

THE CANADA CITIZEN

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD

Freedom for the Right Means Suppression of the Wrong.

VOL. 4.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, 1884.

NO. 31

A TEMPERANCE ALDERMAN.

—
JOHN T. MOORE, ESQ.
—

The subject of this sketch, Alderman John T. Moore, is the present leader of the temperance party and champion of temperance principles in the Toronto City Council. He is one of our most energetic, useful and highly esteemed citizens, genial and cordial in manner, and straightforward and conscientious in all his dealings.

Mr. Moore, who is now in his fortieth year, is a native Canadian. He was born in Markham Township, in the County of York, Ont., in 1844. His grand-parents came to Canada from the County of Tyrone, Ireland, in 1822. While he was yet an infant his parents moved to Berlin, where his boyhood was mostly spent, his much-respected father Wm K Moore being for many years the leading merchant of that town. At the Central and Grammar Schools of Berlin young Moore soon distinguished himself by the aptitude and energy that have characterized him ever since. He was easily head of his classes, showing special proficiency in mathematical studies. When scarcely more than a youth he was appointed Deputy-Registrar of the County of Waterloo, and for six years he discharged the duties of that responsible position with the highest credit to himself. In 1870 his departure to assume an important mercantile charge was made, by his many social and professional friends, the occasion of a valuable presentation, which evidenced the golden opinions he had won from those who had known him intimately—man and boy—for over twenty years. Since then various manufacturing and commercial pursuits have engaged his attention, and by ability and fidelity he has achieved the prominence he now enjoys. As Secretary of the Ontario Advisory Board at the Centennial Exhibition he performed difficult public duties in a manner that elicited from the Government a high encomium upon his energy, efficiency and economy. In the capacity of Managing Director of The Saskat-

chewan Homestead Company he is now contributing in an eminent degree to the development of the Canadian North-West.

In 1871, at the town of Galt, our friend was married to Annie, fourth daughter of the late Alexander Addison; this estimable lady presides over a happy and comfortable home in North Toronto, where three bright children—one daughter and two sons—enjoy the inestimable privileges of careful training and examples worthy of the closest imitation.



*Yours truly,
J. T. Moore.*

Of the Methodist Church, to which he belongs, Mr. Moore is a worthy member and a useful officer. Among other functions he discharges those of Sabbath School Superintendent, class-leader and local preacher. He at present fills the highest representative position to which a Methodist layman can attain, namely, delegate to the General Conference—the highest parliament of the church. This dignity he received from the Metropolitan district of Toronto. His speech before the General Conference upon the subject of "Methodist Union" has been characterized as one of the ablest contributions to that important discussion.

His municipal honors came without being sought. He was elected to the Council of Yorkville by acclamation at first; then elected First Deputy Reeve, also by acclamation. He became alderman for St. Paul's Ward under the act of annexation which joined Yorkville to Toronto. He has just been re-elected over two other candidates, going through the formality of a contest this year for the first time.

In the winter of 1876, the energies and talents that had aided the success of so many other laudable enterprises were enlisted on behalf of the earnest efforts that were then being put forth in the interests of the temperance cause, and ever since John T. Moore has been counted in among the steadfast advocates of the prohibition movement. He did yeoman work in the contest that resulted in the adoption of the Dunkin Act by the County of York, being president at that time of the Yorkville association. He became secretary of the association in Toronto when that City entered the contest, and managed the details of that memorable fight. He organized, and for nearly three years presided over, the Yorkville

Christian Temperance Society This development of the total abstinence movement was remarkable for its vigor and power. During his presidency St. Paul's Hall was crowded every Thursday night with interested audiences, and hundreds were led to renounce their drinking habits.

As an alderman, he has nailed his temperance colors to the mast, and is at present pressing upon our City Council a measure for the abolition of the evil-producing grocers' license system.

As a platform speaker Alderman Moore is possessed of unusual fire and fluency. He has a commanding appearance, distinct and energetic utterance, fine descriptive power, and in all his addresses there is a method and arrangement that gives them unusual clearness and force. We have learned that he intends to visit Great Britain during the present winter, and we bespeak for him, from the many friends of our great cause there, the reception and confidence that his record and abilities so well deserve.

A RAILWAY LINE WITHOUT A DRINKING SALOON

It is generally admitted that intemperance is the worst foe of the railway man, as it is of all other workers, and that the total abolition of strong drink would greatly increase the efficiency of the service and the happiness and prosperity of those engaged in it. The belief, hitherto, has been little more than a theory, for the reason that there is no practical illustration of the benefit of total abstinence in any section of the country. The writer, however, had the pleasure recently of traveling in a country in which the importation and sale of intoxicating drinks is prohibited, and of studying the result in connection with the railway service. The remarkable country is the vast region north of the United States boundary and west of the province of Manitoba, stretching on to the Rocky mountains, and comprising what is known as the northwest Territory of the Dominion of Canada. Some thirteen years ago, when the inhabitants of this great region were mostly the aborigines, and the Canadian government was compelled to face the problem of governing savages and protecting them from the dangers of civilization, the policy of strictly prohibiting the introduction and sale of liquors was adopted, a system of mounted police was inaugurated and the roads leading into the territory were patrolled and all liquors found in the possession of travelers or traders were seized and confiscated. When the Canadian Pacific railway crossed the border of this territory a year or so ago, and brought its army of construction men, train men and the host of followers of the locomotive, the importance of this temperance policy was made still more evident and its requirements were rigorously kept in force, so that to-day every train crossing the border is entered by a red-coated officer who examines the passengers' baggage and remorselessly seizes every drop of liquor that he finds, even to the half-emptied flask of the traveler. The result of the temperance policy has been that the relations both of the Canadian government and of the settlers with the Indians have been peaceful and none of the frequent disturbances and murders which have accompanied the inroads of civilization into the territories of the United States have ever been known. It is stated that not a white man has been killed by the Indians in the Northwest territory since the policy was adopted.

The most striking result of the prohibition system was observable along the line of the Canadian Pacific railway as it was being pushed forward through the wilderness. Every one who visited the frontier towns along the Union Pacific, Central Pacific, Denver and Rio Grande and other great roads in the west, during their construction, remembers the terrible character of the towns which sprung up at each of these temporary stopping places, saloons and gambling houses forming the chief attractions, and robbery and murder being of almost daily occurrence. In striking contrast to this state of things are the peace and order which have accompanied the construction of the Canadian Pacific railway, because saloons and gambling dens, the great incentives to violence and crime, are not tolerated. In any of the rude frontier towns along this road in the Northwest a lady can walk along without the slightest molestation or insult. The good effect of the prohibitory law upon the army of rough men engaged in the extension of the road has been most remarkable. These men as a rule are wanderers who have no fixed home, but go from one contract to another, and to whom money represents only the means of temporary enjoyment. Where they

can obtain whisky and indulge in gambling the wages of the week or month are generally squandered as soon as received, but along the Canadian Pacific line these great temptations to throw away money were wanting. There was no whisky to be had, and gambling was not tolerated, and, as a consequence, the men, not being able to spend their money, save it to bring back to their families, if they had any, while the order and content in the camps of the workmen were most remarkable. One of the officers of the Canadian Pacific stated to us that if it had not been for the prohibition of intoxicating drinks, thus preserving the men from demoralization, he believed that the road would not have been completed as far by 300 or 400 miles as it is to-day, as riots and strikes would otherwise have delayed its progress.

The good effect of the prohibition policy is also plainly shown in the case of the train men on the road. Superintendent Murray, whose division extends from Brandon to Manitoba, where no prohibitory law exists, westward to Swift Current in the Northwest Territory, a distance of nearly 400 miles, tells us that the only trouble he has with his men on his division is when they run to the eastern terminus at Brandon, where liquor is obtained, with the usual result. Seeing and hearing of the incalculable benefit to the men of the Canadian Pacific road in this distant region resulting from the banishment of strong drinks, one cannot help the wish that the same blessing might be conferred upon railway men everywhere.—*Railway Age*.

SINGULAR BENEVOLENCE.

