

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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F. S. SPENCE, - - - MANAGER.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1883.

SOBER BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

There are some very common expressions, oft-quoted sayings, that embody serious fallacies. They have an oracular sound, and an aphoristic style, that mislead those who do not take the time and trouble necessary to investigate them. One of these is the title, would-be maxim—frequently used as an argument against the prohibition of the liquor traffic:—"You cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament." We reply:—You must! That is what Parliament is for. The object of law is the well-being of the community; the protection of the rights and interests of the individuals that constitute society. Now a drunkard is a danger to society. The inebriate without mental restraint to control his inclination to crime is, as far as his fellows are concerned, on a par with the scoundrel without moral restraint to keep him from crime. Both must be dealt with by the same authority, that is, by law. We have laws framed expressly for the suppression of gambling-houses, brothels, places for the receipt of stolen goods, and other agencies that facilitate certain crimes; why not for the suppression of the liquor traffic that facilitates drunkenness and all its attendant woes and crimes? True, there are crimes to-day notwithstanding good laws relating to them, and probably there would be intemperance, notwithstanding good laws relating to it. But good laws restrain and minify those evils, so they would this. If we keep drink from drunkards, we make them sober. The drunkard is a danger to society. Law is intended for the protection of society. If law cannot protect us against the drunkard, then government is a failure and legislation a humbug. You must make men sober by Act of Parliament.

LAW DOES MAKE MEN SOBER NOW when it finds them drunk. We would change the plan of doing it, because the protection to society, thus secured, is only temporary. We want it permanent. Who ever heard of fines or imprisonment curing a confirmed drunkard? We complain of the present *expensive* system, because it is ineffectual, and plead for better and cheaper protection, by the simple method of *locking up the drink instead of locking up the drunkards*, or fining them, generally at the expense of those who are already the greatest, and often innocent sufferers.

LAW WORKS AGAINST CRIME in two ways. It provides deterrent and reformative penalties. It also provides preventative enlightenment and education. It assumes that intelligence will act in discernment of the nature of wrong, and moral principle will impel to avoidance of it; so it furnishes agencies for the development of intelligence and moral principle. Drunkenness

prevents appreciation of the penalties, and destroys the intelligence and moral principle. If the operation of law is to be effective at all upon those who need it most, the counter-working agency must be removed. Law ought to make men sober, because intemperance is the deadliest foe to the carrying out of the object of right legislation. It can do this only by putting down the drink-traffic. Freedom for the right means suppression of the wrong.

SPECIAL ATTENTION is called to some letters under our "Correspondence" heading in last week's CANADA CITIZEN, and in the present number.

MR. THOMSON thinks that the temperance party needs a personal leader. It certainly needs some unifying agency or force. We cannot help regretting that when the new License Act was before the Dominion House of Commons, our temperance representatives, known and notable friends of our cause, were arrayed against each other in the opposing ranks of their respective parties. There was no union of Reformers and Conservatives, rising above all mere sectarian prejudice, regardless of mere personal interests and political connections; Reformers of everything that needed reform, Conservatives in all that ought to be conserved, and anxious to make petty partizanship give way to outspoken maintenance of principle and right. Had this been done the Act would have been even more stringent than it is. A splendid opportunity was missed. There was no one to grapple at the outset, with the first clause in the preamble of the Bill, and divide the House on the statement to which temperance men should never assent:—"it is desirable to regulate the liquor traffic." There was no one to challenge every section and clause to the very end, backed by a following of solid, united, determined men from both sides, that, holding the balance of power, could have stamped the Act with a character that no one could mistake or dispute. Whether Mr. Thomson's proposal be the right one or not, it is certain that he is voicing the sentiment of the temperance community when he says our forces want 'consolidating'

W. A. D. in this number discusses the subject of a yearly ballot on the question of "'License,' or 'no license.'" It is worth discussing. W. A. D. presents a real grievance in his own particular case, and doubtless there are many similar. The new license act goes a step or two in the direction named, in giving a veto-power against the issue of licenses in any polling subdivision, to a petition signed by two-thirds of the qualified electors in the same; but this still involves the labor of getting up petitions, and two-thirds is an unreasonably large number of signatures. Some municipalities will also (if the new act comes into force) have the privilege of demanding a poll on the license question, by a petition signed by one-fifth of the ratepayers, but even then it will require a three-fifths majority to carry "no license," and the provision does not apply to cities. On the whole W. A. D.'s letter presents a serious grievance, for which a remedy ought to be provided. Even those who will not go so far with us as "total prohibition," will admit this. We hope the matter will be discussed.

IT IS INTERESTING and instructive to note the various phases of the warfare in the different countries, and especially the growing popularity of restrictive measures: not only among so-called Temperance people, but with the general public. Witness the following significant figures:—

IRISH SUNDAY CLOSING.—The *Times* Dublin Correspondent says:—"The battle of the publicans and the Sunday closers is being fought out with great determination, and no means are left untried on each side to turn the flank of their opponents and bring public opinion to bear upon their position. A demonstration of an aggressive character was made yesterday by a deputation of electors of the city, who waited on Dr. Lyons, M. P., at his residence, Merrion Square, to state the results of the recent house to house and electoral canvasses held in the metropolis and the four other exempted cities under the Sunday Closing Act. The returns showed that the vast preponderance of opinion is in favor of

making the measure permanent, and extending its operations to the country at large. In Dublin, of householders and heads of families, there voted in favor of these propositions 34,696, and against only 8,117. Of the total pollable constituency of electors in the city, 5,919 signed a declaration to the same effect; 5,047 made no return, and the balance was accounted for by forms returned by the post-office marked 'dead,' 'gone away,' &c., and by the number (570) of publicans, whose opinion was not solicited.

Selected Articles.

DRINKING DOES NOT PAY.

Go with me to every jail and prison throughout our land, from ocean to ocean, and ascertain how large a portion of those crimes and misdemeanors that have taken men from their families and lodged them there in prison walls has resulted from intoxication; and the answer from every jail and prison comes to us to-night that "drinking does not pay." Visit the poor-houses, which the charities of mankind provide for those who from competency have been reduced to destitution, and learn there the sad lesson, how many of them have ceased, to become useful and valuable members of society, and dependent upon the taxes by which we support the poor, in consequence of yielding to the intoxicating bowl; and every poor-house answers, "Drinking does not pay." Examine the statistics of the gallows, and learn how many of its victims were induced to take the downward road thither by that intoxicating cup which turned their brain and nerved their arm for the block which sent them to the gallows; and the gallows tells you that "drinking does not pay." Read history, and learn from it how many of the great and the gifted in other lands as well as our own have commenced at wine drinking and ended in ruin, mental and physical; and history tells you that "drinking does not pay." Nay, more, read the papers of the day, and from every quarter you hear, morning after morning, and evening after evening, of the thousands who, once having pledged at the altar a lifetime of devotion and affection to their brides, reel home from a drunken debauch, to treat with brutality and violence those who should be as dear to them as their heart's blood; and this army of worse than widowed wives, whose woes no one but themselves can realize, tells you most sadly and impressively that "drinking does not pay."

It has been well said, "It is the first step that costs." Young men stepping out upon the threshold of life, with everything bright and hopeful in the future, let me adjure you, above all things else next to devotion to that religion which is to smooth your pathway to the tomb, avoid taking that first step. Plant your feet upon that solid rock of sobriety, as well as of safety, and then you may know that, so far as intemperance is concerned, its waves can dash against you, but they will dash in vain.

—Hon. Schuyler Colfax.

VOTE IT OUT.

There's a nuisance in the land,
Rank with vice and foul with crime,
Strong with many a legal band,
With the strength of wealth and time
"How shall we this wrong o'erpower?"
Is the question of the hour.

Vote it out;
That will put the thing to rout.

We have begged the traffic long,
Begged it both with smile and tears,
To abate the flood of wrong;
It has answered but with sneers,
We are weary of the scourge.

Vote it out;
Loyal people raise the shout.

'Tis the battle of the hour,
Freemen, show your strength again;
In the ballot is your power,
This will bring the foe to pain;
We have preached against the wrong,
Argued, plead, with words of song;

Votes are stout,
Let us vote the traffic out.

Vote it out of decency;
Vote it down a craven crime;
Let the fearful traffic be
Branded for all coming time;
Draw the lines of right, and stand,
Christian man, and show your hand;

Vote it out,
Join in with your prayer devout.

While the broken-hearted pray,
Where the bitterest tears are poured,
In low anguish every day,
In the sight of God, the Lord,
Let us pray and say "Amen,"
Lifting holy hands, and then
Vote it out;
It will bring the victor's shout.

Never shall the promise fail,
God is with us for the right;
Truth is mighty to prevail,
Faith shall end in joyous sight;
We shall see the hosts of rum
Palsied with affright and dumb;
Vote it out,
This will put the trade to rout.

Contributed Articles.

A REVIEW OF THE DOMINION LICENSE ACT.

READ BEFORE THE TORONTO BRANCH OF THE ONTARIO ALLIANCE.

BY MR. W. BURGESS.

(Continued from last week's CANADA CITIZEN.)

LOCAL OPTION.

