

CANADA CITIZEN

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD

FREEDOM FOR THE RIGHT MEANS SUPPRESSION OF THE WRONG.

VOL 5.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 16th, 1885.

NO. 29.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. 2.—ALDERMAN JOHN McMILLAN.

The gentleman whose portrait we this week present to our readers, is one who needs no introduction to the temperance public of Canada. For more than twenty years he has been an active worker in the cause, and to-day he enjoys the fullest confidence and respect of the great army of reform, and the cordial dislike and hostility of the whole whiskey fraternity.

We say deliberately "enjoys the hostility" because Mr. McMillan is one of those men who take no pains to conceal their intense dislike of what is unworthy and bad, who are therefore certain to incur the enmity of interested selfishness, and who are endowed with the Irish characteristics of warmth and pugnacity that inevitably lead their possessors into many a scrimmage that colder blooded or more politic people would manage to avoid. When selfishness and deceit combine to misrepresent a case, twisting, distorting and concealing facts to mislead those whom it is desired to influence, then Honest John's righteous indignation will bring him right to the front, and he will never hesitate, in plain terse Saxon, to say what all honest men think about the liars and their lies. Even in deliberation with his friends, if the prevailing opinion upon any matter under discussion is not in harmony with his convictions, there is certain to be a lively time before the question is settled. Straightforward, ready and fearless, he is a born crusader, a dangerous man to all rings and schemes, and so certain to incur the enmity of wire-pullers, and to do more for the general good than for his own personal advancement. Such men are invaluable in public deliberative assemblies. Many a well-laid plot has shrivelled into nothing before prompt exposure and scathing

denunciation. He will be one of the most useful members of the Toronto City Council, to which he has recently been elected. If we were finding fault, or giving advice, we would probably counsel our worthy friend to be a little guarded in even this virtuous vigor. There is sometimes a danger of being too ready to attack what strikes us unfavorably at first, and we must be careful lest we pull up wheat along with the tares.

At Bush-mills, Co. Antrim, Ireland, the subject of our sketch was born on Dec. 21st, 1840. When he was four years of age his parents emigrated to Canada, and young John grew to manhood in the old city of Quebec where he was educated at the Protestant Commissioners' School. His parents, of the old Covenanting stock, hoped to see him a minister of the Presbyterian Church, but the youth did not fall in with this plan, and at an early age he struck out to fight his own way in the battle of life. He has been a teetotaler from his boyhood. In 1860 we find him prominent in a Good Templar Lodge at Smiths' Falls, Ont., and later on an active member of Neptune Division, Sons of Temperance, in the city of New York. In this city he lived for six years, making his mark as a temperance worker, laboring with the foremost workers of the cause, the chairman of a committee that held regularly a series of public temperance meetings in the Botanic Hall, in the Cooper Institute, and on the dock at the foot of Market Slip. Here his association with the pioneers of the prohibition movement

grounded him in the firm principle to which he still adheres. Here, too, another important influence was brought to bear upon his character and career. At twenty-two years of age he was married to Elizabeth Armstrong, who, though only sixteen, was like himself, an earnest worker in the temperance cause, her interest in which she still retains. Her wise counsel and assistance have done much to secure for her husband the success in life that he has achieved.



John McMillan

In New York he became an officer in the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance, and when, later on, he made the city of Toronto his home, he transferred his allegiance to the Order here, he rose rapidly in the favor of his brethren. He was made Grand Worthy Associate, and in 1882 his services were recognized by his being elected Grand Worthy Patriarch for Ontario, a position which he held for two years, during which time the Order nearly doubled its membership. For his services he received the warmest thanks of the Grand Division at its recent session at Kingston.

He has also been for many years an officer of the Dominion Alliance; he was secretary of the association that conducted the successful campaign against grocers' licenses in Toronto last year; he was a prominent figure in the York County and Toronto Dunkin Act contests; and he has been for a number of years a member of the Board of Directors of the Toronto Temperance Reformation Society. He is a member of Erskine Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. John Smith, an enthusiastic prohibitionist, is pastor. His home is on Magill Street in this city, and his children, one daughter and two sons, are as strict teetotalers as their parents.

A successful business man in the wholesale fruit and oyster trade, and an active politician, Mr. McMillan has the esteem and confidence of a great number of our best citizens, as was well shown in his recent election as Alderman for St. James' Ward, one of the most wealthy and intelligent of Toronto's civic divisions, and this, notwithstanding the determined and bitter opposition of the liquor faction. As yet, comparatively a young man, our esteemed friend has, we trust, a long and useful future before him. We wish him all that extensive recognition and success that public men of his merits ought to have.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

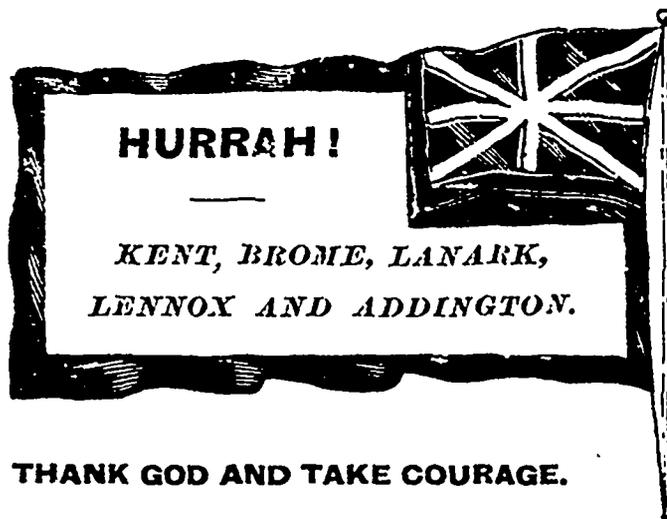
Francis Sidney, who burned the barns of two Halton County constables, at the instigation of some whiskey sellers, has pleaded guilty, and been sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. It is to be hoped that the scoundrels who employed him will also be punished. Since the commencement of the Scott Act agitation, there have been perpetrated by the liquor party a series of the most infamously malicious outrages, against prominent temperance workers. Theft, slander, perjury and arson are some of the methods of warfare of a system that actually has the audacity to ask an insulted public to vote for its perpetuation. The real character of the rum business is every day becoming more manifest. Over blasted characters, bleeding victims, ruined homes and broken hearts, it marches on in violence and pride. We speak in no exaggerated or figurative strain. No day goes by without its heart-rending repetition of appalling suffering, sorrow and crime. Yet men hesitate about the position they are to assume in relation to this curse of our country, this disgrace of our boasted civilization, this living lie to our professions of a benevolent and Christian form of Government. We actually elect to Parliament men who live by this nefarious traffic, and who prostitute the sacred trust committed to them, by using their official position to promote the interests of the whiskey trade, and thwart the efforts of those who, in earnest loving sympathy for suffering humanity, are endeavoring to rid us of this deadly plague. The time has come for something more practical than emasculated resolutions, and political dodging, of the responsibility that rests upon our legislators. We have true friends in Parliament now, let us back them by a clear, and definite demand, for immediate total prohibition. Our legislators must either face the emergency in which our country is placed, or give way to men who will.

By inadvertence we stated last week that the Scott Act went into operation in King's Co., P.E.I., in 1879. The Act did not go into operation in any part of the province until May 1st, 1880.

ANOTHER BATCH.

—OF—

GLORIOUS VICTORIES.



Full reports of yesterday's voting have not reached us as we go to press, but we have learned enough to know that in the four contests we have not had a single defeat. Kent heads the glorious list with the magnificent majority of over two thousand. 1885 has opened auspiciously for our cause, and with earnest and determined effort we may hope for a year of success such as Canada has never before seen. Our friends have done nobly; but in one of the contests our cause has had a very narrow escape. Let us bend to our work again with grateful hearts, and renewed diligence. "We thank God and take courage." Below are the majorities indicated by returns so far received:—

MAJORITIES FOR

Kent.....	2,012
Lanark.....	412
Lennox and Addington.....	* 8
Brome.....	547

* With four places to hear from.

The Convention of the Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance on the 20th and following days, bids fair to be of unusual magnitude and interest. Delegates and members are urged to make arrangements to attend the full time of the meeting, as every session will be of importance. See programme on page 339.

POLLINGS FIXED.

REMEMBER THE WORKERS IN YOUR PRAYERS.

Guelph	Jan. 22	Carleton.....	Jan. 29
Durham & Northumberland.....	Feb. 27.		

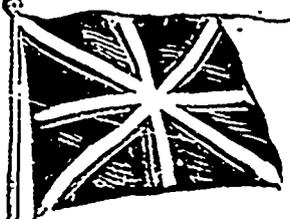
THE DOMINION LICENSE ACT.

Our readers will remember that some months ago the Ottawa Government submitted to the Supreme Court the question whether the Dominion License Act, commonly known as the McCarthy Act, was constitutional. The Act professes to supersede the Provincial license laws, and provides for the issuing of five kinds of licenses, viz.: hotel, saloon, shop, vessel and wholesale licenses. On Monday last the Supreme Court rendered its decision to the effect that the Act was invalid in so far as it related to hotel, saloon, and shop licenses, and valid only so far as it related to vessel and wholesale licenses.