The Ontario Trade Benevolent Association, otherwise known as the Licensed Victuallers, are petitioning the Local Legislature to extend the hours during which the sale of liquor is permitted until nine o'clock on Saturday night, instead of seven as at present. Fortunately for public morality and order there is not the slightest chance that this request will be granted. There is no feature of the present law which more heartily commends itself to the approval of every right-minded man than the provision which closes every bar-room at seven on Saturday evening. The victuallers are altogether too greedy. They have six days and five nights in the week in which to ply their traffic, and yet they are not contented but seek to overthrow the safeguard that the law wisely throws around the wives and families of those who are easily led into temptation. They look with longing eyes upon the throng of wage workers who go home every Saturday evening with their week's earnings in their pockets, and are anxious for a change in the law which would send hundreds of them to their families with staggering gait, maddened or stupefied brains and empty purses. We are glad to know that many respectable hotel-keepers have no sympathy with the proposed change of the law, and are quite satisfied with the existing regulation as shown by the fact that the petitions sent them to put in circulation have received no signatures. Every man, whether he be a prohibitionist or a drinker, who has the good of the community at heart, must oppose the scheme of the Trades Benevolent Association for converting our orderly, peaceful, busy, Saturday night into a Saturnalia of riot, drunkenness and debauchery.—*Toronto Morning News*.

THE GATES OF HELL.—In a sermon upon this subject Mr. Talmage said: "Another gate of Hell, and the chief gate, and as wide as all other gates put together, is the gate of alcoholic beverages. On the night of exploration I found that everything was under the enchantment of the wine cup; that was one of the chief attractions of the illuminated garden, that staggered the step of the patrons as they went home. The wine cup is the instigator of all impurity, and the patron of all uncleanness. So far as God may help me, I shall be its unending foe. It was the testimony of the officials on the night of the exploration that those who frequent the house go in intoxicated; the mental and spiritual abolished, the brute ascendant. Tell me a young man drinks and I know the rest. Let him become the captive of the wine cup, and he is a captive of all vices. No man ever runs drunkenness alone. That is one of the carrion crows that go in a flock. If that break is ahead you may know that the other breaks follow. In other words, it unbalances and dethrones and makes him a prey to all the appetites that choose to light on the soul."

Temperance Items.

MEN OF OXFORD RALLY

— IN —

DEFENCE OF YOUR HOMES.

In answer to a petition, signed by over 3,000 VOTERS of this County, the Government has appointed Thursday the 13th of March, 1884, as a day of voting, either for the Temperance Act, and in favor of MORALITY and the HOME, or against the Temperance Act and and thus in favor of licensing the direct cause of three-fourths of the crime and pauperism of our County.

Men of Oxford, remember that if it were not for the persons actually engaged in this lawful traffic, there would be no organized opposition to the Temperance Act. It is a Temperance Act. Temperance men will not oppose it.

WE ASK ALL

Who are in favor of morality—in favor of protecting defenceless women and children who have no vote—in favor of taking the law from its present position by assisting the traffic and make it oppose the traffic,

TO COME TO A

GRAND TEMPERANCE RALLY,

— IN THE —

Methodist Church, Woodstock

— ON —

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th,

AT 10 O'CLOCK, A.M.

Rev. W. A. McKAY, B.A., C. R. MORROW,
President. Secretary.

THE SCOTT ACT IN LAMBTON.—On Wednesday of last week quite a large number of Temperance people of Lambton assembled in the Royal Templars Hall, Sarnia, for the purpose of taking into consideration the advisability of submitting the Scott Act once more to the electors of the county, at as early a date as possible. The reports of the delegates from all over the constituency were of the most encouraging nature, and many of those present declared that the feeling for prohibition in Lambton was running higher now than it had ever done before. The following motion:—

“Moved by Mr. Ellison, seconded by Mr. Minneff, that in the opinion of this meeting, the Scott Act should be again submitted to the electors at the earliest date,” was carried unanimously by a standing vote.

Mr. H. T. Hany gave his opinion of the best mode of procedure, and showed plainly from figures that hotels could be run so as to pay without selling intoxicating liquors.

Mr. Keefer, the organizing agent of the Royal Templars, stated that he had spent some time in the County of Halton, where the Act is now in force, and he had found it a decided success and a blessing to the county.

It was then resolved that it is the opinion of this meeting that there should be a Scott Act Association formed in the County of Lambton, and that Messrs. A. J. Syer, J. G. McCrae, Ellison and Campell, be appointed a committee to call a convention at Wyoming, for the purpose of organization, and that the ministers of the county together with the members of the various councils, and temperance societies be invited to participate in this convention.

It was decided that the convention be called at Wyoming on the 5th of February, at one o'clock.

It was decided to request the ministers of the gospel to announce the convention from their respective pulpits, and if possible say a few words in support of the cause.—*Alvinston Fair Play.*

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GRAND DIVISION OF THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The thirty-fifth annual session of the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Ontario was opened at Ottawa in the City Hall, on the Tuesday of last week.

There was a large attendance of representatives present from different parts of the Province, and before business was commenced the usual congratulations and hand-shaking were indulged in by many of the veterans of the temperance army who have fought side by side in the Order for nearly forty years.

The minutes of the last semi-annual meeting, held in Paris, having been read and confirmed, and other routine business disposed of, several new representatives were introduced and initiated and took their seats.

THE PATRIARCH'S ADDRESS.

The Grand Worthy Patriarch, John McMillan, the presiding officer, then addressed the Grand Division. After a brief introduction, he said:—I am happy to be able to inform you that the labours of the past year have not been in vain. We are in position to report a gratifying increase in our membership, and a corresponding increase in our revenue. Our finances are in a flourishing condition, and there are such evidences of increased activity among our members as to warrant the conclusion that we are on the eve of a general revival of temperance work throughout the Province. He continued, urging the strongest efforts to increase the membership, and believed that capable organizers in the east, centre and west could, with very little difficulty, double the membership in a year. He had made arrangements with Sis. Susannah Evans Peck, of New York, for meetings to be held under the auspices of the Grand Division in East and West York, North and South Simcoe, Durham and Northumberland, Prince Edward County, North and South Ontario, Peel, Lincoln, and Welland. The work of organization, he thought, should be controlled by the District Divisions, and recommend that the offices of County Deputy and District Patriarch should be merged in one. He recommended the National Relief Society.

SUBSTANTIAL PROGRESS.

Speaking of the progress made, he said:—

The past year has not been noted for any very special effort in the way of Scott Act contests in this Province, but has been devoted rather to recruiting the strength and fortifying the position of the contending parties. All the work done this year by the temperance army has been in the line of moral suasion, and many thousands have been induced to sign the pledge and reform their ways. Our principles are gaining ground every day, and new recruits are fast giving in their adhesion to the principles of total abstinence. One of the most notable features of the year's work is the remarkable progress made by the Church of England Temperance Society. Its popularity is immense, and its membership is increasing very rapidly. A few years more, and with this new ally we may confidently enter into a campaign which will enable us to carry the Scott Act in four-fifths of the counties in the Province.

THE SCOTT ACT.

Referring to the progress of prohibitory sentiments he said:—The county of Halton is as yet the only county in the Province where the Scott Act is in force, and cheering accounts reach us from all portions of the county in regard to its successful working. It is expected that a desperate effort will be made to repeal the Act at no distant date. Such an attempt will meet with a determined opposition from the friends of the Act. No better temperance men are to be found anywhere than in Halton county, and they are not likely to sacrifice, through apathy, what they have secured through energy. The speaker then referred to the progress of

THE WORK IN OTHER LANDS.

In Great Britain the Blue Ribbon movement had swept the land, enrolling thousands of men and women of all kinds in its ranks, while in the United States not less than seventeen States had voted on constitutional prohibition. The high license law had been brought in with the intention of diverting attention from the main issue of prohibition, but the latter was God's own remedy, and could not fail. He then referred to the great loss to the cause

of temperance in the death of Rev. Thomas Gales, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance. He also spoke of the loss of Bro. John McNish, D. G. W. P., of South Augusta Division, and concluded with expression of his earnest prayer for the continued success and blessing of God on the Order.

GRAND SCRIBE'S REPORT.

The Grand Scribe, Bro. T. Webster, next submitted his report, which showed that considerable progress in work had been made during the past year, a good deal of which was due to the zeal of the Grand Worthy Patriarch and his deputies. Many dormant Divisions had been re-organized. The following is a synopsis of returns received for the quarters ending June and September last:—

	June.	Sept.
Number of Divisions making returns.....	129	140
Number of members admitted.....	940	901
Number of members reinstated.....	27	20
Number of members withdrawn.....	219	193
Number of members suspended.....	174	135
Number of members expelled for the violation of pledge.....	32	40
Number of members expelled for other causes...	90	15
Number of members died.....	5	5
Number of members violated the pledge.....	44	54
Number of members in Divisions making returns	6,087	6,184

Included in the above is the number of members in the new and resuscitated Divisions, and the statement shows an increase over the number reported at the semi-annual session of over 1,000 members, or a total increase for the twelve months of nearly 1,400 members, and when the returns are all in this will be considerably increased. Thirty-four new Divisions have been re-organized and eight resuscitated. The report went on to refer to the necessity for greater organization by the District Divisions, and regretted the falling off in juvenile temperance work. Of the

MUTUAL RELIEF SOCIETY.

