAUM in, "The Maid of Arran"

INTRODUCTION.

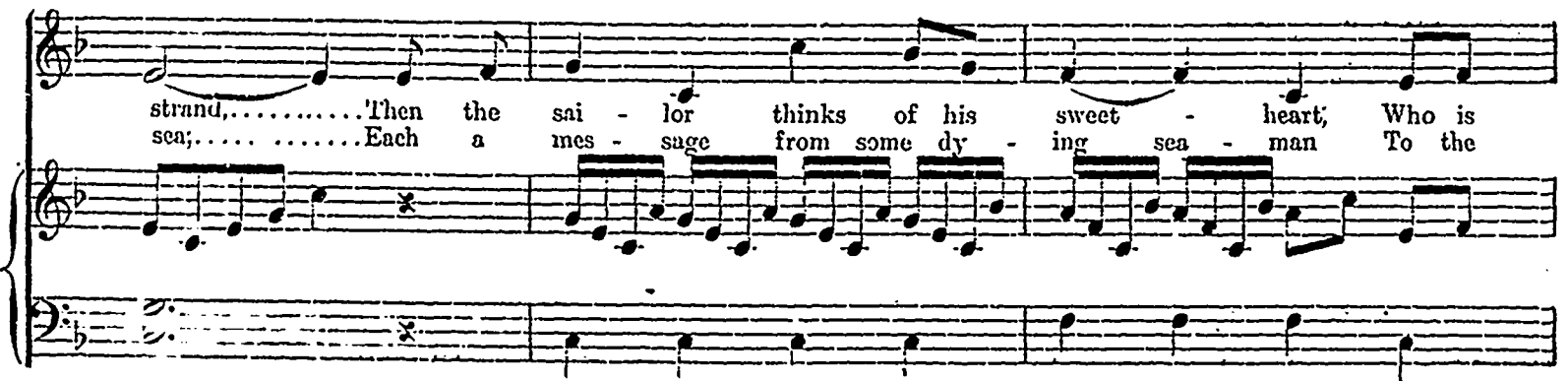
VOICE



PIANO



When the tide comes in in, the dying sunset glow, And the waves dash high up-on the
When the tide comes in, with its wealth of taersures bought From the wreck of some gallant ship at



strand,.....Then the sai - lor thinks of his sweet - heart, Who is
sea;.....Each a mes - sage from some dy - ing sea - man To the

wait - ing in some dis - tant land..... And he sees her a - far, in her
loved ones he ne'er more will see..... Then the heart grows sad, and our



home be - side the sea, On - ly waiting for the turning of the tide — of the tide.
eyes with pi - ty fill, At the sto - ry of the turning of the tide — of the tide.

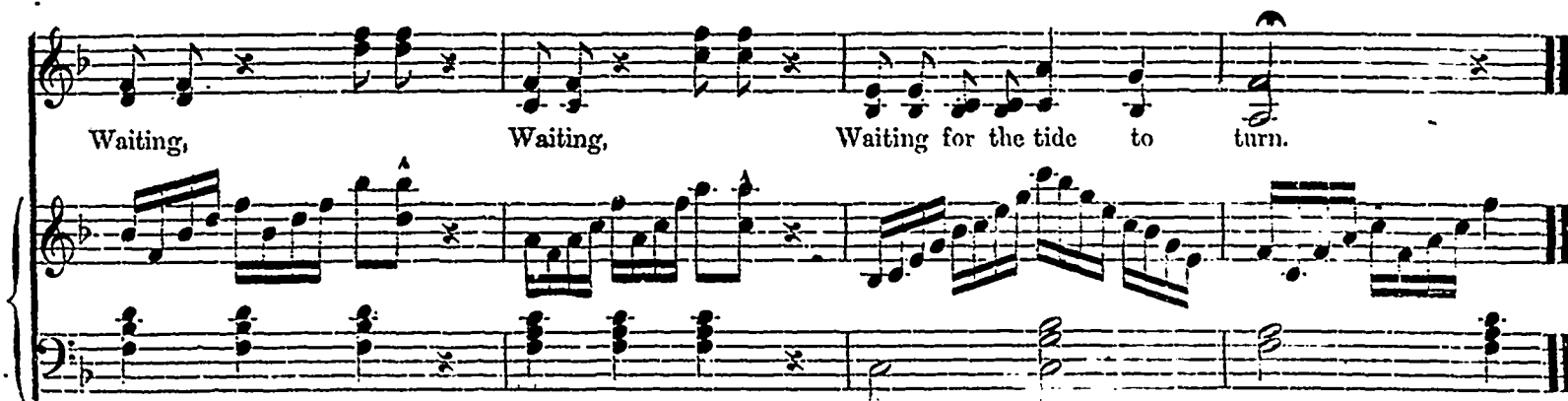


REFRAIN.