One of the judges, Judge Henry, was of opinion that the Act was invalid even as to these, but his opinion in that respect was not shared by the other members of the court. No reasons are given for the conclusions arrived at, but it is to be inferred from previous decisions that it is based on the fact that as the regulation of trade and commerce belongs to the Dominion, wholesale and vessel licenses properly come under that head, as relating to business frequently carried on in more than one province; whereas "shops, saloons, and tavern licenses" are by the Constitution specially assigned to the provinces. This leaves the Scott Act for the whole Dominion, and Provincial license laws for the various provinces. In some places it was represented that the Scott Act was on its trial; but as we pointed out a few weeks ago, the constitutionality of that Act had been established beyond question not only by the Supreme Court but also by the Privy Council.

SCOTT ACT ENFORCEMENT.

One of the most important matters to be discussed at the coming Convention is the question of Scott Act enforcement. It has been clearly demonstrated that the Scott Act as it now stands can be worked with most encouraging results. Its operation has conclusively established the practicability and merit of prohibitory law. It is not, however, a perfect piece of legislation, and experience has shown wherein it may be improved. Mr. Young, Police Magistrate of Halton, who will open the discussion upon this subject, is a practical man and of extensive experience. He will no doubt be able to give sound counsel on this point. Another important phase of this subject is the question of how far it is the duty of citizens generally to organize and work specially for the carrying out of a law that officials are appointed to enforce. We must remember that the Scott Act has to cope with the anomaly of a large, strong and wealthy organization that exists for the specific purpose of opposing it. We do not believe in the principle of enrolling our private citizens as a volunteer police force, but if unusually strong efforts are being put forth in antagonism to order and law, unusually strong efforts must be made in the interest of order and law. Wherever the Scott Act has been carried, the organization that secured it should still be retained, and should co-operate with, and aid, those whose duty it is to enforce the law, until such time as the degrading effects of whiskey-selling have to some extent passed away; and our communities are freer from the lawlessness and rowdiness, the disregard for social rights and civic authority, and invariably bred by the strong drink-traffic.



51 VICTORIES
—OUT OF—
62 CONTESTS.

36,000
Clear Majority of all Votes Polled.

For God and Home and Country
HURRAH!

ONTARIO BRANCH

—OF THE—

DOMINION ALLIANCE

CONVENTION, 1885.

January 20th, 21st, and 22nd.

PROGRAMME:

FIRST DAY,—TUESDAY.

- 10 a.m.—Opening exercises. Enrolment of delegates. Organization.
11 a.m.—Report of Secretary. Report of Treasurer. Report of Business Committee.
12 noon—Adjournment.
- 2 p.m.—Enrolment of Delegates. Reports of County Secretaries. Reports of Delegates.
4.30 p.m.—"Prohibitory work in Canada," introduced by Prof. G. E. Foster, M.P. New business.
Evening.—Reception to Delegates at Shaftesbury Hall. Tea served at seven o'clock.
8 p.m.—President's address, by Hon. S. H. Blake. Report of Literature Committee.

SECOND DAY,—WEDNESDAY.

- 9 a.m.—Reports of Committees.
9.30 a.m.—"Alcohol as a Cause of Disease," introduced by W. B. Geikie, Esq., M.D.
11 a.m.—"Lager Beer and Light Wines," introduced by W. H. Howland, Esq.
12.30 a.m.—Adjournment.
- 2 p.m.—Report of Finance Committee. Unfinished business.
3.30 p.m.—"The Constitutionality of the Scott Act," introduced by J. J. McLaren, Esq., Q.C.
The Improvement of License Laws," introduced by Wm. Houston, Esq.
New Business.

THIRD DAY,—THURSDAY.

- 9 a.m.—Unfinished business.
9.45 a.m.—Report of Committee on Legislation.
10 a.m.—"Scott Act Enforcement," introduced by W. H. Young, Esq., Police Magistrate, Halton County.
2 p.m.—Unfinished business. Reports of Committees.
4 p.m.—Election of Officers. New Business. Report of Committee on Resolutions.

—NOTES.—

Delegates and members are requested to register their names as soon as possible after their arrival.

Tickets for the Tuesday evening meeting may be obtained from the Register Secretary.

It is hoped that there will be full discussion on all matters submitted to the Convention. Speakers are requested to be as pointed and brief as possible.

Mass meetings, to be addressed by prominent workers, will be held as follows:

Wednesday Evening—SHAFTESBURY HALL.

Thursday Evening—ST. ANDREWS' HALL.

ADMISSION FREE.

The Canada Temperance Act!

OVER 33,000 MAJORITY.

"THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE."

KEEP THESE FACTS AND FIGURES BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

CONSTITUENCIES WHICH HAVE ADOPTED IT.

<i>Nova Scotia.</i>		<i>New Brunswick.</i>	
Annapolis,	Cape Breton,	Albert,	Carleton,
Colchester,	Cumberland,	Charlotte,	Fredericton, (city),
Digby,	Hants,	Kings's,	Northumberland,
Inverness,	King's,	Queen's,	Sunbury,
Pictou,	Queen's,	Westmoreland,	York.
Shelburne,	Yarmouth.		
<i>Ontario.</i>		<i>P. E. Island.</i>	<i>Manitoba. & Quebec.</i>
Halton,	Leeds & Charlottetown, (city),	Lisgar,	Arthabaska-
Oxford.	Grenville Prince,	Marquette,	Stanstead.
Simcoe,	Dufferin. King's,	Compton.	
Dundas, Stormont, Renfrew, Queen's and Glengarry, Norfolk.			
Bruce,	Huron,		

CAMPAIGNS IN PROGRESS.

<i>Ontario.</i>			
Russell and Prescott,	Elgin,	St. Thomas (city)	
Carleton,	Perth,	Guelph (city).	
Lennox and Addington,	Lambton,	Kingston (city).	
Northumberland and Durham,	Lanark.	Belleville (city).	
Ontario,	Kent,	Toronto (city).	
York,	Middlesex,	London (city).	
Essex,	Wellington.		
Grey,	Lincoln,		

Quebec.—Shefford, Brome, Pontiac, Chicoutimi, Missisquoi.

Will readers kindly furnish additions or corrections to the above list?

SUMMARY.

Nova Scotia has eighteen counties and one city, which twelve counties have adopted the Act.

New Brunswick has fourteen counties and two cities, of which nine counties and one city have adopted the Act.

Manitoba has five counties and one city, of which two counties have adopted the Act.

Prince Edward Island has three counties and one city, all of which have adopted the Act.

Ontario has thirty-eight counties and unions of counties and ten cities, of which eleven counties have adopted the Act, and in sixteen counties and six cities agitation has been started in its favor.

Quebec has fifty-six counties and four cities, two counties of which have adopted the Act.

British Columbia has five parliamentary constituencies, none of which have adopted the Act.

Friends in counties not heard from are requested to send us accounts of the movement in their counties. If there is none, they are requested to act at once by calling a county conference. All information can be had from the Provincial Alliance Secretary.

List of Alliance Secretaries:

Ontario.....	F. S. Spence, 8 King Street East, Toronto.
Quebec.....	Rev. D. V. Lucas, 182 Mountain St, Montreal.
New Brunswick.....	C. H. Lugin, Fredericton.
Nova Scotia.....	P. Monaghan, P. O. Box 379, Halifax.
Prince Edward Island.....	Rev. Geo. W. Hodgson, Charlottetown.
Manitoba.....	J. A. Tees, Winnipeg.
British Columbia.....	J. B. Kennedy, New Westminster.

RESULTS OF THE VOTING SO FAR

PLACE	VOTES POLLED.		MAJORITIES.		DATE OF ELECTION.
	For	Ag'nst.	For	Ag'nst.	
Fredericton (city), N.B.	408	208	200		Oct. 31, 1878
York, N.B.	1229	214	1015		Dec'r 28, "
Prince, P.E.I.	2062	271	1791		" 28, "
Charlotte, N.B.	867	149	718		March 14, 1879
Carleton, N.B.	1215	96	1119		April 21, "
Charlottetown (city), P.E.I.	827	25	574		April 24, "
Albert, N.B.	718	114	604		April 21, "
King's, P.E.I.	1076	59	1017		May 29, "
Lambton, Ont.	2567	2852	215		May 29, "
King's, N.B.	798	245	553		June 23, "
Queen's, N.B.	500	315	185		July 3, "
Westmoreland, N.B.	1082	299	783		Sept. 11, "
Megantic, Quo.	372	841		469	Sept. 11, "
Northumberland, N.B.	875	673	202		Sept. 2 1880
Stanstead, Quebec	760	941		181	June 21, "
Queen's, P.E.I.	1317	99	1218		Sept. 22, "
Marquette, Manitoba	612	195	417		Sept. 27, "
Digby, N.B.	944	42	902		Nov. 8, "
Queen's, N.S.	763	82	681		Jan'y 3, 18
Sunbury, N.B.	176	41	135		Feb. 17, "
Shelburne, N.S.	807	154	653		March 17, "
Lisgar, Man.	247	120	127		April 7, "
Hamilton (city),	1661	2811		1150	" 13, "
King's, N.S. Ont.	1477	108	1369		" 14, "
Halton, Ont.	1483	1402	81		" 19, "
Arnapolis, N.S.	1111	114	997		" 19, "
Wentworth, Ont.	1611	2202		591	" 22, "
Colchester, N.S.	1418	184	1234		May 13, "
Cape Breton, N.S.	739	216	523		Ag'st. 11, "
Hants, N.S.	1028	92	936		Sept. 15, "
Welland, Ont.	1610	2378		768	Nov. 10, "
Lambton, Ont.	2988	3073		85	Nov. 29, "
Inverness, N.S.	960	106	854		Jan'y 6, 1882
Pictou, N. S.	1555	453	1102		Jan'y 9, "
St. John, N.B.	1074	1074			Feb. 23, "
Fredericton, N. B.	293	252	41		Oct. 26, "
Cumberland, N. S.	1560	262	1298		Oct. 25, 1883
Prince County, P. E. I.	2939	1065	1874		Feb'y 7, 1884
Yarmouth, N. S.	1300	96	1204		March 7, "
Oxford, Ont.	4073	3298	775		March 20, "
Arthabaska, Que.	1487	235	1252		July 17, "
Westmoreland, N.B.	1774	1701	73		Aug. 14, "
Halton, Ont.	1947	1767	180		Sept. 9, "
Simcoe, Ont.	5712	4529	1183		Oct. 9, "
Stanstead, Que.	1300	975	325		" 9, "
Charlottetown, P.E.I.	755	715	40		" 16, "
Dundas, Stormont & Glen garry, Ont.	4590	2884	1706		" 16, "
Peel, Ont.	1805	1999		194	" 23, "
Bruce, Ont.	4501	3189	1312		" 30, "
Huron, Ont.	6012	4537	1655		" 30, "
Dufferin, Ont.	1904	1109	795		" 30, "
Prince Edward, Ont.	1528	1653		125	" 30, "
York, N.B.	1184	661	523		" 30, "
Renfrew, Ont.	1748	1018	730		Nov. 7, "
Norfolk, Ont.	2781	694	1,087		" 11, "
Compton, Quo.	1620	1132	488		" 26, "
Brant, Ont.	1690	1088	602		Dec. 11, "
Brantford.	606	812		166	Dec. 11, "
Leeds and Grenville, Ont.,	5058	4390	668		Dec. 18, "