The report said:—A large number of our members have already taken advantage of the facilities offered for life insurance on the mutual relief system. In my opinion it has now become a necessity to our Order. We have in the past endeavoured to offer to those we desired to unite with us, all the advantages that any other temperance society could, and our system of mutual relief now places us in such a position that no Son of Temperance need go into another organization to obtain life insurance. I do not wish to enlarge on this subject, but simply express my belief that our system of mutual relief is calculated to give permanency to the Order, as well as to furnish our members with a cheap and reliable system of life insurance. This Society, I will further say, aims at increasing the number of our divisions by the inducements offered to our agents and organizers for the organization of new divisions on the relief system.

The report referred to the successful nature of the lecture and agency work. Brother Webster further submitted a supplementary report from which it appeared that since the close of the Grand Division's year, 15th November, 1883, moneys to the amount of \$239.20 had come in, and applications for charters for six new Divisions.

FINANCIAL REPORT.

The Grand Treasurer, David Millar, presented his report, from which it appears he had cash in hand on the 15th November, 1883, amounting to \$1,280.43, and that the Grand Division stood thus as to assets and liabilities:—

Summary of Assets.

Supplies (general).....	\$309 60
do (office).....	100 00
Real estate.....	3,000 00
Balance due by Divisions.....	197 24
Cash in hand and in bank.....	1,287 47
	<hr/>
	\$4,909 25

Liabilities.

Balance due Subordinate Divisions.....	12 68
	<hr/>
Assets over liabilities.....	\$4,887 64

These reports were then handed to committees.

On Wednesday the Grand Division resumed business at nine

a. m. After routine and the introduction of new members the nomination and

ELECTION OF OFFICERS

was proceeded with, resulting as follows:

- G. W. P., John McMillan, Toronto, (re-elected.)
- G. W. A., Wm. Stewart, Ottawa.
- G. T., Henry Alexander, Ottawa.
- G. Chap., Rev. D. L. Brethour, Halton.
- G. Con., John Elliot, Mount Meldrum.
- G. Sent., George Power, Bowmanville.

ADDRESSES OF WELCOME.

Immediately after the election, Representative Sister Halkett and P. M. W. A. George McLean Rose introduced to the Grand Division Mrs. Tilton, President; Mrs. Bronson, Vice-President; Mrs. Falconer, Rec. Sec.; Mrs. Stephens and Miss Johnson, Corresponding Secretaries of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, of Ottawa, when Mrs. Tilton (President) read an address of welcome. The G. W. P. replied in feeling terms, and thanked the ladies most heartily for their kindness. Rev. E. R. Young, G. W. A., Rev. Wm. Scott, and D. L. Brethour also expressed the Grand Division's acknowledgments.

The Grand Officers elect, on the deputation retiring, were installed into office, the G. W. P. by the Most Worthy Scribe, and the remainder by the G. W. P.

At the afternoon session a resolution of thanks was passed to the W. C. T. U. A resolution of sympathy with P. G. W. P., J. W. Manning, suffering from illness, was also passed.

The Division recorded its high appreciation of the zealous services of the retiring Grand Treasurer, Brother Millar, of Toronto. It was decided that the executive take the necessary action to call a convention of all friends in the churches, temperance societies, and elsewhere, to consider the whole question of temperance effort, and ascertain whether the time has not come to press for total prohibition.

The Grand Division met again at night. The following resolution was adopted:

The Grand Division desires to affirm the opinion that in any vote of the electors provided for under liquor legislation it should not be required that more than a majority of the votes cast should be necessary to prohibit the sale or manufacture of intoxicating beverages. This Grand Division also asserts that we disapprove of any compromise with the liquor traffic by which the sale of liquor on the Sabbath day or any of its hours should be permitted.

RESOLUTIONS.

A complimentary resolution was passed to the District Division of Halton County for the good work done in sustaining the Canada Temperance Act.

A resolution was passed to the effect that the Grand Division learned with the deepest sorrow of the death of Rev. Thomas Gales, Secretary of the Dominion Alliance, and recognized the great value of the services rendered, and decided that the resolution be forwarded to the bereaved family, and \$50 towards the fund in aid of the widow.

The annual meeting was fixed for the first week in December at the city of Kingston, and the semi-annual session at Uxbridge the last Tuesday in May.

On Thursday morning, after opening services, the Grand Worthy Patriarch appointed the regular standing committees for the year. On motion, the sum of \$150 was voted towards paying the expenses of representatives to the annual session of the National Division at Halifax. All the past officers eligible and the present Grand Worthy Patriarch and Associate were elected as representatives to the National Division. The Hon. G. W. Ross, retiring trustee of the board in charge of the property of the Grand Division, was re-elected for the term of three years. A resolution recommending the organization of district divisions and the holding of the conventions was adopted. A cordial vote of thanks to the Mayor and corporation of the city of Ottawa for the use of the City Hall was unanimously carried, and the Grand Scribe was instructed to transmit a copy to the authorities mentioned. The thanks of the Grand Division were enthusiastically tendered to the brethren in Ottawa for the very hospitable reception given the delegates.—*Globe*.

ROYAL TEMPLARS.

The Royal Templars' Hall, of Cellingwood, was packed on Sabbath to hear an address from Rev. J. M. McIntyre. Mr. Spencer, the S. C., made an earnest appeal for the people to unite for prohibition, after which Mr. McIntyre gave a powerful address on reform for time and eternity. These meetings are held every two weeks by the R. S. society, and have done a large amount of good in spreading the prohibition sentiment.

"A new lodge of the Royal Templars of Temperance, under the name of "Parry Sound Select Council," No. 113, was organized last Tuesday evening, with a membership of thirty-six, by Provincial Organizer Patterson. The following are the officers appointed:—S. C., V. Switzer; V. C., C. L. White; P. C., S. Armstrong; Chaplain, Rev. R. Clark; R. S., H. P. Switzer; F. S., J. Galna; Treas., A. L. Holmes; H., W. McKinley; D. H., Mrs. Switzer; G., F. Watts; S., R. Spring."—*Parry Sound North Star*.

The news from the organizing field in Ontario is very encouraging. Bro. P. M. Pattison has been doing wonders, as usual, north of Toronto, and Rev. Bro. B. B. Keefer in the west, from Goderich, Sarnia, to Clinton, Seaforth, and Wingham, is making good work. The Subordinate Council work is making rapid progress, but the above-named brethren do very little, if any of it. Their labors are chiefly confined to the formation of Select Councils, and right well they do it.—*R. T. Advocate*.

The Select Councils at Millbrook, Galt, Niagara Falls, Rockwood, Port Perry and Fonthill have organized the Primary Degree or Subordinate Council in connection with the Select in each of these places.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

A lodge was organized by Bro. Rodden, on behalf of the Grand Lodge of Canada, in Nobleton, County of York, on the 21st inst. There were twenty-four charter members enrolled, and a number moved to come in next meeting. A large party of brethren from Woodbridge (10 miles distant) attended and assisted in the ceremonies, amongst them were Bro. G. J. Fanner, Dist. Deputy, and Bro. Hollingshead, Lodge Deputy. The Lodge is to be called Excelsior, and it will meet on Tuesday evenings. The following are the officers elect: John Beasley, Lodge Deputy and W.C.; John Williams, P.W.C.T.; Robt. White, W. C. T.; Flora Snider, W.V.T., George W. Hambly, W.S.; Mary Crossley, W.A.S.; H. McMullen, W.F.S.; Lillie Crossley, W. T.; Jacob Gould, W. M.; Carrie White, W. D. M.; J. H. Micks, W. O. G.; Ella Hambley, W. I. G.; Mrs. Nancy Gould, W. R. S.; Maggie J. Gould, W. S. S. Thamesford Lodge, County of Oxford, recently changed its night of meeting from Monday to Thursday to enable members of Ingersoll Lodge to visit it without interfering with their night, which is Monday.

ANOTHER NEW LODGE.—About two weeks ago "Peninsula" Lodge was instituted in the city of St. Catharines with twenty-four charter members, by Bro. T. W. Casey, G. W. S. The new lodge is composed of excellent material, being all active and intelligent young people. There are good prospects that the number of members will be doubled in a few weeks. The officers elected and installed are:—W. C. T., Wm. C. Steele; W. V., Miss Bessie Weaver; W. S., Wm. Kerr; W. T., Miss Senkler; W. F. S., Bro. Black; W. M., Bro. Kay; W. I. G., Miss D. Hennegan; O. G., Thomas Johnson; W. C., Bro. Silverpiper; Lodge Deputy, Charles Robinson. Night of meeting, Monday. The new lodge is largely the result of the active efforts of Bro. Steele and some others, formerly members of the Order in other localities.—*Truth*.

