

# The Canada Citizen

## AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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F. S. SPENCE, - - - MANAGER.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1883.

## THE TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

It is our intention to give a concise history and description of the many different branches of the Temperance Reform now in active operation in Canada. As already stated we are in full and earnest sympathy with every effort of this sort. There are many regiments in our grand army. There are different phases of the warfare, various lines of action, a diversity of weapons. A well-appointed military service has always its sub-divisions. It would be imperfect if it were all artillery, all cavalry, all infantry, or all marines. The field of political temperance work engages the energies of some, the gospel temperance movement better suits the views of others, some approve most strongly of the work in connection with churches, and some find the most congenial sphere of work in the Lodge room. All are doing good and we wish them all success. THE CANADA CITIZEN is published in the interests of all, but is controlled by none. Our pages are open to every temperance organization. We invite all to use it. We will welcome their news, publish their special announcements, and aid their various enterprises. With this object in view, we purpose giving a short account of the plans, methods, progress, status and success of each of them.

### I. THE ALLIANCE.

In No. 5 of the present volume of THE CANADA CITIZEN, issued on August 3rd, will be found full information in reference to this useful and influential organization. The Dominion Alliance, for the Total Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, aims at uniting and utilizing for political action all other temperance agencies and influences. Its noble and successful work has already been detailed and discussed. We ask our readers to re-peruse the article to which we have referred, and we cordially and earnestly recommend to their sympathy and support, the objects and methods of the Dominion Alliance. We also specially request that the officers of the local branches will kindly send us reports of their proceedings.

### 2. THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

The W. C. T. U. is one of the modern organizations, and is exerting a purifying and elevating influence in society, such as no other agency can. It seeks to cultivate temperance sentiment in a quarter where it wields an irresistible power. In the cause of purity and truth it enlists our mothers, sisters and wives, all the attractiveness of home, and all the potency of woman's tenderness and love. The wonderful results it has accomplished are the best evidence of its peculiar adaptation to the work it has undertaken. "God bless the Women's Christian Temperance Union" is the fervent prayer to-day of many a grateful heart, whose weary burden of woe and despair has been removed through its instrumentality. We have a department in THE CANADA CITIZEN specially devoted to the records of woman's work, and the advocacy of woman's cause, and to that we refer those of our readers who are interested in the progress of this wonderfully blessed and blessing movement. On page 56 of No. 5, August 3rd, is a short statement of its extent and operations in Canada, and on page 116 of the present number, is some interesting information in reference to its extent in the United States, and its specific methods and aims. In the department named, the W. C. T. U. will always have a prominent place. There is therefore no need to say anything further about it here.

### TREATING.

The senseless practice of treating is the parent of by far the greater part of the drinking and drunkenness that curse our country to-day. Among a certain large class the ideas seem to prevail that a man who does not treat is mean, and a man who does not drink when his friend treats is unsocial. The dread of being considered mean or unsocial seems to be strong enough to compel a great many to do what they know and confess to be wrong. Such deference to the tyranny of a custom they condemn speaks badly for the moral backbone of those who acknowledge it. A man of spirit would be ashamed to own that he was craven enough to do wrong because somebody might sneer at him if he did right. One whose good opinion is worth anything, can only despise the want of manliness evidenced in thus truckling, from sheer cowardliness, to this absurd and villainous notion.

It is a mistaken idea that the reckless spendthrift, the free-handed treater, is the embodiment of big-heartedness and generosity. We know some who are most slavish in their subjection to this stupid habit, most extravagant in their payment for the commendation of maudlin sottishness, and who are at home the most contemptible misers. This is only natural. Stinginess, cowardice, and vanity are all indications of littleness, and generally found together. True courage is above purchasing exemption from the sneers of the worthless by the sacrifice of self respect, or at the cost of depriving a loving wife or child of some little luxury or comfort.

The seduction of the young to the ways of dissipation and ruin is almost invariably accomplished by the treating system. It is the debaucher of public morals, and the ever potent ally of political corruption. Well might the learned judge, who saw some of its fruit in his investigation of the late Muskoka election, stigmatize it as a "vicious and destructive custom." It is a national disgrace, as well as a terrible curse, and we earnestly entreat our young men to free themselves from its degrading bondage.

Leading druggists on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficial effects upon their customers troubled with Liver complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities. It has accomplished remarkable cures.

## VERSIFICATION-EXPOSTULATION.

Ye friends of moderation,  
Who think a reformation,  
Or moral renovation,  
Would benefit our nation;

Who deem intoxication,  
With all its dissipation,  
In every rank and station,  
The cause of degradation,  
Of which your observation,  
Gives daily demonstration.

Behold! the ruination,  
Distress and desolation,  
The open violation  
Of moral obligation;  
The wretched habitation,  
Without accommodation,  
Or any regulation,  
For common sustentation;  
A scene of deprivation,  
Unequaled in creation.

The frequent desecration,  
Of Sabbath ordination,  
The crime and depredation,  
Defying legislation;  
The awful profanation  
Of common conversation;  
The mental aberration  
And dire infatuation,  
With every sad gradation,  
To maniac desperation.

Ye who, with consternation,  
Behold this devastation,  
And utter condemnation  
Of all inebriation;  
Why sanction its duration,  
Or not show approbation  
Of any combination  
For its extermination?

We deem a declaration  
That offers no temptation,  
By any palliation  
Of this abomination,  
The only sure foundation  
For total extirpation;

And under this persuasion,  
Hold on communication,  
With noxious emanation,  
Of brewers' fermentation,  
Or poisonous preparation  
Of spirit distillation,  
Or any vain libation  
Producing stimulation.

To this determination,  
With earnest supplication,  
And fervent exhortation,  
We call consideration;  
And without hesitation  
Invite co-operation,  
Not doubting imitation  
Will raise your estimation,  
And by continuation  
Afford you consolation;  
That in participation  
With this association,  
You may, by meditation,  
The help of education,  
And aid of legislation,  
Insure the preservation  
Of a future generation  
From all contamination,

And may each indication,  
Of such regeneration  
Be the theme of exultation  
Till its FINAL CONSUMMATION.

To the AUTHOR of salvation  
BE ETERNAL ADORATION.

## TEMPERANCE IN THE BIBLE.

## INTOXICATING DRINKS FORBIDDEN.

Drink no wine or strong drink.—Judges xii., 7.

He shall separate himself from wine and strong drink.—Num. vi., 3.

Ye shall drink no wine, neither ye, nor your sons forever.—Jer. xxxv., 6.

Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink.—Isaiah v., 22.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. v., 18.

Look not thou on the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Proverbs xxiii., 31, 32.

[This is more stringent than any modern pledge.]

## TEMPERANCE PROMOTES PIETY.

I have drunk neither wine nor strong drink, but have poured out my soul before the Lord.—I. Sam. i., 15.

He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink.—Luke i., 15.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.—Gal. v., 22, 24.

Dearly beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts that war against the soul.—I. Peter ii., 11.

Giving all diligence, add to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness.—II. Peter i., 5, 6.

[Temperance is a part of Christianity.]

## KEEPING THE BODY PURE.

I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.—Romans xii., 1.

What I know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which we have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.—I. Cor. vi., 19, 20.

Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.—II. Cor. vii., 1.

Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.—Romans xiii., 14.

Her Nazarities were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphire.—Lam. iv., 7.

[Temperance is to the body what holiness is to the soul and in the divine plan they go together.]

## TEMPERANCE IN THE CHURCH.

Do not drink wine or strong drink, thou, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the tabernacle of the congregation, lest ye die. It shall be a statute forever throughout your generations.—Lev. x., 9.

Neither shall any priest drink wine.—Ezek. xlv., 21.

Bishops, deacons, their wives; aged men and women: "Not given to wine," "sober," "temperate."—I. Tim. iii., 3, 8; Titus i., 7, and ii., 2.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.—Rom. xiv., 21.

If any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolator, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner, with such an one no not to eat.—I. Cor. v., 11.

[Temperance should have a place in church rules, work and worship.]—N. Y. Witness.

## SALOON VS. SCHOOL.

Four years ago I received a challenge from Judge Isaac S. Haskell, of Omaha, to come to that city and discuss with him the question of prohibition. The Judge was a licensed man, and I felt particularly interested in meeting him. I thought he would defend the liquor traffic, and I prosecute it; consequently I desired to get the evidence against his old client in the town where he lived. I went to Omaha after facts. The first place I visited was the common school of Omaha. I asked the Superintendent, "How many schools have you here?"