Waiting for the tide to turn, *Sva.* Waiting for the tide to turn, *Sva.*



Waiting, *A* Waiting, *A* Waiting for the tide to turn.



General News.

CANADIAN.

The Governor-General will pay his formal visit to Toronto next March, on the occasion of the Queen City's semi-centennial.

The Napanee & Tamworth Railway has been completed to Yarker. The Ontario and Pacific railway has, it is said, so far completed preliminaries that work on the line will be commenced soon.

The builders of Toronto are threatening to reduce the wages of stonemasons.

The Wick is the title of a new literary journal, the first number of which has been published at Toronto. It has a fine appearance and advertises a very promising array of contributing and editorial talent.

Hon. Attorney General Miller, of Manitoba, and Hon. Attorney-General Mowat of Ontario, are holding a conference in Toronto in reference to the disputed territory.

A Conference in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association of Eastern Ontario was held at Perth during Thursday Friday and Saturday. There was a large gathering and an interesting meeting. Gospel meetings were held each night in the rooms of the Association and town hall, which were largely attended, and great interest was manifested. It is expected that the result of this Conference will be the establishment of new Associations in many of the towns in that district.

The election in Sunbury, to fill the vacancy in the Local House created by the death of Mr. Sterling, resulted in the election of Mr. Glasier, the Government candidate, by a large majority.

Mr. Craig, the manager of the Exchange Bank at Montreal, is missing, and it is supposed that he has absconded. He owed the bank \$226,000.

Two young men named Levert and Lebelance, aged 17 and 18 respectively, were drowned at Brigham's Creek, near Ottawa, while skating last Saturday. Their bodies were found shortly afterwards.

An unknown man was found in the Grand Trunk yards, Niagara Falls, at 5.30 Saturday a.m., frightfully mangled, having been, it is supposed, run over by the N. York express at 4 o'clock. The body is not yet identified, but is believed to be that of a stonecutter from Queenstown quarries.

A report from Digby, N. S., says the Government steamer *Newfield*, while towing a new ship last night near that place, parted the hawser, and the new vessel went ashore near Port Prim Lighthouse, striking against a bluff rock. Capt. Brown, of the *Newfield*, was on board the new ship with nine others, only two of whom were saved. Capt. Brown and seven other men were drowned. The men saved were James Dane and James Sol.

At Toronto on Saturday night, James Parkes, an old man suicided by drowning in two feet of water. His wife died some time ago and left him with six children, which were a great care to him, and this is supposed to have led him to commit the rash act.

A disastrous fire occurred at Rat Portage on Tuesday of last week, a considerable portion of the business part of the town being burned. The fire broke out about 7:45 in a barber's shop, and in a short time was communicated to adjoining buildings, of which the following were destroyed:—Morse's bakershop, Mulligan's saloon, Connell's saloon, Coale's drug store, Philpen's bakery, and McDonald's confectionery store. It was finally found necessary to bring powder into requisition and to blow up McDonald's confectionery store, and finally, at 10.30 a. m. the flames were mastered. All the buildings were frame. The various losses are unknown, but some are heavy, and none of the victims have any insurance.

Mrs. John Kleiser, of Berlin, who has not been of very sound mind for some time past, hung herself Saturday morning. She placed a picket of the fence across the staircase, attached a rope to it and her neck, and jumped off. An inquest was not deemed necessary. The deceased was about 70 years of age.

A fire at Paris on Tuesday, resulted very disastrously. It broke out in Turnbull & Thompson's block. The premises were occupied by Mr. James Muir, dry-goods merchant, and the stock amounting to \$16,000 was totally destroyed, insured as follows:—Hartford \$5,000, Western \$5,000, the building was insured in the Waterloo Mutual for \$4,100. James McRae, shoemaker, adjoining, loses \$4,000, insured for \$1,500; Charles L. Newell, fruit dealer, loses \$1,100, insured in Hartford for \$600. The *Paris Transcript* office loses \$3,000; insured in the National, of Ireland, for \$700, Gore Mutual, \$1,800. The origin of the fire is unknown.

A serious fire broke out on Wednesday in the large wholesale

house of H. Haswell & Co., drugs and chemicals, McGill-street, Montreal. The stock, which was insured for \$60,000, was almost wholly destroyed, and the building, valued at \$10,000, badly gutted. The total estimated loss is about \$50,000.

UNITED STATES.

Congress has opened at Washington. The President's message has been read, and is a carefully-prepared and interesting document. It refers to harmonious relations with foreign powers, internal growth and prosperity, and suggests the appointment of a Commission to consider the fisheries question, as the present arrangement in regard to this will shortly terminate.

The Windsor Theatre, in New York, was burned on Thursday night. All the audience escaped. Loss \$300,000.

Three negro children have been burned to death in Columbia County, Ga. The parents went to church and locked the children up in their cabin.