The most important provision of the new Act is the admission of the principle of local option. It is impossible to view this as other than an important and valuable concession to the temperance reformers of the Dominion. This principle is admitted in two ways. First, as to the obtaining a new license, *i. e.*, for a house not having been previously licensed. For such a license the applicant must present a petition signed by one-fourth of the electors of the sub-division in which the house is situated. This clause (13) does not refer to houses having been previously. Second, the Act provides that a vote of any parish or municipality may be taken, and if a three-fifths majority of those voting declare in favour of no license, the commissioners shall not grant any license for the space of three years, and not then unless the prohibitory-vote has been reversed by a three-fifths majority. Thus, if 500 votes are taken in any parish under the Dominion Act, if 300 vote no license then prohibition is as clearly carried as though the Scott Act were put into operation, always excepting, of course, the huge blunder in opening the way to unlimited auctioneers' licenses. Whatever may be the result of a future appeal to law-courts as to the constitutionality of the new Act, this provision marks a decided step in advance, and it is to be hoped that it will not be lost to us in the legal quibbles which must follow the enactment of the new law.

SUNDAY SELLING.

We have thus far seen some striking advances made in this Act, as well as some serious inconsistencies and many evidences of hasty legislation. But there are yet more serious considerations than these. The new Act provides for the sale of liquor at meal hours to guests in hotels on Sunday, thus recognizing Sunday liquor selling, and making an innovation upon our strict Sunday prohibition of the past. It does not answer our objection to this, to say as the *Mail* reports that the practice of hotel-keepers has been to sell to guests in spite of the Crooks Act, nor that the language of that Act is not clear on the subject. If liquor is sold against the well understood meaning of the Act then it is illegal, and it is a decided step backward to legalize the Sunday sale on the excuse that hitherto the prohibitory law has not been invariably respected. Again, concessions are clearly made in the new Act to supposed vested interests. The Act proposes to separate the sale of liquors from other commodities, but postpones the operation of this needed reform, in regard to existing license holders, till 1890, although in many places the community were ripe for immediate putting into force the veto which they possess under the Crooks Act, through their councils. It is a mischievous thing to admit by statute the right of a liquor seller to hold a license for a number of years as a kind of compensation for loss of a privilege which when exercised always results in demoralization and crime, and which public opinion condemns.

Similar respect is paid to existing interests (so called) in exempting the holders of licenses in the past from the condition imposed upon new applicants, *viz.*, a petition signed by one-fourth of the ratepayers of the district.

HARD ON THE LIQUOR SELLERS.

Whatever may be said *pro. and con.* of the Dominion Act, temperance reformers cannot but rejoice that Parliaments, whether Provincial, Dominion, or Imperial, are compelled to turn attention to the grave problem "how to stop drunkenness." The immediate result of the new Act may be of little consequence, until the question of jurisdiction is settled. To the liquor dealers, however, it must prove harassing in the extreme. No hotel

keeper or liquor dealer will be safe next year if he does not take a license under both Acts, and thus be subject to the limitations and restrictions involved in the Dominion as well as in the Provincial Acts. This is a matter of alarm for the publicans; as it is but a call to work and wait; the ultimate issue of the struggle is certain.

In the original draft of this paper two provisions of the Dominion Act were noted—important from a restrictive or temperance point of view. In hastily preparing the paper for the Alliance meeting, the writer overlooked them. There provisions are:

1. A reduction is made of the number of licenses permitted to be granted. The Crooks Act authorizes four to the first thousand inhabitants and one for each four hundred after. The Dominion Act limits the number after four to the first thousand to one in each four hundred. Thus in Toronto the number of licenses permitted by the new act would be less by forty-five than the number the Crooks Act allows. It must be borne in mind however that the license commissioners have power to limit the number below the minimum allowed by the Act. As a matter of fact the Toronto Commissioners have only granted 174 hotel and saloon licenses for the present year, although the Crooks Act authorizes 226 to a population of 90,000. The New Act would only authorize 182 licenses for the same population.

11. The New Act provides that all meetings of the Licensing Board shall be open to the public, and the names of applicants for licenses shall be advertised. This is a decided improvement. It is difficult to conceive on what principle the doings of licensing boards have hitherto been conducted in secret.

Something has been said in praise of the Act on the ground that it provides that any ten electors may petition the licensing board against granting licenses to certain houses, and specifies the grounds of objection which they may raise in such petitions, viz.:—close proximity to schools, churches, &c., &c. The only value which we can see in this clause is the suggestion offered to electors to raise their or similar objections. The clause cannot be classed among the local option or under any other operative provisions of the act. A petition is only a prayer, it is not a legal instrument. It is something new to find Parliament deliberately enacting that electors may petition or pray for a desired reform. Is not this an established right enjoyed by all English speaking people—electors or non-electors—for ages past.

PROHIBITORY PROBLEMS OF PRACTICAL BEARING.

BY S—.

- 1.—Is not the liquor traffic as carried on in this country a sore calamity and curse?
- 2.—Are there any real benefits thereby forthcoming to counterbalance the manifold manifest injuries which it works?
- 3.—Is it not astonishing that any rational being should fail to see its direct antagonism to all the best interests of humanity?
- 4.—Is it not far too ruinous to be permitted to proceed unmolested?
- 5.—How is it that any Christian can remain unmoved?
- 6.—Should not effective measures be taken to arouse society to active hostility.
- 7.—Is not its extirpation of sufficient importance to demand prompt action to this end?
- 8.—Ought not all who condemn the business to exert influence for securing immediate suppression?
- 9.—What can I do, what ought I to do, to aid?
- 10.—Is there not unused power in the religious community, sufficient, if exerted, to stamp the business out?
- 11.—Ought it to be lawful?
- 12.—On whom is the blame for its continuance to be correctly placed?
- 13.—Is any part of it to be truly accounted mine?

HOSTILE DYNASTIES.

To make way on earth for the Holy City coming down from Heaven, all the distilleries and drink shops must needs be removed; one such successfully continued—would mar a Millennium.

[This article is published in leaflet form. It and many similar leaflets are sold at THE CANADA CITIZEN office at very low prices.]

Correspondence.

[These columns are open for expression and discussion of ideas and plans, in reference to every phase of the work in which THE CANADA CITIZEN is engaged. Of course the Editor is not to be held responsible for the views of correspondents.]

THE COMPENSATION QUESTION.

Editor Citizen.

A very significant feature of the temperance movement now coming forward for discussion is the "compensation to publicans." Apart from the merits of the question discussed the fact that advocates of the trade have taken to efforts to fortify such position betrays entertainment of the idea that the traffic may soon be forced to abandon the front lines yet occupied.

However there is not peaceful admission of their right even here. Some vigorous discussion discloses firm purpose not to admit any "vested rights," claim. A writer to the London *Christian News* presents very clearly the falsity and folly of the several pretensions usually set up in favor of compensation under three headings.

First: Justice is dealt with in this manner:

"Wherein, we should like to have it pointed out rests the injustice alleged? True, when the publican invested his capital in the purchase of his liquor shop, he paid a fictitious value, probably three times what it was really worth, but it is important to note that this fictitious value is the result of a monopoly conferred upon the proprietors of licensed premises purely as a favour without any payment whatever. It must also be kept in view that while the advantage thus acquired increases the value of the licensed property, it is too often at the expense of the adjoining proprietor, whose property is sadly depreciated in value by contiguity with the public-house. To talk of the "injustice" of merely withdrawing the favour conferred is simply a prostitution of language. If compensation is to be seriously entertained, justice points that it be made in a very different direction."

The claims of ruined families as well as estates and the general public interests might indeed be presented (if they could be estimated,) on the other side with tremendous force and strict fairness, but where, or how are such damages to be laid? Clearly compensation to the license holder is not only in justice ruled out, but heavy contra set off amply established.

"Second: The question of law.—When a dispute arises between landlord and tenant an appeal is usually made to a judicial tribunal. The action of the judge on hearing a statement of the case is invariably to call for the production of the lease, when, in the absence of any subsequent writing or statutory provision, he gives his decision accordingly. If the lease should be for nine, nineteen, or ninety-nine years, it matters not, the court will protect the rights and interests of the lessee up to its extreme limit, but not beyond. Applying this principle to the liquor traffic, the question arises, what are the terms of the license of governmental contract held by the publican? By reference to any publican's certificate issued by the licensing authorities, it will be seen that the exceptional legal right extended to him to traffic in intoxicants is "for one year and no longer." The proposal therefore, to extort rates from those who have already been pecuniary sufferers by the depreciation of property and by oppressive imperial and municipal taxation caused by the traffic, for the purpose of compensating those engaged in it, is simply monstrous and repugnant alike to reason as well as law. This view, we are glad to say, has up till very recently been held by all temperance reformers throughout the world. The Hon Neal Dow, one of the greatest living authorities on this subject, says—"I have never been able to see what claim to compensation disestablished publicans can possibly have in law, equity, or common-sense, near or remote." These sentiments have been long and eloquently enforced by Dr. F. R. Lees, Professor Kirk, Edward Grubb, and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, and are embodied in a recent manifesto of the United Kingdom Alliance. Moreover, they are sustained by the eminent legal opinion of Judge Coleridge, Sir William Harcourt, the present Home Secretary, and by decisions in the Supreme Courts both of England and Scotland.

Third: The question of precedent.—The claim for compensation raised by the liquor traffic is a somewhat novel one, more especially when advocated by temperance reformers. It is a notable fact that while prohibition has been extensively carried out in the United States as well as in many parishes both in England and Scotland, compensation has, in so far as we are aware, never once been suggested. The sale of intoxicating liquors has also been legally suppressed throughout the whole of Scotland from eleven o'clock on Saturday night till eight o'clock on Monday morning, thus depriving the publican of more than one-seventh of his profits, and the claim to compensation had not even been raised. There is here, we contend, the recognition of a principle by which the whole question of compensation is legally and logically settled. This is a fact recognized even by the opponents of all temperance legislation.

