



# THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

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## LADIES TO THE FRONT.

THEY PROPOSE TO STAY THERE.

Mrs. May R. Thornley's annual address to the W. C. T. U. workers, delivered at the convention at Pembroke, is an inspiring and interesting document. We regret that it would be impossible to present it in full to our readers. A few extracts are all we can give them. Regarding the plebiscite Mrs. Thornley said:

We did not ask for this trial of strength, but we do not shun it. We court every chance to meet the saloon in the open—for is it not an opportunity to sound a blast on the Prohibition bugle, that shall ring its way down into the consciousness of the sleepy Christian, pierce the dulled ear of the worldling, and catch and hold the harmony loving nature of youth?

The circle of soldiers and sympathizers widens with every fresh planting of the standard. We have nothing to fear, and everything to hope.

What shall be our share in the campaign?

There are the local tire, and country spokes and the provincial hub. If the White Ribbon wheel is to move effectively every part must contribute its quota of faithful work. Said a recent correspondent, "There are at least six places in our county where there might be Unions and are none." Should I pass on that item of information to the county President she would in all probability respond: "Though the Provincial pays the expenses for organizing new Unions, it does not and cannot supply the means for the necessary preparation of the ground. The county treasurer is glad if at the end of the year, after paying present obligations, she has a few dollars to the good. How can this additional burden be borne?"

Now, dear women, I will not minimize this difficulty, but I will say that it must be overcome; we must organize, if it is nothing more than a Youmans' Band Committee, in all these untouched places.

Some are so situated that they must confine their efforts to the local Union where they hold membership. Others may look to the broader county field, and there are a few whose endowments and home surroundings fit and permit of their giving at least a little help beyond both local and county borders.

Here is a proposal that may at least partially meet the difficulty. Let us prepare at once a list of all our women who can do effectively any public work. Let us add to this list three or four capable women lecturers, and a man or two. Then let our conventions be arranged systematically, and our workers and speakers sent from one point to the other with as little loss as possible of railway fare, and nerve force.

Besides the conventions, I am constantly written to for speakers for evening meetings, parlor gatherings, etc. These might be supplied from the same source.

## SCOTLAND.

The Irish Templar gives an interesting report of a recent Good Templar meeting in Hamilton, Scotland, at which Lady Isabel Douglas Hamilton and her two sisters were initiated. Lady Hamilton is a sister of the Duke of Hamilton, another active total abstainer.

## NOTES OF NEWS.

### THE LIQUOR CURSE STILL RAGES.

WHAT THE FRIENDS AND THE FOES OF TEMPERANCE ARE DOING.

#### DROWNED WHILE DRUNK

A dispatch from Prince Albert, N.W.T., dated Oct. 22nd, stated that five intoxicated half-breeds while attempting to cross the river the preceding night, were drowned.

#### ANOTHER DRINK OUTRAGE.

While Chief of Police Taylor of Richmond, Que., was endeavoring to arrest a drunken man at the Grand Central Hotel, the offender struck the officer a heavy blow with a bottle. It is expected that the assault will result in the death of the wounded man. The offender lies in Sherbrooke jail waiting the result.

#### ENFORCING THE LAW.

Yarmouth town, in Yarmouth county, N.S. is having a vigorous Scott Act enforcement campaign. Two detectives from abroad were employed who spent some time among the different unlicensed places working up evidence which resulted in eighteen convictions. Fines and costs aggregating about \$1200 were imposed upon the offenders.

#### PATRONS TO VOTE.

The Executive Board of the Ontario Patron Organization has arranged to take a vote of the different local branches on the question of making prohibition a plank of the Patron platform. It is hoped that this work will be completed before the end of the year. To add new planks to the platform will require a ninety per cent vote of the local branches.

#### GETTING READY.

The prohibitionists of East Durham met in Convention at Baltimore on October the 20th for the purpose of organization in view of the approaching plebiscite. Committees to work in the different municipalities were appointed and a resolution adopted requesting ministers to preach sermons in behalf of the cause. Mr. Stephen Burwash was elected President and Mr. T. A. Chapman Secretary of the organization.

#### DRINK DID IT.

A sad piece of news comes from Muskegon, Mich., in the form of an account of an affidavit made by the only survivor of the wreck of the Schooner Waukesha. He states that the captain, mate and several sailors were drunk when the vessel arrived off Muskegon and this prevented the crew from taking the usual measures to secure their being rescued by the life-saving crew from the shore. After the wreck the man who survived got together a raft to which some of the men clung. Their drunkenness however, interfered with their success in the attempt to escape the danger that threatened them and all but one were drowned.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKERS.

The great Provincial Sunday School Convention held at London Ontario, during the last week of October, made the following strong deliverance on the temperance question. "We hereby reaffirm our abhorrence of the legislated liquor traffic and our demand for its total suppression by statutory enactment as a just and proper measure in aid of all moral efforts for the abolition of intemperance and its attendant evils, and inasmuch as the Dominion Government has declared its purpose to submit the question to a

vote of the electors of Canada, with a promise of prohibitory legislation in the event of a favourable response, we hereby request the Ontario Alliance to take such immediate and energetic action as may be necessary to secure a successful issue; we hereby pledge ourselves to hearty co-operation in the impending campaign and call upon Sunday School workers generally to join with others interested in the matter to do all in their power to make the popular verdict emphatic and overwhelming."

#### THE SERPENT'S TRAIL.

The New York Voice of Nov. 5th devotes a column to lately recorded recent catastrophes of which drink is the direct cause. Among them are the following:—

At Newark, N. J. an eighteen months old babe was murdered by its drunken father. An intoxicated laborer of New York threw his wife from a window forty feet above the ground, breaking several of her bones. A man at Erwin, Pa. in a drunken frenzy bent his father to death, and now lies in the jail while his wife has gone to an insane asylum. Another man crazed with drink killed his wife and children at Boiestown Ga. and then committed suicide. At Detroit another intoxicated man mortally wounded his wife with a revolver and then blew out his own brains. The same day at Boston, another victim of inebriety nearly chopped his wife to death with an axe, he then cut his own throat. In a saloon in New York a man who was drinking, threw a beer glass at his wife who came to take him home, fracturing the skull of a baby in her arms. In Kansas City, a grain merchant discharged one of his employees who at once got drunk and shot the merchant dead. In New York City on October 15th a woman was knocked down in the street and killed by a drunken man. These are only a few of the awful tragedies which the papers day by day report.