He answered, "Seven; six ward schools and a high school; also a college and some private schools."

"How many teachers have you in the city institutions?"

"Eighty-four."

"How many graduated last year?"

"About one hundred and eight."

The city of Omaha paid \$67,000 to run that system of schools because it has a wonderful influence for good. I then went to look after the other schools, the dramshops. I went to their superintendent, the police judge, and asked him:

"How are your schools getting along?"

He said: "Finch, are you drunk?"

I said: "You should not think I am drunk because most of the men brought here are."

He inquired what I meant. I explained. He laughed, "So you think I am the superintendent of the saloons?"

"Are you not?"

"Well," said he, "I do not know but I might be called so."

"Well," said I "Judge, how many schools of this kind have you in the city?"

He told me, one hundred and fifty-five licensed ones.

"How many teachers in those schools?"

He told me, including cappers, bar-tenders and owners, about four hundred.

"How many scholars did you have up for graduation during the year?"

He told me he gave diplomas to the rock-pile, the county jail, and fined, about twelve hundred. Some had graduated three or four times over; "but it is perfectly safe to assume," he continued, "that there were six hundred different graduates."—*Hon. John Finch.*

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### Contributed Articles.

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#### A PROHIBITION TOWN.

HOW PARRY SOUND PROSPERS UNDER PROHIBITION—CONTRAST WITH THE ADJOINING VILLAGE—A SUCCESSFUL TEMPERANCE HOTEL—WHAT ONE MAN CAN DO.

The example of how prohibition works in a busy town with a considerable floating population of lumbermen, who spend their winters in shanties in the bush, ought to be worth something in the discussion of the problem of Prohibition vs. License. Parry Sound, beautifully situated on the eastern shore of Georgian Bay, affords such an example. The town, for such it may be called, the population being nearly large enough to warrant incorporation, is at present a part and parcel of the District of Parry Sound, and is governed by the municipal machinery applicable to townships. As however the town itself comprises the greater proportion of the population of the municipality, it may be taken as a fair sample of the whole.

#### THE DUNKIN ACT

was passed in the district some twenty years ago, and is still in force. The provisions of that Act are prohibitory to an extent, no one being allowed to sell liquor in quantities less than five gallons, and *no retail license* being permitted in any form. The concurrently-operating Crooks Act allows no sale *without* a license, consequently there is no sale of liquor permitted. The law thus protects the District of Parry Sound from the encroachments of the traffic in its most dangerous form, the "treating system." In the unorganized territory surrounding the District, the traffic meets with the same strong opposition of the statutory criminal law, which inflicts heavy penalties on those who are convicted of selling. The Indian Reserve, on the island just across the channel, is protected from the liquor also, by a special statute on behalf of "Poor Lo." While it will be thus seen that the circum stances are favorable to prohibition in Parry Sound, still it must be evident to any one that the liquor interest might readily obtain a footing as it has done in other places, by repealing the Dunkin Act and setting up its fortifications. It might still do this were the leading settlers of the town friends of the liquor traffic, or even lukewarm in their allegiance to temperance principles. But

#### THE PIONEER WAS A PROHIBITIONIST

in practice as well as by principle, and he secured to the town of Parry Sound the inalienable right of prohibition. The name of this gentleman is William Beatty, and he is still one of the moving spirits in the District. Some fifteen or twenty years ago he entered the District, then rough, uncultivated, undeveloped. His commercial enterprise was recognized by the Provincial Government, there being granted to him a large tract of country, including that on which Parry Sound is now built. Every foot of land he has sold, or is selling, is transferred on the distinct stipulation that no intoxicating liquor shall be sold thereon. By the kindness of Mr. Ansley, Mr. Beatty's manager, I obtained a copy of the form of deed, which has been tested and approved by leading lawyers as correct and legal. Its provisions, of course, are more lengthy than is customary, and space forbids the publication of all the clauses, but this one will give

#### THE GIST OF THE COVENANT:

"And the party of the second part, for his heirs and assigns, covenants with the party of the first part, his heirs and assigns, that the party of the second part, his heirs or assigns, or any person or persons claiming or to claim through, from, under, or in trust for him, them, or any of them, will not during the lives of the parties thereto, and of the present grandchildren of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the life of the survivor of such parties and grandchildren, and during the period of twenty-one years after the death of such survivor, including in such period the day of such death, sell or offer for sale, or dispose of, for gain or reward or by way of barter

or exchange, any spirituous or intoxicating liquors on the said lands or any part thereof."

#### PROHIBITION WITH A STROKE OF THE PEN.

No one can purchase or transfer property in Parry Sound without subscribing to the doctrine of prohibition, and thus Mr. Beatty has, with one stroke of the pen, given to his town the great boon of entire prohibition. What is the effect? Good, and only good. The citizens are law abiding, self-respecting; the churches flourish; an air of freedom and friendliness pervades the place; all seem bent on mutual improvement. The gaol is small, and holds no "drunks" except such as stagger in from outside districts.

#### A STRIKING CONTRAST.

A few years ago a learned Toronto professor, now deceased, was visiting the town. He was not a believer either in abstinence or prohibition. One day Mr. Ansley determined to give him a practical lesson. Inviting him to a seat in his carriage, he drove him into the adjoining village, called Parry Harbor, a settlement so near that a stranger would suppose it was a suburb of the town. The professor was driven through its main street, along its back streets, up lanes and down alleys, in and out, where the peculiarities of the home life as well as the business life might be seen. He observed all the treeless streets, dirty alleys, drunken men, untidy women, dirty children. Then crossing back over the boundary line marking the separation of the townships, a similar view was had of Parry Sound, front and back, up and down, in and out. Here the marks of neatness, thrift, industry, sobriety, intelligence, were so marked, that the professor with an emphatic ejaculation, confessed that he was convinced, overwhelmingly convinced, that prohibition was an unmixed good, and the license system an unmixed evil.

#### A PROSPEROUS TOWN.

If those who decry prohibition, on the pretext that it ruins business, would see this thriving place, they would, if honest, confess themselves grossly mistaken. Mr. Beatty does a very large general trade, and the Parry Sound Lumber Company also has a general store. Both these stores and others, are thriving, solid concerns. The population is rapidly on the increase, the schools are full, houses are scarcely obtainable, and there is every indication that the prohibition of the liquor traffic is a very strong inducement to prospective settlers.

#### HOTELS WITHOUT LIQUOR.

The prohibitory clause already quoted, covers also the land on which the hotels are built, and hence they have no "bars." Still they flourish. Why should they not, when coffee houses have been demonstrated to be paying institutions? So much faith have the townspeople in temperance hotels, that they have organized "The Parry Sound Hotel Company," with a capital of \$12,000, and have built and furnished a large house on the "Belvidere Heights," a majestic, rocky headland of great height, commanding a magnificent view of river, channel, island, town, country, and bay. The Belvidere Hotel was opened on July 2nd, and although this season has been very unfavorable till within the past few weeks, there has been an influx of visitors sufficient to earn for the shareholders already a dividend of four per cent. No doubt next year the hotel will be filled.

When one of the citizens remarked: "Mr. Beatty is foremost in anything that has to do with the church or temperance," I mentally responded: "Would there were more such men of wealth and influence in Canada, men who would give their temperance principles a practical turn when they come to transfer land."

T. B.

A WORKINGMAN at Manchester, England, recently made a very effective temperance address in the public square. In his hands he held a loaf of bread and a knife. The loaf of bread represented the wages of the workingman. After a few introductory remarks he cut off a moderate slice. "This," he said, "is what you give the city government." He then cut off a more generous slice, "and this is what you give to the general government;" then with a vigorous flourish of his carving knife he cut off three quarters of the whole loaf. "This," he said, "you give to the brewer." By this time only a thin slice remained. He set aside the greater part of this to the "public house," and had left only a few crumbs; "and this you keep to support yourself and your family." The response of his auditory of fellow laborers showed that they keenly appreciated the force of his illustration.—*Signal.*

## Selected Articles.

## THE GOSPEL OF TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

What amazes and shocks me is to see the wine-bottle where it is as flagrantly out of place as a bonfire would be on the floor of a powder-mill. No intoxicant has any business to be on the table of a family which contains any boys, or on the table of any miscellaneous social party, or in the cupboard of any professional man, or anywhere else, in short, except possibly in the hands of a *very* discreet and careful physician. Every bottle that contains alcohol contains a *serpent*. The serpent in Eden was not a more perfect embodiment of deceit. A bottle of Bourbon or of Burgundy will deceive the very elect. I am constantly called to labor for the reformation of persons who began with the most honest resolution to drink *moderately*; but their glasses insensibly enlarged and deepened until they became literally a pit of damnation! Some of the hardest cases I encounter are of those whose names are enrolled on church registers. In yonder lecture-room I have heard a man pray most pathetically for deliverance from the tempter, and yet he has been tracked to a drinking-saloon on his way home from the prayer-meeting! More than once he has been the subject of most loving personal efforts (once or twice of necessary church discipline), and still does he cry out in agony from the bites of the serpent which he deliberately *put into his own bosom* when he was a young man. He never whines about being "a poor unfortunate victim," etc., etc.; he squarely admits that he is a heinous sinner against God and his own soul. But what shall be said of those Christian people who, from thoughtlessness or from the tyranny of fashion, will set wine-bottles where they will produce just such conflagrations? In my honest judgment, the grog-seller, will have no heavier account to answer for in the "great day" than will those reputable and professedly Christian people who place bottled serpents on their hospitable tables for the temptation and poisoning of their guests. Half the drunkards in the land had one or more *partners* at the outset. God's Word solemnly declares, "Be ye not *partakers* of other men's sins"; how much worse to be their tempters!