Intemperance News.

TERRIBLE DEATH.—We are informed that an old man named McMaster, living near Clarksburg village, came to a terrible end a few days ago. It appears he had been drinking pretty freely at the Parsley Hotel, Clarksburg, when he left to make his way home as best he could. The night was intensely cold, and the unfortunate man was poorly clad. He succeeded in making his way to within about ten rods of his own door, having crawled a good part of the way on his hands and knees. When within this distance (about ten rods) of his home, his strength evidently gave way, and death claimed him as its victim. Next morning he was found dead—a victim to that curse of all curses, strong drink.—*Advance*.

Another instance of the degradation to which drunkenness brings human beings is strongly presented in the case of the man Edgar, who was sentenced at the recent Wentworth assizes to five years in the Kingston penitentiary, for causing the death of his wife. The aged couple led a miserable existence of quarreling and debauching. It was the custom of the man to put the woman out of the house with cruel blows when both were under the fell influence of liquor. On the last occasion he had shoved her from the door, she had taken refuge in the back yard, where she was found in a bad condition, and soon after died from the exposure. Of course neither knew what they were doing while brutalized by intoxication. But they are responsible for the many acts by which they fastened the demon love of drink upon themselves, the habit that clung to them until their three score years were passed. Young men and women who would avoid a disgraceful old age should ensure a peaceful and happy one, by making sobriety their motto and joining now the great army of total abstainers whose presence gladdens and brightens all our land.

The three following items appeared in one issue of the *Toronto Evening News*:—

An elderly thief named Joseph Smith pleaded guilty before the Magistrate to-day of having stolen a copper boiler from Wm. Williams, which he was trying to dispose of at a second-hand store when arrested. He pleaded that whisky caused his downfall, but a previous conviction showed that he had stolen a feather bed, and he was sent to jail for two months. At one time Smith was a respected member of society and owned about \$15,000 worth of property, but he squandered it all for whisky.

Yesterday afternoon two young men, evidently under the influence of whisky, were driving along Queen street in a cutter, and when opposite Denison avenue were both thrown out. One of them, named Arthur Hartmann, alighted on his head, and when picked up by a policeman was unconscious. He was taken into a hotel close by, where Dr. Ogden succeeded in bringing him to his senses. The doctor put four stitches in an ugly scalp wound. The horse dashed westward on the north sidewalk, and after colliding with a verandah near Bathurst street and smashing the vehicle to atoms, knocked down a lady and child on Bathurst street, neither of whom were seriously hurt.

On Saturday a serious fight took place in a disreputable house on Albert street, in which a dry goods' clerk, named Albert Henry, received a stab in the arm and another in the side, and another young man, named Wheeler, had a portion of one of his ears chewed off. It appears that about half-past ten o'clock Henry and Wheeler, with three other men, all of whom were intoxicated, visited the house and commenced to play cards for the beer. The landlady served them with four bottles, and upon demanding payment a dispute occurred, which resulted in a free fight, in which some one in the crowd grabbed a corkscrew and stabbed Henry as above stated, the wounds happily not proving serious. Wheeler was knocked down with a spittoon, and while prostrate had a portion of his left ear bitten off, the piece being left dangling by the skin. It is about time the police were renewing their raids on these disreputable dens.

James Terry formerly a brewer of Uxbridge, but latterly of dissipated habits, was recently found dead in his bed. It is supposed that the joint effects of heavy dissipation and the neglect of a wound he received in his head by falling on an axe were the causes of death.

ASHAMED OF HIM.—A lady has just given \$6,000 to the temperance cause, who a few years ago was told by her husband that as temperance was being agitated in their State, Virginia, he thought he would sign the pledge to help the cause. With great pride she said, "I would be ashamed of a husband who would thus surrender his personal liberty." One year from that time he died of delirium tremens, and her sons learning to drink at their mother's table have both died drunkards.—*Congregational*.

A London temperance lecturer gave recently some curious statistics in regard to the amount expended in intoxicating liquor. He estimated the annual average thus spent in the last ten years at £144,000,000. This gives an expenditure of £12,000,000 every month, of £3,000,000 every week, and £5 every second, night and day. There are 3,508,480 letters in the Bible, and if 41 sovereigns were placed on every letter, this would represent the annual expenditure.

There May be Eyes as Brightly Beaming.

As sung in "Madame Favart," by DIGBY BELL, Esq.

Words arranged by J. D. REDDING.

Music arranged by H. M. BOSWORTH.

introduction.

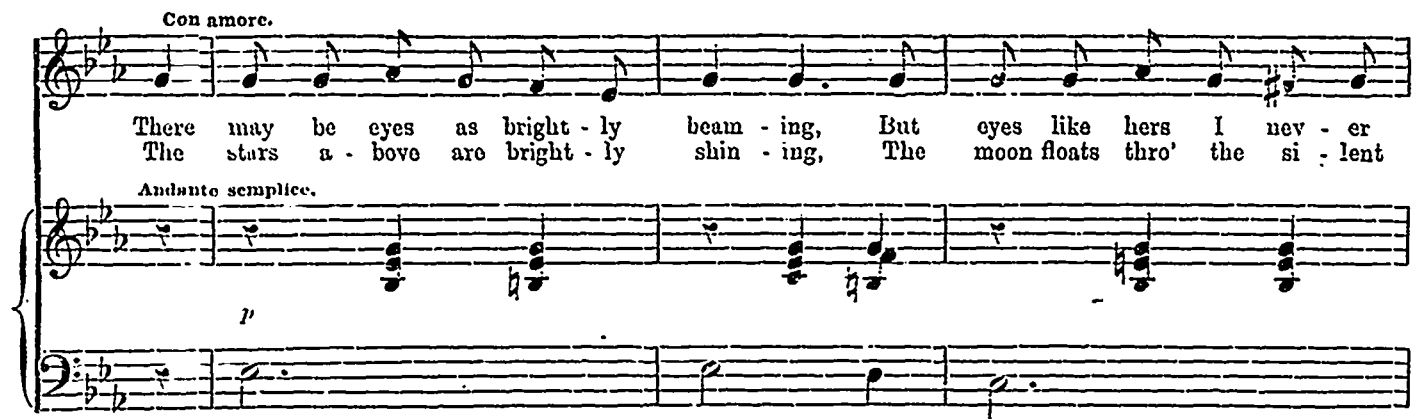


p

Con amore.

There may be eyes as bright - ly beam - ing, But eyes like hers I nev - er
The stars a - bove are bright - ly shin - ing, The moon floats thro' the si - lent

Andante semplice.



p

see. There may be lips as sweet - ly seem - ing, But her's a - lone are
sky. The ve - ry winds my love di - vin - ing, Are hushed in sweet ex -



sweet to me, Her voice fills all my heart with yearning. I
 pec - tan - cy, She comes a bright an - gel - ic crea - ture, As

ling - er on each word, each tone; My soul with love for her is
 tho' the sun up - on me shone; My soul feasts on each love - ly

burn - ing; I live for her, for her a - lone; My
 fea - ture, I live for her, for her a - lone; My

soul with love for her is burn - ing, I live for her, for her a - lone.
 soul feasts on each love - ly fea - ture, I live for her, for her a - lone.

Rall

General News.

CANADIAN.

PARLIAMENTARY SUMMARY.—In reply to a question by Mr. Blake, Mr. Pope reported that the number of immigrants who have settled in Canada during the last year was 133,303. The number of persons reported to have gone to Manitoba was 50,400.

A Bill was introduced by Sir John A. Macdonald to confer certain privileges on the more advanced bands of the Indians of Canada, with a view to the municipal franchise.

Reduction of Postage Rates was the subject of a question put to the Postmaster General, who said it was under the consideration of the Government.

Mr. Cameron, M.P. (Huron) has introduced a Bill to repeal the Dominion License Act of 1883, on the ground that it was passed by the House under a mistake as to the powers of the House and the necessity of such an Act.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.—The debate on the address has been assumed daily during the week, the principal subjects for discussion being The Boundary Award, The School Book Question and The License Act.

Another fur robbery has taken place in Toronto. On Saturday night, last, the establishment of Mr. Dineen was broken into, and furs to the value of \$3,000 were carried away.

A verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned by the jury on the Humber disaster in favor of conductor Barber.

The Scott Act will be submitted to vote in Oxford county, on March 13.

The Dominion Government has a charge of \$800,000 against the Government of the Province of Quebec due since confederation, and it is reported that an action has been entered for its recovery.