#### MANITOBA ROYAL TEMPLARS.

Rev. A. F. Andrews, Grand Councilor of the R. T. of T., Grand Council of Manitoba, has issued an address calling upon members of the Order to organize at once for the Plebiscite campaign. He earnestly urges all to forget partyism, cease discussing unnecessary questions and rally in an earnest effort to win from this opportunity a magnificent victory. He speaks commendingly of the addition to the Dominion Cabinet of Hon. Clifford Sifton "a well-known temperance man."

#### NO HALFWAY MEASURE.

A well-attended meeting of the Executive Committee of the Dominion Alliance was held at the Secretary's office, Toronto, on the 3rd inst. A goodly number of leading prohibitionists were present. Vacancies on the Executive were filled by the appointment of Messrs F. Buchanan, L. C. Peake and Mrs. Cowan. It was announced that the summary, prepared by the secretary, of the Royal Commission Report, was now ready and would be shortly sent out. Arrangements were made for a deputation to the Provincial Government to press upon that body the proposed amendments to the license law, approved by the Convention held in July. The deputation was also instructed to emphasize the fact that nothing short of the maximum of legislation clearly practicable would be considered satisfactory.

#### ONTARIO GRAND DIVISION SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The 47th annual session of the Grand Division Sons of Temperance for the Province of Ontario, will be held in the Town of Whitchy commencing at 2 p. m., Tuesday, December 1st. The meetings of the Grand Division will be in the Music Hall the use of

which has kindly been given by the Town Council. A public reception will be held during the evening of the first day.

Among the prominent members of the Order who have intimated their intention of being present at this gathering, are Thomas Caswell, M. W. P., Toronto; J. H. Roberts, M. W. T., Boston, Mass.; Hon. G. W. Ross, P. M. W. P., Minister of Education; Hon. E. J. Davis, Provincial Secretary, Toronto; R. Craig, P. G. W. P., Quebec; E. W. Redhead, P. G. W. A., Lockport, N. Y.; Other distinguished members are also expected. The meeting will be one of much interest and importance.

#### UNITED KINGDOM PROHIBITIONISTS.

The annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance of Great Britain was held last month in the Central Hall, Manchester. Sir Wilfred Lawson, M. P., the president, occupied the chair. The attendance was large and the representatives present were enthusiastic. Strong and aggressive addresses were delivered. The official report of the Executive Committee was a historical document of much value. Among the resolutions submitted was one favouring work by the Alliance for restrictive legislation pending the attainment of prohibition. The proposal was voted down by a large majority. Emphatic resolutions were adopted in favor of immediate definite legislation giving the people power to suppress the liquor traffic in their respective localities. Total prohibition was declared for in the following terms:—

"That the poverty, approaching to destitution, of millions of people in the United Kingdom, mainly caused by the waste of money, time, productive and administrative skill and knowledge, as well as of health and life, which the liquor traffic directly and indirectly produces, is not only the cause of an enormous amount of self-inflicted as well as of unmerited suffering, but is also a grave political evil and national danger; and this meeting earnestly calls upon Christian and patriotic citizens to aid in awakening all persons in positions of power and influence to the necessity of ridding the country of this enormous evil and growing danger."

#### BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The International Good Templar gives us the following information regarding the eleventh session of the Grand Lodge of British Columbia, which was held at Victoria in September.

The session was not as well attended as some have been, but it is pronounced as one of the best and most harmonious ever held. A loss of 150 was reported in adult membership but a gain in Juveniles of 170 was made.

The Grand Chief Templar also referred to the work being hindered by lack of funds and a heavy debt they had at the beginning of the year.

Electorial Superintendent John N. Evans urges the members to prepare for the plebiscite which the government has promised to provide for, and proposes a convention of all lodges to prepare for the campaign.

The following are the officers for the ensuing year: P. G. C. T., Dr. Lewis Hall; G. C. T., Rev. A. E. Green, Eburne; G. Vice Mrs. (Dr.) Lewis Hall; G. C., James Russell; G. Sec., R. G. Clarke, Dewdney; G. Asst. Sec., Miss Mabe Reeve, Duncan; G. Treas., S. Gough, Nanaimo; G. Supt. Juv. Temp. Rev. J. P. Hicks; G. Marshall, D. C. McKenzie, Kamloops; G. D. M. Miss L. Banfield; G. Chap., A. R. Carrington, Nicola Lake; G. Guard, Sister I. B. Blyth, Somenos; G. Sentinel, O. Bell, New Westminster; G. Elec. Supt., J. N. Evans, Somenos; G. Messenger, W. F. A. Thornton, Sardis. Rev. A. E. Greene was elected representative to I. S. L.

The Camp Fire.

A. MONTHLY. JOURNAL  
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF  
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

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NOTE.—It is proposed to make this the cheapest Temperance paper in the world, taking into consideration its size, the matter it contains and the price at which it is published.

Every friend of temperance is earnestly requested to assist in this effort by subscribing and by sending in facts or arguments that might be of interest or use to our workers.

The editor will be thankful for correspondence upon any topic connected with the temperance reform. Our limited space will compel condensation. No letter for publication should contain more than two hundred words—if shorter, still better.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER, 1896.

LOCAL OPTION.

There is yet plenty of time to inaugurate local option campaigns in many municipalities and have arrangements completed for voting at the municipal elections to be held on January 4th, 1897.

A number of municipalities have already taken hold of this matter which is of the utmost importance. The absolute prohibition of the retail sale of liquor can be secured with specially strong provisions for enforcement. By-laws enacted during the present winter will come into force on May 1st, 1897.

The Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance has prepared a convenient pamphlet giving full information regarding the local option legislation, details of procedure to secure the enactment of by-laws and setting out the statutory provisions for enforcement of the prohibition thus secured. Any interested friend may procure a copy by applying to the Secretary, whose office is 51 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

In a few weeks the Province of Ontario will be full of excitement. Preparations will be under way for the usual annual election of municipal councils and school boards for the various cities, towns, incorporated villages and townships of the Province. This opportunity ought not to be lost sight of by friends of the temperance cause. By wise action they may do much to win results that will be helpful in the great campaign for national prohibition that will be entered upon later on.