The one momentous truth that must be instilled into the minds and consciences of the young is, that *nobody* can safely tamper with an intoxicating beverage. On the bed-rock of entire abstinence alone are they safe. I am willing to confess on this public page that I would no more dare to tamper with a wine-bottle than I would dare to thrust a firebrand into one of the pews of my church edifice. The venerable president of my college told me how often in his student days he used to listen to the eloquent sermons of Dr. —; but those very sermons were delivered under the inspiration of the wine-cup! The excuse was, "I can preach better with the

## WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?

How often this question is asked by men accustomed to the use of intoxicating drinks! Suppose we put the question in a more practical way? Will you take ten cents' worth of poison? Will you take a pain in the head? Will you take a rush of blood to the heart? Will you take a stab at the lungs? Will you take a blister on the mucous membrane? Will you take a nauseating sickness of the stomach? Will you take a redness of eyes or black eyes? Will you take a tint of red for your nose? Will you take a rum-bud for your face? Will you take an offensive breath? Will you take a touch of *delirium tremens*? Suppose we change the question a little. Will you take something to drink when you are not dry? Will you take something to drink which will not quench your thirst when you are dry? Will you take something to drink which will make you more thirsty than you were before you drank it? There would be some sense in asking a man out at the elbows to take a coat, or in asking a bareheaded man to take a hat, or in asking a shoeless man to take a pair of boots, or in asking a hungry man to take something to eat; but it is a piece of insane absurdity to ask a man to take something to drink—that will not quench his thirst. Why should he take something? Will it make him stronger, wiser, better? No; a thousand times no! It will make him weaker; it will

make him idiotic and base. What does he take if he accepts the invitation? He takes "an enemy into his mouth which steals away his brains." He takes a poison into his stomach which disturbs digestion. Could he make a telescope of the glass which he puts to his mouth, and look into the future, what would he see? He would see in the distance, not far away, a man clothed in rags, and covered with the blotches of drunkenness. He would see a man deserted by his friends, and distrusted by all his kindred. He would see a wife with a sad face and a broken heart, and children growing up in ignorance and vice. He would see the poor-house, the penitentiary, the gallows, and the grave-yard within easy approach. Take the pledge, and keep it.—*National Temperance Orator*.

## SIGNIFICANT.

"No sober persons were overcome by the heat in the city."

This statement appeared in one of the daily newspapers the other day at the foot of a report concerning several persons who had succumbed the day before to the combined effect of heat without and alcohol within. It is suggestive of the danger in hot weather even of drinking what might not be felt at all when lower temperatures prevail. We have no doubt that scores of persons lose their lives from sunstroke who would survive if they abstained from the use of alcoholic stimulants during the prevalence of the excessive heat.

In these days of innumerable mineral waters there is less occasion than ever before for resort to spirits to quench the thirst of summer. Ginger ale is also a comparatively new beverage of much virtue, which stimulates without intoxicating. Then city people always have soda water on hand, and lemonade readily procurable, while in the country what can be more refreshing than a draught of molasses-sweetened well-water from the earthen jug kept in a cool corner of the hay field?

Every worker out of doors at this season should remember that alcohol is a deadly ally of sunstroke.—*New York Leader*.

LET us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith, let us to the end, dare to do our duty, as we understand it.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

In speaking of the blessings of the beer jerking business in New York, the *Tribune* says: "There are 250,000 Germans in New York city who visit beer gardens in vast numbers on Sunday. Only one or two libraries are open on this day at which the attendance is 2,000. As for drunkenness and other crimes, there is less than upon week days, the average number of daily arrests is 192, on Sunday 182, on Monday 227. On Sunday evenings there are concert halls, and beer-and-song places open, visited by 10,000 people." These Monday arrests spoken of are for Sunday drunks. If the saloons of New York were closed on Sunday and the law enforced, these 182 Sunday arrests and fully 150 of the Monday arrests would not take place.—*Seven*.

A Sunday School teacher in Michigan, at the close of the lesson on a recent Sunday, handed to her scholars little slips of paper on which was printed the question, "What have I to be thankful for?" asking that each should take time to consider and answer on the following Sunday. Among the replies that were then given was the following pathetic sentence, written by a little girl who had doubtless learned by the bitter process the painful truth it told: "I am thankful that there are no rumshops in heaven."

HE goes to school; but after all, he is learning more out of school hours than in them,—and, for that matter, far more in school than is written in the text-books. He has got beyond arithmetic, and is deep in problems like this:

"Isn't Mr. — a very rich man?"

"No, he would not be considered rich."

"I thought he was. He has such an anxious, careworn look."

The mouth of this babe had unconsciously proposed the same question in spiritual mathematics, which the Master put: "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*Christian Intelligencer*.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harriston, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

Consumption is a disease concentrated by a neglected cold; how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. One of the most popular medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunnville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."

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 Temperance News.
 

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 CANADIAN.
 

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The annual meeting of the Toronto Branch of the Dominion Alliance will be held 1st of October. A growing interest is being manifested in this branch, and its anniversary is expected to be an interesting event.

Mr. W. H. Rodden, Provincial Deputy and special organizer for the Grand Lodge of Canada of the I. O. G. T., is having much success in extending the order in Ontario.

Mr. Gawin Kirkham and Mr. M. Forbes, English temperance workers of great ability and reputation, are on their way to Canada, where they expect to spend some time.

Determined efforts are being made by the temperance men in Toronto to prevent the carrying out of the proposal to sell liquor on the Industrial Exhibition Grounds during the time of the exhibition.

 UNITED STATES.
 

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The past year Iowa manufactured 765,658 gallons less beer and whisky than the year previous.

Father Hagan is reported to have administered the total-abstinence pledge to 9,000 Irishmen in Chicago.

The National Roman Catholic Total-Abstinence Union numbers 36,039 members.

Gov. St. John says: "Kansas has increased one hundred thousand in population under prohibition, and not one of these is a saloon-keeper."

The superintendent of the Delaware division of the Erie Railroad has issued orders prohibiting the use of wines or liquors by the employees of the road.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union has just dedicated the first sidewalk free ice-water fountain in New York. It is an ornamental object, piously inscribed, and fed by pipes running through an ice-box under the kerbstone packed with 300 pounds of ice.

Something is the matter with Maine. While the average expenditure *per capita* for tobacco, in the entire nation, is one dollar, in Maine it averages but seventeen cents. And yet they tell us that wherever men are prohibited from strong drink they fly to other excesses.—*Ex.*

"This morning Sheriff Windle threw open the cell doors of the jail, as the last prisoner had been discharged. It will be remembered that in 1879-80, the year of prohibition, during the last three months the jail stood empty. With the advent of saloons, came prisoners into the hands of the sheriff, soon running up to eight or ten, charged with various crimes, from larceny to murder. The first part of the year of prohibition had to be devoted to working off the victims of the license year, some of whom were sent to Joliet. This being done, an empty jail is the result. This is something of which every good citizen of Logan county ought to be proud, and for which all tax-payers should be thankful. The country people—the farmers of this country—can well afford to put their shoulders to the wheel and with a shout, hurrah for Lincoln and prohibition! Send the car of progress wheeling forward until the traffic is driven from our borders."—*Lincoln (Ill.) Sentinel.*

The city of Millville, N. J., supported twenty grog-shops some years ago, and drunkenness abounded on every hand. Eleven years ago, the voters elected officers who refused license, and after a hard struggle, banished the dramshops. A population of eight thousand are now sober, prosperous and happy.