On Wednesday, last, the body of a young man was found frozen to death at Point Traverse, near Kingston. He left his home in a state of intoxication, and was found in an upright position frozen in a snow bank.

Mr. Thos. Hardy, a well-known temperance advocate from Manchester, England, has been lecturing on temperance with great success in London, Hamilton and Toronto. He goes to Montreal next week.

About forty Italian laborers who claimed protection from the police, at Montreal, as being destitute, and who received food and shelter at the expense of the city were offered work in the city stone quarries, but refused it because the wages were not high enough. They got notice from the Chief of Police that they will not receive any further public assistance.

The funeral of the widow of the late Dr. Ryerson took place on Tuesday last, in presence of a large body of mourners, among whom were some of the most distinguished ministers and laymen of the Methodist Church.

A train on the Welland Railway came in contact with a snowbank near Thorold. The train which usually arrives there at eleven o'clock in the morning went on as usual nearly as far as Allanburgh, there it ran into a snowbank over eight feet deep. The passengers were kept without either food or water for thirteen hours.

Theurer, the famous acrobat, while giving a public performance at Quebec, on the 23rd inst., fell from a trapeze and badly fractured his leg. Great excitement prevailed for a time among the audience, under the impression that he had been killed.

The Dominion Alliance met on Thursday and Friday, January 30 and February 1, at Ottawa. The proceedings will be reported in next week's CITIZEN.

The annual meeting of the Dominion Alliance at Ottawa closed on Friday, after a long and interesting discussion.

Prof. Foster moved the following as a substitute: "That we send a deputation to the Government asking them to grant simultaneous polling in groups of counties which are agitating for the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act; that we instruct our executive to take measures for introducing into the House of Commons a resolution affirming the desirability of passing a prohibitory law for the Dominion of Canada."

The following were elected officers for the year:—President, Hon. A. Vidal. Vice-presidents, the same as last year, and Sir A. T. Galt. Montreal; Wm. McCraney, M. P., Oakville; J. Jamieson, M. P., Almonte; Hon. Judge Jones, Brantford, Ald. J. T. Moore, Toronto; Lieut.-Governor J. C. Aikins, Winnipeg; Rev. D. I. Brethour, Milton. Chairman of Executive, J. R. Dougall, Montreal; Solicitor, J. J. McLaren, Q. C., Montreal; Treasurer, J. May, Ottawa; Corresponding Secretary, F. S. Spence, Toronto; Recording Secretary, Rev. J. Wood, Ottawa.

The Executive Council was the same as that of last year, also Rev. J. Longley, E. Botterell, T. M. T. Hannum, J. Smith, and Rev. Dr. Moore, of Ottawa.

UNITED STATES.

An Ice gorge is forming above the city of Toledo. A very disastrous flood is apprehended.

Governor Bourn, in his message to the Rhode Island Legislature, says the increase in the proportion of divorces to marriages in that State is absolutely startling. He recommends that testimony in divorce trials be heard in open court.

A Cincinnati bookkeeper, alleged to have absconded with the proceeds of a \$10,000 forgery, has been arrested in Toronto.

An extraordinary conflagration broke out at the docks, bottom of West Market street, Toronto, on Thursday night. Two of the largest elevators and grain stores in the city were totally destroyed. The flames illuminated the whole of the south portion of the city, and the effect from the bay was awfully grand. Many thousands of persons witnessed the scene both from the shore and the frozen bay. It is estimated that the loss will amount to between \$200,000 and \$250,000.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

A terrible hurricane blew over the whole of England and a portion of France on Saturday night last.

Much damage was done at London and many persons injured. The glass roof of the Westminster Aquarium was demolished, causing a panic among the audience, in which several persons were hurt. A printing office in Haymarket was unroofed, and a boy killed. Many vessels were wrecked off the coast, and a large number of lives lost.

At Torquay there were many casualties. Trees were uprooted and many boats swamped. The shops on the Isle of Wight were closed early Saturday owing to the hurricane. At Newry many houses were unroofed. At Leeds the roof of a dwelling collapsed, killing a daughter of a workman. The mail train between Durham and Darlington was twice stopped by the gale. The barque *Nokomio*, Capt. Murphy, which sailed from Londonderry on January 19 for Baltimore, and which returned to Lough Foyle for shelter, parted her cables and was driven to sea. It is feared the vessel and all hands have been lost. The Iron Chapel at Newcastle was demolished. The roof in falling killed a woman and two children.

Several bodies have been washed ashore at Hyde.

The barque *Marie Charlotte*, from San Francisco, is ashore at Westport. The brig *Jonathan Weir*, from Newport, Eng., for Matananez, was wrecked in Biddeford Bay. The crew were saved. The barque *Bjornstjerne Bjornesen*, from Charleston, is ashore in the Mersey. All the crew except the carpenter were saved. The barque *Coit* is a total wreck at Land's End. The crew were saved, except the captain and one of the seamen. The ship *Herbert Beech*, for Philadelphia, is stranded near Flushing. The brig *G. D. T.*, from Oporto, is stranded in St. Alban's Bay. The crew were saved. The *Modjeska*, from Londonderry for Montreal, is totally wrecked near Port Rush. The crew of fifteen are supposed to have been drowned. It has been ascertained that all the crew of the ship *Simla*, which was wrecked on Saturday, have been rescued.

Reports of damages caused by the late gale continue to arrive. At Newcastle-upon-Tyne the spire of All Saints' Church was badly damaged and the roof partially destroyed. On Letterkenny Railway (Ireland) the train was overturned near Londonderry. Sixty yards of embankment on the Northern Railway were swept away.

The *Juno*, for Calcutta, foundered in the Mersey. All hands, numbering 25, are lost.

The breakwater at Port Erin, Isle of Man, the construction of which cost £70,000, has been entirely destroyed.

The barque *Mokomis*, from London for Baltimore, has been wrecked at Port Stewart. The fate of the crew is unknown.

A colliery explosion occurred in the Rhonda Valley last week, when 68 persons were killed.

Queen Victoria leaves England at the end of March for Darmstadt, to be present at the marriage of Prince Louis of Battenberg with her granddaughter on April 15th.

St. Petersburg.—In spite of the numerous arrests the agrarian agitation continues in Pskow and Vitebsk. So intense is the irritation of the peasants in the latter province that the Governor has asked that the troops be withdrawn, as a collision is feared. Appeals addressed to the educated classes have appeared in White Russia, urging them to join the struggle against absolutism.

The *Financial Reformer*, published in England, supplies details which, when summed up, show that 28 ducal families, composed of 519 members, occupy 1,013 offices under the Imperial Government as hereditary privileges, at a cost to the state of £9,760,000; that the families of 33 marquises supply 621 poor relations for 1,250 offices, at a cost of £8,302,750; and that the family connections of 200 earls, numbering 3,391, hold 5,963 public offices, at a cost of £48,105,192; equal to 8,226 offices held by 4,531 members of the nobility, at a cost of £66,168,032. The masses of the people get little or nothing.

EARLY STAGE OF INEBRIETY.

There are found in all parts of the country men and women who use alcohol regularly and in limited quantities. To the casual observer they go on for years in this state and are apparently no worse, and finally die at last of some common disease, leaving the reputation of having lived what the inebriate would call an "ideal life" of moderate drinking. Why they drink is not clear. If they have any reasons, it is always sustained by their unbounded faith in the capacity at any time at will. These cases are inebriates in every respect, except in the prominence and intensity of the symptoms. There is no difference between the chronic case of the lowest type and the highly respectable moderate drinker, except one of degree.

Both are suffering from a positive physical disease. In one case the disorder is developed, in the other it is in the incipient stage. In the latter, from some obscure reason, the case never goes on to full development, but is always on the "border land," awaiting the action of some exciting cause, which may or may not be applied. A repelling power exists, which builds up and neutralizes the injuries received from alcohol to a certain extent. It is not will power which makes the difference between the inebriate and moderate drinker. It is physiological and pathological conditions of the brain and nervous system, which the possessor ascribes to will power. Alcohol cannot be used in moderation without grave injuries to the nerve centers.

The moderate drinker is always diseased, although to the non-expert there are no clear symptoms or course lesions that can be seen. A careful study will reveal physically an irritable condition of the heart, with stomach and digestive troubles, also changing and disordered functional activity of all the organs, at times. Physically the disposition, habits, temper, and mental state slowly and gradually degenerate and become more unstable. The higher mental forces drop down or give place to lower motives and ambitions. No matter what his position of life may be or his objects or plans, the moderate use of alcohol will alter and break down both physical and physical energy, and precipitate destruction. Moderate users of alcohol always die from diseases provoked and stimulated by this drug. They always transmit a legacy of defective cell energy and exhaustion, which most readily finds relief in any alcohol or narcotic.