They may also in many cases secure the election of such councils as will use their statutory powers to reduce the number of liquor licenses to be issued in the various municipalities, to submit to the electors local option prohibitory by-laws, to insist upon the enforcement of the law against illicit liquor-selling, and in every way to secure the advancement of right, and the restriction of the terrible drink evil.

At present we do not know the details of the plan upon which voting will be carried on in the provincial Plebiscite. We do know this however, that having honest municipal councils will be a great advantage to us in securing proper voters' lists, and in other ways ensuring a fair and honest expression of public opinion on the great issue to be submitted.

It would be easy to multiply other strong reasons why prohibitionists

should take a deep interest at this crisis in the matter mentioned. We will fail to do all we ought for the great cause we desire so much to promote if we do not make it a very important factor in our calculations and actions regarding municipal matters during the next few weeks.

ONTARIO W.C.T.U

The Ontario Provincial W.C.T.U. Convention held at Pembroke beginning October 27th was a remarkably successful meeting. Pembroke is not a convenient place for delegates from other parts of the Province to reach, yet there were over eighty representatives on hand besides a goodly array of visitors.

A great deal of interest of course centered round the approaching plebiscite which was referred to in many addresses delivered and papers read. The white ribbon workers are always in the front of any struggle, and are making preparation in good time to do their full share in the coming contest.

A mass meeting held on the evening of the first day of the Convention, was very large and enthusiastic. Pembroke Town Hall was packed to the doors. Representatives of many organizations tendered the ladies a cordial welcome and gave them fraternal greetings. The stirring addresses will tell for good in the community in which they were delivered.

A good turn-out also greeted Miss Agnes Slack, Secretary of the World's W.C.T.U. who is a visitor to Canada, and who attended and addressed a mass meeting on Tuesday evening. Miss Slack has won the confidence and esteem of her Canadian sisters, and will be warmly received during her stay in the Dominion.

In another part of this paper will be found some interesting extracts from the address of the President, Mrs. May R. Thornley, who was re-elected as well as most of the other officers. Mrs. J. R. Cavers, of Galt is vice-president, Mrs. Wiley, of Richmond Hill and Miss Ella Cosford, of London, secretaries, and Miss Jennie McArthur of Cornwall, treasurer.

LITERATURE.

The next great fight between the Christian people of Canada and the strong drink traffic will be fought out largely in the field of literature. Both sides will doubtless make more use than ever before of the printed page as a campaign weapon.

A fight on these lines is probably the best kind of a fight. The conclusions men reach after thoughtfully weighing carefully read arguments, are on the whole more likely to be correct than those reached in the excitement and enthusiasm of public meetings and under the influence of strong appeals.

It is desirable and right that the feelings of the people should be roused, that they should express their indignation against the traffic which has crushed and cursed our land so long. We must however, have a public opinion based upon intelligence as well as sentiment. In fact intelligent conviction is the only safe basis for earnest enthusiasm. The facts of the case are so overwhelmingly in favor of the prohibition cause that a knowledge of those facts must ensure for that cause a magnificent victory.

Earnestly then do we urge our friends to give special attention to plans for thesecuring and circulating of judicious literature. There is no scarcity of such material in book, pamphlet, and leaflet forms.

Perhaps of still more value is the periodical press which may be roughly

divided into three classes, secular, religious and specially temperance.

We have a temperance press in Canada of which we may well be proud. The *Templar* published at Hamilton is the largest Canadian journal devoted exclusively to the advocacy of moral reforms. The *Woman's Journal* of Ottawa has also a wide circulation and does splendid work. *Forward* the organ of the Nova Scotia Sons of Temperance is a well edited and inspiring sheet. Mr. J. R. Dougall of Montreal is about issuing a new series of *War Notes* a specially prepared little weekly sheet, that will be of great value to workers.

The secular press of the land will probably advocate prohibition to a greater extent than ever before. Many of the dailies and weeklies have already declared their position and will be of the greatest assistance in the fight.

There is hardly a religious journal in Canada that is not on the side of prohibition. So extensive is this the case, that it would be almost invidious to mention the names of any without naming nearly all the list.

Of special value to platform workers in the way of furnishing them with statistics and other facts and arguments for platform use, will be "The Facts of the Case" a volume of 310 pages prepared under the direction of the Dominion Alliance, being a careful summary of the most valuable parts of the Royal Commission Report. It is packed full of material for speeches, sermons, and personal appeals. A large number of copies have already been circulated. Others may be procured from the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, price thirty cents each, postage pre-paid. The number of copies available is very limited and parties wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity will do wisely in sending in their orders promptly. From time to time we will keep our readers posted upon every phase of this important matter. Attention is called to it thus early in the contest so that the matter of literature circulation may find a place at once in the plans that are being laid in many places for the carrying on of the campaign.

LICENSE LAW FAILS.

The Raines Law concerning which so much was hoped in the state of New York, does not seem to have been a great success. It resulted at first in the cutting down largely of the number of licenses, reducing the total bars in New York city from 10,118 in 1895 to 7,310 in 1896. The total revenue received by the city is however, about three times what it was before.

The new regulation prohibits the sale of liquor on Sundays except to regular guests at hotels. The result has been that the saloons have fitted up bed-rooms, called themselves hotels, furnished bogus meals in the form of sandwiches for a trifle and go on selling liquor to guests who take the rooms or meals.

The number of arrests has increased. The cases reported for six months ending September 1895 was 56,028; for the six months ending September 1896, the number was 59,015. There is also evidence that these so-called hotels are largely used not merely for liquor-selling but for other immoral purposes.

WHAT IS A CRANK?

"Why, Harold, my boy, what have you been doing? You look so hot and sweaty, I should think you had been running a race."

"Well, mamma, I have been running. Yes, running to get away from the boys. They are just as hateful as can be; they said you were 'a crank,'

and they kept shouting out, 'Crank, crank!' as long as they could see me. What is a crank, mamma, and why do they call you a crank? It is just as mean as it can be;" and Harold Brown began to cry.