Daniel Defaux, who was found near Detroit Junction with his legs cut off, died at the hospital. The deceased was a resident of Vienna, Ont.

A fire in the Masonic Temple at New York, on Saturday, did damage estimated at \$200,000. Two firemen were seriously injured.

By an explosion of gas in the mines of the Youngstown Coke Company, at Greensburgh, Pa., Tuesday morning, a man named Thomas was burned to death, and six or seven others seriously injured.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Mr. Chamberlain, President of the London Board of Trade, has pronounced, in very decided terms, in favour of the conditions of Irish parliamentary representation being greatly modified.

The Queen has approved the appointments of Sir Edward Sullivan as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. A. M. Porter as Master of Rolls, Mr. John Naish as Attorney-General for Ireland, and Mr. Samuel Walker as Solicitor-General for Ireland.

A new trial has been denied in the case of Joseph Poole, convicted of the murder of Kenny, and the prisoner will be hanged on the 18th inst.

A prominent invincible, now undergoing penal servitude, has offered to give important evidence against fourteen men to be tried for the murder of Mrs. Smythe, in April, 1882.

A collision occurred on a French railway near St. Meene, last week, by which eighteen persons were killed and fifteen seriously injured.

The German Ambassador at Paris has informed Premier Ferry that the German Crown Prince will pass through France on his way home from Spain.

The nuptials of Prince Louis, of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria, of Hesse, will be celebrated at Darmstadt in February next.

The Prussian Budget shows a surplus of twenty-nine million marks.

Nordenskjold is planning an expedition to the South Pole in 1885.

Egyptian affairs are in a very unsatisfactory condition. The European population have taken refuge at Berda. The Egyptian Government has ordered the local chiefs to protect the fugitives. The advance on the Soudan will begin upon the arrival of Baker Pasha at Suakim. His force will comprise 3,000 troops. It is understood the Egyptian Government has requested England to exercise its friendly offices with the Porte to obtain permission to enlist recruits in Turkey for service in the Soudan. The latest Cairo advices say that the Khedive has received a despatch from a wounded English commanding officer at Birkett, a point south of Kashgill, the supposed scene of Hicks Pasha's overwhelming defeat, saying that the Egyptian army of occupation is still in existence, and is being recruited with much energy.

There is no change in the Chinese situation. A telegram from Paris orders that all the available transports be despatched to Algerian ports, where they are to embark at least 12,000 men with provisions for seventy days and large supplies of ammunition. The greatest activity prevails in the arsenal here.

Eleven hundred Chinese troops passed Hong Kong to-day on their way to Canton. More are following.

The English squadron has arrived at Shanghai.

The conference at Sydney of the delegates of the Australian Legislatures has unanimously passed a resolution in favor of the annexation of the New Hebrides, New Guinea, and other South Sea Islands.

Mails from Peru bring advices of a serious uprising of Indians near Huarocayo, where the most barbarous outrages have been committed against the whites. Fire and lances have been indiscriminately employed. Flourishing haciendas are reduced to ashes, cattle are stolen, children led off in captivity, men butchered in cold blood and their heads placed on high poles to mark the scene of slaughter. Women are subject to the most terrible treatment.

Ladies' Department.

Tales and Sketches.

SOJOURNER TRUTH.

This negro celebrity, who recently died, was nearly six feet high, her head was thrown back, and her eyes "pierced the upper air like one in a dream." At her first words there was a profound hush. She spoke in deep tones, though not loud, which reached every ear in the house. Here are some of the words she said, and they will serve to show how powerful and original a character was the full-blooded African woman, and how justified her fame was:

"Dat man ober dar say dat woinin need to be helped into carriages, and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de bes' place ebrywhar. Nobody eber helps me into carriages, or ober mud-puddles, or gibs me any bes' place!" And, raising herself to her full height and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "An' a'n't I a woman? Look at my arm!" (and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power.) "I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me. And a'n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it, and bear the lash as well. And a'n't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen 'em mos' all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me. And a'n't I a woman?"

"Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head—what dis dey call it?" ("Intellect," whispered some one near.) "Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid woinin's rights or nigger's rights. If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't ye be mean not to let me have my little half measure full? Den dat little man in black dar—he says women can't have as much rights as men, because Christ wa'n't a woman. Whar did your Christ come from?" Rolling thunder could not have stilled that crowd as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms, and eyes of fire. Raising her voice still louder, she repeated.—"Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothin' to do wid him."—*Globe*.

NOTES OF PROGRESS.

Portland, Me., has a matron of the police station to take charge of women brought to the station. Two years ago one of Ohio's representatives introduced such a bill at the state capital, but the measure was lost.