On the passing of the Sunday closing Act for Ireland, the *Scotsman* pertinently inquired "Why should there be any further difficulty in Parliament about the neglect of vested rights. Here is a measure passed to take away a seventh part of his trade from the Irish publican without any offer of compensation. If it be right to do this with one-seventh, how can it be wrong to do it with seven-sevenths?"

The *Times*, in writing on this subject, says—"Publicans' profits represent mispent money. The publicans desire to keep the trade, but do they really believe that their claims can be permanently sustained? They have everything against them except the vicious propensities of nature." When we consider that for well-nigh forty years the *Christian News* has advocated these sentiments, we feel a pardonable pride in looking back upon the position which it has occupied as the pioneer of correct teaching in the programme of social progress. Viewed impartially, we think, it must appear clear to most minds that the alleged right of the liquor traffic to compensation is altogether imaginary, and finds no support either in justice, law, or precedent."

A rigid scrutiny and careful weighing of evidence will tend to serve the interests of rights.

Yours,

Toronto, 18th July, 1883.

PROPOSED REFORM.

To the Editor of the Canada Citizen.

SIR.—I have the good fortune to reside in a portion of the city that is free from liquor saloons, and in which I have no doubt a vast majority of the residents are strongly opposed to the presence of such vicious institutions. Two or three times within the last few years, however, we have learned that some liquor dealer was trying to obtain an entrance, and at once some of us had to take the trouble to get petitions signed requesting the Commissioners to disallow the application. So far such petitions have been granted; but we are unfortunately at the mercy of the Commissioners, who may utterly disregard the desire of the residents, if they choose so to do. In this respect I cannot but regard our laws as exceedingly defective.

- 1st. We receive no official notice that a license is applied for.
- 2nd. The burden is put upon a few of us to get petitions signed against such license.

Now, sir, it appears to me that the law adopted in some of the states of the union meets this difficulty in a capital manner. The law is this:—At the yearly municipal

elections a ballot is taken "license or no license" in that particular polling district. Such a vote as this would vastly simplify the action of the Commissioners, and relieve them of the trouble of deciding in all districts where the vote is adverse to license. At the same time it would relieve certain individuals from the trouble of getting up petitions, and it would also have the advantage of removing liquor saloons from some places where they now exist much against the will of a majority of the residents of the district.

Toronto, July 17th, 1883.

Yours truly,
W. A. D.

Tales and Sketches.

SAINT AGATHA.

"Agatha, come here!"

The tone in which these words were uttered was querulous. Agatha rose immediately, and went out into the tiny kitchen where her mother sat near a basket full of clean clothes just taken from the line. A pale, gentle, self-controlled little woman of forty-seven was Agatha. A woman too, of judgment and of faculty—that all comprehensive New-England phrase. But to her mother she was still no wiser than a child of seven, and was treated accordingly.

"These clothes ain't white at all, Agatha," complained the fretful voice; "what can be the reason?"

"You know there was very little sun to-day, mother," answered Agatha, quickly, "and the wind blew so hard that I took them in as soon as possible."

"Here is a spot, too, on one of the pillow-cases. I want you to wash it off immediately, Agatha."

"I think it is a stain, mother, I rubbed it hard but it would not come out."

"I'm very sure it's dirt," insisted her mother, "rub it again and let me see."

Agatha obeyed without a word. Her mother was a nervous invalid, and she was accustomed to her whims. She never expected to please her, for Mrs. Sands knew how to blame but not to praise. It was discouraging, but Agatha had learned in a long experience, that if there was to be peace in the family, her mother's will must be law, and that she must learn of Him "who took upon himself the form of a servant."

"You see, mother, that it does not rub out," she said, coming to her mother in a few moments with the pillow-case, which had been vigorously rubbed. "I think it must be a stain of medicine."

"Oh, Agatha, how can you torture me by alluding to Herbert's illness?" said Mrs. Sands putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "It is very evident that you do not feel his death as I do."

The blood rushed to Agatha's face, and the tears to her eyes at this unjust accusation—but she restrained herself. She did not trust herself to reply, however, but stood quietly awaiting any further demands upon her time and patience.

The side-door opened at this moment, and a gay young voice exclaimed:

"Where are you, auntie? I've come to stay with grandma while you go to prayer-meeting. The bell is ringing, so you must go right off and get ready."

Agatha kissed her dear little niece. There was one person in the world, at least, who loved her. "Do you need me any longer, mother?" she asked as she turned to go.

"Oh no, I suppose not, but I am distressed at these clothes."

The clothes were really immaculate; but Mrs. Sands—who had been an over-particular housekeeper in her day, and whose enfeebled health was doubtless the result of overwork—fancied that no one could do any part of the household labor as she used to do it.

"They will look whiter, mother, when they are all ironed and hung on the clothes-bars," said Agatha cheerily.

"Oh yes, that's a nice way to get off," retorted the mother with a slight sneer.

Agatha's heart was human and easily pierced. As she stood before the glass tying on her black bonnet, she thought, as she always did when she put it on—of Herbert, the brother who had been the life of the house, and who had made even his mother cheerful at times. Only a few weeks dead, and her heart daily wrung by the sight of his vacant chair and the desolation of the house. Could life ever be the same again? Could she ever cease to love and miss Herbert? Ah, God knew! And her sister Christine—the sharer of all her joys and sorrows—had died only a few years before. God's hand had been laid heavily upon Agatha.

As she glanced at the reflection in the glass of the pale, sad face, so rapidly losing all its freshness, she said to herself, "Oh, why am I left? What can be the use of my living? Would mother or any one else miss me in the least, if I were to die?"

"Behold, we count them happy which endure." She thought of this passage bitterly as she walked along to the chapel. "Can it be that endurance will ever bring me happiness?" she sighed.

Her next-door neighbor sat behind her in meeting. A brisk, breezy little woman, impetuous to a fault, and always making mistakes which were known, however, principally to herself. She knew much of Agatha's home-life, and as she saw her stepping about from day to day, so patiently

and faithfully performing all her little irksome duties, the more fortunate neighbor took home to herself, many a time, the lesson of that patient, self-sacrificing life. Agatha never complained, was always cheerful when her neighbor met her, and always ready to sympathize with, or help her in any strait.

It was this little woman who seized Agatha's arm with impulsive affection when the meeting was over.

"You are going to walk home with me, to-night," she said. "I have been sitting and looking at you in meeting, and you looked so tired and sad that it made my heart ache. Your clothes blew down this morning, didn't they? I saw you pick some of them up, and take them away to wash over, they didn't look a bit soiled to me."

"They weren't, but mother thought I had better put them into the tub again," replied Agatha simply.

"Do you know," said the impulsive little woman—as the two stopped a few moments after at Agatha's gate—"your life is a constant lesson to me. I am sure that I am better for your living; and I often say to myself as I see you going about, 'There's a halo around her head! I see it whether others do or not. She is my saint—Saint Agatha!' How do you like your name, dear?"

Agatha murmured some inarticulate reply. Her eyes were full of tears as she parted from her friend, and she walked up and down the garden-path for several moments before she dared trust herself to go into the house.

Those little words of cheer were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver" to the poor, tired, sad heart, and Agatha walked in the light of them many days. "Ah, dear Lord, forgive me," she inwardly prayed. "I have many kind friends, after all, and if I am, in the humblest way, of any help to any one of them, shall I not be thankful to live out my appointed time, and shall I not even 'count it happy to endure?'—*Elizabeth Wintrop in Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE LITTLE SHOES.

Some months ago—I need not mention where,

There was a meeting in a Temperance Hall,
A motley, eager crowd was gathered there,
Among them sat a man, well-dressed and tall,
Who listened earnestly to every word.

At length, a friend beside him said:—

"Come, William Turner, I have never heard
How 'twas you changed so much. Come now tell us
Why you gave up the public-house. But few,
I'm sure can tell so strange a tale as you."

Up rose William at the summons,
Glanced confusedly round the hall,
Cried, with voice of deep emotion,
"The little shoes—they did it all!"

"One night, on the verge of ruin,
As I hurried from the tap,
I beheld the landlord's baby
Sitting in its mother's lap.

"Look, dear father," said the mother,
Holding forth the little feet;
"Look, we've got new shoes for darling!
Don't you think them nice and neat?"

"Ye may judge the thing is simple,
Disbelieve me if you choose;
But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me
Such a blow as those small shoes:

"And they forced my brain to reason:
'What right,' said I, standing there,
'Have I to clothe another's children,
And let mine own go bare?'"

"It was in the depth of winter,
Bitter was the night, and wild;
And outside the flaring gin-shop
Stood my starving wife and child.

"Out I went, and clutched my baby,
Saw its feet so cold and blue;
Fathers! if the small shoes smote me,
What did those poor bare feet do?"

"Quick I thrust them in my bosom;
Oh! they were so icy chill!
And their coldness, like a dagger,
Pierced me—I can feel it still.

"Of money I had but a trifle,
Just enough to serve my stead;
It bought shoes for little baby
And a single loaf of bread.

"That loaf served us all the Sunday,
And I went to work next day.
Since that time I've been tectotal—
That is all I've got to say."

MRS. CARLILE, THE PIONEER OF BANDS OF HOPE.