"Come here to me, my boy, and after you have had your face bathed and are a little cooler, inside as well as outside, we will talk about it."

"There I feel cooler now," said Harold; so please tell me about the cranks."

"I hope the water made you feel cooler inside as well as on your face, my boy. Did you ever see a crank, Harold?"

"Why, yes; I have seen cranks, but I don't see what they have to do with you, anyway, or why anybody should call you a crank."

"Tell me," said Mrs. Brown, "about the cranks you have seen."

"Well I've seen the crank to Grandpa's grind-stone, and to grandpa's coffee-mill, and to Aunt Mary's churn. I can't think of any other, just now," said Harold.

"That will do," said his mamma; "but of what use are the cranks?"

"Why, don't you know? The grind-stone wouldn't turn, nor the coffee-mill grind coffee, nor the churn make any butter if the cranks didn't make them go," replied the boy.

"Oh, I see!" was the reply; "cranks are to make things go, are they?"

"Of course they are. But mamma, they called you a temperance crank."

"And, don't you see, my boy, according to your own definition, what would a temperance crank be but something to make temperance go? And that is just what someone meant who used the word in their hearing, and so they used it too. And it is a splendid name to give me, so don't feel bad about it any more. You know that is my work to make temperance go and drunkenness stop. When anyone gets greatly interested in anything good, and puts a great deal of time and labour in it, people—that is, some people—are sure to call him or her a crank, because such people make the thing go."

"Yes, mamma, I'm beginning to see, and I don't feel so bad as I did about it."

"Why, no! I suppose some would have called the Apostle Paul a crank, because he was so earnest in trying to be like Jesus, his Master, that he said, 'this one thing I do—I press forward.' But he gained a heavenly crown, because he did press forward. No doubt some would have called Columbus a crank, but he made things go till he discovered a new world. Very likely Neal Dow has been called a crank many a time, but he made Maine a prohibition State. Our dear Saviour set us the example, showing the same spirit, doing the will of His Heavenly Father, though it caused Him to be crucified; He kept right on, and just did what He came into the world for, and to-day He is at the right hand of the throne of God. Why, my boy, all the grand work in the world has been done by so-called cranks, who have turned bad things upside down."

"Well, mamma, I guess the boys didn't know the nice nickname they were giving you," said Harold.

"I don't call it a nickname," said mamma, "but a title. And I want my boy to remember that if he is ever going to do any great good in the world, he must be called 'names.' If he is going to be like Jesus, he must not fear to be called a crank."

"Oh, mamma," said Harold, "do you think Jesus will be willing to let me be one of his cranks, so I can do some good in the world?" The tears were in Harold's eyes now.

"My dear, we will ask Him," said mamma; and laying her hand on her boy's head, Mrs. Brown asked the Heavenly Father to help him to be good and pure, never afraid to do right; never afraid to be laughed at; never afraid to be called a crank, or a fool even, for Christ's sake.

And when Harold went out again to his play he went feeling kindly toward his playmates, stronger to do right; stronger to resist wrong, because his mother had so lovingly taken time to help him in the very best way. He is not afraid now of being called a crank.—Mrs. Larkin, in *The Youth's Temperance Banner*.

Ripans Tabules.  
Ripans Tabules cure nausea.  
Ripans Tabules: at druggists.  
Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.  
Ripans Tabules cure headache.  
Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.  
Ripans Tabules cure flatulences.  
Ripans Tabules assist digestion.

Selections.

UP OVER TIM DOOLEY'S SALOON.

Ye'd hev said that me Pat wor the broth of a bye,  
Hed yez heard him a whistlin' a tune,  
Ez wid light, springin' step to his Kate  
he come home,  
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

An' when babby come, it was proud  
that Pat wor,  
An' hed she but cried for the moon,  
It's me Pat wud hev got it be hook or  
be crook.  
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

Great wor the dependance Pat placed  
on hisself,  
But he wor a waverin' gossoon.  
He'd a well-mannin' heart but the  
tempter wor near,  
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

It's meself hat did plade, an' Father  
Toole prayched,  
But won't he wor drunk asa loon,  
When wid falterin' steps the byes  
brought him home,  
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

He wint to the cradle and tuk up our  
choild,  
Hoarsely mumlin' a lullaby tune,  
But his hold was unsteady, she slipped  
from his arrums,  
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.

Thru our babe was unharrumed, but  
me Pat turned loike death,  
And man niver wor sobered so soon,  
Sure we moved out last week, and  
there's two rooms fur rint,  
Up over Tim Dooley's saloon.  
—Marie More Marsh in Warner's  
Magazine.

A SONG OF THE SEASON.

"Sowing and Reaping."  
"To every seed his own body."  
Be careful what you sow, boys!  
For seed will surely grow, boys!  
The dew will fall,  
The rain will splash,  
The clouds will darken,  
And the sunshine flash;  
And the boy who sows good seed to-day  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!  
For every seed will grow, girls!  
Though it may fall  
When you cannot know,  
Yet in summer and in shade  
It will surely grow;  
And the girl who sows good seed to-day  
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!  
For the weed will surely grow, boys!  
If you plant bad seed  
By the wayside high,  
You must reap the harvest  
By and bye;  
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day  
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed, now!  
And not the briars and weeds, now!  
That when the harvest  
For us shall come,  
We may have good sheaves  
To carry home;  
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day  
Shall surely bear fruit to-morrow.  
—Springtide.

ONLY A WOMAN SLAIN.

It was only a woman slain  
By the drunken, frenzied hand  
Of one who had pledged to protect her  
By love's divine command.  
It was only an item of news  
(Who cares for a woman slain?)  
And the world goes on unheeding  
Another's sorrow or pain.

It was only a home destroyed,  
And children outcast and lost.  
Yet pause for a moment and think  
What this sinful traffic cost.  
Three thousand women are slain  
Each year in this Christian land,  
And the gallows claims its due  
By justice's stern demand.

Pause as the days go by.  
There's a hundred thousand lives  
Given each year on this altar of sin—  
A human sacrifice.  
And the land is sad with broken hearts,  
The nation stands in dishonor,  
History records with shame  
This stain that rests upon her.