A large furniture house in New York employs a woman to travel for it. Her husband was in the employ of the same concern, and upon his death, she solicited the situation and got it. Another, Miss Ella T. Green, gets \$1,800 salary as a commercial traveler for a St. Louis house. Both make good incomes, and give entire satisfaction.

In the Postmaster General's report, the number of women employed as clerks in the central establishments in London, Dublin and Edinburgh is 455; as telegraphists, counter-women, etc. throughout the Kingdom, 2,106; total, 2,561. The report also records that for the first time a female medical officer, Miss Shore, has been appointed this year to take charge of this department.

There are three women bank presidents in this country—Mrs. Louisa B. Stephens, who succeeded her late husband in the First National Bank of Marion, Iowa; Mrs. M. G. Williams, of the State National Bank of Raleigh, North Carolina, and has held the office for several years; and the president of the National Bank, at Newberry, South Carolina.—*Lever*.

The friends of women's medical education will rejoice in the very solid fact of the professional success of Dr. Lillian Yeoman's in Winnipeg. This lady is the daughter of the late Dr. Yeomans, of Toronto, and had already entered upon her medical studies at the time of her lamented father's death. Consequent upon the changes which followed this event, the widow of Dr. Yeomans decided to join her daughter in the study of medicine, and the two ladies proceeded to Ann Arbor, whence they carried off the diploma of M.D. of Michigan University. On the advice of friends, the younger lady proceeded to Winnipeg, where, after a single year's practice her success has proved so great that she has now written to her mother to join her, finding the professional calls upon her time and strength too many to allow her to fulfil them.—*Com.*

"ONE-GLASS-JACK."

In a large manufacturing town in the east of England there lives a man who is known as "One Glass-Jack." There is nothing very remarkable in his history from the ordinary point of view. He has not startled the world by a display of genius in any direction, or horrified it by the commission of a terrible crime. He had done nothing, great or small, to offend or please the public outside his native place, not even to the extent of writing a book, which is a common pastime nowadays; but nevertheless there is one thing he did in his younger days which we think worth recording, and from which he takes his name.

He was the son of a labourer, and both his parents were followers and, in a humble way, advocates of temperance. They did not do great things in the way of bringing lost drunkards into the fold of sobriety, but their example and rugged precept had awakened several hard drinkers to the folly and sinfulness of their ways. Their son, of course, was early trained in the right way, and their fixed principles became his at an early age, promising to remain with him through life.

John Bowers was not a quick boy. At school he gained very little commendation from his master; but if he did not ascend to the top of his class, he avoided the humiliating bottom, rising about half-way, and there remaining, a quiet, inoffensive lad, ignored by some, who ought to have had more discrimination, and deemed by the very thoughtless to be a very simple fellow.

David Bowers, having saved a little money, devoted a portion of it to apprenticing his son to a trade. It was a step higher than being a labourer, and that was something. Jack's son, if ever he had one, might become a master, if temperance principles were adhered to. The Bowers' family might be very slow, but they were tolerably sure.

Jack chose to be a plumber, and he was sent to a large shop, so that he might learn his business well. There the usual temptations assailed him, for in his time workshops where temperance was the rule and not the exception were unhappily rare, and it did not fall to his father's lot to find one, although he sought it all over the town.

"If I'd ha' taken to drink," said the elder Bowers, "you would have had to labour as I've done; for I never could have saved the money to put you to a trade. Don't forget that. Stand by your colours. Don't let 'em lead you to the crooked ways of drink."

Jack made no very fervent promises. He simply said, "I won't touch it, father, let 'em say and do what they will," and he went off to fight a big battle—one boy against a score of men.

The first skirmish was over his "footing." It was the rule of the shop that every fresh apprentice was to pay for so much beer, so that he might be drunk into the good fellowship of the place. Jack refused to send for anything of the sort.

"I'll put the money into the sick-club," he said, "or I'll buy a leg of mutton, or some toys for your little chaps at home; but I won't pay a farthing for drink."

He kept to his point, and for a week, in a most unmanly fashion, they made his young life miserable. Then finding that he held out, they accepted the money for a sick club, and gave him a little peace. It was only a patched up affair, however, and the war soon broke out again.

The leader of the assault, and instigator of many petty attacks on the poor lad, was one Jem Snags, a wretched tippler, who could not come to work without a morning dram. His face was covered with blotches, and his nose painted a fiery red by his gross indulgence in strong liquor; and there was ever about him a most offensive aroma of stale beer and tobacco. He had been twice discharged from the shop for drunkenness, and only taken on a third time in response to the earnest pleadings of his wife, who had to clothe and feed six small children with the few shillings she could make and the casual contributions of her husband. He, as a rule, gave what he earned to the publican.

"I'll tell you what, my lad," he said to Jack, when the lad had been apprenticed about three months, "you are about the miserablest and meanest cub that ever came into this shop."

"I am sorry you think so," replied Jack.

