

Pages Missing

for some time will probably be pushed on Alliance lines, which are very similar to the Canadian Electoral Union system, namely, the support of only prohibitionists for parliamentary positions.

We are very much pleased to note that Mr. Gustafson has already been tendered a parliamentary nomination, and his many friends on this side of the ocean will be pleased to learn of his acceptance and election. His powerful and uncompromising advocacy of total prohibition would greatly strengthen our cause in the British House of Commons.

CHANGE OF FORM.

We liked the former shape and size of THE CANADA CITIZEN: its neat and convenient pages were appreciated by many of our readers; but there were those who thought it had too much of a formal, magazine appearance, and they would prefer to have it gotten up in a more newspaper-like form. In response to repeated urging, we have now complied with the wishes of this large section of our friends, and commencing with this number, our paper will be issued as an eight-page, five-column sheet. It will still have as much reading matter as ever. It will maintain the position now occupies and fight in the same well defined lines. We hope to make it even more attractive and useful than it has been, and we earnestly hope that our many kind friends will still continue their exertions to extend its circulation, and assist to make it as effective as it ought to be.

Y. M. P. C. ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Young Mens' Prohibition Club, of Toronto, is announced for Thursday evening of next week. It will be held in Richmond Hall Richmond street. A number of speakers are secured, and the proceedings will be of unusual interest.

The Renfrew Repeal.

RENFREW COUNTY is fighting the repeal agitation with commendable vigor. A great Temperance meeting was held last week in Clark's Hall, Pembroke, at which much satisfaction was expressed at the information that the repeal vote cannot be taken before next April. Meantime, organization will be pushed and the law rigidly enforced.

A Conviction.

MR. J. EVANS, Inspector for West Kent, writes to correct an error made last week in the CANADA CITIZEN in reference to a number of convictions he has secured. From June 7th to August 30th Mr. Evans made thirty-four first convictions and seven second convictions. This is big work.

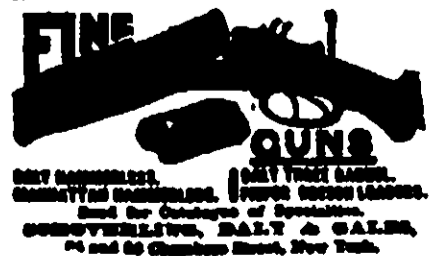
The Texas Vote.

The official count of the Texas vote taken on August 4th, is as follows:—For Prohibition, 129,273, against 211,934, majority against 91,661. It is estimated that the Democratic vote polled was about 130,000, out of which the Prohibitionists believe the amendment received 90,000. The negro vote is supposed to have stood about 4,000 for Prohibition, and 82,000 against. The friends in Texas are not discouraged, they mean to win in the near future, and their battle flag will not be hauled down.

In The South.

Prohibition is working in that part of the south in which it is in operation. Our friends there evidently believe in the doctrine of adequate penalties. In a recent issue the *Indianapolis Philanthropist* says:

"We cited an instance some weeks ago as an illustration of the southern manner of enforcing prohibitory law compared with the northern method. Another instance is a recent case in Atlanta, Ga., where a wine-room merchant was found guilty of selling 'tangle foot' for wine and sentenced to 25 days work on the street. Another was given 25 days in the chain-gang and fined \$40. Another paid \$500 by order of the police court. So thoroughly does Prohibition prohibit in Atlanta, and so entirely satisfactory is it to the people that an election on the license question will hardly be held this fall, and the present condition will continue on."



NEW BRUNSWICK.

THE TROUBLES OF THE TRAFFIC.

How the Scott Act is Enforced - How the Antis try to dodge it - How the Temperance people push it - How the rummies swear and howl.

MR. D. P. McLACHLAN, of Chatham, N. B., in sending us his subscription to THE CANADA CITIZEN, gives us some interesting facts respecting C. T. A. matters in his province. Some of these facts will be information for our readers, and we therefore make the following extracts from our correspondent's letter.—

Perhaps it would interest you to know how Scott Act matters stand in this County (Northumberland). It is this way: Our Local Legislature at their session last year passed an Act authorizing Municipal Councils in Scott Act counties in New Brunswick to appoint Inspectors for the enforcement of the C. T. A., and to assess the municipalities for the amount required for Inspectors salaries and expenses of enforcing the Act.