Whilst it is possible to pay undue reverence to the past, it is, on the other hand, a practice at once pleasing and salutary now and again to recall to mind early days and early workers in the great field of philanthropic enterprise. Hardly any great movement owes its origin to one individual; when the time of its birth arrives, the thought teeming in the minds of many, takes definite form in that of one, and falling on prepared ground, grows and prospers. Yet still one or two names always recur to our thoughts when any special work is mentioned, and no well read friend of Bands of Hope,—still less any old worker in its ranks—will fail to associate the name of the subject of our sketch with the inception and earlier stages of the cause we have at heart.

The land of Father Matthew was also that of Ann Jane Hammil, who, born in County Monaghan in 1775, became the wife of the Rev. Carlile. Their married life at Bailieborough passed happily and uneventfully, until there a fell crushing blow. The death of Mr. Carlile left his wife a widow, burdened with all the care and responsibility of a young family. The brave heart of the mother, however, soon overcame the grief of the wife, and for the sake of her children Mrs. Carlile removed to Dublin.

The loss of her husband would seem to have created a void in the heart of Mrs. Carlile, which only active benevolence could fill, for soon after her arrival in the capital, we find her busily employed in work from which anyone less brave would have shrunk with dismay. She devoted herself to the visitation of prisons—at that time most shamefully misconducted—and of fallen women. Whilst engaged in this work, the connection between crime and strong drink was strongly impressed on the mind of Mrs. Carlile. Forty inmates of a prison was owing to the use of strong drink. This circumstance, and others of a similar character, acting on a tender conscience and loving heart, had its legitimate effect, and Mrs. Carlile became a total abstainer. Like Mrs. Fry and others similarly engaged in England, Mrs. Carlile endeavored to make her good work permanent, and to her initiative is due the Dublin Penitentiary, which is still doing useful work; and a Sailors' Home in connection with a Sailors' Temperance Society, which owed much to her influence. Soldiers and Sailors shared largely in the thoughts and efforts of this excellent woman, but the work in which she most delighted was that of guiding the young, and those who had influence with them, to a right and wise decision with regard to strong drink. In pursuance of a project for the delivery of a series of addresses in Sunday and Day Schools, and Factories, Mrs. Carlile in 1847 visited the town of Leeds, where her arrival was most opportune. The Rev. Jabez Tunncliffe, whose mind was greatly exercised by the sad circumstances connected with the death of a young man in whom he took a warm interest, was earnestly engaged in the promotion of Juvenile Temperance, and at a large meeting of children convened by him, Mrs. Carlile spoke with a power which produced lasting effect. It was at this meeting, or at one shortly following this, that the name which has now travelled round the world, which is borne by societies in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies, the South of Africa,—indeed, wherever the English language is spoken,—was first bestowed. By whom and when is a matter of some little doubt, but that the name arose in connection with this effort at Leeds, and under the auspices of Mrs. Carlile and Mr. Tunncliffe is an interesting certainty.

Mrs. Carlile's power of public speech was not developed, or, at least, was not exercised until she was well advanced in her useful career. She commenced with addresses to women only, but as zeal increased diffidence gave way, and all ages and both sexes shared ultimately in the harvest of her thoughts. Her addresses were instinct with life, and told with special power on the young, many of whom, in their riper years, can still bear testimony to the thrilling character of her appeals. Perhaps, however, the best proof of effectiveness in this respect is the fact that she administered the pledge to over seventy thousand people. Blest with an excellent constitution, of active and temperate habits, and with a strong will (a more important factor in longevity than is generally supposed), Mrs. Carlile preserved her great powers almost to the end of her long life. With advancing experience those powers acquired additional effect, and the mellowing influence of declining years tended to yet further perfect a beautiful character.

A sharp trial awaited Mrs. Carlile before she entered into rest, in the accidental death by drowning of her only son Francis, a young man of great promise; a sad blow to a heart already suffering under the loss of a much-loved daughter.

An interesting letter from Father Matthew to Mrs. Carlile is still extant, and breathes a spirit most creditable to both correspondents.

It is matter for rejoicing that in the Temperance cause, and especially in its juvenile development, may be found a common rallying ground for earnest men and women of all denominations.

On March 14, 1864, Mrs. Carlile closed her long and useful life of eighty-nine years. Power and gentleness were certainly the leading traits of this excellent friend of the young. Surely she is to be numbered with those of whom we may say, "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—*The Band of Hope Chronicle*.

TAUGHT BY A CHILD.

Once upon a time a tired temperance worker sat by a desk in a library and asked, "To what end do I work?" The cause is great, but the success is so small! On every hand grog-shops and saloons stand open. Strong drink each year destroys its thousands. If cholera or yellow fever slew one-half so many, the country would be up in arms, and the government would go to the rescue; but it is only the case of the thousands slain by the demon of drink, and the licenses are granted and the government takes the taxes! Said the weary worker: "Here is a letter from a friend; her son is a maniac from strong drink. This woman, once my friend, is in an inebriate asylum. This man, once honored, goes to-day to a drunkard's grave. Why do we toil? We cannot stem the tide." Then came from the next room soft sounds of children's voices: "Betty, oo tant reach the top of dat botetere to dus' it." "No-o, Tottie, but I can dust the chairs, and there will be that much dust less. Mamma says to do what I can, Tottie." "An' I does what I tan. I tant seep with a broom, but I tan seep with a brush. I tant seep all the room, Betty, but I tan tate up all the dirt I see."

"There's some behind the sofa, Tottie, you can see and not reach." "At's not my blame," says valiant Tottie. "I'll dus' up all I tan reach. If we don't do nothin', Betty, the room will loot pretty bad. If we do all we tan, it will loot pretty good." "And, perhaps when we get done the boys will come in and put all in a litter again," says Betty, "may be it's no use trying." "If v. try all we tan," says Tottie, "we'll feel better in our hearts. An' we'll please mamma; an' I know dis, Betty, all dis dus' I have dot up in my jan won't be on the floor."

"See here," says Betty, "lets we do all, every bit we can, and then go out and sit on the step, and may be an angel will come in and do the rest—sweep under the sofa and dust the high places." When the children went out, some one who had received a lesson went in and finished the room, considering that when God's workers do all they can they may be sure a strong arm will reach out to do the rest. When the children came, they smiled and saw the work of the angel.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

HOW THEY PLAY THE PIANO IN NEW ORLEANS.

"I was loafing around the streets last night," said Jim Nelson, one of the oldest locomotive engineers running into New Orleans, "and as I had nothing to do I dropped into a concert and heard a slick looking Frenchman play a piano in a way that made me feel all over spots. As soon as he sat down on the stool I knew by the way he handled himself that he knew the machine he was running. He tapped the keys away up one end, just as if they were gauges and he wanted to see if he had water enough. Then he looked up, as if he wanted to know how much steam he was carrying, and the next moment he pulled open the throttle and sailed out on the main line, as if he was half an hour late.

"You could hear her thunder over culverts and bridges, and getting faster and faster, until the fellow rocked about in his seat like a cradle. Somehow I thought it was old '36' pulling a passenger train, and getting out of the way of a special." The fellow worked the keys on the middle division like lightning, and then he flew along the north end of the line until the drivers went around like a buzz saw, and I got excited. About the time I was fixing to tell him to cut her off a little, he kicked the dampers under the machine wide open, pulled the throttle away back in the tender, and—Jerusalem Jumpers! how he did run! I couldn't stand it any longer, and yelled to him that she was pounding on the left side, and if he wasn't careful he'd drop his ash pan.

"But he didn't hear. No one heard me. Everything was flying and whizzing. Telegraph poles on the side of the track looked like a row of corn stalks, the trees appeared to be a mud bank, and all the time the exhaust of the old machine sounded like the hum of a bumble bee. I tried to yell out, but my tongue wouldn't move. He went around curves like a bullet, slipped an eccentric, blew out his soft plug, went down grades fifty feet to the mile, and not a confounded brake set. She went by the meeting point at a mile and a half a minute, and calling for more steam. My hair stood up like a cat's tail, because I knew the game was up.

"Sure enough, dead ahead of us was the head light of the 'special.' In a daze I heard the crash as they struck, and I saw cars shivered into atoms, people mashed and mangled and bleeding and gasping for water. I heard another crash as the French professor struck the deep keys away down on the lower end of the southern division, and then I came to my senses. There he was at a dead standstill, with the door of the fire-box of the machine open, wiping the perspiration off his face and bowing at the people before him. If I live to be a thousand years old, I'll never forget the ride that Frenchman gave me on a piano."—*Times Democrat*.

Temperance News.

CANADIAN.

The temperance people of Toronto are warmly sustaining the action of their license commissioners, in refusing licenses to take effect upon the Island.

A council of Royal Templars has been organized in Picton, Ont.

A branch of the Church of England Temperance Society has been formed at Trenton, Ont.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The National Division of North America held its annual session in Ocean Grove, N. J., during the past week. There was a large attendance from the different States and Provinces, and the reports of officers shew a large increase in members.

An application has been received by the Grand Scribe for a charter to open a new division in the township of Moore, county of Lambton, to be called Riverside Division No. 103. This will make six divisions organized in this county within a few weeks.

The quarterly installation of officers of Subordinate Divisions took place during the past few weeks, and the returns so far received by the Grand Scribe show an increase of members.

Three new Divisions of the Order have lately been organized. Salem Division No. 95 at Black Creek, county of Lambton, by W. T. Henry, County D. G. W. P., with sixteen members. Rose of the Forest Division No. 102, township of Sombra, county of Lambton, by Bro. T. Green, D. G. W. P., with fourteen members. Town Line Division No. 169 at Markdale, county of Grey, by Thomas McMurray, Prov. D. G. W. P., with twenty-nine members.