"I hate people like you," said Jem, waving his arm with a gesture of contempt, "there's no good feeling or good fellowship in you."

"If there was," said Jack, "I wouldn't boast of it."

"You are always bragging that your father is better off than a man like me," vociferated Jem.

"Oh, no," calmly replied Jack, "I only say that he is happier, and makes his home happy too."

"Well, how do you know mine isn't a happy one?" demanded Jem.

"Don't argue on the ground of your home, Jem," said one of the men with a smile, "or you will soon come to grief."

"My home is what it is, and I am not ashamed of it," said Jem, angrily; "we can't all have dimity curtains, and Sunday suits, and hot dinners every day in the week."

"I've heard my father say you had them once," said Jack, quietly.

"Your father's got too much to say about other people," growled Jem Snags, "and he's very nasty when he likes. It's my belief that he apprenticed you here to annoy me."

This was a little too much for the men, and they burst into a roar of laughter. Jack smiled too, but a little sadly.

"I don't mean to annoy you," he said, "and I can't see how I do it."

"You annoy me in this way," said Jem, laying down a soldering-iron he was using; "you come here and turn your nose up at a man who takes a friendly glass with a friend, because you don't do the same. I tell you I am sick of it, and unless you come out a little more like a man you will find this shop too hot to hold you."

Too angry to say more just then, he made a dash at the soldering iron, but in the blindness of hot haste laid hold of the end that had recently been in the fire. As he dropped it with a shout, and danced about with pain, the men laughed again, and Jack involuntarily joined them. The antics of the tippler were decidedly very ludicrous.

Jem Snags did not say anything more just then, but he remembered the events of that morning, and set himself the task of leading Jack to drink. He left him alone for a time, and then professed to take an interest in his progress, even to the extent of giving him a little extra instruction in his business. Jack did not know what to make of the change, but the object of it was soon made manifest.

On Saturday, after being paid, the men turned out in a body as usual, and Jack was separating himself from them, when Jem Snags took him by the arm.

"Come, my lad," he said "there's no hurry. You needn't run away the moment the shop is closed. We are all going together to 'The Feathers' for a drink."

"You know I never touch it," said Jack,

"And you needn't touch it *after to-day*," replied Jem. "Come and have one glass with us, and only one. If you do that I will never mention drink to you again. I'll pay for it."

"What I have I would rather pay for anywhere," said Jack.

"If you are so independent," returned Jem, "you can pay for a glass for me."

"But you might not like the glass I would give you," said Jack, quietly.

"Oh yes, I should," said Jem; "I'm not particular. One glass is as good as another to me."

"Is it?"

"Yes, it is. I'd as leave have one glass as another."

"Well, go on to 'The Feathers,'" said Jack, "and stop outside for me. I'll stand the first glass."

"You will come?" said Jem, delighted.

"You wait for me *outside*," said Jack, "and I'll join you. I generally keep my word."

Jem Snags knew this, and trusting the boy to follow, he went on with the rest of the men, the majority of whom, to their credit be it said, were not pleased at the success of the tempter.

"The lad is a good lad," said one, "and you might have left him alone, Jem."

"Do you want a shopful of milksops?" demanded Jem; and the other made no reply; but there were muttered exclamations from the men, to the effect that they would see that the lad didn't get too much.

Arriving at "The Feathers," they waited outside for Jack, who was not more than ten minutes behind them. He came running up with a flushed face, and Jem was about to enter the public house, when the boy called on him to stop.

"My glass first," he said; "and you shall have it here."

Then, to the surprise and wonderment of all, he brought out a small, oval looking-glass, and handed it to Jem.

"But what tomfoolery is this?" asked Jem.

"Look into it," said Jack.

"I am doing so," returned Jem. "What of that?"

"What do you see there," asked Jack.

"A precious painted face," said one of the men, with a grin.

"It is my own, anyway," said Jem.

"No, it isn't," said Jack, earnestly; "your face is gone, and you've got the one that drink has given you. Now I've a fancy that if I could really see to the bottom of the glass that you would give me, I should see that there is another face like it for me by-and-by, if I went in for drink. You don't seem to like the look of yourself."

"I don't want a glass of this sort," said Jem, curtly.

"Nor I of yours," replied Jack; "there's something in this that don't suit you, and something in yours that wouldn't suit me. You've refused my glass, and I'm at liberty to refuse yours. Good day."

And with a light laugh, Jack Bowers made off towards home.

"Did you ever come anigh such an idiot in your life?" asked Jem.

"But what he said is right," replied one of the men; "you ain't a pretty object in or out of the glass."

Jack had left the glass behind him, and Jem took another look at himself. Not even the friendly eye with which a man usually looks upon his reflection, could gloss over the truth. Jem saw that he was something worse than plain or unsightly—he was repulsive.