The Campaign Everywhere.

THIS WEEK'S CONTESTS.—Votes were taken yesterday in Brome, Que., Lennox and Addington, Ont., Lanark, Ont., and Kent, Ont. In all of these a hard fight took place, and the whiskey power did its utmost.

A correspondent from Kent gives us an interesting account of part of the campaign there. W. W. Buchanan of Winnipeg, Wm. Burgess of Toronto, Rev. C. R. Morrow of Strathallan, and many other well known workers, gave valuable aid to the local advocates. We publish elsewhere the latest returns received from the fields of contest.

DURHAM AND NORTHUMBERLAND.—The voting in this county has been fixed for Feb. 27th. A lively time is expected. Everything is being put into shape for the fight, and strong hopes are entertained that a large majority will be recorded in favor of the Act. The central committee is meeting this week to complete the details of the campaign.

LONDON.—Mr. J. Tweed, Secretary of the city Scott Act Association, writes very hopefully of the state of the campaign in that place. Canvassers are now at work, and meeting with good success. There is every prospect of the Act being carried when submitted. Arrangements are being made for the publication of a campaign paper to be called the *Scott Act Journal*.

LAMBTON.—A letter from Rev. Wm. McDonagh informs us that the Lambton campaign is well forward. Petitions are now in the sheriff's office, with nearly 4,000 names attached, and will be forwarded to Ottawa during the present week, notwithstanding the opposition and difficulties that the friends in this county have met with. They feel confident of being able to win a splendid victory.

ST. CATHARINES.—Dr. M. Youmans, who writes cheerfully of the work in Lincoln county, says that it is also well advanced in St. Catharines. The requisite number of names has already been attached to the petition, and half the wards are only yet partially canvassed. All this is in spite of the utmost endeavors on the part of the liquor party to influence electors from signing the petition, hoping to prevent the temperance people securing the necessary 25 per cent. In these efforts they have signally failed as they are also like to fail when the day of voting comes.

LINCOLN.—Another Scott Act convention for this county was held on Saturday in St. Catharines. Though the roads were almost impassable, yet the true and good farmers of Lincoln, score after score, poured into the city until every point was represented. Reports were of a most encouraging character. The petitions are now on deposit with the Registrar, containing about 800 names more than the law requires. Plenty of funds are deposited in the bank and more constantly coming in. Mr. W. G. Fee has been engaged as organizer of the forces to work at least one month in the county. A large amount of money has been appropriated for the circulation of literature. The feeling in Lincoln is intense. This national sin must be removed, and the overmastering conviction is, that this can and will be done.

HURON.—The municipal elections in this county turned to a great extent upon the question of the Scott Act. The people having carried the Act by a substantial majority seemed determined to put into office the men whose influence would be in favor of the enforcement of the Act. This was also the case in many other parts of the Province. A correspondent from Hullett, in this county, writes:—

"This election took place yesterday and was the hottest contest that has taken place in the township for many years. The contest was for the Reeveship. The Scott Act was the principal line and politics had a share, but the Scott Act man won by 63 of a majority. When the result became known the victors felt pleased at their success but did not do anything to hurt the feeling of the defeated."

HALTON.—The organized opposition to the Scott Act in this county is fast giving way before the determined action of the authorities.

At Milton, one Cunningham, a Burlington hotel-keeper, was fined \$50 on one conviction and \$100 on the other, but as soon as the magistrate's decision was given, jumped into a buggy which he had in readiness and drove off. Inspector Frazer has again laid two informations against J. P. Roper for violation of the Scott Act.

Francis Sidey, who fired the barns of Scott Act men at the instigation of whiskey-sellers, has pleaded guilty and been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

The evidence at the preliminary examination and trial went to show that a number of parties were implicated in this outrage. It was said that a number of liquor dealers had subscribed a fund to pay the incendiary. A detective stated that he had been informed that Gibbs, who was represented as dealing directly with Sidey, had said that out of a large number who promised to contribute, Elias Clarke was the only man who had paid up his promised share. It was incorrectly reported that Clarke had stated to the detective that he had made this payment. There is so far no evidence more than hearsay against Clark, or any one else except Gibbs and Sidey. We hope for the sake of all parties, the honor of Halton, and the vindication of justice, that the whole matter will be thoroughly investigated, the innocent cleared, and the guilty punished.

TORONTO.—The weekly meeting of the Toronto W. C. T. U. was held in Shaftesbury Hall, on Monday afternoon. It was resolved that meetings should be held in the different churches, and \$6 were appropriated towards the funds of the Alliance. The members expressed themselves willing to go about with the petitions sent them by the Dominion Alliance, and gotten up as counter petitions against those being circulated by the liquor party for the mutilation of the Scott Act.

The employees of the Grip Publishing Co., cast a vote on the Scott Act last Tuesday, which resulted as follows:—For the Act 56; against, 51.

SCOTT ACT VOTES.—The Toronto District Lodge, I. O. G. T., recently appointed a committee to obtain the Scott Act vote of several of the leading establishments in the city. Bro. W. H. Rodden, District Chief Templar, who took much pains in reference to the canvass, has furnished us the result, which we give below.

The table is suggestive:—

NAMES.	For the Act.	Ag'nst the Act.	NAMES.	For the Act.	Ag'nst the Act.
Robt. Walker & Sons ..	93	31	Globe Printing Co.....	58	22
Jno. Macdonald & Co...*	77	13	Mail Printing Co.....	57	53
Hughes Bros.....	17	16	Grip Printing Co.....	56	51
W. A. Murray & Co.....	21	23	Daily News.....	42	16
Robt. Simpson.....	42	8	Evening Telegram.....	39	30
T. Eaton & Co.....	52	8	Christian Guardian..	21	8
Boyd Bros. & Co.....	21	16	Hill & Weir.....	12	12
S. F. McKinnon & Co.	18	5	Barber & Ellis Co.....	65	26
Farley & Co. (Bon Marche).....	34	4	Welch & Trowern.....	23	7
Tait, Burch & Co.....	2	14	Clark Bros.....	9	1
W. B. Hamilton & Co..	75	16	Ewing & Co.....	28	30
J. D. King & Co.....	57	53	Taylor & Co.....	9	15
Hunter, Rose & Co....	70	50	E. McEwan.....	18	15
W. J. Gage & Co.....	81	13	Jamieson (Clothier)....	63	40
E. & C. Gurney & Co...	73	58	Thompson (Mammoth House).....	87	39
Post Office.....	34	27	Petley & Petley.....	15	45
Gas Company.....	28	52	Citizen Publishing Co.	9	0

UNITED STATES—The National Prohibition Committee at New York last week, unanimously adopted a resolution congratulating the friends of prohibition upon the marked advance of the cause shown during the recent campaign and urging them to still more earnest efforts for the overthrow of the legalized liquor traffic and for the upholding of the National Prohibition party. The co-operation of temperance people everywhere is invited. The resolutions conclude as follows: "This committee and conference acknowledge their gratitude to John P. St. John and Wm. Daniel for the able services rendered without compensation and their courageous loyalty to the white banner of prohibition." The executive Committee was instructed to secure the service of St. John and other speakers for the current year.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Constitutional Amendment Association of our State is petitioning the Legislature for the submission of an Amendment to our Constitution. The W. C. T. U. is working for the enactment of the Scientific Instruction Bill for our public schools. If the Republican party possesses the strong temperance proclivities attributed to it during the campaign, there is every reason to hope for favorable action on both propositions. If however, our Legislature carries out the policy of the Chicago Convention, we have nothing to expect, and shall not be disappointed, but we don't want to hear anything more about the temperance legislation given us by the Republican party.—*Cor. of Voice.*