But only a small per cent. of moderate drinkers remain so until death. The disease goes on to full development in inebriety, in a vast majority of cases. The boasted will power to stop at all times is powerless before its peculiar exciting cause. The moderate use of spirits for a lifetime is a mere accident in the order of nature, and the ability to stop, resting in the will power, is a popular fallacy. A certain number of cases have signs of incipient phthisis, which may never burst out into the full disease.

A small number of cases exposed to small pox, never take it; but these are the rare exceptions, whose causes are unknown, from which no deductions can be drawn. Moderate drinking that does not go on to inebriety is also the exception. The chain of exciting causes that bring on these extreme stages may or may not be understood, but they always break out sooner or later in the history of the case. Practically the study of this early stage of inebriety is of the utmost value in the treatment. Here medical measures can be made of the greatest avail in checking and preventing any farther progress of the disease. When inebriety is fully recognized as a diseased condition, requiring study and medical care, this prodromic period of moderate drinking will receive the attention it deserves.

In the meantime, as scientific men, we must continue to call attention to this early beginning of inebriety, so full of indication and hints of the march of disease, whose progress and termination can often be predicted with positive certainty.—*Journal of Inebriety.*

Gales and Sketches.

"THE LAST GLASS."

"No, thank you, not any to-night, boys, for me,
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my last spree;
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it until
I am laid in the churchyard and sleep 'neath the grass,
And your sneers can not move me—I've drunk my last glass.

"Just look at my face; I am thirty to-day:
It is wrinkled and hollow; my hair has turned gray;
And the light of my eye, that once brilliantly shone,
And the bloom of my cheek, both are vanished and gone.
I am young, but the furrows of sorrow and care
Are stamped on a brow once with innocence fair.

"Ere manhood its seal on my forehead had set
(And I think of the past with undying regret),
I was honored and loved by the good and the true,
Nor sorrow, nor shame, nor dishonor I knew:
But the tempter approached me, I yielded and fell,
And drank of the dark, damning poison of hell.

"Since then I have trod in the pathway of sin,
And bartered my soul to the demon of gin;
Have squandered my manhood in riotous glee.
While my parents, heart-broken abandoned by me,
Have gone to the grave, filled with sorrow and shame,
With a sigh for the wretch that dishonored their name.

I've drunk my last glass! never more shall my lip
Of that fatal, that soul-scorching beverage sip:
Too long has the fiend in my bosom, held sway,
Henceforth and forever I spurn him away.
And—God helping me—never again shall the foul draught,
That brings ruin eternal, by me shall be quaffed.

"So, good-night, boys, I thank you, no liquor for me:
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my last spree:
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it until
I am laid in the churchyard and sleep 'neath the grass,
And your sneers can not move me—I've drunk my last glass. —*Etc.*

"RING IN THE TRUE."

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

The richest people are not always the happiest, but on the last day of December of a year that need not be designated by its calendar number, the most joyous heart in the little manufacturing city of Thornton, was Mrs. Alice Arthray, wife of the owner of the great Arthray mills. Although she had passed her fortieth birthday, she would not have exchanged places with the prettiest girl in the city of which, when she and Thornton were twenty years younger, she had been, though poor and simple, the reigning belle. Good health, a clear conscience, a good husband and an active mind had so steadily increased her beauty, spirits and appreciation of everything worth enjoying, that she looked forward eagerly for the year to come, instead of longing for those that had passed. Although most of her time was spent in New York, she was the ruling spirit in her native town, for she never returned to her Thornton residence without at least one new hobby that all her old acquaintances were eager to ride.

This time her hobby was New Year's calls. Thornton society had so divided and sub-divided itself into cliques that families once on intimate terms, now scarcely saw one another. Mrs. Arthray believed that the original Knickerbocker system of receiving all one's old acquaintances on New Year's day would break up this undesirable exclusiveness, and she was now, for the first time, able to put this theory into practice. At least a score of other ladies were willing to assist at their own houses.

Oscar Arthray fully approved his wife's plan; his only advice was: "Don't neglect any of your old admirers, my dear, even if they're now prosy old farmers or stupid mechanics. I don't want any one of them to remain miserable under the impression that you might have been happier had you married him instead of me. Men will be foolish on the subject of their old flames, unless absolutely prevented."

So Mrs. Arthray mailed cards to all whom she could remember, whether she had recently seen them or not, and her memory proved so good that the post-office clerk was mystified at seeing tiny envelopes addressed to several men who had been dead for years.

Among the young men whom Mrs. Arthray remembered pleasantly was Tom Dolser; indeed, she had never known anything against him except that he sometimes drank liquor. She had long ceased to know or hear anything about him, but most of the old residents knew that Tom had become the most hopeless sot in the village. His home was the stable of the common tavern that had once been the village hotel, and for serving in the

bar-room as boot-black and general messenger, he was allowed to eat with the landlord's colored servants. His wardrobe was supplied from the cast-off clothing of the stable-boys, yet his dress was never as unsightly as his countenance. Only two friends of his youthful days remained to him—rum and the river; the latter could not cast him off if it would, and he would not abandon the former if he could; when he could get rum he was happy; when he could not, he solaced himself by lounging on the river bank and listening to the only village babbler that talked as it used to do, and never upbraided him.

Late in the afternoon of the day preceding the beginning of the New Year's calls in Thornton, Tom Dolser returned from a long errand and entered the bar of the tavern in a doleful frame of mind, for the trip was to yield him only ten cents; the next day, New Year's, could hardly bring him business of any kind, there being no travelers with boots to black in town on holidays, so how was he to get his customary stimulus? The prospect unmanned him—as almost anything could—and he felt like crying, but after some effort he succeeded in swearing instead. As he shuffled to his place on the boot-black's bench, he was startled by shouts of:

"Here he is now!" "Tom you're in luck!" "There's a week of solid bliss ahead of you!" and other remarks of similar purport.

The sot looked about him defiantly; he had been the subject of very rough jokes in that bar room. He stared inquiringly at the bar keeper, who always spoke with authority when he spoke at all.

"They mean it, Tom," said the great poisoner. "The New Year's calls is to be taken up here to-morrow—Arthray's wife started it—and the fellows here think 'will be fun to keep the women and the men who are to call on 'em awake all through to night, so they'll feel good and stale to-morrow."

"I don't want to get in the lock-up," said Tom, shuffling again toward the bootblack's bench and looking much disappointed.

"There's no danger of that, Tom," explained one of the opponents of New Year's innovations from New York. "All the bells of Thornton are always rung at midnight of the last year, but the racket sometime 'ens pretty soon, because the ringers get tired and haven't anything to brin 'em up. Now, just see how lovely we've arranged the whole thing. The old school-house is right in the middle of the town, and its bell is the easiest of the whole lot to ring, and yet its jingle is so infernally loud that nobody can help hearin' it. We've got the keys; you take 'em, go in just before twelve, lock yourself in so nobody can get at you, take life easy until the other bells shut up, and then begin and ring, first with one hand then with the other, straight through till daylight. We'll lend you a horse-blanket to keep you warm, give you a pint of whisky to keep you company, and, if you see the job through, you shall have free rum at the bar here all day to-morrow and a week afterward—eh, Teetis?"

"Fact," replied the bar keeper. "The boys are to pay the score." "I'll do it," said Tom, "if you'll see me through till midnight," said Tom.

"Oh, no," laughed the expounder of the conspiracy, "or you won't be fit to do the job."

Tom curled up resignedly on his bench; eight hours would be a long time to wait, but then he would have a pint—a pint at a time of his favorite substitute for food and clothing. Soon he was aroused, however, by some one saying:

"Teetis, you forgot to give Tom his letter."

"By the shillelah of St. Patrick, so I did!" exclaimed the bar keeper, hastily taking a small envelope from behind the bar where it had rested against a bottle labeled "Old Tom Gin."

"What cowardly trick are they playing on me now!" thought Tom to himself, as he rose slowly to his feet. Again he appealed, with his eyes, to the bar-keeper, and that official responded:

"It's no joke, Tom. One of the post office clerks said he put it in our box because he heard you c. me here oftener than anywhere else."

Tom slowly extended his hand and took the letter.

"Better hire a room an' lock yourself in 'fore you open it," suggested one loungeer. "Perhaps it's from the Secretary of the Treasury, an' got a check in it for interest on yer registered bonds."

"More likely it's from a tailor that trusted Tom when the bummer wore good clothes," said another.

The envelope was thin enough for Tom to read through it the name, "Mrs. Oscar Arthray" in remarkably uniform letters. As he read, some one remarked:

"Like enough its from some woman who's taken with his style, an' wants him to make love to her."