"Curious," he said, rather dismally. "I used to be a good-looking chap. When I married, Sally and I were looked upon as an uncommon fine couple. I hadn't a nose like this, I know, and I'd eyes that were tolerably clear. I'd better shoulders, and not so big a face. I look nearer fifty than forty, too, and I'm only forty-one."

"Well, Jem," said one of his friends, "how about this one glass you were to have?"

"I've got it," said Jem, suddenly holding up the cheap mirror which Jack had bought for his benefit, "and I'm going to keep it until I am something better than I am for it to show me. The boy may have meant nothing but a joke, but I think he went in for a serious sort of jest, and in my opinion he's not such a fool as he looks. Mates, I'm going home without drink for a change."

And off he marched, with his head erect, leaving his amazed comrades behind him. They looked for him to return to his old habits; but from that hour Jem Snags abandoned his curse, and he kept that glass until temperance had reduced the inflamed nose to its normal dimensions, cleared the blotches from his face, and restored the brightness of his eyes. He also kept that glass long afterwards, for he has it now.

That is the story from which Jack derived his name. He has never done anything wonderful since, except to live soberly, honestly, and piously, setting an example to his fellows that occasionally induces a victim of drink to abandon it. It is only one here and there that he makes an impression upon, but surely that is something to rejoice over, and worth recording too. So it is here set down that those who run may read.—*E. H. B. in British Workman.*

Campaign Songs.

THE DOWNFALL OF RUM.

HORACE B. DURANT.

AIR—"The Red, White and Blue."

Rum-license, thou curse of the nation!
 Destroyer of body and soul!
 Down, down with thy cursed vocation,
 Our ballots thy death-knell shall toll.
 The death traps of liquor are scattered,
 By law, from the home to the grave;
 And fortunes the farest are shattered,
 A crime-license party to save.

CHORUS:

Three cheers for the downfall of rum!
 Three cheers for the downfall of rum!
 We'll vote out its traffic forever!
 Three cheers for the downfall of rum!

Our homes are demanding protection,
 From drink and its numberless woes,
 That shock us in every direction,
 Where liquor with fiendish step goes.
 Our children a price we are paying,
 For revenue made from the still;
 While license with pitiless slaying,
 Drops gold in the rumsellers till.

CHORUS.

Alas! for our hollow professions,
 With revenue gathered from drink!
 Upholding its monstrous oppressions—
 'Tis horrible, even to think!
 On liquor-bound party still doting,
 Yet, praying—"Thy Kingdom to come!"
 It will not agree with your voting
 For party that licenses rum.

CHORUS

O Canada! shall the foul demon
 Of rum, blight thy mighty domain?
 Shall millions who boast themselves freemen,
 Be slave that such tyrant may reign?
 Lead on, Prohibition, to battle!
 Our ballots in face of the foe,
 More deadly than bullets shall rattle,
 Till down the rum-slavery shall go.

CHORUS—Signal

For Girls and Boys.

LEAVE THE LIQUOR ALONE.

I'm anxious to tell you a bit of my mind,
If it won't put you out of the way ;
For I feel very certain you'll each of you find
There's wisdom in what I would say.
We've maxims and morals enough and to spare,
But I have got one of my own
That helps me to prosper and laugh at dull care ;
It's leave the liquor alone.

Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
Leave the liquor alone ;
If you'd win success and escape distress,
Leave the liquor alone.
To avoid neglect and to win respect
Leave the liquor alone.

The brewer can ride in a coach and pair,
The drinker must trudge on the road ;
One gets through the world with a jaunty air,
The other bends under a load.
The brewer gets all the beef, my lads,
And the drinker picks the bone ;
If you'd have your share of good things, take care
And leave the liquor alone.
Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
Leave the liquor alone ;
You'll enjoy good health, and you'll gain in wealth,
If you leave the liquor alone.
A man full of malt isn't worth his salt ;
Leave the liquor alone.

The drinker is ready to own at last
He played but a losing game ;
How glad would he be to recall the past
And earn him a nobler name !
Don't reach old age with this vain regret
For a time that's past and gone ;
You may win a good prize in life's lottery yet
If you'll leave the liquor alone.
Leave the liquor alone, my lads,
Leave the liquor alone ;
You'll find some day it's the safest way
To leave the liquor alone.
Resolve like men not to touch again ;
Leave the liquor alone.

—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

When the celebrated philanthropist, Florence Nightingale, was a little girl and living in Derbyshire, everybody was struck with her thoughtfulness for people and animals. She even made friends with the shy squirrels. When persons were ill she would help nurse them, saving nice things from her own meals for them.

There lived near the village an old shepherd name Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. This dog was the old man's only companion, helped him in looking after the flock by day, and kept him company at night. Cap was a very sensible dog, and kept the sheep in such good order that he saved his master a deal of trouble.