Gov. ST. JOHN attended the meeting of the Illinois Prohibition State Convention at Decatur, December 29 and 30, and received a most enthusiastic reception. As an evidence that he has not lost the confidence of his friends anywhere—East or West—it may be stated that he has agreed to deliver a series of ten addresses in Minnesota during January, and has urgent invitations to speak in Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Michigan, Wisconsin, Kansas and Missouri. That he could put in his entire season as an independent speaker and lecturer is beyond question; but it is expected and believed that a systematic campaign will be mapped out at the meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Prohibition party, which is to be held in New York on January 7, and that Gov. St. John and other speakers will be employed the entire year under the committee's direction.—*American Reformer.*

W. C. T. U.

Miss Minnie Phelps, Supt. of Press Department of the Provincial W.C.T.U., has sent to the different Local Unions the following circular:—

DEAR SISTERS,—A great moral, social, political and economic question is just now arresting the attention of the people of this Province. It is the presence of the Canadian saloon as against the Canadian fire-side. It is an institution stooped with years, hoary headed with vice, that invites you, Women's Christian Temperance Union, to devise ways and means by which this hydra headed monster may be overthrown. Beloved women of this Province, all the grand advances in the march of civilization have been the triumph of brain over muscle, by the development of thought, by the education of the masses. To-day there is in our midst a voice stronger, louder, and more influential than all the pulpits in our land—it is the never ceasing, tireless action of the secular and religious press, speaking weekly and daily on all the social problems that this nineteenth century has developed. For you in the interests of your home, for the welfare of humanity, hundreds of these voices are waiting your use. Will you not see to it that the local press of your community be made interested on the subject? We desire, if possible, a uniformity in this work all over the Province, so that daily or weekly there may be going forth, seen and read the work of the W. C. T. U.—the friend of the home, the enemy of the saloon.

Also to the Editors of different newspapers, the following:—

DEAR SIR,—A wonderful agitation is upon the Country. It is a question of License or no License, Saloon or Home, Virtue or Vice. We call your attention to these facts and solicit your influence personal and public, on the side of home as against the saloon. Will you help the women of this Province by the dissemination of Temperance matter through the columns of your paper by granting space to the local Women's Christian Temperance Union of your community or selecting items in behalf of this agitation yourself?

The favor of an answer is requested.

General News.

CANADIAN.

Mrs. J. K. Smith has been elected school trustee at Brussels, Ont.

Mr. Pruyn, Conservative, was elected for Lennox and Addington by a majority of 31.

The rolling mill hands and nail workers at Hamilton are on strike.

Four children have died from diphtheria in the family of Edward Parker, Dorchester station.

Some very disgraceful cases of fraud have been discovered in connection with the Toronto municipal elections.

Small pox is fast disappearing from Hastings Co. Not a single new case has occurred for a considerable time.

The farmers of South Renfrew have again nominated Dr. Dowling for the local Legislature.

Wm. Algie, aged 5, son of a conductor, was killed on the railway at St. Thomas.

Edward Burke was shot at Buckingham, Ottawa, in a quarrel with a Frenchman named Qupele.

A number of skating accidents are reported. Thos. Bolton was drowned at Peterboro', and several boys at Pottsville.

Messrs. Blake and Mowat addressed a very successful meeting of the Toronto Young Men's Liberal Club on Tuesday evening.

The banquet to Sir John Macdonald held in Montreal on Tuesday evening was a great success. Sir John delivered a stirring address.

Two farmers, Maurice Cox, and John Bush, were drowned in the River Lievre on Monday by their sleigh breaking through the ice. James McGuire, who was with them, escaped.

FIRES.—A great fire occurred in Halifax on Tuesday. The Mayflower House and Arcadian Hotel were completely destroyed. Several other buildings were damaged. The loss will be great.—A tallow factory in London was totally destroyed by fire last Friday. Loss, \$8,000.—The Grand Trunk passenger station at Lindsay was burned last week.

UNITED STATES.

New York city is suffering from an epidemic of typhus fever.

Diphtheria of a malignant type, is prevalent in Bedford Co., Va.

There were 429 business failures in the United States for the first week of the present year.

Strikes are creating serious riots in mining districts. Several men have been killed and others seriously injured.

Hon. Schulyer Colfax, died suddenly at Minneapolis, on the 12th inst. Mr. Colfax was elected Vice-President on the same ticket with Gen. Grant as President.

Two railway employees on the Lexington Railway fought with knives on a running train. Both are fearfully injured.

Fredericksburg gaol, in Texas, was burned last week. Two prisoners lost their lives.

The schooner *George W. Churchman* is missing. She left Savannah last month for Delaware with a crew of 7 men. It is supposed that she is wrecked.

A man named Thos. F. Phelan, of Kansas city, was stabbed and nearly killed in O'Donovan Rossa's office, New York, last week. He was supposed to have been a traitor to the Fenian cause.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Great Britain celebrated the 21st birthday of Prince Albert Victor, elder son of the Prince of Wales, on Friday of last week.

It is reported that the Cabinet at the last meeting decided that England should assume the responsibility of the Egyptian finances and proclaim a protectorate.

A Newfoundland despatch states that Dr. Richard Dun, a Roman Catholic, was mobbed at Broad Cove, and seriously injured.

More than 40,000 people were left homeless by the Spanish earthquake.

Earthquake shocks still continue in Spain, and have extended to France, and even to Switzerland.

The Austrian Government will introduce bills into Parliament largely increasing the duties on French imports in reprisal for French duties on corn and cattle.

The U. S. consul at Rome reports 11,072 deaths from cholera in Italy, from July to November.

The river Tiber has risen 40 feet, inundating vast tracts of country, and now threatens the city of Rome.

The Russian Budget for 1885 gives the balance of receipt and expenditure of \$66,295,000 roubles; 50,000,000 roubles are devoted to the reduction of debt and 27,000,000 to the building of railways and ports.

Gen. Wolseley has telegraphed the Prince of Wales that he will reach Khartoum on January 24th.

All agents of the French Government have been ordered to leave China. 6000 French troops have been sent to reinforce the army in Tonquin. More will follow later.

A serious financial crisis is imminent in Buenos Ayres. Trade is badly demoralized.

IT IS COMING!

Do you hear an ominous muttering as of thunder gather'ing round?
Do you hear the nation tremble as an earthquake shakes the ground?
'Tis the wading of a people—'tis a mighty battle sound.

"The great thing in the present crisis is the undeniable fact that the people of this country want to get rid of whiskey. They may so desire from a great variety of motives, they may prefer many different methods of bringing about the desired result, but the man who does not see plainly that the great majority of Canadians desire to rid their country of the liquor traffic is blind as a bat. There may be a slight reaction, there may be more than one reaction, there may be changes in the methods of working, but the will of the people must rule in the end, and the traffic must go."—*Canada Presbyterian.*

Do you see the grand uprising of the people in their might?
They are girding on their armor, they are arming for the fight,
They are going forth to battle for the triumph of the Right.

"If the community has no reason to be surprised at the combination of the Licensed Victuallers, they assuredly have no reason to be surprised at the rise of the Alliance. The ultimate issue of the struggle is certain. If anyone doubts the preponderance of good over evil in human nature, he has only to study the history of moral crusades. The enthusiastic energy and self-devotion with which a moral cause inspires its soldiers always have prevailed, and always will prevail, over any amount of self-interest or material power arrayed on the other side. The Alliance is already powerful and growing in power. It will conquer."—*Prof. G. Edwin Smith, in a Letter on the United Kingdom Alliance.*

For the power of Rum hath bound us and the power of Rum hath reigned,
'Till baptismal robes of Liberty are tarnished, torn, and stained,
Till the struggling nation shudders as its forces lie enchained.

"Behold the culmination of the evil. The liquor traffic, lawless and reckless, consciously spreading intemperance, fostering sin and crime—this liquor traffic has fastened itself upon the politics of the land, and vulture-like holds the nation, its talons quivering for very life. Alcohol is King, making and unmaking laws, enforcing or annulling them at will."—*Right Rev. Bishop Ireland.*

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone and hath left it desolate;
It hath slain the wife and mother, it hath filled the world with hate;
It hath wrooked the noblest manhood, and hath laughed to scorn the great.

"Yes, there they are, men and women, harlots and burglars, and brutal; blaspheming God and cursing their own souls. They crowd each other down, sinking, with a hell within, to a darker hell beyond; and yet, though they perish at the rate of thousands every year, the supplies are continued; and I see coming from our homes those who shall fill their places and follow in their steps. On every breeze I hear the hoarse voice of the destroyer crying in his demoniac thirst for souls, "Wanted! wanted! wanted!" Fathers, mothers, teachers, pastors, listen to that cry. Wanted! Wanted what? Our sons and our daughters to fill the place of the drunkards, who are rushing this year over the dark precipice of ruin. Wanted, ten thousand fair girls to fill the places of those now dying in misery and shame. Wanted! twice ten thousand of your bright-eyed boys, to supply the mad-house and the jail. Wanted! aye, and mind you, unless we at once rise and stand between them and ruin, they will be had!"—*Rev. Chas. Garrett.*

Shall it longer reign in triumph, longer wear its tyrant crown?
Shall it firmer weld the fetters that now bind the nation down?
Shall this grand young country longer bow and tremble 'neath its frown?

"A trade which flourishes upon the ruin of its supporters, which derives its revenues from the plunder of homes, and from the defrauding of helpless childhood, and from the degradation of manhood; which requires for its prosperity the injury of the community, which ministers to every vile and vicious passion and propensity; which makes drunkards, and thieves, and embezzlers, and gamblers, and wife-beaters, and murderers; which brutalizes and degrades all who are brought in contact with it, cannot claim the respect, and assuredly ought not to be able to claim the encouragement of the community."—*New York Tribune*

No! let every heart re-echo; rouse, ye gallant men, and true!
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers! see the night is almost through;
Rouse ye, every man and woman—God is calling now for you.