Oh, Lord, hast thou forsaken,  
Thou who art strong to save?  
Oh, touch men's hearts with pity  
And make them true and brave—  
Brave to fight thy battle  
Until the right they win  
And bear thy cross triumphantly  
In every strife with sin!  
—War Cry.

SAVED BY HIS WIFE.

"It seems to me, Steele," said old  
Captain Garrick, "that you ought to  
occupy some better place at Golds-  
worth's Bank than that of a mere  
night-watchman. A man of your  
education—your advantages. Why,  
any lout could do the work as well."

Steele Garrick winced a little.  
"Not quite uncle," said he. "It's a  
responsible place. A man needs to  
have all his eyes and ears about him.  
And, moreover, situations in London  
don't grow, like blackberries on the  
bushes, to be gathered at will."

"Humph!" commented Captain  
Garrick. "So it seems."

"And perhaps," hopelessly added  
Steele, "they'll do better by me by-  
and-bye."

"Let us hope so," curtly remarked  
the old man.

"My dear," to Mrs. Garrick, a blue-  
eyed, delicate-looking young woman,  
who was sitting silently by, wrapped  
in a plaided shawl, "the grapes are  
ripening beautifully in the vinery.  
Go you out and gather a few bunches."

"Thank you, uncle," said the young  
wife, quietly gliding out into the  
autumn sunshine, where great yellow  
dahlias yet glowed, and white and  
purple petunias straggled over the  
edges of the garden border. And no  
sooner had she disappeared than  
Captain Garrick turned abruptly to  
his nephew.

"Steele," said he, "I hope you  
haven't drifted back into the old evil  
habit of drinking since you married  
that sweet little delicate woman."

"Certainly not, sir," Steele answered,  
flushing a little.

"Do you indulge yourself in the  
use of liquor at all?" sternly catechised  
the old man.

"A glass now and then, sir," unwill-  
ingly admitted Steele. "Nothing  
more upon my honor."

"Then stop it," said Captain Garrick.  
"Stop it! I see now the clue of your  
non-advancement in business—the  
mystery which you idiotically call  
ill-luck. If you haven't manhood  
enough to stop it for your own sake,  
then do so for that of your wife. No,"  
—holding up a wrinkled finger—"we  
won't discuss the question. Catherine  
is coming in from the vinery. Only  
remember what I have said to you."

Mrs. Steele Garrick was delighted  
with the grapes, the pears, the dazzling  
autumn flowers, with which the  
captain loaded her, when she went  
home to town again from his delightful  
little house at Hampton.

"Isn't he kind, Steele?" she said,  
brightly.

"In his way—yes," the young man  
admitted, evasively. "But he is  
inclined to be dictatorial. He wants to  
limit the whole world to the measure  
of his own narrow ideas."

Mrs. Garrick looked wonderingly  
into her husband's face, but he said no  
more.

Tea was over in the little flat consist-  
ing of three bird-cage-like rooms,  
which constituted Catherine Garrick's  
home in northern London, and she  
was arranging the flowers in water,  
when Steele rose up and reached down  
his hat, as if to leave the room.

"Oh, Steele," she cried, "you are  
not going yet, it isn't nine o'clock."  
"No," he answered: "but I have to  
stop on the way to the bank."

"Where, Steele?"  
"Oh, on business," stooping for a  
cigar he had dropped.

Catherine came close to him with  
brimming eyes, and laid two little  
appealing hands on his arm.

"Steele," she said, "don't!"  
"Don't what, child?" he retorted, a  
little impatiently.

"Don't go to that horrid 'King's  
Head.' Don't meet Wilkins and Dyer,  
and all those men there. Oh, Steele,  
Steele! you think I don't know, but I  
do! I smell the baneful thing in your  
breath; I detect it in your wry face  
before you open your lips to speak  
to me."

"Kitty, don't be a goose," said  
Garrick, petulantly. "You are as bad  
as the old fool down at Hampton, who  
wants all the world to go in leading-  
strings. If you wish a man to be sick  
of his home, the surest way is to be  
preaching to him all the while. There,  
give me a kiss and say good-night."

Catherine mutely allowed him to  
kiss her, but her heart was too full for  
speech; and when he had gone she  
had no more heart to touch the pansies  
and the asters and the round-globed  
dahlias which Uncle Garrick had given  
her. Let them fade! What did it  
matter? What did anything matter  
now?

The yellow autumn faded into winter.  
The snows came, and still the armour of  
ice folded the great city in its frozen  
clasp. Melancholy winds moaned  
down the chimney of the little flat at  
Islington, and it seemed to Catherine  
Garrick as if her own life was becoming  
attuned to their sorrowful refrain.

"Steele is growing so much worse,"  
she said to herself. "He does not  
know it, but his very face is different.  
His eyes are less bright; his cheek  
wears that unhealthy flush. Oh, I  
wonder if others notice it as I do."

It had turned ten o'clock one chill,  
snowy night, and Mrs. Garrick was  
sitting up to finish a shirt for her  
husband, when she heard a slow,  
uncertain step on the stairs.

"Steele's step," she said, springing  
to her feet, "and he should have  
started for the bank by this time."

The door was pushed open, and  
Steele Garrick came in, with an aimless  
sort of step.

"Don't be worried, Kate," said he.  
"I met some friends. Some friends,  
that's all. Jolly fellows, all. But I'm  
all right. Don't be fretting the whole  
time, Kate."

"Steele!" she cried, grasping his  
arm. "Do you know what time it is?"

He looked mistily up at the clock, and  
then he started, roused into a real  
panic.

"The old rattle-trap is wrong!" he  
cried out. "It—it is never past ten  
o'clock!"

"It is!" she exclaimed, hurriedly  
putting on her bonnet and the thick  
fur coat which kind old Uncle Garrick  
had sent her for Christmas.

"Come, Steele, come! We haven't  
a moment to lose!"

"What are you going along for!"  
he demanded, sullenly, as he allowed  
her to lead him out of the door.

"Because I should grow wild staying  
here alone," she answered. "Don't  
oppose me, Steele, I must see you safe  
there."

He made no further objection, but  
permitted her to walk by his side as  
far as the bank. The day-watchman  
grumbled a bit, but a few earnest  
words from Mrs. Garrick silenced him.  
And when they were alone in the  
great vaulted hall, with its stone  
pavement and echoing roof, Steele  
looked at her angrily.