The glass factories of Whiteall, Tatum & Co., employing one thousand five hundred hands, are located here, and a member of the firm recently said: "Prohibition is worth to us as a firm at least ten thousand dollars a year in the general regularity of the men at their work."

Another man said: "I have been connected with these works for more than twenty years. I know the employees: their condition is vastly improved since prohibition went into effect. Nobody learns to drink in our town now."—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

"It is asserted by Kinne, and echoed by all the saloons and the most of the Democrats, that prohibition is a failure in Kansas. From such Kansas papers as we can see we know this is a false assertion. We quote from a few of them. The *Winfield Courier* says:

"Winfield has a population of four thousand with the prohibitory law enforced. The city has no police except the marshal, who has been made street commissioner to keep him employed. The city is rushed with business, and is exempt from drunken men."

"The *Ottawa Republican* corroborates the above as follows:

"Ottawa has a population of five thousand. The prohibitory law is strictly enforced. The city is quiet because there are no saloons to create drunken rows. The city has a marshal and night-watchman."

"The *Atchison Globe* has been a persistent opponent of prohibition, and yet its editor is forced to admit:

"Nothing but our sense of duty as an independent journal impels us to remark that, notwithstanding our earnest opposition, the prohibition cause is gaining ground every day. We are really afraid that prohibition will be a successful national issue long before sanguine prohibitionists expect it. Revolutions sometimes come with the swiftness of a whirlwind."—*Iowa State Register.*

 General News.
 

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The General Conference of the Canada Methodist Church has carried a resolution for union by a majority of seventy-seven.

The corner stone of a new Methodist church has been laid at London.

A freight train ran off the track near St. Paschal station, Que. Five cars were wrecked but no one hurt.

A boy named Albert Longhurst was drowned in the Toronto public baths.

Nathaniel Vanmer, aged 75, was killed on the 30th August by a fall from a wagon.

Mr. Fauquier, the recent member-elect for Muskoka, has been unseated and disqualified, because of corrupt practices.

John Donohue's farm buildings at Newboro were burned on Saturday night.

Vanstone's flour and grist mills at Brussels were destroyed by fire.

A workman was killed on the Canada Southern track near Windsor.

Robert B. Keighly committed suicide at London.

 BRITISH.
 

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Mr. Lowther (Conservative) has been elected to the House of Commons for Rutlandshire.

Crops in the South of Ireland have been much damaged by storms.

A company has been formed to lay an independent Atlantic cable. It proposes to send messages at one half the present rates.

 UNITED STATES.
 

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Robert Winters poisoned himself at Detroit on the 30th ult.

High-tides and storms have done much damage at Coney Island.

A drunken sailor, named John Smith, was clubbed to death by a policeman in New York.

Texas cattle fever has broken out at Detroit.

A boy named Willie Hill was drowned in the river at Detroit.

John A. Moran committed suicide at New Haven on last Friday.

Forest fires are doing much damage on Long Island and in Texas.

George Feltz shot Peter Broomfield in a quarrel at Warrentown, Ga.

A boiler explosion at Frankfort, D. T., killed several persons.

The Telegraphers' Brotherhood has separated from the Knights of Labor.

 FOREIGN.
 

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Work on the Panama Canal is being pushed forward very energetically.

The total number of deaths from cholera in Egypt so far is 27,318.

Violent storms in different parts of Europe have caused much loss of life and destruction of property. Several shocks of earthquake have been felt in Italy.

Forty persons were killed by a railway accident near Berlin last Sunday.

The number of lives lost by the Java eruption is estimated at one hundred thousand.

War between China and France seems almost certain.

A niece of Queen Ranavalona succeeds her on the throne of Madagascar.

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE SEASONING.

"I have brought your dinner, father,"  
The blacksmith's daughter said,  
As she took from her arms a kettle,  
And lifted its shining lid.  
"There's not any pie or pudding,  
So I will give you this,"  
And upon his toil-worn forehead  
She left a childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron,  
And dined in happy mood,  
Wondering much at the savor,  
Hid in his humble food;  
While all about him were visions,  
Full of prophetic bliss,  
But he never thought of magic  
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she with her kettle swinging  
Merrily trudged away,  
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,  
Catching some wild bird's lay.  
And I thought how many a shadow  
Of life and fate we would miss,  
If always our frugal dinners  
Were seasoned with a kiss.

—Selected.

## WHAT ONE MOODY HOUR DID.

At a late hour one night, a poor old man, weak with hunger, and stiff with cold, entered a police station to ask for lodgings. While he sat by the stove, they heard him groan like one in distress, and the captain asked:

"Are you sick, or have you been hurt?"

"It is here," answered the old man, as he touched his breast. "It all came back to me an hour ago, as I passed a window and saw a bit of a boy in his night-gown.

What is it?" asked the captain as he sat down beside the man.

"It is heart-ache. It is remorse," the old man answered. "I have had them gnawing away at my heart for years. I have wanted to die—I have prayed for death—but life still clings to this poor old frame. I am old and friendless, and worn out, and were some wheel to crush me, it would be an act of mercy."

He wiped his eyes on his ragged sleeve, made a great effort to control his feelings, and went on:

"Forty years ago I had plenty. A wife sang in my home, and a young boy rode on my knee, and filled the house with his shouts and laughter. I sought to be a good man and a kind father, and people called me such. One night I came home vexed. I found my boy ailing, and that vexed me still more. I don't know what ailed me to act so that night, but it seemed as if everything were wrong. The child had a bed beside us, and every night since he had been able to speak, he had called to me before closing his eyes in sleep, 'good night, my pa!' Oh, sir, I hear those words sounding in my ears every day and every hour, and they wring my old heart until I am faint."

For a moment he sobbed like a child, then he found voice to continue:

"God forgive me, but I was cross to the boy that night. When he called to me good night, I would not reply. 'Good night, my pa!' he kept calling, and wretch that I was, I would make no answer. He must have thought me asleep, but finally cuddled down with a sob in his throat. I wanted to get up and kiss him, but kept waiting, and waiting, and finally I fell asleep."

"Well?" queried the captain as the silence grew long.

"When I awoke it was day. It was a shriek in my ears which broke my slumbers, and, as I started up, my poor wife called, 'Oh! Richard! Richard! our Jamie is dead in his bed!' It was so. He was dead and cold. There were tears on his pale face—the tears he had shed when he had called, 'Good night, my pa!' and I had refused to answer! I was

dumb. Then remorse came, and I was frantic. I did not know when they buried him, for I was under restraint as a lunatic. For five long years life was a dark midnight to me. When reason returned, and I went forth into the world, my wife slept beside Jamie. My friends had forgotten me, and I had no mission in life but to suffer remorse. I cannot forget. It was almost a lifetime ago, but through the mist of years, across the valley of the past, from the little grave thousands of miles away I hear the plaintive call as I heard it that night: "Good night, my pa!" Send me to prison, to the poor-house, anywhere, that I may halt long enough to die! I am an old wreck, and I care not how soon death drags me down."

He was tendered food but he could not eat. He rocked his body to and fro, and wept and sobbed; by and by, when sleep came to him, they heard him whisper:

"Good night, my boy, good night, my Jamie."

Angry words are lightly spoken,  
In a rash and thoughtless hour;  
Brightest links of life are broken,  
By their deep insidious power.  
Hearts, inspired by warmest feelings,  
Ne'er before by anger stirred,  
Oft are rent, past human healing,  
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,  
Bitter poison-drops are they,  
Weaving, for the coming morrow,  
Saddest memories of to-day.  
Angry words! O, let them never,  
From the tongue, unbridled slip;  
May the heart's best impulse ever  
Check them, ere they soil thy lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,  
Friendship is too sacred far,  
For a moment's reckless folly,  
Thus to desolate and mar.  
Angry words are lightly spoken,  
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred,  
Brightest links of life are broken,  
By a single angry word.

—Selected.

## PARTNERS.

I was sitting one day last week by Mrs. Graves' little work-table, engaged in the delightful task of teaching her the shell stitch, in crochet, when the door was burst open as if a cyclone were coming, and her ten-year-old boy bounced in. He made me a polite bow, it is true, but I felt that he was a very unpleasant occurrence, for he stumbled over my feet and upset our basket of worsteds, and seized his mother round the neck for a whispering in a thoroughly tumultuous and uncomfortable way. He received a gentle rebuke for his undue haste and carelessness, and permission, evidently to go to the bureau drawer, where I watched him upsetting a pile of clean handkerchiefs, and bringing forth in triumph—a fishing hook!