—*M. Florence Mosier.*

"'Tis Time to Swing Our Axes."

"We've had enough of license laws,
Enough of liquor's taxes;
We've turned the grindstone long enough—
'Tis time to swing our axes,
This deadly upas tree must fall—
Let strokes be strong and steady,
Pull up the stumps! grub out the roots!
O brothers! are you ready?"

"No longer will we shield this foe
To manhood, love and beauty;
We've had enough of compromise—
The right alone is duty.
Enough of weak men and distrust;
The burden grows by shifting;
Let's put our shoulder to the wheel
And do our share of lifting.

"We've had enough of forging chains
This demon drink to fetter;
Good bullets from the ballot box,
Well sped, will fix him better!
Will ye not hunt him to the death?
Speak out! speak out, O brothers?
Will ye not sound the bugle-call,
O sisters, wives, and mothers?"

"We've had enough of shame and woe;
Of cruel spoliation.
Who fears to say it loud enough
To thrill our land and nation?
God help us all to work like men,
In earnest agitation,
'Till we have crushed the power of rum
By righteous legislation."

—*Rev. G. A. Reader.*

We Have the Right.

There are some people who think that prohibitionists should walk very gingerly lest they tread on some poor rum-seller's toes. "Are you sure," they say, "that you have a right to interfere with the liquor traffic?" We answer, "The right of a man to drink liquor under his own roof may be undisputed, at any rate prohibition does not touch that right. Prohibition only says, when you throw open that door and invite the passer-by to drink, and when 200 years of experience proves that by so doing you double my taxes and make it dangerous for my child to tread on those streets, I have a right to say whether you shall open the door or not. I don't care whether you sell poison or food, I don't care whether you sell alcohol or roast beef—it does not matter; all I know is that if you undertake to sell something that doubles my taxes, and that makes my passage through the streets more dangerous, you at once invest me with the right to interfere! and if any grog-seller can stand here and show, in the face of an intelligent people, that he is right, under an idea of a democratic government, to filch from my pocket and make my passage through the streets unsafe, in order that he may coin other men's sins into his gold let him try it."—*Catholic Temperance Advocate*

What Canada Wastes in Drink.

The people of Canada consumed in the Calendar year of 1883, 18,908,611 gallons of intoxicating liquors, at a cost of \$36,769,618.

During the fifteen years that have elapsed since Confederation, Canadians have drunk 206,171,117 gallons, and for it they have paid \$473,200,900.

One can scarcely grasp the awful significance of the above figures. The immense quantities of grain that have been worse than wasted would have fed millions of people. The cost of liquors for one year exceeds the whole revenue of the Dominion of Canada. The cost per head has been fully twice as much as the total cost per head of all our customs dues since Confederation. The total amount spent in the fifteen years above tabulated, aggregates, without counting interest, nearly \$500,000,000. This would have defrayed all our cost of government, built our railways and left us without a shadow of a national debt. To all this we must add the incalculable cost of citizens slain, led or destroyed, pauperism borne, and crime watched, restrained and punished. The wonder is, that, with this terrible waste, our country enjoys any prosperity. If this waste could be made to cease, Canada in ten years would not know herself, so prosperous and wealthy would she have grown. Surely it is the part of all good citizens to see to it that such a frightful source of waste and destruction is dried up. Prohibition is the only effectual cure.—*Prof. G. E. Foster, M.P.*

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 16TH, 1885.

MEN, WOMEN, AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

The Daily *Telegraph* of St. John, N.B., has done good service to the cause of humanity by describing an auction of paupers for farming-out purposes, in an adjoining county. The description is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every Canadian, and therefore one is not surprised at the remarks made by the overseer of the poor, to whom the law assigned the unpleasant task of knocking down the paupers to the lowest bidders. "Gentlemen," said Mr. White, "disposing of the poor in this way is a hard and unpleasant duty for the overseers of the poor to perform. It is a stigma that has already rested too long on the people of Kings county and that should be removed as soon as possible, and I hope this is the last notice of the kind that will be posted in Sussex. The more I think of the present method of maintaining the poor the worse the system appears, and if you gentlemen would walk around with us among the poor and see how they live, rather than become a burden on the parish to be disposed of at public auction, you would realize more fully the sense of shame I feel this afternoon." The first of the lot was awarded to a man who offered to keep him a year for ninety dollars. The next was left, for want of bids, with one who has been keeping her for seventy-two dollars a year. The third was sold for sixty-four dollars and a half in consequence of his being able to do a little work. His new master must be a man of high principle if he resists the temptation to make as much as possible out of his work, and spend as little as possible on his food and clothes. A few years ago a horrible murder was the result of this wretched system in Nova Scotia. A weak-minded young woman was assigned to the care of a farmer who, after seducing her, took her many miles away to a lonely part of the country, murdered her, and tried to conceal his crime by burning her body. The attempt might have been successful but for the accidental presence in the neighborhood of two young men, who noticed the smoke and extinguished the fire before the remains were rendered unrecognizable. Every right-thinking person will re-echo Mr. White's wish that the system of farming out paupers may soon be brought to an end.

A Providence worsted manufacturer has attempted to solve the apprenticeship problem by a method which bids fair to be successful. The law of Rhode Island does not recognize an agreement of the kind still common

in England, under which the apprentice is bound to his master for a term of years with no possibility of relief. Mr. Fletcher's plan is to engage a boy for three years. For the first his salary is three dollars a week, and if he shows himself worthy of it he gets a bonus of \$50 at the end of the year, though there is no obligation on the employer to give it to him. The second year his salary is five dollars a week, and he may earn a bonus of \$50 as before. The salary for the third year is six dollars, with the same bonus. If he has made good use of his time he is usually fit to begin regular work if not, or if he is found deficient in capacity to master his trade, he is either allowed to remain for some time longer as an apprentice or is dropped altogether. Mr. Fletcher's plan might be worth a fair trial in Canada.

Amongst the unknown quantities is the effect which the Panama Canal will have in diverting commerce from accustomed routes. The wheat exported from the Pacific slope of the United States has heretofore gone to Europe round Cape Horn. In 1883 the number of vessels in this carrying trade was 440. One can only speculate as to the effect of the great shortening of the voyage, which is at present about 16,000 miles, occupying four months in the case of sailing vessels. If California and Oregon can sell wheat at a profit in Europe now, their future as wheat-growing countries should be assured, in spite of the talk about India and the fertile belts east of the Rockies.

Heating and ventilation of dwelling houses are just now occupying a great deal more of the public attention than they usually do—perhaps on account of the efforts of the Provincial Board of Health to inform the public mind on matters pertaining to the public health. If fuel were not so costly in the city the open fire place would be found the best means of heating a room because it acts as a ventilator as well as a source of heat. The foul air which accumulates as the result of breathing is drawn up the flue and its place is taken by pure air which finds an entrance through small openings about windows and doors, or through ventilation pipes made for the purpose. If a stove must be used for the sake of cheapness by all means use a self-feeding base-burner of the most approved and modern form, and carefully regulate the various checks with which it is supplied. The gas from hard coal is fearfully poisonous, and to sleep in an atmosphere permeated by it is a sure source of deathly sickness if not death itself. The best method of checking a too rapidly burning fire of coal is to have a large hole cut in one of the pipes a short distance above the stove, and an outside pipe made just large enough to turn round the perforated one so that the hole may be either covered or left open at pleasure. The fiercest fire may be easily damped by opening the pipe and allowing the air to rush in, thus checking the current which ordinarily comes up through the fire chamber, and lessening combustion. The hole in the pipe serves at the same time as an admirable ventilator for the room.

The experience of the London (Eng.) School Board throws some light on the value at once of religious instruction in schools and of the ordinary written examinations as a test of acquired knowledge. The following are specimens of the answers given to questions on Scriptural subjects by competitors for prizes:—

Abraham was the father of Lot, and had seven wives. One was called Hishmah: and together Hagar, he kept her at home, and he turned her into the desert where she became a pillow of salt in the day time and a pillow of fire by night.

Joseph wore a coat of many garments. He was chief butler to Pharaoh and told his dreams. He married Potiphar's daughter, and he led the Egyptians out of bondage to Kana in Galilee and there fell on his sword and died in the sight of the promised land.

Moses was an Egyptian. He lived in a ark made of bulrushes, and he kept a golden calf, and worshipped brazen snakes, and he had nothing but kales and mutton for forty years. He was killed by the air of his bed while riding under the bow of a tree, and he was killed by his son Absalom as he was hanging from the bow. His end was peace.

It is natural to suppose that the pupils of Church Schools will be found equally confused on Scriptural subjects. One of them, when asked orally by the diocesan inspector to mention the occasion on which, according to the Scripture, an animal spoke, answered: "The whale when it swallowed

Jonah." Asked what the whale said he replied: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Another inspector asked a class: "With what weapon did Samson slay the Philistines?" As no one answered he prompted them by tapping his own cheek when the whole class instantly shouted: "The jawbone of an ass."