The returns from Subordinate Divisions for the quarter ending March, showed an increase of over six hundred members, over the number returned for the quarter, ending December last.

The Sons of Temperance in Nova Scotia are doing a splendid work. We clip the following from the *Watchman*, their official organ:—

"Our old Order of the Sons during the past twenty-five years has scattered Temperance lectures, papers and tracts innumerable among the settlements and homes of Nova Scotia. The wisdom of such efforts is amply verified by the pleasing results at home and abroad. With the exception perhaps of Maine and Vermont, no State or Province is our equal in sobriety and Temperance sentiment. The average consumption of intoxicants per head is far less with us than with any other part of the Dominion; and the solid phalanx of Active Divisions, Lodges and Church Temperance Societies in every community is a proof that the principles of Total Abstinence are dear to tens of thousands of our people. No greater calamity could happen our country than for the temperance people to leave it, or even for the Temperance Societies to disband. Thank Heaven no such danger awaits us. We are stronger, more united, and vigorous to-day than ever before, and the most distant hamlets feel the throb of active temperance life.

C. T. A. UNION.

On Tuesday morning, the 10th inst., the delegates in attendance at annual session of the New Brunswick Catholic Total Abstinence Union, attended the annual High Mass in St. Dunstan's Church. Rev. Father Quillet, of St. John, was celebrant, and Rev. Father Bradley, of this city, preached an eloquent sermon on the occasion.

The various sessions of the Union were fully attended by representatives from various portions of the Province, and the local deputies submitted reports of the work in the Union in their respective localities. Very satisfactory reports were presented by the Secretary and by the Treasurer. The Union is doing a noble work throughout the Province, and the total enrolment of members shows a respectable increase over that of last year. Considerable time was devoted to a discussion upon the Constitution, and some amendments were made. An address to be published and circulated among the Catholics of the Province, calling upon them to rally to the support of the Union was unanimously adopted. One feature in it is to encourage the formation of cadet Unions, in order to enlist the sympathy and support of the boys.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Rev. A. Ouellet, Spiritual Director.

John P. McGrory, Portland, President.

James Magee, Fredericton, 1st Vice-President.

E. O. Dugan, Fairville, 2nd Vice-President.

James Berry, Portland, Recording Secretary.

John Boden, Portland, Corresponding Secretary.

Thomas B. Foley, St. John, Financial Secretary.

Thomas Bourke, Portland, Treasurer.

M. Purcell, Milltown, Sergeant-at-arms.—*Fredericton Reporter*.

I. O. G. TEMPLARS.

The seventeenth annual session of the Loyal Grand Lodge, I. O. G. T. was held in Bridgewater, Lunenburg Co., last week. The following officers were present:

G. W. C. T.—P. J. Chisholm.

G. W. S.—I. J. Hingley.

G. W. Treas.—Dr. Black.

G. W. Mar.—J. A. Simpson.

G. Asst. Secy.—C. A. Totten.

Quite a large number of representatives received the Grand Lodge Degree. The Officers' Reports showed that the Order is in a healthy state, fifteen Lodges having been organized, and one resuscitated since last annual session. The following extracts will show the numerical strength of the Order:

Number of members last year.....	1,980
" " " admitted during the year.....	1,227
" " " " by card.....	3

3,210

" " " lost by removals, resignations, expulsions and deaths.....	609
Total membership, now.....	2,601

We may here remark that the total membership of this order throughout the world is 290,790.

The report of the Committee on legal action condemned the new License Law, and recommended the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act wherever practicable. The report was adopted.

The following are the officers for the current year:

G. W. C. T.—P. J. Chisholm, Truro, Col., Chester County.

G. W. C.—J. N. Mack, Mill Village, Queen's County.

G. W. V. T.—Mrs. D. Calder.

G. W. S.—I. J. Hingley, Oxford, Cumberland County.

G. W. Treas.—Dr. C. A. Black, Amherst, Cumberland Co.

G. W. Chap.—Rev. M. W. Brown, New Germany, Lunenburg Co.

G. W. Mar.—Auley Morrison, Maitland, Hants Co.

G. W. Guard.—Mrs. A. Spear, Truro.

G. W. Asst. Sec'y—T. T. Davis.

G. W. Dep. Mar.—Annie Reinhardt.

G. W. Mes'ger.—I. Logan Barnhill.

Gen. Supt. Juvenile Temples.—M. O. Smith, Couquerall Bank, Lunenburg.

A large and enthusiastic public temperance meeting was held on Tuesday evening, in the Presbyterian Church. The next annual session will be held at Annapolis.—*Watchman*.

MR. RODDEN, whose appointment as organizing agent for the I. O. G. T. we noticed last week, goes on his mission in a few days. Friends desiring help either in organizing or resuscitating lodges, or who can give him any information likely to be of assistance in this work, will confer a favor by writing particulars to W. H. Rodden, 8 King St. East, Toronto.

UNITED STATES.

THE PROGRESS OF CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.—Seventeen States had prohibition by Constitutional Amendment prominently before their legislatures during the last session. It was passed by both branches in Maine and Oregon, the Senate in New Jersey, and the House in West Virginia and Indiana. The vote in several other states was close.—*Alert*.

Ottawa, Kansas, has a population of over 5,000. The prohibition law is strictly enforced. The city is quiet because there are no saloons to create drunken rows. The city has a marshal and a night watchman.

Crawford County has not an open saloon within its borders, and yet it shows an increase in population during the past year of 1,647. This too in spite of the statement made by Gov. Glick last fall that prohibition is depopulating the State. The governor will notice the figures.—*Girard Press*.

Winnifield has a population of 4,000 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 rows.—*Ex*.

Four more counties in Georgia have voted no rum, and by overwhelming majorities.

The eighteenth anniversary of the National Temperance Society and Publication House was celebrated at the Broadway Tabernacle on the evening of the 10th. At the business meeting in the afternoon, Rev. Mark Hopkins, D. D., of Massachusetts, was elected president in place of the late lamented Wm. E. Dodge. The reports of Mr. J. N. Stearns, Secretary and Business Manager, and of W. D. Porter, Treasurer, showed that the Society was doing more work than ever before in its history, and had plans laid for judicious expansion. Rev. Dr. Cuyler preached the anniversary sermon, and Rev. J. O. Peck and C. H. Mead delivered interesting addresses.—*Reformer*.

The Legislature of Michigan has enacted that "no certificate shall be granted any person to teach in the schools of Michigan who shall not pass a satisfactory examination after Sept. 1, 1884, in physiology and hygiene, with particular reference to the effects of alcoholic drinks, stimulants and narcotics upon the human system."

TOTAL ABSTINENCE REQUIRED.—Superintendent W. J. Murphy, of the Delaware division of the New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad, has just issued an order prohibiting the use of wines or liquor at any time by men employed on his division. There are "extras" run over the road every day, and his idea is to have sober men only employed, so that, no matter when called upon to "report for duty," his men are sure to be in condition to properly fulfil their labours. There was an order issued some time ago prohibiting the employees from using intoxicants while on duty, but Superintendent Murphy is the first man to require total abstinence. His division is the most dangerous on the Erie road, extending from the Susquehanna to Port Jervis.—*Press*.

IOWA.—The Republican Convention at De Moines, Iowa, June 27, adopted unanimously these two planks which were enthusiastically cheered.

First—That while we extend our earnest sympathy to the people of all countries who are struggling for their rights in opposition to oppressive laws and systems, we also plant ourselves on the side of the homes of our own people in their contest against the saloons.

Second—That when the Republican party of Iowa pledged itself in 1879 to give to the people at a special non-partisan election an opportunity to vote on the proposition to so amend the Constitution of the State as to prohibit the manufacture and sale, as a beverage, of intoxicating liquors, it acted in good faith. The special meeting of June 27, 1882, evidences the redemption of the pledge so given, and we now declare that we accept the issues of that election with its majority of 29,974 votes in favor of the adoption of the amendment so voted on, as the verdict of the people in favor of the constitutional and statutory prohibition, and without making a new test of party fealty all recognize the moral and political obligation which requires the enactment of such laws by the General Assembly as shall provide for the establishment and enforcement of the principle and policy affirmed by the people at said non-partisan election, and to that end the faith of the party is pledged.

Another declared the State Legislature should prohibit all discriminations, pools and combinations of producers or carriers to prevent competition or work injustice to communities or individuals at competing or non-competing points.

John A. Kassen, Chairman, said however they might differ on other points the Iowa Republicans were unanimous in opposition to free trade and free alcohol. The Iowa branch of the Rep. family seems to be of a very superior stripe.—*Rescue*.

Mrs. Sarah J. Mott, of 104 Sixteenth Street, South Brooklyn, N. Y., sued Michael Mahr, who keeps a Lagerbeer-Saloon at 291 Third Avenue, South Brooklyn, N. Y., under the Civil Damage Act, for selling her husband intoxicants, for \$2,000, and the case was tried this morning before Judge Reynolds and a jury in Part I. of the City Court. The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff.—*The Brooklyn Eagle*, June 11th, 1883.

A BIG CIVIL DAMAGE VERDICT.—The suit of Mrs. Adelaide S. Smith, of 237 De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I., against Patrick Dempsey and Cornelius Clark, Liquor Dealers, of One Hundred and Nineteenth Street and Second Avenue, New York City, to recover damages for causing her husband to become a drunkard, was tried yesterday in the King's County Supreme Court, Brooklyn,

L. I., before Justice Pratt and a jury, and resulted in a verdict for the Plaintiff of \$2,500.—S. M. Ostrander appeared for the Plaintiff; Morris & Pearsall and Paddock and Cannon for Defendants. —*From The Brooklyn Union*.