Under this Act our Municipal Council appointed an Inspector for this county, and made provision for an assessment on the ratepayers for the necessary amount for salary, etc. He commenced his duties in May last and had brought two or three cases to trial, when the liquor-sellers laid their heads, and when one of their fraternity was convicted, they made application to the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, or rather to one of its judges for an injunction to restrain the Inspector from further proceedings, on the ground that the Act passed by the Legislature, authorizing the assessment on municipalities by their councils for enforcement of the Scott Act, was *ultra vires*. The injunction was granted, suspending the Inspector, and the matter is to be argued at the October term of the Supreme Court.

Our Council (and they are by no means a temperance council, and we had a hard fight to get the Inspector appointed by them) engaged a lawyer to argue the matter for them, but as this is a test case involving the legality of the Legislature's Act, the Attorney-General is going to take the matter up and argue that the Act is *ultra vires*.

The temperance people seeing that the liquor-sellers were going to have full swing till this question was settled, (the injunction was granted in July) employed two private Inspectors, and as a result several convictions have been made. The liquor seller, in whose name the injunction was obtained, was so elated when it was granted, that he threw his bar-room doors wide open, invited the crowd in and treated them, and settled right down to do a roaring business. But somehow or other the temperance people did not share in the general joy, and when the liquor-dealer aforesaid was hauled up on three successive charges of violation of the despised Scott Act in quick succession, and a conviction made in each instance, and in default of his payment of the fine—his horse and wagon were seized under execution—he came to the conclusion that "the thing wasn't steering right," and that there was something wrong somewhere; and now he is blaming and swearing equally at the temperance people and the liquor-dealers who induced him to apply for the injunction. Anyway the doors and windows of his bar-room are closed up and hermetically sealed so tight, and his place looks so dismally lonesome, that a man seeing him the other day, enquired of him if there was any one dead on his premises. The Inspectors have been engaged by the temperance people until the injunction is removed and the Council's Inspector resumes his duties.

One trouble we have is that the judges of our Supreme Court, with one exception, are so notoriously hostile to the Scott Act, that they give encouragement to the rum-sellers to appeal from convictions of the magistrates in nearly every case in hope of having the convictions quashed on some technical point or other. We have several appeals from convictions now before the Supreme Court, one of which is a lager beer case appealed on the ground that lager beer is not an intoxicating drink and therefore does not come under the provisions of the C. T. A. The defence endeavored to prove that the bottle of lager beer, which the prosecution had analyzed and found to contain six per cent. of alcohol, was *ultra*; that the alcohol had developed in it through age, and that the liquid ordinarily sold was an innocent drink, totally devoid of heady qualities. A rum-seller was convicted here yesterday, and is going

to appeal on the ground that he didn't get fair play, though probably his lawyer will base the appeal on some other more technical point than that advanced by the client.

I am glad to see the Prohibition party movement started in Ontario. I believe thoroughly that it is a move in the right direction, and based on correct principles, and sooner or later the idea will commend itself to all earnest temperance workers. Wishing your paper much prosperity, and that you may see much fruit for your labors.

NOVA SCOTIA.

ENFORCING A GOOD LAW.

The same old Troubles - A Good and Successful Officer Commendation of a Sound M.P. Denouncing the Whiskey Representatives - Strong Third Party Resolutions.

LUNenburg is one of the counties in Nova Scotia in which the Scott Act is not in operation, but which is under Prohibition through the rigid enforcement of the law requiring two-thirds of the rate payers of any polling district to sign a petition for a license before the same can be obtained. We learn much of the working of Prohibition there, through the columns of the *Alliance Journal*, a lively little prohibition paper published by the County Alliance. The "no license" system has been in operation in Lunenburg for over twenty years. An inspector is appointed to enforce the law, and backed by energetic temperance organization, he has done a great deal of good. Before a recent meeting of temperance workers was laid a statement of what the inspector had accomplished since July 29th last. A large proportion of his work has been the collection of fines previously imposed. His salary is \$500 a year, and already although it is only six months since his appointment, he has collected in fines and costs, \$1,534.14. Besides the work done by the Inspector, a number of prosecutions have been brought by private parties, so that altogether the liquor traffic has been taxed to the extent of nearly two thousand dollars, besides which several parties have been committed to jail, and the Alliance friends are hopeful of speedily crushing the traffic almost out of existence.