"Have you made me ridiculous  
enough now?" he muttered, trying to  
separate the words which had an  
awkward tendency to run into a long  
monosyllable. "Will you go now!"

"It's all right, Steele!"  
"Of course it's all right. Why—  
why shouldn't it be?" he retorted,  
letting himself subside into one of the  
wooden seats for customers along the  
wall.

"You won't go to sleep dear?"  
"Never was wider awake in my life,"  
he retorted.

And Catherine crept away, her slight  
form vanishing like a shadow into the  
black gloom beyond.

While Steele Garrick, with a  
prodigious yawn, began to feel in his  
pockets for the little flat flask, without  
which, alas! he seldom now com-  
menced his night's work.

"I'll rest a bit," he thought, as the  
burning draught coursed down his  
throat like a scalding stream. "Time  
enough to go on my rounds when—  
when I've rested a bit."

"But how did it happen?" said  
Steele Garrick. "It all seems like a  
blank to me. I don't remember it at  
all."

"That, the doctor says, was on  
account of the blow on your head,"  
explained Mr. Goldworth, senior—a  
smiling, ruddy-complexioned, doubled-  
chinned old man, who sat beside the  
sofa on which Garrick lay. "The  
outside electric alarm had been  
disconnected by some clever scamp.  
You contrived to strike the inside  
button before they dropped you. I  
don't see how on earth you managed it.  
Your courage and presence of mind  
must have been something marvellous.  
But no matter how the alarm was  
sounded—all that signifies to us is  
that it came in time. Garrick, you  
have done your duty. You have  
earned your promotion. You shall  
come into the bank as our day messenger  
as soon as you recover from this."

"And the burglars? They are—"

"In safe custody, every one of them,  
thanks to your energy and promptness."

Not until old Mr. Goldworth had  
bustled cheerfully off did Steele

Garrick venture to look at the pale  
young wife who sat at her needle-work  
at the foot of the sofa.

"Kitty," said he, "it was you."

"Yes, it was I, Steele," she answered,  
with a shudder. "I gave the alarm  
before I ran to your assistance, alas,  
too late! The masked men came up  
behind you—oh, good heaven!" clasping  
her hands over her eyes, "shall I ever  
forget that moment!"

"When was it?" he breathed.

"It must have been a little after  
midnight," said Catherine. "I had  
been sitting in the shadow of the big  
stone pillars, for I knew you were  
asleep. She spoke the last word under  
her breath."

"My little heroine—my guardian  
angel," Steele whispered. "Come  
close to me. Let me feel your hand in  
mine. From what depths of disgrace  
and degradation have you not saved  
me, dear one! And here and now I  
swear, as I hope for heaven, never  
again to touch the cursed drink."

"Thank God!" was all that she said.

Uncle Garrick himself came up to  
congratulate his nephew on the  
successful escape of the bank's safes  
from the gang of resolute burglars who  
had menaced them.

"It's all in the papers," "I never  
was so proud of you in all my life,  
Steele."

And when he died of apoplexy the  
next spring, it was found that the  
old Garrick place at Hampton, with its  
meadow and sunny garden and all, was  
left, jointly, to "Steele Garrick and  
Catherine his wife, beloved nephew  
and niece of the testator."

"I may thank you, Kitty, for all this,"  
said the confidential bank messenger.  
And Catherine answered, fervently:

"Do not thank me, Steele. Thank  
heaven, which has been so merciful  
to us." *The G. T. Watchword.*

A GOOD RECORD.

The Charlottetown Guardian boasts of  
Prince Edward Island as being the  
happier province of the Dominion for  
good conduct. This claim is based  
upon the "Dominion Criminal Statis-  
tics for 1905." This blue book shows  
the total number of convictions for  
serious offences proportionately to the  
population in Prince Edward Island to  
be much below that of the remainder  
of the Dominion. The same is true re-  
garding the special offence of drunken-  
ness. Neither of these facts is to be  
wondered at when we remember that  
Prince Edward Island has got the  
Scott Act in force in every part of the  
Province.

We notice also from the Charlot-  
teton reports of the same paper, that  
offenders against the Scott Act in that  
city are having a very hard time, the  
authorities evidently being vigorously  
determined on a fair and thorough en-  
forcement of the law.

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Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.  
Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.  
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Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.  
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cuted.  
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### DROP YOUR BUCKET WHERE YOU ARE.

"Oh, ship ahoy!" rang out the cry:  
"Oh; give us water or we die!"  
A voice came o'er the waters far,  
"Just drop your bucket where you are."  
And they dipped and drank their fill  
Of water fresh from mead and hill;  
And then they knew they sailed upon  
The broad mouth of the Amazon.

O'er tossing wastes we sail and cry,  
"Oh, give us water or we die!"  
On high, relentless waves we roll  
Through arid climates for the soul:  
'Neath pitiless skies we pant for breath  
Smit with the thirst that draughts death,  
And fall, while faint for fountains far,  
To drop your buckets where we are.

Oh, ship ahoy! you're sailing on  
The broad mouth of the Amazon  
Whose mighty current flows and sings  
Of mountain streams and inland  
springs,  
Of night-kissed morning's dewy balm,  
Of heaven-drop and evening's twilight  
calm,  
(Of nature's peace in earth or star,  
Just drop your bucket where you are.

Seek not for fresher founts afar,  
Just drop your bucket where you are;  
And while the ship right onward leaps  
Uplift it from exhaustless deeps;  
Parch not your lips with dry despair,  
The stream of hope flows everywhere.  
No, under every sky and star,  
Just drop your bucket where you are.  
—S. W. Foss.

### SINCE PAPA DOESN'T DRINK.

My papa's awful happy now,  
And mamma's happy too,  
'Cause papa doesn't drink no more  
The way he used to do;  
And everything's so jolly now,  
'Taint like it used to be,  
When papa never stayed at home  
With poor mamma and me.

It made me feel so very bad  
To see my mamma cry,  
And though she'd smile I'd spy the  
tears  
A-hiding in her eye:  
But now she laughs just like we girls—  
It sounds so cute, I think—  
And sings such pretty little songs,  
Since papa doesn't drink.