Tom began to lay the letter on the bar; but as the speaker ended the remark, the drunkard changed his mind and placed the missive between his teeth—then he picked up a chair and felled his tormentor to the floor. There was dead silence for a moment, such as usually follows any manifestation of honorable feeling in a bar room. Tom went to a basin in a corner, washed his hands, took the envelope from his somewhat inappropriate position, and left the room.

What could Mrs. Arthray want of him? He supposed she had forgotten him long ago. Not that he had forgotten her; he never saw her in the street—where she always passed him without recognition—without realizing keenly for a moment how wide and deep was the gulf that separated him from the friends of his youth: for had not the glorious woman's hand often

made his coat sleeve feel a little fuller than usual in the old days—had not his voice and hers blended in the church choir—had not he and she taken part in many an innocent village frolic? Some of his early acquaintances had grown sad and old, but she seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. Could it be that—enraging thought—that now she, who once had been his companion, wanted him for some menial service on the morrow, some service such as he was often called on to do for other people?

He went to the stable loft and broke the envelope; it contained merely a card bearing the lady's name, and the line: "At home, January 1; from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m."

"Great Heavens!" exclaimed Tom, it must mean that I'm invited to call on her! Then she can't know that—she can't ever have seen or heard—she—oh, my God!"

The poor wretch imagined for a moment Mrs. Arthray and himself standing face to face, and his little strength deserted him so entirely that he fell as if struck by paralysis. He covered his face with his hands, groaned, swore, cried, and exclaimed, "Awful, awful, awful!"

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, hurried out of the stable and toward the river. The sun had set, the shop-keepers were lighting their lamps, but no matter, "the darker the better," muttered Tom to himself; "I don't want anybody to see me now." He went through the least frequented streets, he almost ran, and before the darkness had entirely closed around him, he reached the shore.

He had meant to end his misery by a sudden plunge, but his feeble nerves were already exhausted by his unusual exertion, and he paused to recover courage. He tried to regain strength and resolution by withdrawing from his pocket the little bit of pasteboard that had worked such a sudden change in his apathetic, brutish life. But the spell did not work as he wished. Into his bewildered brain came the thought that Alice Arthray herself—the handsomest woman in Thornton, the noblest woman he had ever known or heard of, had touched that same card—had sent it to him. He seemed to profane the card by touching it, yet at the same time the insensate thing seemed to be placing before his eyes incident after incident of his arly life. In imagination he became his old self again, and at last he turned again toward the town, saying to himself:

"Better be a happy fool, while it lasts, than a dead one."

But the charm did not last. By the time he reached the tavern he had sworn to reform and then sworn to steal rum and get blind drunk as soon as possible; he did not keep either oath, but slung into his own place in the bar room and gratefully took a glass of rum with the bar-keeper, in admiration of the only man who had ever in that room resented an insult to a lady, silently handed him. The stuff made him entirely his own self again; he forgot Mrs. Arthray, his good resolutions, his bad resolves, and everything else but the thought that at twelve o'clock he was to have a pint of whisky, and from daylight of the next morning he was to have unlimited liquor for a week.

It seemed to him the hours from six o'clock to twelve would never pass. He tried to sleep, but could not. The smell of the liquor that began to flow in profusion as the evening loungers gathered, almost maddened him, and he begged one man after another to give him just one drink, but all were obdurate, for they knew the part that Tom was to play, and they wanted him to be sober enough to do all that was planned for him.

At the stroke of eleven he arose in desperation and went out of doors to keep the sight and smell of his liquid enemy from tormenting him any longer. The night was bitter cold, so he sneaked into a little bedroom in the stable, and stole the sleeping coachman's ulster to keep him warm while he walked; in a short time he would have a pint of rum, then he would be warm enough. He turned up the great collar of the coat, so that it covered his ears; he thrust his hands deep in his pockets; he felt gloves; he put them on. Then he laughed to himself and muttered:

"Nobody could tell me from a gentleman—here in the dark. I wonder how it would feel to wear overcoat and gloves by daylight again? Why, I feel as if I was a man again; I wonder—"

What he wondered he could never afterward remember, for he suddenly encountered something that felt like a post, but which, as it fell over, proved to be a man with a lantern, beside whom a woman appeared to be walking.

"You stupid fellow!" exclaimed the man as he regained his feet; "who are you?"

"Tom Dolser," replied the drunkard defiantly; he seemed to have absorbed a great deal of courage from the coachman's coat and gloves. "Now do you know?"

The man with the lantern brushed snow from his sleeves and muttered something to himself, to the effect that he had never heard the name before, and hoped he might never meet its owner again, but the lady broke into a musical laugh and exclaimed:

"What an odd way to meet an old friend! Don't you remember me, Tom, Alice Rarrow? and let me make you acquainted with my husband, Mr. Arthray."

"This materially alters the case," said Arthray, extending his hand. "Any old friend of my wife may run against me in the street whenever he likes."

"Oscar is going to ring the chimes in our old church to-night, and I'm with him for company," said Mrs. Arthray. "Won't you come with us, so

I can chat with you about old times? Oh, Oscar, this very Tom Dolser beat these very same chimes on our wedding-day—didn't you, Tom?"

"Yes," in a very small word, but Tom had great difficulty in uttering it. He asked himself what he was to do, in these unforeseen and embarrassing circumstances. Mrs. Arthray answered the question by taking one or his arms and telling her husband to take the other and hurry along.

"Else the year will be there before us," she exclaimed. Then, after a little pause, she continued: "You don't seem overjoyed at meeting us, Tom?"

"Then my manners don't tell the truth," said Tom, getting possession of the tongue at last; "but I've been too much astonished to speak. I'll walk a little way with you, but I must hurry away then." ("Curse that schoolhouse bell!" thought he to himself; "I'd cut the job if 'twasn't for the pint that's waiting for me. I hope Arthray won't get his lantern in my face.")

"Hurry home to your wife and family?" asked Mrs. Arthray. "How many children have you? We have four."

"I'm not married," said Tom, and as he said it through his teeth, Mrs. Arthray blamed herself for not having kept herself well enough informed about her old friends to avoid distressing topics. She hurried back to the subject of the chimes.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you this is an entirely new set of chimes, so you must come and try them. One of the old bells, or gongs, as Oscar persists in calling them, was cracked, you know, and my husband got the vestry's permission to replace them all, and he thinks the new set will be sweeter than the old that you and I heard so often when we were children. You will come just for a few moments, won't you?"

"Do, Mr. Dolser," said Arthray, and help us to double the meaning of

"Ring out the old, ring in the new."

"With the greatest pleasure," said Tom. He felt that he was under false colors, but he believed they would protect him if only that dreadful lantern would be merciful. He would plead neuralgia, tooth-ache, anything to keep his face hidden by the ulster's collar; he would enjoy honorable company for a little while; the school-house bell could wait—no one would miss it while all the other bells are ringing.

Then he slowly learned that he could chat, for Mrs. Arthray talked cheerily of old times, and aroused memories which unloosed his tongue, so that by the time the old church-tower was reached, Tom had entirely forgotten his task for the night and his remuneration that was to last for a week.

Arthray set his lantern in a window-ledge behind him, to Tom's great relief, took the two little mallets, and rang out "Old Hundred" with great precision and force; no other bells had yet begun, for the hour had not struck. Then, like a great patriot, he rang "Yankee Doodle." The clock bell below then struck twelve and the general jangle began. The delicate notes of the chimes would be lost in such clamor, so the trio stood and chatted. Arthray, who was as curious and ignorant about local affairs as active business men usually are, asked numerous questions, to all of which Tom made prompt reply, although frequently compelled to throw himself upon imagination—he would commit any crime rather than have Mrs. Arthray suspect that he was not what she seemed to believe him.

One by one the bells grew silent, and again Arthray rang the chimes; when he rang "Adeste Fiddles," Tom broke down: he had heard his mother sing it thousands of times. He turned abruptly to Mrs. Arthray, and said:

"I must go now—this moment."

"You won't fail to call, to-day," said the lady. "You received my card, I suppose?"

"Alice," said Tom in low, quick tones, "you don't know me. I'm the worst drunkard, the lowest tramp in all Thornton. I couldn't help being overcome by your kindness to-night, but I've insulted you by even standing near you and speaking to you. I'm ruined, ragged, vile, worthless—I've not felt like a gentleman in ten years until to-night. Now, if I do not call, you'll not tell anything that will make other people make fun of me?"

"Not call?" said Mrs. Arthray, as her husband turned away from the bells. "Certainly you will call—I insist upon it. Oscar, Mr. Dolser must hurry away to look after a reforming drunkard who needs everything. I want you to help in the good work; have you any money in your pocket?"