Women, who are either widows or spinsters, have now the right to vote at municipal elections in this province. This was given them by the law for the first time last session of the Ontario Legislature, and as the assessment on which the voters' list used at the late municipal elections was based had been made before the Act was passed, there were no women entitled to vote. In other places than Toronto, however, they could vote, and in some they did. In one western town they turned out in large numbers where the mayoralty was the object of a close contest and the women did not all vote on one side. All women, who are assessed for property in their own right, have the school franchise on the same terms as men have it in Ontario, and in Toronto and other places some went to the polls. It is to be regretted that more did not do so and that women do not become candidates for membership in school boards. They are in many respects even better qualified than men to deal with practical school management and every board would be the better for an admixture of sexes in its membership. If women voters generally, will in Toronto, prepare during 1885, for taking an active part in the municipal and school elections for 1886, there will be some chance of obtaining certain reforms which are exceedingly desirable, but which cannot be secured under existing conditions. If women will show by using well the franchises they have that they may be trusted with others of greater importance, they will soon get them from the legislature.

The question of municipal reform is attracting some attention from the public, but nothing like so much as it should receive. It is one of the most important practical questions of the day, and as there will be an effort to secure from the Legislature during the approaching session some changes in the constitution of this city, every one who is interested in the better administration of our civic affairs should watch closely all that is said and done in the matter. We have arrived at a crisis in the city's history, and on the action taken during the next few months may hinge the municipal future of Toronto and also her commercial and industrial prosperity. On this subject the ONLOOKER will have something to say from time to time as passing events seem to call for notice.

Prof. Flint, of New York, a physician of the very highest standing, has in a recent address some remarks that must tend to relieve the gloom of the dyspeptic. He tells the sufferer from this distressing disease, amongst other things, not to adopt the rule of eating only at stated periods, but to eat whenever there is a desire for food; that sleeplessness is often caused by hunger, and may be removed by eating at bed-time if food is desired; that food may be taken in variety, both animal and vegetable, as the taste may prompt, but that it should in all cases be well cooked; that nature's direction, the sense of thirst, should be the guide as to the amount of drink; that the appetite should be satisfied before leaving the table; and that the dyspeptic should be in no hurry to suppose that he is separated from the rest of mankind by dietetic idiosyncrasies. It is worthy of note that Prof. Flint does not expressly mention alcoholic liquors as allowable in cases of dyspepsia, and the natural and unstrained interpretation of his language is in favor of the view that he does not include them amongst the articles of diet to which his remarks apply.

The question of the cost of secondary education has for some time past been a subject of warm discussion in Hamilton. That city has long prided herself on one of the best educational systems in the Province. The cost of maintaining a first-class Collegiate Institute has of course been considerable, and the result was the development of a certain amount of philistinism at the recent election of members of the school board. The course of liberal education has, however, triumphed, and as the previous discussion of the subject was exhaustive it may be taken as the settled policy of the ratepayers of Hamilton to maintain a high standard of secondary education. This decision is a fortunate one for the city as well as

for the cause of secondary education generally. Hamilton, owing to her nearness to Toronto, can never become a great university city, but there is no reason why she should not continue to be, what she has been for a generation, an important educational centre. Moreover, it would be well to bear in mind, in these days of educational movement, that the Colleges may be found incapable of doing all the more elementary work now thrown on them, and that the city which maintains a school capable of doing first year University honor work, may yet find it a profitable investment. There is good reason to believe that work of this kind can be done more effectively in a good High School than in any of our Colleges, where the lecture system has almost driven out tutorial class work. ONLOOKER.

Tales and Sketches.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANDFORD.

"You know nothing about intemperance," said a noted physician. "I could write volumes that would amaze you."

"Write one," I said.

"It would be a breach of honor. A physician, like a Romish priest, may not betray the confessional." After a moment he added: "Our profession takes us into homes. And lives and hearts that seem all bright and happy are often dark and miserable from sickness of the soul."

"There must be some scenes that it would be proper for you to tell me," I urged; "please think of some."

"I was called to the wife of a distinguished gentleman. Her husband sat by her bed fanning her, and a lovely bouquet of flowers was on the stand by her side. The little girls were playing quietly in the room. It was a charming picture of love and devotion.

"My wife fell down-stairs," said her husband "and I fear has hurt herself seriously."

"I examined her shoulder. It was swollen almost black, and one rib was broken.

"How do you find her?" asked her husband, anxiously.

"I will ask the questions, if you please. How did you so injure yourself?"

"I fell on the stairway."

"I hesitated. I was not in a paddy shanty, but in the house of a well-known and unstained man. I re-examined her side.

"When did she fall?" I asked.

"Last night," he said, after a second's pause and glance at her.

"My resolve was taken.

"Please show me the place on the stairs where she struck?" I said to the husband, rising and going out. He followed me.

"I was not with her when she fell," he said.

"The injury was not from a fall, and it was not done last night. Never try to deceive a doctor."

"She begged me not to tell you the truth."

"Then get another physician," I said.

"I will tell you the whole truth. Night before last I had been out to dinner."

"I saw your brilliant speech in the paper. Was it wine-inspired?"

"Partly. Most after-dinner speeches are to a degree. I came home excited by the fine dinner, wit, wisdom, and wine of the evening, and went, not to bed, but to the closet and drank heavily. My wife heard me and came down, hoping to coax me up-stairs, as she had done many times. But she was too late. My reason and manhood were gone, and I pounded her, and left her. She tried to follow me, but fell on the stairs. After a time she crawled, she says, up-stairs, and went into the nursery and slept with the little girls. I slept late, and woke with a fierce headache, and went out at once, thinking no breakfast and the out-door air would clear my brain for my morning engagements. I pledge you my honor I had forgotten I struck my wife. When I came back last night I found her suffering; but she would not permit a physician should be sent for lest it should disgrace me. I think she really tries to believe that she hurt herself, more or less, when she fell." And with an honest quiver of the chin he added, "She is an angel, and wine is a devil."

"What are wine-bibbers?"

"Own children of their father. Is my wife seriously hurt?"

"I cannot tell yet. I fear she is."

"More absolute, untiring devotion no man ever gave a wife than he gave her while she lived and suffered. When her noble, true, loving heart ceased to throb he was inconsolable. His love and devotion were the theme of every lip, and that Providence had so afflicted him was called 'strange' in a tone of semi-censure! On her tomb is cut the 'beloved wife!' He has gone to her now, in that land of *no license*.

"No one but myself ever knew the truth."—*Nat. Temp. Advocate*.

THE BURNISH FAMILY.

A PRIZE STORY PUBLISHED BY THE SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.

CHAPTER XII.

The Accident Ward.

'As mine own shadow was this child to me—
A second self—far dearer and more fair.
Nor till bereft

Of friends, and overcome by lonely care,
Knew I what solace for that loss was left,
Though by a bitter wound my bursting heart was cleft.'

SHELLEY.

Mabel's walk with Mr. Shafton Keen was performed in silence, except that he said—

'You must screw up your nerves, Miss Alterton. The accident ward of an hospital, in a crowded district, is not a Berlin wool affair, depend on it. And it is not every lady I would venture to take there.'

To this Mabel replied quietly, 'You may depend on me,'—a promise that she made in blessed ignorance of what she had to see.

The building in question once, no doubt, was in the fields, but now a vast net-work of little streets, thickly populated, spread around in all directions. The accident ward for women, was in the right hand wing, on the ground floor, and, very properly, was entered without delay, or climbing up any stairs. It was a long clean room, not very lofty, with a row of beds on each side, certainly nearer together than was desirable; and yet it seemed, from the nurse's statement, that there were hardly beds enough for the many casualties. When Mabel entered, the first sight that met her eye was a large clothes-horse, drawn as a screen round a bed half-way down the room. At another bed near, she was startled to see two gentlemen and a policeman. They were a magistrate and his clerk, and a witness, taking the depositions of a patient. Was that swollen, battered, livid mass on the pillow—every feature obliterated—a human being? Yes; it was a woman—a young woman, whose drunken husband had trampled her into one huge bruise! It seemed she had an unweaned baby at her home, and her wail for her child was continual. Unhappily the monster had a mother as drunken as himself, to whom he had given the child, and who would not bring it to the sufferer. The poor creature's fever ran very high, so that her life was despaired of. Very little could be got from her but the words—'He was drunk, or he never would have done it. We lived happy till he drank. Oh! where's baby? Let me go—let me go!' Then a pause. 'I hear him crying! I'm coming, my pretty pet, I'm coming!'

With sickening horror, Mabel clung close to Shafton Keen's arm, and passed two beds where children, badly burned, were moaning, as the dressers were attending to their burns.

'What is their ailment,' said Mabel, in her ignorance.

'Drunken mothers, Miss Alterton,' replied Shafton Keen.

Indeed, each bed seemed a little world of misery. There was the broken limb, as often fractured in a brawl as by an accident; the frightful scald to within an inch of life—enough left for suffering and no more. There was the obliterating bruise, the mutilating blow; there was the despondent look of tedious agony, the wild delirious cry of acute misery; the tossing restlessness of creatures new to affliction, the dull despair settling down on those who would rise from the bed of pain no more.

Mabel was bewildered, she had not thought the world contained so much suffering as that one room; and yet she was thankful that there was shelter and needful aid rendered to these wretched beings. Shafton Keen left her for a moment, and went behind the screen that surrounded the patient Mabel had come to visit. He returned saying, 'I fear, I have brought you here in vain, the child is at the point of death.'

'Is the mother here?' said Mabel. He replied in the affirmative.

'Then let me see her.'