One day Florence was riding out with a friend, and saw the shepherd giving the sheep their night feed ; but Cap was not there, and the sheep knew it, for they were scampering about in all directions. Florence and her friend stopped to ask Rodger why he was sad, and what had become of his dog.

"Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me ; I'll have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I go home to-night."
"Hang him !" said Florence. "Oh, Roger ! how wicked of you. What has poor old Cap done ?"

"He has done nothing," replied Roger, "but he will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him. One of the mischievous school boys threw a stone at him yesterday and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap !" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

"But are you sure his leg is broken ?" asked Florence.
"Oh yes, miss, it is broken, sure enough ; he has not put his foot to the ground since."

Then Florence and her friend rode on. "We will go and see poor Cap," said the gentleman.

"Oh, if you could but cure him, how glad Roger would be !" exclaimed Florence.

When they got to the cottage the poor dog lay there on the bare brick floor, his hair dishevelled and his eyes sparkling with anger at the intruders. But when the little girl called him "poor Cap" he grew pacified, and began to wag his short tail ; then he crept from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him while the gentleman examined the injured leg. It was badly swollen, and hurt him very much to have it examined ; but the dog knew it was meant kindly, and though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.

"It's only a bad bruise ; no bones are broken," said the gentleman ; "rest is all Cap needs ; he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad !" exclaimed Florence. "But can we do nothing for him ? He seemed in such pain."

"Plenty of hot water to foment the part would both ease and help to cure him."

"Well then," said little Florence, "I will foment Cap's leg."

Florence lighted the fire, tore up an old flannel petticoat into strips, which she wrung out in hot water and laid on the poor dog's bruise. It was not long before he began to feel the benefit of the application, and to show his gratitude in looks and wagging his tail. The next morning Florence was up early to see Cap. Two or three days later, when Florence and her friends were riding together, they came up to Roger and his sheep. Cap was there too, watching the sheep. When he heard the voice of the little girl his tail wagged and his eyes sparkled.

"Do look at the dog, miss," said the shepherd, "he is so pleased to hear your voice. But for you I would have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life."

This is quite a true story. It happened many years ago, and is now told with pleasure of that lady who, in later years, grew up to be the kind, brave woman, who nursed so many soldiers through the Crimean War, and has done so many other things for the poor and suffering wherever she could.—*Shanghai Temperance Union.*

I DON'T CARE.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"I don't care what my teacher says ! I am going to as many wine parties as I please," exclaimed Mattie Gibbs to a group of schoolmates.

"Nor I, either," echoed another. "She may talk and talk, and it'll never do me any good."

"And I don't care what old Simpson says about beer and tobacco," added Tom Jones. "He might as well not have any Sunday-school for all the good it does me. I am going to do as I please."

"I don't care," repeated Mattie, when her mother wished to keep her from bad company ; "I can't stay cooped up like an old woman ; I like fun, and I am going to have it."

"Who is dead ?" asked one neighbor of another, a few years later.

"It's Mrs. Jones. She used to be Mattie Gibbs, you know. Poor thing ! she's had a hard life of it since she married Tom Jones. He spent his money for drink, while his wife and children looked like beggars. He used to beat his wife cruelly, when drunk. Poor Mattie ! she died at thirty, a broken-hearted woman."

When young people don't care what kind of habits they form or what sort of company they keep, their lives will be pretty sure to come to a miserable end.—*Royal Road.*

HIS CHOICE.

Young men sometimes sneer at water as a beverage. "Water is good for washing," says one, "but for a steady drink give me lager !" "I never astonish my stomach with a glass of water," says another, "if I can get wine to drink." "Water ? Water ? Ah, yes, I think I've heard that some people drink it !" remarks a third. Perhaps the following story, published in the *Ledger*, may instruct

such foolish scoffers :

A boy, bright-eyed and fair-faced, was found in the street by Frank Hals, a celebrated Dutch painter. The lad knew no name only Hans, so Hals called him Hans Finding, and went at the work of teaching him.

The boy proved an apt pupil, but as he progressed in art and increased in years, his works took on a strange character for one so young.

They were of drinking-houses and drinking scenes ; pot-companions, smoking, drinking and carousing—all painted with a truthfulness and vividness that was wonderful.

Hans Finding went in for a short life and a merry one. In his cups he was a genial companion, keen, witty and brimming with humor. And so he went on to the age of thirty.

He had drank so much, so deeply and so long, that his life was burned up—literally drowned out of him !

Bloated, haggard and disfigured, eyes bloodshot, his once dext hand now palsied, his breath weak and labored, and still he strove to be cheerful.

"Give me wine!" he cried, to his physician.

"No, no, it must be water, Hans."

"Must it? Ah! well, I'll try to love my enemy!" And he took the water in his hand, he could not hold it. His physician had to carry it to his lips.