TEMPERANCE PAYS.—This county (Randolph Co., Miss.) voted for prohibition about one year ago, since which time not one drop of whisky has been sold in our county—for any purpose—that I am aware of, and our county has been changed from a hell on earth to a paradise! No pen, no tongue, no imagination can picture to outsiders the change. While, at the first election, some men of respectability and good standing opposed prohibition, now, I do not believe there is a respectable, good citizen in the whole country who would vote for the return of whisky in our county. Some said it would injure our trade to prohibit the sale of whisky. Well, instead of injuring our trade it has increased it, and the whisky men are bound to acknowledge the fact. —*Alabama Baptist*.

General News.

CANADIAN.

London is slowly recovering from the effects of the late flood. The sum of \$4,000 has been subscribed in aid of the sufferers.

Hanlan defeated Ross in the boat race at Ogdensburg on Wednesday.

Canada's rifle-men are doing well in the prize competition at Wimbledon.

Lord Carnarvon is to visit Canada in September.

The Ontario Government has appropriated \$5,000 for the relief of the London sufferers.

Ontario officials are taking possession of the disputed territory.

Crops in the North-West are unusually promising.

Sir Hector Langevin has laid the corner stone of the new public buildings at Hamilton.

The Canadian and American telegraph operators struck for higher wages at noon yesterday.

BRITISH.

A serious riot has occurred over the election for Wexford Borough, in which the Parnellite candidate was elected. Many policemen and other persons were seriously injured.

The iron-workers' strike is over.

Two thousand weavers at Ashton-under-Lynn have struck.

The Conservative party is still strongly opposing the new Suez Canal.

UNITED STATES.

Buffalo has had a great and successful Saengerfest.

A fire has destroyed the Farmers' Library and Museum at Bloomington, Ind.

A terrible storm has done great damage in the South

General Tom Thumb is dead.

New York cigar manufacturers are about to close out on account of the demands of the Unions about wages.

Capt. Webb proposes to go over Niagara Falls on the 21st inst in an enormous rubber ball.

The army worm is destroying the tobacco crop in Pennsylvania.

FOREIGN.

Cholera still rages in Egypt.

A great fire has done much damage and destroyed many lives at Liptozentmilo in Hungary.

H. M. Stanley has been heard from. He is still pushing his African explorations.

Tonquin is in a state of anarchy. The French have hanged many marauders, bands of whom are still firing on the outposts. Three thousand Chinese troops have been ordered from Canton to the Yamchan, Tonquin frontier.

Ladies' Department.

AN IDEAL WOMAN.

She was my peer ;
 No weakling girl, who would surrender will
 And life and reason, with her loving heart,
 To her possessor ; no soft, clinging thing
 Who would find breath alone within the arms
 Of a strong master, and obediently
 Wait on his will in slavish carefulness ;
 No fawning, cringing spaniel to attend
 His royal pleasure, and account herself
 Rewarded by his pats and pretty words,
 But a sound woman, who, with insight keen,
 Had wrought a scheme of life, and measured well
 Her womanhood ; had spread before her
 A fine philosophy to guide her steps.
 Had won a faith to which her life was brought
 In strict adjustment—brain and heart meanwhile
 Working in conscious harmony and rhythm
 With the great scheme of God's great universe
 On toward her being's end.

—Holland.

MOTHERS AND STRONG DRINK.

We may congratulate ourselves that in this country, whatever may be the exceptions, it has nowhere been the rule for women to take alcoholic drink either at the table or between meals, except under a physician's prescription and oversight, and then but gingerly. Those ladies who have the opportunity to take wine at dinner, are, in comparison to the whole female population among us, a mere handful, and of these many decline the opportunity, and our public opinion has always been of such a decided nature that few who do avail themselves of it feel quite comfortable in taking more than a single glass, as if that act put them under suspicion, or was a concession to the destruction of others.

It is to this fortunate habit of American women in general, that the coming American race, is to owe its supremacy, the children to be born of mothers who have not impaired the action of their brains by soaking them in alcohol, or increased the action of their nerves, already stimulated by keen atmosphere and exciting life, by the exhilaration of claret or champagne. How deadly the effect of opposite habits on their part might be, can be seen from the report made to one of our legislatures by a learned physician who had investigated the subject of distraught nerves in general, and idiocy in particular. "The habits of the parents of three hundred of the idiots were learned," he says, "and one hundred and forty-five, or nearly one half, are reported as known to be habitual drunkards. Such parents, it is affirmed, give a weak and lax constitution to their children, who are consequently deficient in bodily and vital energy, and predisposed by their very organization to have cravings for alcoholic stimulants. Many of these children are feeble and live irregularly. *Having a lower vitality, they feel the want of some stimulant.* If they pursue the course of their fathers, which they have more temptation to follow and less power to avoid than the children of the temperate, they add to their hereditary weakness, and increase the tendency to idiocy in their constitution, and this they leave to their children after them. Seven idiotic children were born in one family of parents who were drunkards."

If so terrible a demonstration as this is made on the account of positive drunkenness, and that in the case of both parents, it may be a problem requiring delicate calculation to determine the amount of actual injury done to children by the use, on the part of mothers alone, of stimulants to a point that cannot be called drunkenness, if it can be called so much as exhilaration or excitement; but that it is injury, and injury of greater or less important degree, cannot be doubted under such evidence and its logical deductions; and we have reason to congratulate ourselves as a people if it is an injury that is inflicted with a comparatively inappreciable force upon the children of such a race as ours, already composed of such various strains and histories that its nervous susceptibilities may be supposed to be wrought to as high a pitch as is compatible with its physical endurance to sustain. And in that view we are glad and proud of the fact that to the great body of American mothers alcoholic stimulants present no attraction or temptation; that they regard them generally with distrust, and sometimes with abhorrence; that they will not quiet their crying babies with gin, and make them little drunkards in the cradle; that they dislike to kindle any dormant seed of evil that may be inherited by the tiny brains, they know not how, by themselves drinking beer to enrich the natural food of the weanlings; * * * * that on the whole, they are, with tolerable unanimity, of the opinion that if strong drink is bad, they will have none of it; and if it is good, they are well enough without it, and will let well enough alone.

—Harper's Bazar.

What is woman's work in the Church? She thinks, loves, gives, suffers, prays and persuades. She sustains the prayer-meeting. She fills the pews; without her, what a beggarly array of emptiness! She sustains the music. She sustains the Sunday school. She sustains the pastor. If she wants a larger field, let her move the fence; nobody on the other side can hinder. Some on-looking patriarch, under an ancient vine; some callow youth, who does not know the great world's width, may protest, but her growing work will not be disturbed.—*J. L. Russell.*

When children accord willing obedience, then the end of family government is gained.—*Hardy.*

In the House of Lords the motion for the third reading of the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill has been rejected by 145 to 140 votes; the second reading was carried by 165 to 158.

"A CHRISTIAN GAVE IT TO ME."

"A Christian gave it me"—that fatal glass
 Which proved the turning point. The Rubicon
 Once crossed, my path was clear to ruin.
 I knew its power, and I was struggling sore
 Against the deadly spell. Full many a time
 Had taunts of boon companions made me yield,
 But grace was given to turn away from them.
 And now, when I had hoped—yes hoped once more,
 That health and happiness and home were mine,
 A noble lady, one bright New Year's morn,
 Pressed me to take a glass "just for this once,"
 In honor of her hospitality.

She did not dream—how could she?—what was meant,
 By drinking that one little drop of wine.
 The buried craving of the days gone by
 Uprose anew within me, and I fell
 A victim to its power; my being seemed
 As set on fire of hell, and from that hour
 To this, my downward course was swift and sure.

O Christian! pause and think; was it your hand—
 A sister's hand, perchance, which should have helped—
 That put temptation in a brother's way?
 You say, "I would not;" but you cannot tell
 Their soul surroundings, who may cross your path;
 You do not know, oh, then consider well,
 The possibilities of every case,
 And let no erring one have cause to say
 That by your means he has been led astray.

—E. A. E. K.

WHAT WOMEN HAVE DONE AND ARE DOING.

At the great fair to be held in Boston, women are to have a whole acre. There will be represented the raisin culture, floriculture, needlework, dress-making, children's clothes, wall paper designs, botanical collections and other things in which woman's skill and labor have been illustrated.—*American Reformer.*

The Annual Conference of the Women's Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society was held at Exeter Hall, with Canon Ellison and Canon Leigh respectively in the chair. The reports were encouraging, and interesting papers were read by Dr. Alfred Carpenter and Mrs. Everest Poole on "Female Intemperance." The sale of liquors by grocers was especially condemned.—*Ex.*

The Young Women's Christian Association recently held its annual session in Exeter Hall, London, the venerable Lord Shaftesbury presiding. The reports were very satisfactory. There are twenty-four institutions affiliated with the London Society, besides forty branches in London, with a membership of 5,660, an increase of 1,600 over the previous year. The benefit branches number 11, and the total abstinence department has more than doubled its membership the past year. The receipts were \$15,550; expenditures \$14,685. A restaurant is to be opened in the West End, to cost \$15,000. An interesting event connected with the meeting was the presentation of a silver inkstand and pencil-case to Lord Shaftesbury.—*American Reformer.*

A young lady in Chicago has some very practical ideas about missionary work. She is a student in the Female Baptist Missionary Training School, and is not yet twenty years of age. It has been her practice for the past few months to visit the sick and destitute in the lowest and vilest slums of Chicago, entirely alone, at all hours of the day. The little figure dressed modestly in black, is known and respected by the criminal classes of the city, and in all her errands of mercy she has never once been molested or even insulted. She says that her object is first of all to do some practical good, and next to fit herself by actual experience for her life work as a missionary. Wiser people than this young girl have gone through life without getting as near the ideal of Christianity.—*Ex.*

The most learned woman in the world, probably, is Miss Rannabal, a young lady of twenty, who is now in Paris. She is a native of India, and can read and write and talk in twelve languages, having a wonderful gift in that way, besides being up in mathematics, astronomy and history. She is studying medicine, and will return to India to practice, where she says thousands of her country-women die every year through medical neglect, which may be largely obviated if female physicians are introduced into the country. Mrs. Joseph Cook confirms Miss Rannabal in this statement, and urges that medically educated female missionaries should be sent to India.—*Young Ladies' Journal*.