You see my pretty Sunday dress,  
It's every bit all new;  
It ain't made out of mamma's dress,  
The way she used to do.  
And mamma's got a pretty cloak,  
All trimmed with funny fur,  
And papa's got some nice new clothes  
And goes to church with her.

My papa says that Christmas time  
Will very soon be here,  
And may be good old Santa Claus  
Will find our house this year.  
I hope he'll bring some candy, and  
A dolly that can wink.  
He'll know where our house is, I'm  
sure,  
Since papa doesn't drink.  
—Banner of Gold.

### RUNNING WILD.

A locomotive engine stood upon the  
railroad track, with every part of its  
giant frame prepared for work. How  
like a thing of life it seemed, with its  
nerves and sinews of quivering steel  
ready to vibrate in response to the  
touch of a master hand. Its fiery eye  
shot impatient glance down the track,  
as though it were restive under the im-  
posed constraint of waiting.

The engineer, whistling softly to  
himself, passed here and there on his  
work of inspection. Nothing escaped  
his vigilant eye, in all the movements  
of cranks and pins and piston working  
smoothly; the steam coming out in  
hot breaths from the mighty lungs  
was at the proper gauge, and every-  
thing in perfect order. As he button-  
ed his coat about him, preparatory to  
mounting his seat, he remarked to the  
fireman, "Jim, let's have a drink!"

Within a stone's throw of the track  
was a saloon with light, warmth, a row  
of shining bottles, which suggested  
"something to keep the cold out," and  
the music of a violin making it all  
the more inviting to men who were about  
to start on a cold and a lonely journey.

The two men quickly crossed the  
track, opened the door of the saloon,  
and closed it behind them. But as it  
was the back door opened, and  
another man went out—a poor, miser-  
able, heated old sot, whose bleary eyes  
looked out from beneath a mass of

tangled, uncombed gray hair. As  
with unsteady steps he shambled down  
the bank towards the track, and  
approached the engine, he saw that  
there was no one in the cab. He  
climbed up, put his shaking hand on  
the throttle, and pulled it wide open.

It was only a minute's work, only  
one pull, and the engine, like a frighten-  
ed steed, dashed down the track and  
out of sight.

What a fearful thing it was when  
"running wild!" This smooth, shin-  
ing, beautiful creature, which but a  
moment before stood quietly waiting  
for its legitimate work, was now like a  
fiend unchained, as it spurned the  
track with mad, noisy feet.

Shall I tell how the frightened on-  
lookers gazed after the "wild engine"  
in speechless horror? how strong men  
grew pale, and women wept and wrung  
their hands?

As it flew past a telegraph station,  
the operator, knowing that the ex-  
press train would come thundering  
along in ten minutes, sent a hasty  
message over the wire to the con-  
ductor:

"Engine 33 running wild. Side-  
track."

Down, down, down the grade, sped  
the messenger of destruction; faster  
and faster, on its errand of death!  
Like a meteor shot through space,  
leaving a shower of burning sparks in  
its path, on it sped, ever gaining fresh  
impetus as it rushed down the steep  
hillsides and across the peaceful valley.  
Hissing in demoniac glee, on, on, it  
flew! A sharp snap as rod after rod  
gave way, under the fierce strain of  
the rotation of the driving wheels! A  
glimpse of a white, haggard face in the  
cab—only a glimpse and it was gone!

White-lipped men, holding their  
watches in their hands, whispered,  
"O God! will they meet on the  
bridge?" Oh, for a telescope view of  
the train in which were loved ones, all  
unconscious of danger, while the death  
angel flapped his dark wings so near!

And now, on the still, evening air,  
clear and distinct, sounds the whistle  
of the doomed train. Scarce had its  
echoes ceased reverberating among the  
hills when the crash came,

The wild engine had done its work,  
and the turbid waters of the river  
opened their floodgates and swallowed  
up a score of victims; while as many  
more, crushed and mangled and bleed-  
ing, moaned their lives away before  
another night came.

Who was to blame for this bloody  
sacrifice to the monster, Appetite; for  
the quick, frightful pangs of dissolu-  
tion; for the slow and awful waiting  
for death that lingered; for the agony  
of hearts that broke in homes made  
ready for joyful meetings?

First of all, you who permit death to  
be dealt out over thousands of count-  
ers; you whose voice has authority to  
command to cease in a day; you who  
have knelt before the god of Wealth,  
till its yellow glitter has blinded you  
to the beseeching eyes that implore  
you to speak the word that will not  
only cut short your earthly revenues,  
but, as an offset, would reduce expendi-  
tures for crime and disaster.

If you know that you, or those dear-  
er to you than yourself, were to-morrow  
to be ground down by the "wild en-  
gine," the fearful force of an unbridled  
strength, would you hesitate to use  
your power to protect yourself? And  
it may be you who will quiver beneath  
the wheels.—*Elisabeth E. Robb, in the  
Ram's Horn.*

### INEBRIETY IN FRANCE.

#### HOW THE FRENCH ARE DEGENERAT- ING, THROUGH THE CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL.

The arguments of the opponents  
of total abstinence that the use  
of beer and light wines on the con-  
tinent is conducive to temperance,  
and that the people are not led thereby  
into intemperance and debauchery  
are being thoroughly refuted. This is  
the work of scientific medical men in  
both Germany and France. The Paris  
(France) correspondent of the Chicago  
*Sunday Chronicle* writes, under the  
date of August 9th:—"A good deal of  
superficial claptrap is repeated year  
after year by writers about the remark-  
able sobriety of the Latin races gener-  
ally, and of the French people in par-  
ticular. The Italians certainly seem to  
be as abstemious as they are hard-  
working, but as for the French they  
are declared by their own most emi-  
nent medical authorities to be under-  
going a rapid process of degeneration,  
brought on by the reckless consump-  
tion of brain-paralyzing, blood-pois-