"Does your mother always let you treat her places that way, Frank?" I asked.

The bright, eager face turned upon me with a surprised look, and then with a sunny glance across the table, "Oh, mother and I are partners."

Partners! I felt a sudden pang in thinking of my own well-regulated nursery, whose clock-like rules permitted no such invasion of my places by my young folk.

"I won't go above the dam, mother," were the boy's parting words, as the door closed with a bang that alarmed the plaster.

"Frank is not always so noisy," apologised his mother. "He is very much excited just now, and I must save my little lecture about his want of consideration until it will be more likely to avail something."

"But do you give your children such right of way through all your places?" I asked, my interest in the shell stitch gone.

"Not quite all," she answered, laughing, "I have a few little nooks that are sacredly my own, but only a few. Frank uses the right word when he says we are 'partners,' and I don't know when he has enjoyed anything as much as being allowed to keep that new fishing-hook in my pile of handkerchiefs;" and the mother laughed afresh at the odd hiding-place the boy had invented.

But I was burdened with a consciousness that I should have snubbed my young man upon any such unreasonable proposal, and I pressed the discussion.

"How can you keep any order, or teach any order," I asked rather petulently, "if you do not insist on things being kept in their right places?"

"I do try to check the troublesome propensity to leave things lying around," answered my companion; "but oh, Elsie, don't you remember from your own childhood how much nicer and more secure our mothers' places seemed for our treasures? That new fishing-hook is of the same value to Frank that your diamond ring is to you: more, indeed, for it gives him more lively pleasure, I am sure, and no place of his own seemed good enough for it. It was a very small sacrifice on my part to allow him to tumble clean handkerchiefs, but the gratitude it has awakened in that precious little heart has bubbled up and over in many a kiss and caress that was infinitely sweet to me.

"He got that word 'partners' from a story that they are fond of hearing me tell, of a bit of my own childhood's experience. I had some bad tricks, as a child, that were hard to correct, and one was playing in the fire. Living in the country, big wood-fires blazed on our hearths all winter, and seemed an irresistible temptation to me. Of course I was punished time and again, but nothing ever seemed to cure me, until one day my mother found me with long pieces of twisted paper, trying to see how near the flame I could hold them without their lighting. Instead of the punishment I expected, my mother sat down beside me on the floor, and played in the fire with me for half an hour. By that time my craving was satisfied, and the morbid fascination that the forbidden pleasure had exercised over me was gone. 'Now, Nellie,' said my mother, as she brushed up the litter, 'we are partners in this game, and it will be very unfair if you ever try to play it without me.' I never did, and the idea of being partners with mother held me with a strong grasp all my life; it brought me to her side with many a question of this or that, which I am persuaded most young people settle for themselves, and often settle the wrong way."

I began to feel sorry for my poor little well-managed children, who had never known the sweetness of playing "partners" with mamma; but they were young enough, thank God, to begin yet, and I trusted I was not too old to learn.

"Aren't you afraid to trust Frank to go to the mill-stream?" I asked, kissing my friend good-bye; "it's horridly deep above the dam."

"He never goes above the dam," she replied with proud content; "that's part of the partnership!"—*Elizabeth P. Allen, in Ill. Christian Advocate.*

### THE BARN MEETING; OR, WHAT PROVERB WILL SAID.

Down in the shires a farmer lent his barn for a teetotal meeting and an aged man known as Proverb Will was the chief speaker. He was a wise old man, and called Proverb Will, because of his wonderful gift of mixing proverbs in his daily talk. The barn-floor was covered with forms from the National Schoolroom and the Primitive Methodist chapel, and Proverb Will quietly stood up on one of the benches, and thus began his homely speech:—

Friends and neighbors, said he, in a manly voice, "One man may lead a horse to water, but fifty can't make him drink," and I may talk to you about signing teetotal, but I cannot make you do it. You must all settle that for yourselves. "If it were not for hope, the heart would break," and I have trudged here five miles to get you to join our good cause, and I did not faint by the way, for "Care will kill a cat," and so I kept up my heart, and I feel you will treat me kindly. I have been teetotal many a year now. A man came to our village one winter and held a meeting like this, and my wife and I went to hear him. I had, like most young chaps, been drinking a bit, and lost my money and my temper, and my wife was not happy about it, I can tell you. Well,

the man that held the meeting talked very good sense, and so I listened to him, and at last he said, "Be a good husband, and you'll get a penny to spend, a penny to lend, and a penny for a friend." That stuck to me, and I told my wife that I would sign if she would, and she looked at me as bright as a star, and went up to the table and signed right off. So I followed her lead, and we went home, and emptied the beer-jar into the pond, and hung up the jar outside the cottage, and there it is now under the creepers on the south wall. "A good beginning makes a good ending," and though the ending hasn't quite come yet, we don't fear; it will be good when it does come. "Young men may die, old men must," and we don't forget that flowers fade, and life is cut off, but after we signed the pledge we found the Bible sweet, and we hope to have a calm sunset, and a lift across the river to the fair land beyond.

Well, friends, "time tries all," and time has tried me. Since I gave up beer I've done with smoking and swearing, and I've bought books, and bacon, and my little cottage, and I fear no ill in old age. Beer is never any blessing to you. It is waste, it is always waste. If you spend twopence a day on ale you give away more than three pounds a year, and as the old saying is—

"He that buys land buys many stones,  
He that buys flesh buys many bones,  
He that buys eggs buys many shells,  
He that buys ale buys nothing else."

Ale does you no good—never all the year round. It does not clothe you, nor feed you, nor buy a gown for your wife, nor shoes for your children, nor pay for your pig, nor keep you out of the doctor's hands. So I never touch it, for "wilful waste makes woful want," and "good watch prevents misfortune."

Neighbors and all here, let me assure you that I have found teetotal good for my children, gin and ale spoils many a wife. You know

"A good wife and health  
Are a man's best wealth,"

and

"Saith Solomon the wise,  
A good wife's a prize."

My wife keeps at home. That's the best place for a wife. The beer shop is the worst place she can go to. "The mother's breath is always sweet," says the old saying, but beer spoils its sweetness, and gin makes it like poison to the babe, so I am glad, friends all, that my wife keeps teetotal to this day. She's been a good mother, and all her children praise her.

I am rare glad to see lads, and young men, and lasses here. Folks often say that "youth will have its swing." So I say; but where are they going to swing to? They may swing into the ditch but that is not a pleasant bed, or they may swing into a prison, and that is a dark-place for young eyes. "It's good to be merry and wise," and I like to see young folk as lively as kittens and lambs and larks, but "a little mischief is too much," and gin and ale bring more mischief than either monkeys or foxes. There is no real gold in the glass, but plenty of trouble of all sorts that can come upon us.

You may tell me you don't mean to go to prison or the work-house. No, maybe not, but "there are more ways to kill a cat than hanging." Empty pockets, broken legs, bad wounds, and sore hearts come through the drink, and therefore it is foolish to take it. "Constant dropping wears the stone," and frequent tipping ruins the health. I heard a speaker say—

"Temperance, exercise and repose  
Slams the door on the doctor's nose,"

and I believe it. Yes, I do all the way. In our club the teetotalers are always least on the fund. It's the drinkers that waste the money. Come on then and sign teetotal. Don't lose your chance. "The first blow is half the battle," and when you sign don't be ashamed of what you've done, for "fair faces need no paint," and a wise deed needs no defence. Only fools will laugh at you, but never mind that, for "a fool's bolt is soon shot."

Well, I've had my say, and will sit down, for "many words will not fill a bushel." But, "be sober, and watch unto prayer," and remember, friends and neighbors all, that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom."

And Proverb Will sat down amid the cheery thanks of all the folk. After the meeting he walked home in the soft moonlight, and, having had a frugal meal, he went to rest, saying to Himself, "He giveth his beloved sleep."—*George W. McCree, in Temperance Record.*

## Ladies' Department.

## NOT TO BE WON THAT WAY.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing  
Ever made by the Hand above—  
A woman's heart and a woman's life  
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing,  
As a child might have asked for a toy—  
Demanding what others have died to win,  
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lessons of duty out,  
Manlike you have questioned me ;  
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul  
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your dinner should always be hot,  
Your socks and your shirts should be whole,  
I require your heart to be true as God's stars,  
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef,  
I require a far better thing ;  
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts,  
I want a man and a king.