Miss Adah Parker is a girl of eighteen, who lives on a cotton plantation two miles from Monroe, La. For the last four years she has had exclusive charge of the place upon which her widowed mother, sister, and two younger brothers reside, supporting them all by her industry. She is her own overseer, supervising all work done in person, and no brawny son of Ceres knows better how to raise a crop or handle labor. The place consists of 200 acres, all in cotton, averaging from one-half to three-quarters of a bale to the acre. Miss Parker is said to be lovely, intelligent, and as modest as she is energetic.—*Ex.*

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

There has just died in a town in Maine a woman, aged 45, who in her sixteenth year was left an orphan with seven younger brothers and sisters on her hands and nothing for their maintenance. She at once took up the only thing she could do, millinery, and by taste and energy succeeded not only in supporting her brothers and sisters, but in giving them an education denied herself. One brother is a minister, one a lawyer, and another well-to-do in trade, and the sisters respectably married; and all this she achieved while working half her time in a darkened room, saturated with ether, to still the pain of an internal disease that revenged itself on an overworked body. Nor up to the last was she an hour beholden to friend or relative. Yet this is one of the women whom statisticians often rank as superfluous—not being wives or mothers—and in whose spontaneous self-sacrifice the very ones for whom they toil and bear the burden are apt to see nothing very extraordinary.—*Ex.*

Mrs. Hannah Grant, mother of Gen. Grant, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. May Corbin, in Jersey City, May 11, aged 94 years. She was a native of Berks Co., Pa. Her funeral was entirely unostentatious, and the remains were interred alongside her late husband in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati. Mrs. Grant was a woman of more than ordinary strength and beauty of character, and adorned every position in life to which she was called. The General accompanied the remains to their last resting place.—*American Reformer*.

Mrs. Lydia Pinkham, of patent-medicine fame, who died of paralysis on the 17th inst., at her home in Lynn, Mass., was of Quaker parentage. Her maiden name was Estes, and she was born in Lynn sixty four years ago. Her four sons are dead, but her husband and daughter, Mrs. C. C. Gove, survive her. She is said to have been a woman of intellect and benevolence, esteemed by a wide circle of friends.—*Ex.*

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

I know when the good time coming,
That seems so far away—
Such a distant, dim to-morrow—
Shall be a glad to-day!
It will be when all the maidens
Shall place beneath the ban
Of their indifferent scorning,
Each tippling, drinking man.

When every girl and woman
Who knows enough to think,
Shall tell her would-be-lovers:
"I wed no slave of drink.
No devotee of Bacchus
Need bow before my shrine,
And offer a heart divided
Between me and his wine."

If all the noble women
Would tell their lovers this,
"The lips that touch the wine cup
Our own can never kiss,"
I'm sure 'twould answer better
Toward helping on the cause,
And making men abstainers,
Than half a dozen laws

But if women will not do it,
Why, then, we'll work away
With laws and books and lectures:
But still I think and say,

If girls would go about it,
Each, every one, and all,
They could sweep away the traffic,
And crush old Alcohol.

Hurrah! for the valiant maidens,
The maidens tried and true,
Who will not wed wine-bibbers!
Are you among the few?
If so, then you are hasting
The great good time to come;
If not, then you are helping
That fiend and demon, Rum.

Ella Wheeler.

Our Casket.

RUBIES.

THINGS IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

There are whips and toys and pieces of string;
There are shoes which no little feet wear;
There are bits of ribbon and broken rings,
And tresses of golden hair;
There are little dresses folded away
Out of the light of the sunny day.

There are dainty jackets that never are worn,
There are toys and models of ships;
There are books and pictures, all faded and torn,
And marked by the finger tips
Of dimpled hands that have fallen to dust,
Yet I strive to think that the Lord is just.

But a feeling of bitterness fills my soul
Sometimes when I try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers,
And taken all mine away;
And I almost doubt that the Lord can know
That a mother's heart can love them so.

But then I remember, my children three,
My babies that never grow old,
In glory are waiting and watching for me;
In the city with streets of gold.
Safe, safe from cares of the weary years,
From sorrow and sin and war,
And I thank my God, with falling tears,
For the things in the bottom drawer.

—*Philadelphia Times.*

TRINKETS OF GOLD.

Many of the grandest and most valuable achievements on record have been the results of what seemed small but persistent efforts; those little effects too, often seeming at first to be total failures, but ultimating in magnificent achievements.

Attempted usefulness is always blessed. The effort may not be always successful, but the action is ever full of profit. The hand which rubs the cold limb of another is kindled with kindred warmth.

Hon. W. Davis, Judge of Maine Supreme Court: The moderate use of intoxicating liquors by all in any community is an impossibility. Some persons, if they drink at all, will drink to excess. Every drunkard has been a moderate drinker, and every moderate drinker, if not in danger of becoming a drunkard, is encouraging others to drink, who certainly will become drunkards.

STRIVING.

BY HENRY BURTON.

'Tis not the idle, humming drones
That store the hive with honey;
Men must be kings who sit on thrones,
And manhood's more than ...oney.

We cannot all the prizes take,
We cannot all be thriving;
We can our evil self forsake,
We always can be striving.

To dare is better than to doubt,
For doubt is always grieving;
'Tis faith that finds the riddles out,
The prize is for believing.

To do is better than to dream—
Life has enough of sleepers;
To be is better than to seem—
The sowers are the reapers.

And when the Master calls us in,
Our deeds, and not our feelings,
Will tell the heaven that each shall win,
The endless glory sealing.

—
BITS OF TINSEL.

Spring goods: Rat traps.

A lady, joked about her nose, said: "I had nothing to do with shaping it. It was a birthday present."

"It is the little bits ov things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings. "We kan dodge an elephant, but we kan't a fly."

First small girl: "I know what I'm going to be when I grow up?" *Second ditto*: "What are you going to be when you grow up?" *First small girl*: "A wigger."

A preacher remarked last Sunday that it was said that liberalism is creeping into all the churches. "If that is so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strike the contribution boxes."

Debt is a horse that is always throwing its rider. Fools ride him bareback, and without a bridle.

"How much are these eggs a dozen?" "Dwenty-five cents." "Why how is that? Jones sells them at twenty cents." "Und vy don't you py ov Jones den?" "Because he hasn't any this morning." "Vell, I will sell dem for dwenty cents, too, ven I don't got any."

What is the difference between a tight boot and an oak tree? The one makes acorns, the other makes corns ache.

Why is a hay-seed like a gate-post? Because it is put in the ground to prop-a-gate.

The proficiency attained by the colored gentlemen who have charge of the hat room in large hotels is often surprising, as they pass out hundreds of hats without a single mistake. A young man from Buffalo was so impressed with the performance at a New York hotel the other day that in a tone of respectful admiration he asked the phenomenon how he knew it was his hat. "Well, sah," was the brisk response, "I couldn't swar dat de hat was yourn, sah. I only knows it was de hat you guv me."

Elderly philanthropist, to small boy who is vainly striving to pull a door-bell above his reach: "Let me help you, my little man." (*Pulls the bell.*) *Small boy*—"Now you had better run, or we'll both get a licking!"

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance: Both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned; both are made tight
By cobblers; both get left and right;
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need heeling, oft are soled,
And both in time turn all to mould.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out they're men-dead, too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing loath.
Both have their ties and both incline
When polished in the world to shine:
And both peg out—and would you choose
To be a man or be his shoes?

[*Chicago Tribune.*]

THE SMOKE HOUSE.—A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him three thousand dollars. His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine a dwelling.

"Why," said he, "this is my smoke-house."

"Your smoke-house! What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I computed that what I saved, with interest, would amount to three thousand dollars, and I concluded to put the money saved from smoke into my house; hence I call this my smoke-house."

For Girls and Boys.

JIMMY'S LECTURE.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

"Jimmy, throw that jug into the pig-pen. Smash it first, and be sure you don't taste a drop of the vile stuff," said an anxious-looking woman as she handed her little son the brown jug which she had just found hidden in the shed.

"Father won't like it," began the boy, eyeing the ugly thing with a look of fear and hate; for it made mother miserable, and father a brute.

"I said I'd make a way with it the next time I found it, and I will! It's full, and I don't feel as if I could live through another dreadful time like the last. If we put it out of sight, maybe father will keep sober for another month. Go quick, before he comes home." And the poor woman pushed the boy to the door as if she could not wait a minute till the curse of her life was destroyed.