Arthray handed his wife a small roll of bank-notes; the lady went to the lantern and counted a hundred dollars from it, and handed them to Tom.

"Now, ring just one time before you go," said she. "You used to do it so well."

"I can't; I've entirely forgotten the bells," said Tom.

"I'll help you—you can do it with a single mallet—here." As she spoke she placed a mallet in his right hand, seized his wrist with her left, and guided him in playing "Auld Lang Syne," her sweet voice singing near his ear:

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days of Auld Lang Syne."

"There," said she at the end of the fourth bar, "now we won't detain you any longer, but remember, I'll be the most disappointed woman in all Thornton, if you don't call to-morrow."

Tom dashed down the narrow steep steps without saying a word. From force of habit he returned to the tavern bar, where he encountered a storm of curses. The loungers demanded that he should fulfil his promise, but he refused, and declined to explain. Then they wanted the schoolhouse keys, and he pretended to have lost them. Strange stories were told of his subsequent doings; it was said he called on a physician and then on a minister, both between midnight and daylight; that he had paid several prices, very early in the morning to overcome the fastidiousness of the owner of a barber shop and bathing establishment, and that he had persuaded the owner of a clothing store to open his place for a few moments and fit him to the best garments on the shelves. However it all may have come about, it is certain that in the afternoon of New Year's day, Tom Dolser, in the garb and bearing of a gentleman, though without much composure of countenance, called on Mrs. Arthray. He had to introduce himself again, and he feared the consequences if his hostess should have to introduce him to others. Heaven kindly arranged, however, that the only other person present was an old clergyman, who had been pastor to Mrs. Arthray and Tom a quarter of a century before. After Tom had gone, the lady made a confidant of the minister. The old man hoped, yet he feared, he had prepared dozens of pledges in twenty years, all of which Tom had signed and broken. Yet after the late drunkard had become, if not his original self, at least an industrious and respectable member of society, and Mrs. Arthray was one day piously attributing the change to heavenly influences, the old pastor looked at her significantly, and said:

"It is no wonder to me now that Jesus Christ was born of a woman."—*The Current.*

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

We are shaped and fashioned by what we love.

If you would not cease to love mankind, you must not cease to do them good.

Those who possess the elements of peace in their own minds will seek to promote peace among others.

Everybody, no matter how rich or how poor, needs all the kindness he can get from others.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.

Modesty has great advantages; it enhances beauty and serves as a veil to uncomeliness.

If we fasten our attention on what we have, rather than on what we lack, a very little wealth is sufficient.

BITS OF TINSEL.

What spring is ever dry, yet keeps on running?—A watch spring.

Experience is an excellent schoolmaster, but he does charge such dreadful wages!

"Don't be afraid," said a snob to a German laborer, "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I would have to blow my brains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

Too much study is said to affect the mind; and we know a number of cases it would affect it very favorably too.

"Now, girls," said a Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me what 'circular' means?" "Yeth'm!" lisped a little seven-year-old: "ith a fur-lined cloak!"

It was the newly-fledged bee that, after venturing out of the hive on a wet day, sang, on its return, "there is no place like comb."

Mother (to a five-year-old, who has sat very still for five minutes)—"What are you thinking of, Georgia?" Georgia—"Oh! 'bout old times, I dess."

A wee one in this place who was being trotted on her grandmother's knee suddenly discovering the wrinkles on the good dame's face, exclaimed: Oh! grandma! I see a lot o' little tucks on oo face!"

Professor to a class in surgery—"The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?" Bright student—"Limp too."

A maiden lady to her little nephew: "Now, Johnny, you go to bed early, and always do so, and you'll be rosy-cheeked and handsome when you grow up." Johnny, thought over this a few minutes and then observed: "Well, aunty, you must have sat up a good deal when you were young."

A precocious boy was asked which was the greater evil of the two, hurting another's feelings or his finger. He said the former. "Right my dear child," said the gratified questioner. "And why is it worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because you can't tie a rag around them," explained the dear child

The teller of a bank in New York reports the following incident: A German citizen, approaching the window, requested that a cheque payable to the order of Schweitzer case be cashed. Ja, dot's me," he nodded reassuringly, in answer to the teller's look of enquiry. "But I don't know that you are Mr. Schweitzer case. You must get yourself identified," said the teller. "How vas dot?" asked the German citizen, with a puzzled look. "You must get some one to identify you," repeated the bank officer. "I don't know you." "Ah, ja!" cried Hans, much relieved, "Dot's all right. I don't know you, neider."

An American who had a jolly German friend wished to become acquainted with the German's charming wife. "Vell," said the German, "dot vill pe all righdt." After a time the German led him over to where the lady was sitting with a number of friends, "Katrina," said the husband, "you know dot man?" "No," said Katrina, modestly. "Vell, dot's him!"

PLUCK AND PERSEVERANCE.—Less than five years ago we made the acquaintance of Clara S. Foltz. She had just commenced the practice of law, in debt, with a family of five children to support and educate. It looked like a big job. Again we see her in her *bijou* of an office, with an efficient clerk, surrounded by clients, and a man eager to pay her \$10,000 for one little bit of her own land, and we learn indirectly that she holds bonds and mortgages that would make some men-lawyers proud and happy. Every woman on the coast is proud of Clara. She is a model housekeeper in her own home, and has a servant to do her bidding.—*ib.*

For Girls and Boys.

TELLING FORTUNES.

I will tell you two fortunes, my fine little lad,
For you to accept or refuse;
The one of them good, the other one bad;
Now hear them, and say which you choose.

I see by my gifts, within reach of your hand,
A fortune right fair to behold,—
A house and a hundred good acres of land,
With harvest fields yellow as gold.

I see a great orchard, with boughs hanging down
With apples, green, russet, and red;
I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,
But all of them sleek and well fed.

I see flocks of swallows about the barn door,
See the fanning-mill whirling so fast;
I see them threshing the wheat on the floor—
And now the bright picture has passed!

And I see, rising dismally up in the place
Of the beautiful house and the land,
A man with a fire-red nose on his face,
And a little brown jug in his hand!

Oh, if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish
That he were less wretched to see;
For his boot-toes they gape like the mouth of a fish,
And his trousers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers, now this way, now that,
And his eyes they stand out like a bug's;
And he wears an old coat and a battered-in hat,
And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For the text says—the drunkard shall come to be poor,
And that drowsiness clothes men in rags,
And he don't look much like a man, I am sure,
Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now, which will you have: to be thrifty and snug,
To be right side up with your dish;
Or go with your eyes like the eyes of a bug,
And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

—Alice Cary.

NEVER SWEAR.

1. It is mean. A boy of high moral standing would almost as soon steal a sheep as swear.
2. It is vulgar—altogether too low for a decent boy.
3. It is cowardly—implying a fear of not being believed or obeyed.
4. It is ungentlemanly. A gentleman, according to Webster, is a genteel man—well-bred, refined. Such a one will no more swear than go into the street to throw mud with a chimney-sweep.
5. It is indecent—offensive to delicacy, and extremely unfit for human ears.
6. It is foolish. "Want of decency is want of sense."
7. It is abusive—to the mind which conceives the oath, to the tongue which utters it, and to the person at whom it is aimed.
8. It is venomous—showing a boy's heart to be a nest of vipers; and every time he swears one of them sticks out his head.
9. It is contemptible—forsaking the respect of all the wise and good.
10. It is wicked—violating the divine law, and provoking the displeasure of Him who will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain.—*Ex.*

THE FOUR TRIALS.

There was once an old monk who was walking through a forest with a little scholar by his side. The old man suddenly stopped and pointed to four plants close at hand. The first was beginning to peep above the ground; the second had rooted itself pretty well into the earth; the third was a small shrub; whilst the fourth and last was a full-sized tree. Then the old monk said to his young companion:

"Pull up the first."

The youth easily pulled it up with his fingers.

"Now pull up the second."

The youth obeyed, but not so easily.

"And the third."

But the boy had to put forth all his strength and use both arms before he succeeded in uprooting it.

"And now," said the master, "try your hand upon the fourth."

But lo! the trunk of the tall tree (grasped in the arms of the youth) scarcely shook its leaves; and the little fellow found it impossible to tear its roots from the earth.

Then the wise old monk explained to his scholar the meaning of the four trials.

"This, my son, is just what happens with our passions. When they are young and weak, one may, by a little watchfulness over self, and the help of a little self-denial, easily tear them up, but if we let them cast their roots deep down into our souls, then no human power can uproot them; the almighty hand of the Creator alone can pluck them out.

"For this reason, my child, watch over the first movement of your soul, and study by acts of virtue to keep your passions well in check."—*Witness.*