Mabel passed with a soft step and deferential mien the slight barrier that hid the death scene from the eyes of the other sufferers. The child, uninjured in the face, lay on the pillow with her eyes closed—pale as the sheets. There was a strife for breath at intervals from the crushed chest, but that was the only motion that broke the marble stillness. It was a fair little face, of five or six years old, with features delicately formed, and thinner than is the wont of childhood, but very beautiful. By the bedside knelt a tall woman in the prime of her years, nearly as pale as the poor innocent; her gleaming hair of a soft golden tint, fell, by its own weight, neglected on her shoulders, and made the face look ghastly in contrast with its brightness. The tearless-strained eyes, slightly bloodshot with the intensity of her watch, were riveted on the child. Her dry and bloodless lips were slightly apart, and seemed, with the rest of the face, to be in a rigour of attention. She took no notice as Mabel stood at the foot of the bed, and Shafton Keen went up the other side and leaned slightly over. All the world, evidently, had at that time ebbed away from her remembrance. That dying child was all that she was conscious of. Instinctively Mabel sank on her knees in that solemn presence, and bowed her head for she felt the angel of death was near. If prayer is sometimes 'the falling of a tear,' she offered many, as with hated breath she continued kneeling.

A slight tremour, as it were, that vibrated through the bed, caused Mabel to lift her face and venture a glance. There was a quiver ran lightly over the placid features, a faint smile parted the lips, and a strong breath rippled forth—and then a silence! The mother had one of the little hands in hers. She noted the movement, and gave a gasp of satisfaction, then continued her gaze. Neither Shafton nor Mabel moved. Neither could have told that mother her child was dead. And so for a few moments they all kept their places Mabel gradually creeping round on her knees nearer the woman. How long the spell that bound them might have lasted it is impossible to say. The nurse put her head within the screen and saw that all was over, came to the side of the bed by Shafton Keen, and laid one dead arm down straight, and proceeded to withdraw the little hand the mother was fondling. The woman, as if struck by a sudden blow, looked wildly and fiercely round, then at the child, and again at the by-standers. She read it all. No need of the nurse's words—"My good soul, all is over." She gave a scream so long and wild, as if her life must have departed in that cry, and would have fallen to the ground, if Mabel's arms had not received her. Her bosom pillowed the frantic head, her tears fell fast on the wasted face. In a few moments, as the nurse proceeded to touch the body, she sprang up, and throwing herself by its side, said, "Let me die. Good people have mercy, and let me die."

"Hush! hush!" said the nurse, and then added to Mr. Shafton Keen, "She must not make a noise here among the patients." To remove her, partly by entreaty and partly by force, was no easy task; and Mabel's work seemed to commence when they got her into a room at the end of the ward. All that could be done and said was tried. She did not shriek again; she had not shed a tear; but kept saying, with a stony glare and a husky voice, "Let me die; pray let me die."

Just at that moment their party was augmented by the arrival of Mr. Delamere Burnish, who was shown by a private passage to the room where his cousin and Miss Alterton were trying to comfort the mourner. He had heard from the nurse that the child was dead. Both the gentlemen, after a pause of a few minutes, thought Mabel might have said more in the way of consolation, and feared her feelings were unfitting her for the task she had undertaken; but Mabel, though new to such scenes, had the reverence for the sanctity of grief which sympathy has a kind of prescience of.

"Tell her, Miss Alterton," said Shafton Keen, "that my aunt will not fail to aid her in any way."

"Tell her all the family feel for her affliction," added Delamere; and thus prompted, contrary to her own judgment, Mabel said—

"I am commissioned to tell you that you will be befriended in this great affliction, by people who deeply feel for you."

"Who talks of befriending me? I want no friends; let me die."

"My mother, Mrs. Burnish," said Delamere, "is very grieved, as we all are, at this sad, sad accident."

"Who?" said the woman, starting, "who did he say?"

"One who is the friend of many," faltered Mabel; Mrs. Burnish."

By this time the woman stood up and confronted them. She gazed from one to another, and then said, "Begone! could you find no time to insult me but this? Begone! what have I to do with the Burnish people? Once, famine-stricken on a winter's night, I fell so low as to ask alms of that cruel woman, and she refused me. Yes, refused that child, I tell you. Stay," she added, a sudden and dreadful thought convulsing her face like a spasm, "Whose carriage was it that—?"

"Don't distress yourself, I pray," said Shafton, afraid of the turn the matter had taken, and wishing to soothe the woman.

"What do you mean by trifling with me? Let me know—was it not? Oh, yes, I see it all. It was their carriage—that family—the curse of my life—my ruin! Man!" she said, coming near to Shafton and grasping his arm, "do you know who that child was? Did you ever hear the name of Boon? Oh, yes, you know. My child—my child!"

To speak with this poor creature in her present distracted state was useless. Their presence evidently only irritated her. Shafton Keen had a conversation with the house surgeon, and it was decided that the poor creature should stay there under the care of a nurse until the inquest was holden. Delamere left some money for her use, and with saddened hearts the trio departed.

"What a scene!" said Mabel, as she got into the open air.

"Ah!" said Mr. Shafton Keen, emphatically, "enough to make us all think of causes, Miss Alterton."

"To see the misery produced by drink in that one place!" said Mabel.

"Our name, that we are so proud of," rejoined Delamere, "seems to have its bad as well as its good odour. What can our family have done to arouse the rage of that wretched creature? I couldn't understand her, Shafton. Could she mean my 'Uncle Boon,' as I used to call him, who went abroad years ago?"

"She was evidently frantic with grief," remarked Mabel, as her thoughts reverted to Mrs. Burnish's secret.

"There was method in her madness," said Shafton.

No other remark was made during the short walk home. And Mabel left the gentlemen in the hall, and proceeded to give Mrs. Burnish tidings of the event.

It was with astonishment, not unmixed with indignation, that the lady heard Mabel's softened statement of the concluding part of the interview.

"To think it should be that wretched woman!" And then followed some remarks about Providence, which we omit as profane; for they savored of that idea of the Divine government which some of the old women on the Cornish coast have been said to have, when they are out of tea, and hope Providence will send a good gale when the next homeward bound Indianan passes their coast, that a lucky wreck may fill their tea-caddies. Ah, me! there's very strange theology about Providence. Once a year it would be well if some teachers, better than the Veering tribe, would preach from the Saviour's words, "Were those eighteen, on whom the tower of Siloam fell, greater sinners than all that dwell in Jerusalem?"

Meanwhile, a certain difference between the characters of Shafton Keen and Delamere Burnish was very clearly developed. The former, clear to see, and clever in denouncing an evil, but not regulating his own actions in consequence. The latter, hoodwinked or blinded by education and family prejudices, yet feeling the scales fall daily from his eyes, and resolute to walk by the light he gained.

Mabel was aware of a change, she knew not what. He spoke more at table, drank nothing but water, paid her marked attention, but sought no more interviews, and seemed like a man full of some strong purpose. He undertook to negotiate for Mrs. Burnish in regard to the accident, and had succeeded in obtaining an interview with the bereaved mother, who, though destitute, and belonging to a destitute class, spurned his offers of money; and, as soon as the inquest was over, and the poor child buried,—the work of a couple of days,—she disappeared. A little paragraph went the round of the papers to this effect:—

"An accident, attended with serious consequences, and that might have been far more disastrous, occurred on the evening of the 15th. The daughters of T. Burnish, Esq., M.P., were returning with their governess from a drive, when the storm broke suddenly over the metropolis. The horses were frightened by a flash of lightning, and set off at full speed, the driver nearly losing all control over them. They were stopped just after they had turned into Portland Street, and the ladies fortunately, had received no injury. We regret to add that a little girl, a foreigner, named Adelo Marquise, aged six years, was run over, and carried to—Hospital, where she died the next day. The well-known benevolence of the family has been exerted to the utmost to compensate the parents of the child—though no blame was attributable to the coachman."

Among the many readers of the papers, few perhaps noted that paragraph, except, indeed, as the name of Burnish attracted their attention. In many drawing-rooms there were pretty little notes written of mingled congratulation and condolence to Mrs. Burnish, and there the matter ended.

Not entirely. In a tavern situated in one of those nests of dwellings between the westside of Tottenham Court Road and Foley Place, a man, grey before his time, was lounging in a box compartment of the dingy coffee room, as it was called, and skimming the papers with an air of negligent sadness. A glass of cold spirits and water was beside him; evidently his breakfast, which he sipped constantly, holding his hand when he lifted the glass to steady it. No one was with him in the box. But the landlord who was bustling about among his other customers, now and then gave what he would perhaps have called "a squint" over the settle, a look in which cunning and curiosity were mingled. Just as the company seemed all intent on their morning draughts of beer, punch, spirits, and news, they were startled by a deep groan from the box of the lonely tippler. In an instant the landlord ran towards him, and the people jumped to their feet. "What was it?" "Was he ill?" "Open the windows!" "Bring brandy!" "Bring water!" "There, he is better!" He shakes them off—rises, holding the newspaper in his trembling hand, clutches his hat, pulls it on with a grip, and looking round with a wondering, unsettled glance, as if in search of some one, he stalked out into the street saying, "Thank you, I'm quite well now," and feebly pursued his way.

"There he goes—and a good riddance," says the landlord. "I wish he'd come back no more. He's been a matter of three weeks lodging here, and he's sythed enough to blow a vessel from Dover to Calais. I don't like sick grim coves—not I. I likes jolly dogs."

"Who is he?" said a customer.

"Blamed! if I know."

"Plenty of the ready rhino?" inquired another.