Glad to comfort her, and have the fun of smashing anything, Jimmie ran off, and giving the jug a good bang on the post, let the whisky run where it would as he flung the pieces into the pig-pen, and went back to his work.

He was only eleven; but he struggled manfully with the old saw, and the tough apple-tree boughs he had collected for fuel. It was father's work, but he neglected it, and Jimmie wouldn't see mother suffer from cold, so he trimmed the trees, and did his best to keep the fire going. He had to stop often to rest, and in these pauses he talked to himself, having no other company.

Not long after the destruction of the jug he heard a great commotion in the pen, and looking in saw the two pigs capering about in a curious way. They ran up and down, squealed, skipped, and bumped against one another as if they didn't see straight, and had no control of their legs.

Jimmie was much amused for a few minutes, but when one staggered to the trough and began to lap something there, and the other tumbled down and could not get up, he understood the cause of these antics.

"Oh, dear! I let the whisky run into the trough, and those bad pigs are tippy! What shall I do?"

He watched them an instant, and then added in a sober tone, as he shook his head sadly, "That's just the way father does, lively first, then cross, then stupid. They don't look funny to me now, and I'm sorry for 'em. They will be dreadfully ashamed when they get sober. I'm glad there isn't any wife and little son to be scared and mortified and sorry over 'em. I'll talk to 'em and tell 'em what the man said in the temperance lecture we went to last night. Maybe it will do 'em good."

So Jimmy mounted the chopping-block close by, and repeated all he could remember, making a funny jumble, but being very much in earnest, and quite unconscious that he had another hearer beside the pigs:

"My friends, rum is an awful thing. People who drink are slaves. They are worse than dumb beasts who don't drink. (Yes, they do; but that was my fault.) Half the sin and sorrow in the world come from rum. Men waste their money, neglect their families, break their wives' hearts, and set a bad example to their children. People better die than drink; than make brutes of themselves. Lots of money is wasted. Folks kill other folks when they are drunk, and steal, and lie, and do every bad thing. Now, my friends, (I mean you pigs), turn from your evil ways, and drink no more. (I'll smash the jug behind the barn next time, where even the hen's can't find it.) Rise in your manhood, and free yourselves from this awful slavery. (They are both fast asleep, but I'll help 'em up when they wake.) Lead better lives, and don't let those who love you suffer shame and fear and grief for your weakness. (I do love you old fellows, and I am so sorry to see you make such pigs of yourselves.) Here is the pledge; come and sign it. Keep it all your lives, and be good men. (I mean pigs.)"

Here Jimmy smiled, but he meant what he said, and pulling out of his pocket a piece of paper and a pencil, he jumped down to use the block as a desk, saying, as he wrote in big letters, "They shall have a pledge, and they can make a mark as people do who can't write. I'll make it short, so they can understand it, and I know they will keep it, for I shall help them."

So busy was the boy with his work that he never saw a man steal from behind the pen where he had been listening, and laughing at Jimmy's lecture, till something seemed to change the smiles to tears, for, as he peeped over the lad's shoulder, he saw how wor n

the little jacket was, how bruised and blistered the poor hands were with too hard work, and how he stood on one foot, because his toes were out of the old shoes.

A month's wages were in the man's pocket, and he meant to spend them in more whisky when his jug was empty. Now the money seemed all too little to make his son tidy, and he couldn't bear to think how much he had wasted on low pleasures that made a worse brute of him than the pigs.

"There!" said Jimmy, "I guess that will do. We, Tom and Jerry, do solemnly promise never to touch, taste or handle anything that can make us drunk."

"Now for the names. Which will mark first?"

"I will!" said the man, startling Jimmy so much that he nearly tumbled into the pen as he was climbing up. The paper fluttered down inside, and both forgot it as the boy looked up at the man, saying, half ashamed, half glad,—

"Why, father, did you hear me? I was only sort of playing."

"I am in earnest, for your lecture was a very good one; and I'm not going to be a beast any longer. Here's money for new shoes and jacket. Give me the saw. I'll do my own work now, and you go tell mother what I say."

Jimmy was about to race away, when the sight of Tom and Jerry eating up the paper made him clap his hands, exclaiming joyfully,—

"They've taken the pledge really and truly. I'm so glad!"

It was impossible to help laughing; but the man was very sober again as he said slowly, with his hand on Jimmy's shoulder,—

"You shall write another for me. I'll sign it, and keep it too, if you will help me, my good little son."

"I will, father. I will!" cried Jimmy with all his happy heart, and then ran in to carry the good news to mother.

That was his first lecture, but not his last; for he delivered many more when he was a man, because the work begun that day prospered well, and those pledges were truly kept.—*The Press.*

BOYS AND GIRLS, SIT UPRIGHT.—One of the worst habits young people form is that of leaning forward too much while at work or study. It is much less tiresome and more healthy to sit or stand erect. The round-shouldered, hollow-chested and almost deformed persons one meets every day could have avoided all the bad results from which they now suffer had they always kept the body erect, the chest full, and shoulders thrown back. A simple rule is, that if the head is not thrown forward, but is held erect, the shoulders will drop back to their natural position, giving the lungs full play. The injury done by carelessness in this respect is by compressing the lungs, preventing their full and natural action, resulting in lung diseases, usually consumption. Sit erect boys and girls, and look the world in the face.—*Mining and Scientific News.*

THE REASON WHY

BY SENNY L. ENO.

I saw quite a boy to-day, children;
I wish that you all had been there.
Though such sights are getting quite common,
And never were any too rare.

He was such an uncommonly small one,
Swelled out to such size with conceit,
And strutted so proudly and grandly
Past all whom he happened to meet.

There was dirt on his face, and his fingers
Were nearly as black as a coal;
And as for his dingy old garments,
Not one of them seemed to be whole.

But still he kept strutting and pushing
His cap more and more to one side,
With an air too distressingly funny
To be half described if one tried.

You don't see what made him so pompous?
To be sure, I've not told you that yet,
Well, children, if you will believe it,
He was puffing a small cigarette.

—*Youths' Temperance Banner*

"ALWAYS SPEAK PRESENT WHEN ENNYBODY SPEAKS X."

"Alice and Harriet, take your knitting work. John and Henry, you may each bring nine armfuls of wood into the woodshed. May, you may take your slate and write; and I guess if they are let alone the two babies will take care of themselves. Now, for half an hour, let us have silence. If anybody speaks let it be in a whisper.

The fact was there had been so much noise; and some of it in half quarrelsome tones, that Mrs. Ford was tired, and took the best way to stop it, for half an hour at least. The children were all young and wanted their own way. But they had learned to mind their mother.

So there was silence in the kitchen, except the noise the little mother made with her baking, and the occasional prattle of the two babies.

Little May sat with her slate on her knee, looking thoughtful. She wrote and erased, and wrote again with much painstaking labor. At last she seemed satisfied, and going to her mother, said in a whisper:

"May I have a little piece of white paper and a pencil out of your drawer? I want to copy something."

"What is it? Let me see," said her mother.

May hesitated and blushed, but held it up to her, saying, "You won't tell, will you, mother?"

Her mother read it twice over. Tears gathered in her eyes.

"You won't tell anybody, will you?" entreated little May.

"No, no, certainly not! It shall be a secret between you and me."

She got a nice piece of paper, and sharpened the pencil anew for the child, although she was pie-making.

May copied it very carefully, and laid it away in the bottom of her handkerchief-box, saying:

"I shall see it often there, and nobody goes there but mother and I."

But it happened one day that Harriet was sent to distribute the pile of clean handkerchiefs from the ironing into the different boxes, and as May's was empty, she saw the writing. It was so short that she took it in at a glance.

"Always speak present when Ennybody speaks X. MAY."

Somehow it fixed itself in Harriet's mind, and that evening she was busy with pen and ink. The result was a writing in Harriet's handkerchief-box, with a resolution written more neatly, but to the same effect:

"Resolved, That I will try this year to return pleasant words for cross ones. HARRIET FORD."

It made a great difference that was easy to see when two of the children began to practice this resolution. There was less quarreling.

"That's mine! You better mind your own business!" said John to Harriet one day, when she took up a top and was putting it in his drawer.

"But John, mother wants me to clear up the room," said Harriet.

"Well, I want the top to stay there!" said John obstinately.

"Well, perhaps its no matter. A top isn't much litter," said Harriet pleasantly.

John was fully prepared for a contest, I'm afraid he would rather have relished one. He stared. Then he looked ashamed.

"What made you say that Harriet?"

Harriet laughed and colored a little.

"Come here, and I'll show you," said she.

She took him into the clothes-press where was the row of handkerchief-boxes, each labelled.

She opened little May's, and took out the clean, soft pile of handkerchiefs. "Look there!" said she. John read.

"The good little thing! She never *does* quarrel anyhow," said John.—*Selected.*

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, Dunville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."

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

THURSDAY—ALBION LODGE, corner Yonge and Gerrard A. R. Scobie, 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 Richmond 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 Sts. Geo. Spence, L. D., 11 Wellington St. West.

FRIDAY—UNITY LODGE, Temperance Hall, Temperance St. J. Dower, L. D.

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International Lodge No. 1, Hamilton, Ont. Meets every Friday evening in the Hall of the Hamilton Total Abstinence Association, 22½ King St. East, at 8 p. m.

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F. W. Mills, W. S.

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

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Gospel Temperance Meeting every Sunday evening, at 8.30. All are invited to attend.

Public Temperance Meeting every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock. Prominent speakers at this meeting. 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 evening, 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 Saturday evening, at the Good Templars' Hall. 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.