Half an hour later the physician arose to take his leave. Before going, he stood by the bedside and took the young man's hand.

"Hans, I am going away for a time, as I have others to visit. Now, look you; I want to leave a solemn question for you to answer. There is a bottle of wine, and there is a flagon of pure water.

"Which is the enemy? Dear boy! if you will solve this problem as I hope you will, you shall be saved—not for a merry life, but for a USEFUL! If you shall decide in behalf of the foul fiend, no power can save you."

And the physician went away. When he returned he found the young painter in tears.

"Doctor! Save me! Save me! And I will be a useful man!"

He had decided that the bright wine was his enemy. The good physician saved him, and Hans lived many years, an ornament to society and a grand contributor to the world of art.—*Youth's Companion.*

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR?

A pastor, walking out recently, met a little girl belonging to his flock. As they walked on together he spoke to her of her studies, and was pleased to find her manifest an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm in the cultivation of her mind. "But why, Ellie," asked the pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed in your studies? What do you mean to do with your education after it is finished?"

"Oh, sir," said the little girl, "I want to learn that I may do good in the world. I don't want to die without ever having been of use in the world."

Noble purpose! Who of our young friends are studying and living for so noble an end? Who of us are making an every-day impression for good on the hearts and lives of those among whom we move?—*Olive Plants.*

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man.—*James.*

Some men have the key to knowledge and never enter in.—*La Bruyere.*

Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel, behind the mill the wheat-field, on the wheat-field falls the sunlight, above the sun is God.—*F. L. Russell.*

Whatever our place allotted to us by Providence, that for us is the post of duty. God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—*Edwards.*

The temperate are the most truly luxurious. By abstaining from most things it is surprising how many things we enjoy.—*Stimms.*

To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to see about it—that is as if a man should put off eating and drink-

ing and sleeping from one day and night to another till he is starved and destroyed.

He understands liberty aright who makes his own depend upon that of others. True liberty does not permit the enfranchisement of one's self through the enslavement of some one else.

Said Father Burk, of the Roman Catholic Church: "When God made us He gave us soul and body together, in all the activity of their powers. The man that annihilates his soul for a single instant by drunkenness commits an outrage against the God that has made him, against the author of his nature."

The vendor of liquors either in the back end of a dry goods store or in the hotel bar-room and saloon, is, according to christian jurisprudence, the source of lawlessness and crime, he is the disturber of peace; he is the cause of riots; he is the educator of thieves; he is the robber of homes, he kindles the hellish passions that fire the lusts and sends his victims with the black flags of death on pirates' voyages through the harbors of otherwise peaceful homes, in whose wake flow rottenness, mortification, and temporal and eternal death.—*Home Guard.*

TRINKETS.

The shoemaker should know more than the doctor about the healing art.

Why is a man sweeping a crossing like the girl that has just gone over it? Because one sweeps a crossing, and the other crosses a sweeping.

Old Mrs. Pinaphor hopes that no more lives will be sacrificed in the hunt for the north pole until some persons go out there and ascertain whether such a pole really exists.

"Pull down your umbrella. You'll scare this engine off the line," screamed the engineer on the Western North California road to a crowd of country people who had gathered to see the first train come in. They were all lowered at once.

An Irishman once received a doctor's bill. He looked it carefully over, and said he had no objections to pay for the medicines, but the visits he would return.

Against the grain: Widow woman (to chemist who was weighing a grain of calomel in dispensing a prescription for her sick child)—"Man, ye needna' be sae schrimpy wi't, 'tis for a pur fatherless bairn!"

"Doctor," said a man to his physician, who had just presented a bill of \$50 for treatment during a recent illness, "I have not much ready money. Will you take this out in trade?" "Oh, yes," cheerfully answered the doctor; "I think that we can arrange that—but what is your business?" "I am a cornet player," was the startling reply.

"How did you like my discourse this morning?" asked Parson Goodenough of Deacon Lightweight, the village grocer, as they walked home from church last Sunday morning.

"Too long, brother; too long," replied the frank deacon; "I believe in having everything short."

"Yes, I've noticed that in your weights, deacon," said the sarcastic parson.

The two Sheridans were supping together one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament.

"I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'"

"And under that," said his father, "write, 'Unfurnished.'"

"How's yer comin' on in your new place?" asked Uncle Mose of Gabe Snodgrass, who had recently accepted a position as porter in an Austin hardware store. "Ise not comin' on very fas', Uncle Mose. De boss tole me somethin' dis mornin', and ef he don't take it back he gwine ter lose me shuah yer born." "What did he tole yer?" "He tole me ter conside myself discharged."

"If I am not at home from the party to-night at 10 o'clock," said a husband to his better and bigger half, "don't wait for me." "That I won't," replied she significantly; "I won't wait, but I'll come for you." The gentleman returned at 10 o'clock precisely.