"Why I should say he hadn't, and he had. When he came here first, I think he was hard up. Precious seedy you see he is. But to see that fellow drink and never the merrier—not a touch. It's spirit and water for breakfast. That's his breakfast, gentlemen!" pointing to the fragments of a biscuit beside the nearly empty glass. Then a walk, then bitter beer, then his dinner beer—I wouldn't give a brass farde for what he eats—then his afternoon glass, then out again till near nightfall, then two hours' good hooing and not elevated; as sober and grave as a judge, but shaky like, and sad as you see. Then sort, friends, ain't to my taste; they it is that goes and makes a hole in the river, or brings a landlord into trouble by dyin' somehow in his house. But as I was a-saying, he soon had money if he didn't bring much, for he plays a hand of cards at times, though luck's

been agen him. Howsumever, I'm not much of a loser, whatever's up. But it's my belief summit in that paper troubled him."

"Was it to-day's?"

"No, sure," said Boniface, looking over the paper. "It's a Advertiser, four days old. He never was very keen on the papers—too sad to notice anything."

The reader need not be told this stranger was Mrs. Burnish's brother, and that his eyes had fallen on the paragraph containing a name he knew full well could belong only to the child, whom, in the midst of the wreck of fortune, position, principles, he yet was constrained by the pangs of conscience, or the agonies of affection to seek—Adele Marquise. Yes; well he knew the second name was given as a surname, because the child was born at the quiet little town, so called, a few miles from Boulogne, and because also she had no right to the name her father bore.

This wretched man had been so long used to humiliations arising from his habits, that all moral strength was gone. Yet he had visions of a future, that somehow was to redeem the past. He would seek the woman he had ruined, the child he had so deeply loved; he would marry, and try to retrieve. They would help him. Powerless as an infant, he leaned on the imaginary aid of his victims. This one idea was present in the ghastly dreams of night, the sad realities of day. He yielded to it—left the Channel Islands, thereby risking his rich brother-in-law's anger, threw himself on his sister's charity; but instead of advertising, or going to Boulogne, where he left her, or making any rational inquiries, he walked the dreary labyrinth of London streets, looking sadly in the face of childhood, and returned to drink his daily potion of destruction, and to add the excitement of play to the draught which had lost the power of stimulating him. His last money was rapidly going. His sister had deeply wounded him by refusing to see him. Her letter had not been balm. She entreated him, as her last request, as the only thing he could do to oblige her, to return to Guernsey instantly, and promised to add to his income there if he complied.

And now, lashed as by scorpions, he hastened to the hospital indicated. The inquest had been held, the verdict—accidental death—given, the child buried, the mother gone; the bed was supporting another sufferer, the room echoing a newer groan, and the nurse, a kind body in the main, but seasoned to her business, could give no information but that she "believed the Burnish family had made the kindest offers to Mrs. Marquise, or whatever her name was, for every one knew that Mr. Burnish was a good Samaritan if there was not another left,"—an opinion which a bright golden sovereign transferred from Mr. Delamere Burnish's purse to her pocket had perhaps purchased.

Mr. Boon turned away from the hospital steps, gazing vacantly around, like one in a dream, and repeating vaguely with a sigh the words, "good Samaritan!" Gradually, it seemed, the words brought back the days of childhood, for, though unread for years, it might be that the sacred narrative, in disjointed parts, swept through his brain. He shivered in the sunshine, and sat down on a low wall, where some boys were playing at marbles. They looked at him, and ran away as he asked them if they knew where he could find the "good Samaritan?" Gradually they gathered courage and returned, and a butcher boy passing, said as he heard the inquiry, "It's a public house, I know it well, over Boston fields."

"Is it?" said the stranger quietly, as he rose up and walked in the way the hand of the boy had indicated. On he went, still shivering in the sunshine, and muttering to himself, "good Samaritan!" People looked after him as he passed them, shook their heads, but it was no affair of theirs whether the man was drunk or mad. And so he went shuddering on, seeking what we all would like to find in our time of sorrow—the good Samaritan!

(To be continued.)

For Girls and Boys.

A DROP OF OIL.

The sewing machine went hard. Brother Will came and looked over Amy's shoulder and knit his brow, as was his custom when in a puzzle. At last, turning back the machine, he glanced over the works, and said:

"Did you oil it here, Amy?"

"Why, no, I never thought of that."

A drop of oil was supplied, and in another minute the slender needle was flying through the work like a fairy. It was easy now to turn the wheel. That drop of oil on a dry spot in the machinery made all right.

There are many other places where a drop of oil works just as great wonders. For cold mornings, when tempers are apt to get frosted as well as toes and finger tips, there is no magic like a few sweet, cheery words. So when one is angry and ready to do or say rash things, just give him a "soft answer," and you can see how it will cheer and brighten the way for yourself and all about you.—

Selected.

THIS LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

Let's oftener talk of noble deeds,
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days,
And not about the sad ones.
We were not made to fret and sigh,
And when grief sleeps, to wake it;
Bright Happiness is standing by—
This life is what we make it.

Let's find the sunny side of men,
Or be believers in it;
A light there is in every soul
That takes the pains to win it.
Oh! there's a sumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;
Our hands contain the magic wand—
This life is what we make it.

Then here's to those whose loving hearts
Shed light and joy about them!
Thanks be to them for countless gems
We ne'er had known without them.
Oh! this should be a happy world
To all who may partake it;
The fault's our own if it is not—
This life is what we make it.

—Good Health.

GIRLS, HELP FATHER.

"My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behind hand.

"Can I help you father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crocket-work. "I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want." "Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said, reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?" "I would be ashamed if I did not know something about them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing. "Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do and it will be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master-hand at accounts in my best days and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles." Very patiently did the hopeful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all evening, though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy chair enjoying his weekly paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you daughter, a thousand times!" took away all sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the father. "It's not every farmer that can afford it." "Not every farmer's daughter is capable of one," said the mother with pardonable pride.

"Not everyone would be willing if able," said Mr. Wilber; which last was a sad truth. How many daughters trained in our public schools might and ought to be of use to their father in this and many other ways? This is just what education means. Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest when evening comes, and help him out in every possible way, cheerfully. Children exert as great influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—*Young Reeper.*

Literary Record.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.—We cordially congratulate the promoters of this journal upon their success so far. A bright, fresh, well printed paper of the high character of the Presbyterian Review cannot fail to win success and do a great deal of good. We tender our new friend our heartiest good wishes.

THE CLARION is the warlike title of the new official organ of the N. S. Sons of Temperance. We gladly welcome it to the field of battle. The first number gives good promise of an ally worthy of our noble cause. We wish our new friend great success.

THE THOROLD POST.—We learned some time ago with regret that our friend Mr. John H. Thompson had given up the editorship of the *Stirling News-Organ*, but we are pleased to see that he has not left the field of fight. He now assumes the management of the *Thorold Post*, and this gives assurance that his pen will still be at work in the temperance cause, and that the *Post* will retain its advanced position on the Prohibition question.

ALDEN'S JUVENILE GEM, is the title of a new illustrated weekly paper for young people, the publication of which begins with the new year. It is a new departure of the prolific "Literary Revolution" and will therefore be examined with particular interest by some hundreds of thousands of readers who have come to look to that enterprise almost exclusively for their reading matter. Its subscription price is only 75 cents a year, though it will rival the high priced magazines in the amount and quality of its attractions. A specimen copy will be sent to any applicant forwarding his address by postal card to the publisher, John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New York.

"BEER AND THE BODY."—The National Temperance Society has just published in pamphlet form with the above title the very remarkable medical testimony against beer called forth by the *Toloso Blade* from distinguished physicians. It shows beer-drinking to be a most prolific source of drunkenness, disease—especially of kidney and liver diseases—and of premature death. It is demonstrated that beer is even more deleterious than whiskey and the stronger liquors as a cause of incurable physical disease and of mortality, and that beer patients beyond all others are prone to succumb to surgical operations. It is a striking and a powerful arraignment of beer and beer-makers. It is one of the most valuable pamphlets ever published by the Society and ought to be very widely circulated. 12mo. 24 pages. Price 5 cents; \$4 per 100. Address J. N. Stearns, Publishing Agent, 58 Reade Street, New York.

Our Caskit.

BITS OF TINSEL.

What is the difference between a jeweler and a jailor? One sells watches, and the other watches cells.

"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well, then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Hole?"

"Pa, how funny this looks in this paper. The printer has got the words all mixed up, so there is no sense to it." "No, no, my child. That is a new poem by Tennyson."—*Marathon Independent.*

A party of Israelities were blown out to sea in a small sail boat, and being several days without food were nearing dissolution, when one of them espied a vessel, and cried: "A sail! a sail!" "A sale!" echoed one of the Israelites, feebly, "a sale! Vere ish de catalogue?"

When Pat went a gunning for the first time he made one shot and then looked under a tree for his game and found a toad. "Begorra," he exclaimed, "I'd scarcely have recognized ye, but ye must have been a mighty fine burd, for I shot the feathers off ye."

A miller fell asleep in his mill, and bent forward till his hair caught in some machinery, and almost a handful was pulled out. It awakened him, and his first bewildered exclamation was, "Well, wife, what's the matter now?"

A gang of Italian laborers near Saratoga were recently cut down ten cents a day. Instead of striking, they cut an inch off their shovel blades at night. The "boss" asked what it meant, and *Baldwin's Guide* reports that one of the men replied: "Not so much pay, not so much dirt lift, the job last the more long. Italian no strike."