ing liquors. Dr. Brunon, the well-  
known director of the medical school  
at Rouen, and a student of his, M. Tour-  
dot, have just published the results of  
their studies on the subject, and these  
are eminently calculated to alarm  
French patriots. The latter gentlemen  
dressed himself as a waiter, and  
obtained a place in a tavern in Rouen,  
frequented by the lowest class of  
workmen, many of whom sleep there  
for 1d. a night. M. Tourdot first  
studied his own colleagues. He declar-  
ed that, on the whole, they are a sober  
class, but adds that the perpetual  
strain on their nerves, the lack of fresh  
air, and the emanations from the  
alcohol generally bring on anæmia and  
tuberculosis, which means death in  
about 18 months. But the guests of  
this and similar places were the prin-  
cipal objects of M. Tourdot's investiga-  
tions, and he says that these pitiable  
people who earn about 4d. an hour,  
came regularly, drank their hour's  
wages in a few minutes, went back to  
earn more by the most laborious work,  
and then took to drinking the proceeds  
of it in like manner till day wore into  
night, and consciousness was dimmed  
to intoxication. Sometimes he saw  
150 glasses of the pernicious alcohol  
served out in the short space of ten  
minutes. Dr. Brunon bitterly com-  
plains of the enormous number of little  
taverns of this type, and mentions one  
street in Rouen containing 150 houses  
of which 75 are licensed to sell poison-  
ous beverages.

"Turning to the mothers of the com-  
ing generation, Dr. Brunon remarks  
that they are seldom brutally drunk,  
but that they subject themselves to a  
slow but chronic intoxication, produc-  
tive of horrible results, and this is main-  
ly by drinking coffee. Not that coffee is  
bad in itself, but that it is never  
partaken of in our days without  
alcohol, and in this latter form is  
drunk at all hours of the day and  
night, administered to the children—  
nay, actually brought to their cradles  
in little bottles by the affectionate  
mothers. At the tender age of seven  
years the unfortunate children are no  
longer given coffee with spirits, but  
alcohol neat. This sounds incredible,  
but it is too true. A schoolmaster late-  
ly inquired of his pupils, all boys under  
nine years, how many of them abstained  
from these drinks, and he found  
that among his 63 pupils 24 were  
accustomed to partake of 'la goutte'  
every day of their lives. The mystery  
is that they live as long as they do.  
He estimates the proportion of boys  
and girls thus infected with alcoholism  
in Normandy at from 40 to 75 per cent.  
At 10 or 11 years the boys add the  
nicotine poison to the alcohol, and are  
decimated like flies, or contract incur-  
able diseases. No foreign foe, no  
destruction of human life by floods,  
collisions, or explosions could possibly  
inflict upon the French race anything  
like the unspeakable evils which this  
curse of alcoholism has conjured up."  
—*Alliance News, Oct. 23rd, 1896.*

### WHO IS TO BLAME.

His Satanic majesty has never  
employed an agency comparable to the  
saloon in politics; in fact, the saloon is  
the very gateway through which the  
devil is peopling the regions of the  
eternally lost. It combines all the  
elements needful for man's destruction,  
and uses them with direful effect. It  
will consign to the home of the lost  
thousands who to-day are dreaming  
of the beauties of the celestial city;  
thousands who are expecting a place  
in the home of the blest. And the  
church of Christ to-day, by the votes  
of its members, can close the saloon;  
it can annihilate the traffic, and paralyze  
Satan's right arm!

In all this wide, wicked world there  
is nothing like this legalized liquor  
traffic; nothing so remorselessly cruel,  
so generally destructive. It blasts  
everything that it touches and its  
touch is as broad as the race of man-  
kind. There never was a social evil of  
such stupendous magnitude as this,  
sweeping as it does millions before it,  
like a swollen current. It stands  
unchallenged as the chief destroyer of  
life, character, and property. Hun-  
dreds of thousands of our population are  
consumed drunkards, ruined for time  
and eternity; while millions more, by  
their connection with these, are in-  
volved in many of the woful con-  
sequences of this degrading and  
contaminating vice.—*National Tem-  
perance Advocate.*

### HIS OWN BUSINESS.

"If a man wants to drink whisky,  
that is his business," says the saloon  
apologist.

Let's see. When Bob Poland  
and Coon Parker were drinking  
in Heflin, Ala., last Saturday night,  
and in their spree ran a car of  
the Southern Railroad off the switch  
and out of the main track down the  
grade, till it stopped on a high trestle,  
it became the Southern Railroad's  
"business."

And when a loaded freight train  
came along and rushed into the car,  
causing a \$100,000 wreck, destroying  
much valuable merchandise, it became  
the business of a great many merchants  
and shippers, as well as the railroad.

And when three dead bodies were  
dug out from under the wreck, it  
became the business of some wives and  
orphans.

And when the taxpayers are called  
upon to support the families whose  
natural providers have thus been  
suddenly taken away, it will become  
the business of several other people.

One man's drinking often becomes  
the business of several hundreds or  
thousands of people, and the man who  
cannot perceive this fact ought to be  
sent at once to an institution for the  
education of the feeble-minded.—  
*Motive.*

### CHAMPAGNE, NO PENSION.

The London Daily News prints an  
amusing story with reference to Mr.  
Gladstone and Civil List pensions.  
Some years ago Mr. Gladstone had  
met a possible claimant for a Civil  
List pension who he believed to be in  
sufficiently poor circumstances, and  
had almost decided to grant it, when  
he received an invitation to dinner  
with the person in question. This  
raised some doubt in his mind. On  
the other hand, it might be only a  
dinner of herbs, and it seemed hard to  
deprive a public benefactor of a pension  
because he was willing to share his  
crust and water. Knowing that in  
any case there would be a feast of  
reason and a flow of soul, Mr. Glad-  
stone accepted the invitation, and on  
the way propounded to his companion  
the following test: "No champagne,  
pension; champagne, no pension."  
There was champagne, and the host  
lost his pension. It was the dearest  
bottle of wine on record, for it cost the  
purchaser \$500 a year.—*Selected.*

### SOMETHING FOR SMOKERS.

From the Westminster Hospital  
comes a statement that is somewhat  
alarming. A patient had symptoms  
that led Dr. Murrell to believe that he  
was in the first stage of consumption,  
such as cough, expectoration, loss of  
flesh and a little blood spitting. But  
these symptoms are similar to those  
produced by the inhalation of arseni-  
ous arsenic. The doctor therefore  
analysed a large number of samples of  
cigarettes and tobacco, and he found  
out of seventeen series of different  
kinds, arsenic present in the labels of  
at least a third.—*Edinburgh Scots-  
man.*

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