A king for the beautiful realm called home,  
And a man that the Maker, God,  
Shall look upon as He did the first  
And say "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the rose will fade  
From my soft young cheek one day ;  
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves  
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep  
I may launch my all on its tide?  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell  
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are good and true,  
All things that a man should be ;  
If you give me all this, I will stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this—a laundress and cook  
You can hire with little to pay ;  
But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not to be won that way !

## A LADY ENGINEER.

Much has been written about the great Brooklyn Bridge, and those who have had a share either in planning or building it; yet there remains one whose services have not been publicly acknowledged. It is not generally known that the position of chief of the engineering staff which supervised the erection was occupied by a woman, by Mrs. Washington Roebling, since her husband's unfortunate illness. A friend of the family states that, as soon as Mr. Roebling was stricken with the peculiar fever which has since prostrated him, Mrs. Roebling applied herself to the study of engineering, and she succeeded so well that in a short time she was able to assume the duties of chief engineer. Such an achievement is something remarkable, and deserving a record. To illustrate her proficiency in engineering, one instance may suffice. When bids for the steel and iron work for the structure were advertised for three or four years ago, it was found that entirely new shapes would be required, such as no mill was then making. This necessitated new patterns, and representatives of the mills desiring to bid went to New York to consult with Mr. Roebling. Their surprise was great when Mrs. Roebling sat down with them, and by

her knowledge of engineering helped them out with their patterns, and cleared away difficulties that had for weeks been puzzling their brains. We may add Mrs. Roebling drove the first team over the new bridge, and the above brief statement will show how well she deserved that honor.—*Iron*.

## MARGARET.

New Orleans is about to erect a monument to the memory of the remarkable woman who by the simple name of Margaret, was known to every man, woman and child in the city, and whose death was followed by a wonderful demonstration of popular love and regret. Margaret Gaffney, born in Baltimore about 1820, was married at an early age to Francis Haughey, and the young couple, for the benefit of his health, went further South, where he soon afterwards died. His widow settled in New Orleans, where she first opened a dairy for the Sisters of Charity. In 1854 she purchased an old-established bakery, which was known from that time forward as "Margaret's" bakery. Though she could neither read nor write, and had scarcely a single antecedent chance of success, she became more and more prosperous, and, after many years of most active, self-sacrificing and expansive benevolence, died, leaving a fortune of \$200,000 to various Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew orphan asylums.

Among the thousand incidents in Margaret's philanthropic career is one which will never grow stale in popular estimation. She was interested in an asylum about to be opened in the upper part of the city, and as usual went about in person to solicit aid for it. One of the members of a large Camp street grocery house laughingly replied to her petition that she should have a wheelbarrow load of provisions, provided she would wheel them to the asylum. Without a word Margaret proceeded to the nearest dealer in such goods and bought the largest-bodied barrow in stock, wheeled it to the grocery, and when filled trundled the heavy load to the asylum, three-quarters of a mile away. Margaret was a devout Catholic, but never questioned the creed, nationality or color of any who appealed to her for relief.—*American Reformer*.

## THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

From an essay read by Mrs. Watson, at the first monthly meeting held in Omineca Hall, Victoria, on Tuesday evening, Aug. 7th, 1883.

"The women's movement, though only some eight or nine years old, numbers from 50,000 to 70,000 on this continent, and is fast increasing both in numbers and efficiency. Its membership from 1881 to 1882 rose from 30,000 to 50,000. Its organization and spread is a marvel of rapid growth, symmetrical output and adaptation of means to end.

It aims at driving the wine-cup from the sideboard, culturing the child-mind from the cradle, nursing the revolutionary sentiment up through the processes of growth, as cell is added to cell in the formation of character, and the fluid sap of moral nourishment is transformed into the solid heart-wood of well-established principle.

It aims to bring to bear evangelical endeavor, to win the advocacy of political economy, to lay under contribution the researches of science, to gain a hearing for the protests of physiological truth and to popularise the great principles of constitutional law.

These and kindred aims are sought to be accomplished by the diffusion of suitable literature charged with wholesome truth and prepared with a special view to meet every imaginable want of an educational, religious crusade against the drink-traffic, believing it to be indefensible upon any ground whatsoever, and that enlightened attention only needs to be called to it in order to disrobe it of that garb of respectability which long usage and misconception have thrown around it, and reveal it as the heartless foe of all that is sacred and pure."

## A BRAVE GIRL.

A young girl who has recently become deeply interested in our W. C. T. U. work in Washington, D. C., was called to spend several days in the home of one of our citizens, where, on the table, a wine glass was placed at every plate, even the children's. With an earnest prayer to God, and gentle girlish tact, she spoke of the evil influence of strong drink, the ruined homes, and how the beginning of all this lay in the lighter drinks. Before she left every wine glass was removed from the table and the father only took his wine, and that very slyly.—*Union Signal*.

## MISS WILLARD'S WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

During the sixty-five days of Miss Willard's and Miss Gordon's sojourn in California and Nevada they traveled 2,276 miles, addressed 35,000 people, organized eighteen Woman's Temperance Unions and added 1,000 persons to these societies. Speaking of their visit, the *Rescue* says:

"It is surely a busy sixty-five days for these two true and brave women. Ye women who love to travel and take things easy, imagine the packing at morning only to unpack at night. The speaking at night, with the certainty of the same duty to perform the next night and the next, so on to the end of the chapter, with the extra forenoon committee meetings, and afternoon children's meetings, and a correspondence most religiously attended to every day, and averaging thirty letters and postals every twenty-four hours. This correspondence, together with her letters to the press and new plans of work to be evolved, made clear and circulated, Miss Willard puts in on the cars and at all times between her 'regular' work, like mustard between sandwiches."—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

## WOMAN'S WORK IN HER HOME.

Since the days of Crusade very much has been said about the determination of the mothers of America to root out this drink evil. Many of us have thus come to think the only thing necessary to be done to usher in the temperance millennium is to get the men all right, but frequently the sad truth presses itself upon us that in many of our large cities we do not yet realize that drunkard-making is as efficiently done in the home as in the saloon, and that vigorous temperance work is quite as necessary in some localities among Christian people as among the saloon sots. Society is not builded like a house, from the bottom up, but from the top down. The example of Mrs. Millionaire Tipple is studiously aped by Mrs. Twopenny Gentility, and the home life of the wife of Deacon Giles or Elder Slowcome, has a powerful influence upon the home life of the lay members of the church.

In my wanderings in Ohio, I was sent to the city of Dayton, with a population of about forty thousand. I was surprised to find the strength of the W. C. T. U. in that city lay in the most extraordinary efforts of two or three earnest women, and that I had only a handful of hearers, although the State is ablaze with excitement regarding the Constitutional Amendment. There is not a saloon in Dayton that is not in line for the great battle which is to be fought out for the saloon against the home on the 9th of October, but as yet *not a church in Dayton had filed into line*, and the Y. M. C. A. were too busy to give it any attention. The extraordinary state of affairs was explained to my entire satisfaction, however, when the next morning, in the sitting-room of my hostess, I took up a cook book, compiled by the ladies of the "First Presbyterian Church," and sold for the benefit of the church. In a fifteen minutes' survey of its pages I found *eighteen recipes in which wine and brandy entered largely into the composition of the dishes*. Here are just a few: "For a baked ham of sixteen pounds, which has been previously boiled two hours, and skinned, in the fat rub one half a pound of brown sugar; pour over it a gill of wine, cover with bread crumbs, bake for two hours, *basting with wine*." "Celery vinegar—the seed is *steeped in brandy* for flavoring soups." In three recipes for mince pie, every one contains wine and brandy. Mrs. L. A. Tenny, in her recipe for excellent mince pie, puts *two cups of strong green tea* into the mince meat, and a tablespoonful of *wine or brandy into each pie* before covering it is an improvement. This is too attenuated, though, for Mrs. J. J. Patterson, who to *two pounds of beef and two of apples, puts one pint of wine and one of brandy* (See page 63.) Mrs. E. F. Stoddard recommends "sherry wine or brandy to taste." Of course the quantity will depend upon how fond the taster is of the wine or brandy.

We had thought the day past when on the table of any Christian woman were to be put any viands whose odor savored so of the saloon that no reformed man is safe from temptation. We once sat at a table with a gifted minister who for years had been fighting a morbid inherited appetite for drink. His brilliant flow of wit had kept the table in an uproar of merriment. He was in a particularly happy frame of mind. Dessert was brought on. It was mince pie and coffee smoking hot. He lifted the crust and the brandy steamed up in his face. Never to my dying day shall I forget the look of helpless despair that came into his face. The blood mounted in a purple torrent to his face. The veins stood up on his forehead like whip-cords. He hastily excused himself and

left the table. The hostess looked surprised, but knowing all the bitter battle this man had been fighting for years, I pointed to the untasted pie and said, "Do you know what you have done?" Upon explaining the case, she said, "Surely it was not that; I am afraid he is ill. Go and see!"

I found him walking on the floor in the elegant drawing room, the cold perspiration standing upon the back of his hands, and a look of hopeless terror on his face. His first exclamation was, "Is there no place in all the world where a man can escape this whisky devil?" That man neither slept nor ate for the next forty-eight hours! I ask you, sisters, have we a right to keep hell's pitfalls *open in our homes*? "Oh!" says some lady, "but we don't entertain people in our homes who are vulgar enough to be drunkards!" Ah! my friend, don't imagine that you know all the tempted ones in your circle of acquaintance, and remember that some of the brightest names that sparkle in our national history have become the gems in the hideous crown of strong drink. Statesmen, poets, philosophers, have been worsted in this battle. God pity the senselessness of women who are nursing an asp in the home, more deadly than that which stung Cleopatra to death. God grant that the day will come when such "Presbyterian cook books" will find their way into the flames, along with other pernicious literature that is working damage to the home, and that some earthquake may shake these otherwise grand women out into a field of broader thought, and that the scales may fall from their eyes, so that they shall comprehend that temperance is a third part of the gospel. Surely we need a law for the protection of these poor women about a century behind the age—a law which shall make it impossible to get wine and brandy except for mechanical, medicinal and scientific purposes, and wake these women up to the fact that the day for brandied mince pies and ham basted with wine has gone by. No wonder there are in that city, to forty churches, three hundred and eighty saloons and over forty drug stores, when the homes of the Christian people are the most profitable customers.—*Emma Molloy, in "Morning and Day of Reform."*

## Our Casket.

## JEWELS.

## LOST A BOY.

He went from the old home hearthstone,  
Only six years ago,  
A laughing, frolicking fellow,  
It would do you good to know.  
Since then we have not seen him,  
And we say, with nameless pain,  
The boy that we knew and loved so  
We will never see again.

One bearing the name we gave him  
Comes home to us to-day,  
But this is not the dear fellow  
We kissed and sent away.  
Tall as the man he calls father,  
With a man's look in his face,  
Is he who takes by the hearthstone  
The lost boy's olden place.

We miss the laugh that made music  
Wherever the lost boy went;  
This man has a smile most winsome,  
His eyes have a grave intent;  
We know he is thinking and planning  
His way in the world of men,  
And we can not help but love him,  
But we long for our boy again.

We are proud of this manly fellow  
Who comes to take his place,  
With hints of the vanished boyhood  
In his earnest, thoughtful face;  
And yet comes back the longing  
For the boy we henceforth must miss,  
Whom we sent away from the hearthstone  
Forever with a kiss,

—Official Organ.

The best government is that which teaches us to govern ourselves.—*Goethe*.

All men who do anything, must endure a depreciation of their efforts. It is the dirt which their chariot wheels throw off.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to mend. Oh, it is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches!

Friendship does not consist in words, in great dinners, or unmeaning smiles. Show me the man who will break his last loaf with me, and I will call that man friend.

I will tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate indolence, oppression, injustice; hate Pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them — with a deep, living, God-like hatred.—*Robertson*.

Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him lying in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like butter; but kick him around, and he gathers strength with every successive resolution, until he grows into an avalanche. To succeed you must keep moving.

### TRINKETS.

Society is the hardest baked on its upper crust.

"Ah, me!" sighed a pawnbroker's wife, "what a loan-sum life we lead."

"Six into four you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

An old lady in Texas says she never could imagine where all the Smiths came from until she saw in a town a large sign, "Smith Manufacturing Company."

A man who is out of pocket might as well be out of town.

A man would be a heap better off if he was as perticler 'bout de whisky he drinks as he is 'bout de water," remarks an observant old darkey.

A young lady of Philadelphia is gaining great reputation as a violinist. Still, she is not the only fair one who has mastered the art of handling a beau.

A blundering compositor in setting up the toast, "Woman—without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman without her man, would be a savage."

The other day an excited individual arrested a street gamin with the question, "Say bub, which is the quickest way for me to get to the railroad depot?" "Run!" was the response.

A preacher requested a Sunday school scholar to explain the text, "Then had the churches rest," and the answer was, "It was when the preacher left for conference."

A gentleman in Brooklyn, celebrating the birth of a daughter on the day of the opening of the bridge, proposed to call her Victoria, in honor of the Queen's birthday, whereupon a friend (not an alderman) suggested that a more appropriate name would be Bridget.

### CHOICE OF WIFE.

Enough of beauty to secure affection,  
Of modest diffidence to claim protection,  
Of docile mind, admmissive of correction,  
And stored with sense and reason and reflection,  
And every passion held in due subjection,  
Enough of sprightliness to cure dejection,  
And faults enough to keep beneath perfection;  
When such I find I'll make her my selection.

### CHOICE OF HUSBAND.

Of beauty, just enough to bear inspection,  
Of wisdom, high, to keep in right direction,  
Of candour, sense and wit, a good selection,  
And scorn such words as "keep her in subjection,"  
Or talk of weaker vessel's imperfection,  
And should he vow sincerely strong affection,  
I don't think I should plead for long reflection,  
But when I meet with such in my connection,  
Let him propose, I'll offer no objection.

### THE CHILDREN'S ARMY.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.

A word to the little children,  
The children good and true;  
Come join the temperance army,  
And fight the battle through.  
Here's wine, and beer, and cider,  
Fair little snakes that creep  
Around our own dear hearthstones  
And fatten while we sleep.  
Boys, *set your heel upon them,*  
Don't toy with them, I pray,  
For they'll *sting* you while you pet them,  
While they seem in sportive play.  
Here's the dirty page, *Tobacco,*  
Who waits on the *rum-king,*  
And to his treacherous clutches  
Does many a victim bring.  
Don't take a filthy meerschaum  
Or odorous cigar  
Into your rosy lips, boys;  
'Twere better, sirs, by far,  
To lose your tops and marbles,  
Your skates and treasures fine,  
Than to lose your *hope of manhood*  
In tobacco or in wine.  
A true and noble boyhood  
Will make a manhood fine;  
Then shun the treacherous cider,  
Tobacco, ale, and wine,  
And join you all together  
In a legion good and true,  
To fight for truth and temperance,  
Till you see the battle through.

### SUE'S WEDDING.

BY JIMMY BROWN.

Sue ought to have been married a long while ago. That's what everybody says who knows her. She has been engaged to Mr. Travers for three years, and has had to refuse lots of offers to go to the circus with other young men. I have wanted her to get married, so that I could go and live with her and Mr. Travers. When I think that if it hadn't been for a mistake I made she would have been married yesterday, I find it dreadfully hard to be resigned. But we ought always to be resigned to everything when we can't help it.

Before I go any further I must tell you about my printing press. It belonged to Tom McGinnis, but he got tired of it, and sold it to me real cheap. He tried hard to trade it off for a bicycle, a St. Bernard dog, and twelve good books; but he finally let me have it for a dollar and a half.

It prints beautifully, and I have printed cards for ever so many people, and made three dollars and seventy cents already. I thought it would be nice to be able to print circus bills in case Tom and I should ever have another circus, so I sent to the city and bought some type more'n an inch high, and some beautiful yellow paper.

Last week it was finally agreed that Sue and Mr. Travers should be married without waiting any longer. You should have seen what a state of mind she and mother were in. They did nothing but buy new clothes, and sew, and talk about the wedding all day long. Sue was determined to be married in church, and to have six bridesmaids and six bridegrooms, and flowers and music and things till you couldn't rest. The only thing that troubled her was making up her mind who to invite. Mother wanted her to invite Mr. and Mrs. McFadden and the seven McFadden girls, but Sue said they had insulted her, and she couldn't bear the idea of asking the McFadden tribe. Everybody agreed that old Mr. Wilkinson, who once came to a party at our house with one boot and one slipper, couldn't be invited; but it was decided that every one else that was on good terms with our family should have an invitation.

Sue counted up all the people she meant to invite, and there was nearly three hundred of them. You would hardly believe it, but she told me that I must carry around all the invitations and deliver them myself. Of course I couldn't do this without neglecting my studies and losing time, which is always precious, so I thought of a plan which would save Sue the trouble of directing three hundred invitations, and save me from wasting time in delivering them.

I got to work with my printing-press, and printed a dozen splendid big bills about the wedding. When they were printed I cut a lot of small pictures of animals and ladies riding on horses out of some old circus bills, and pasted them on the wedding bills. They were perfectly gorgeous, and you could see them four or five rods off. When they were all done I made some paste in a tin pail, and went out after dark and pasted them in good places all over the village.

The next afternoon father came into the house looking very stern, and carrying one of the wedding bills in his hand. He handed it to Sue and said: "Susan, what does this mean? These bills are pasted all over the village, and there are crowds of people reading them." Sue read the bill, and then she gave an awful shriek, and fainted away, and I hurried down to the post-office to see if the mail had come in. This is what was on the wedding bills, and I am sure it was spelled all right:

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will marry  
Mr. James Travers  
at the Church next Thursday at half-past seven, sharp.  
All the Friends of the Family  
With the exception of  
the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson  
are invited.  
Come early and bring  
Lots of Flowers.

Now what was there to find fault with in that. It was printed beautifully, and every word was spelled right, with the exception of the name of the church, and I didn't put that in because I wasn't sure how to spell it. The bill saved Sue all the trouble of sending out invitations, and it said everything that anybody could want to know about the wedding. Any other girl but Sue would have been pleased, and would have thanked me for all my trouble, but she was as angry as if I had done something real bad. Mr. Travers was almost as angry as Sue, and it was the first time he was ever angry with me. I am afraid now that he won't let me ever come and live with him. He hasn't said a word about my coming since the wedding bills were put up. As for the wedding, it has been put off, and Sue says she will go to New York to be married, for she would perfectly die if she were to have a wedding at home after that boy's dreadful conduct. What is worse, I am to be sent away to boarding-school, and all because I made a mistake in printing the wedding bills without first asking Sue how she would like to have them printed.—*Harpers Young People.*

### GETTING A SITUATION.

Mr. Silas Brown had advertised for a clerk. He wanted one to begin in the lowest place in the office; but if found competent he would be advanced. Mr. Silas Brown was sharp, and some said hard, business man. But he was just, and had a really kind heart under his business ways.

Edward Clayton had seen the advertisement, and he wanted to do something to help his widowed mother, he determined to apply for the situation, though he had heard not a little about Mr. Brown's sharp ways. So he presented himself at that gentleman's office and told him why he had come.

"Your name?" said Mr. Brown.

"Edward Clayton," was the response.

"Age?"

"Seventeen."

"Ever been in business?"

"No, Sir."

"What do you know?"

"My teacher, Mr. Gray, of the High School, will tell you that I stood well in my classes."

"Do you smoke, or chew tobacco?"

"No, sir, my mother would not allow that, even if I wanted to."

"So you are not too old to mind your mother," said the merchant.

"No, sir."

"Go to church?" asked Mr. Brown.

"Yes, sir, and to Sabbath School."

"If I employ you, will you do exactly as I tell you?"

"Certainly, sir," said Edward, "so long as you do not tell me to do anything wrong."

"Well, that's cool, I declare," said the merchant. "Who is to be the judge, I should like to know, as to what is right and wrong?"

"So far as I am concerned, Mr. Brown," replied the young man, "I must decide by my own conscience. But I do not believe that you would ask me to do anything that was wrong."

"Have you any recommendations?" persisted Mr. Brown.

"No, sir, I have never been in business, and so have no one to give a recommendation."

"Oh, well," said the merchant, something like a smile coming over his sharp features, "I think you have some very good recommendations. A young man in these days, who does not smoke or chew, who is willing to acknowledge that he is obedient to his mother, who attends church and Sabbath-school and who says that he will be governed by his conscience, is, to my thinking, well recommended."

So Edward got the place and I fancy will be able to keep it, at least until he grows out of it into a better one.

Good principles, boys, are the best foundation you can have for true success in life.—*Chills Paper.*

### NOTHING LIKE TRYING.

Life after all is a kindly affair;  
Why is it stupid and not worth living?  
Striving and getting won't drive away care;  
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;  
Money and fame at the best are beguiling;  
Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold;  
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate;  
Why should you think you'll find her by roving?  
Never was greater mistake than to hate;  
Try loving.

—*Temperance Record.*

### TEN LITTLE TOES.

Baby is clad in his nightgown white,  
Pussy-cat purrs a soft good-night.  
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,  
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

#### RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam  
Into the cupboard after the jam;  
This little toe said, "Oh, no! no!"  
This little toe was anxious to go;  
This little toe said, "Tisn't quite right;"  
This little tiny toe curled out of sight.

#### LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stubbed;  
This little toe got ruefully rubbed;  
This little frightened toe cried out, "Bears!"  
This little timid toe, "Run up stairs!"  
Down came a jar with a loud slam! slam!  
This little tiny toe got all the jam!

—*Our Little Ones.*

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I procured a bottle and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

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Rev. H. Powis; Sec., James Thompson, 364  
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**WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION**—Meets  
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Mrs. Cowan, Pres.; Mrs. Martin, Sec., 34 Belle-  
vue Avenue.

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ings Occident Hall, Saturday, 8 p. m.; Sunday at  
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G. Ward.

**UNITED CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE FRIENDS**—Incorpor-  
ated. Head office, 427 1/2 Queen Street West.

**BRANCH No. 2 WEST END TEMPERANCE SOCIETY**  
meets in the Chapel, Richmond Street, near York  
Street. Pres., G. W. Smith; Sec., F. G. Simpson.

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**MONDAY**—TORONTO LODGE, corner Yonge and Albert  
Sts. W. H. Rodden, L. D.; W. Newton, Secy.

**TUESDAY**—ROSE AVENUE LODGE, Rose Avenue Hall.  
Geo. Flinn, L. D.

**TUESDAY**—ALBION LODGE, corner Yonge and Gerrard  
A. R. Scobic, L. D.; Miss Burk, Secy.

**WEDNESDAY**—DOMINION LODGE, corner Yonge and  
Gerrard Sts. H. Jackman, 90 Edward St., L. D.;  
Miss Appleton, Secy.

**THURSDAY**—TORONTO UNION LODGE, corner Yonge  
and Alice Sts. John Henderson, L. D., 90 Rich-  
mond St. East.

**THURSDAY**—EXCELSIOR LODGE, Temperance Hall,  
Davenport Road. Jas. Jordan, 87 Scollard St.,  
L. D., Peter Strathern, 24 Park Road, Secy.

**FRIDAY**—ST. JOHN'S LODGE, corner Yonge and Alice  
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**FRIDAY**—UNITY LODGE, Temperance Hall, Temper-  
ance St. J. Dower, L. D.

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F. S. Morrison, W. C. T.

F. W. Mills, W. S.

James Kennedy, L. D., 31 Queen St. North.

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Gospel Temperance Meeting every Sunday evening,  
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Public Temperance Meeting every Monday evening,  
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Admission free.

W. C. T. U. Meetings on Wednesday afternoons at  
3 o'clock. All women are invited to attend.

The above meetings are held in the National School  
Building, 92 Argyle Street.

Prayer Meeting on Thursday afternoon in Mission  
Church, Maynard Street, at 4 o'clock. All are welcome

**S. OF T.**

Chebucto, No. 7, meets every Thursday evening, in  
the Division Room (basement of National School),  
Argyle Street.

Mayflower, No. 9, meets every Tuesday evening, in  
the Division Room (basement of National School),  
Argyle St.

Richmond, No. 237, meets every Friday evening, in  
the Orange Hall, Young Street.

Northern Star, No. 354, meets every Monday even-  
ing, in Northern Star Hall, Agricola Street.

Grove, No. 450, meets every Tuesday evening, in  
Creighton's Hall, Richmond.

Murray, No. 451, meets Friday evening, in Cobourg  
Road Mission Church.

McClintock, No. 465, meets every Thursday evening,  
in College Hall, Gerrish St.

Flower of the West Division, No. 503, meets every  
Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in their Room, Beech  
Street.

**HUMBERSTONE.**

Humberstone Lodge, No. 376, I. O. G. T., meets on  
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Visitors always welcome. W. W. Kinsely, W. C. T.;  
Miss H. C. Weaver, W. S.; James Kinnear, L. D.,  
Port Colborne P. O.

**RAMA.**

Kesibeta Lodge No. 117, Simcoe Co., meets on  
Saturday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall, Rama  
Mrs. Ann Sandy, W. C. T.; Joseph Yellowhead, W. S.  
Gilbert Williams, Lodge Deputy.