Rev. D. S. Fraser is President, and S. C. Cunn Secretary of the County Alliance. At a recent meeting the following resolution was adopted:—"That this Alliance notices with pleasure the position taken by James Eschmayer, Esq., M.P., for this County, upon the temperance question at the late session of the Dominion Parliament. We observe with satisfaction that in every case in which the question of temperance was involved, he cast his vote and influence so as to hasten the cause of Prohibition."

A great mass meeting was held in the Charles Street Methodist Church, at Halifax, a few days ago. Rev. W. Brown pastor of the church was in the chair, and from the resolutions adopted, we learn that the difficulties met with by friends of temperance in the enforcement of the law in Halifax are somewhat similar to those with which we have to cope in every other part of the Dominion.

The meeting endorsed the third party resolutions adopted by the Toronto convention some weeks ago, and also made the following declaration:—

That this meeting is of the opinion that the license inspector in his failing to enforce the Liquor License Act of 1886 has been guilty of a dereliction of duty and has prevented the city from reaping the beneficial results contemplated by the Act.

That this meeting is of the opinion that the granting of licenses is contrary, not only to the spirit and genius of Christianity, but to good citizenship as well, and that every possible effort should be made to induce ratepayers to refuse to sign petitions for licenses.

That this meeting is pained to know that the following members from Nova Scotia voted against the Jamieson resolution for prohibition: T. E. Kenny and Alfred G. Jones, of this city; Hon. A. W. McLean, of Colchester; C. H. Tupper and John McDougal, of Pictou; Hon. J. S. D. Thompson, of Antigonish, and is of the opinion that everything possible should be done to prevent their return to Parliament.

Among the principal speakers who took part in the proceedings were Rev. S. F. Huettig, Rev. J. F. Avery, W. F. McCoy, M.P.P., J. T. Bulmer, Rev. J. B. Hammond.

B
ENFORCEMENT
Fifty-one Fines Two Thousand Five Hundred and Fifty Dollars - The Law is Making Itself Felt - A Good Police Magistrate.

We have received a copy of the return of convictions made by Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace in the County of Bruce, from June 18th, 1887, to September 14th, 1887. The document is a remarkable one, evidencing as it does the fact of a great improvement in Scott Act enforcement. Police Magistrate Vanstone is doing his work fairly and well, and although the inspectors are not even yet so energetic as they might be, there is a great improvement. For example, the Inspector for North Brant, Mr. McCannell, has secured in his district during the period just named, twelve convictions. During the three months ending July 31st, he only secured four, and during the preceding nine months the result of his work was represented in one solitary conviction.

No small part of the efficiency of the Scott Act in part of the county is due to the manly decision and fearlessness of County Constable Hoffernan, who not only assists in vigorously enforcing the law and aiding officers to have its provisions carried out, but also himself prosecutes in certain cases.

The convictions secured by the inspectors for the North, Centre, and South Ridings, are as follows respectively: Mr. O'Connell, twelve, Mr. Irving, twenty-one, Mr. Stewart, seven. Mr. Hoffernan laid information resulting in eleven.

Temperance workers are much encouraged by the increased activity of enforcing officers, and hope that the better observance of the law will so commend it to public favor as to ensure the defeat of the repeal movement.

Nearly all the convictions were made by Police Magistrate Vanstone, and we notice that he wisely requires that the penalty shall be paid forthwith. The list contains five convictions made by other Magistrates, in which the offender was allowed time to send in his money, and in every one of these cases the return says "not paid." The following is the list of convictions to which we refer:—

Date.	Name.	Penalty.
June 20	S. McClosky	\$50 00
" 20	Edward Guy	50 00
" 29	Robert Morgan	50 00
" 29	William McDonald	50 00
" 29	William McFayden	50 00
July 13	Joseph Adams	50 00
" 13	Mary A. Maxwell	50 00
" 13	J. S. McDonald	50 00
" 14	Andrew Shields	50 00
" 14	Mary A. Fitzinger	50 00
" 14	Duncan M. Smith	50 00
" 14	Margaret Kopp	50 00
" 14	Thomas McVittie	50 00
" 14	Thomas McVittie	50 00
" 14	John Johns	50 00
" 14	John Johns	50 00
" 14	John Bruce	50 00
" 14	J. C. Miller	50 00
" 14	J. C. Miller	50 00
" 14	Henry Kennedy	50 00
" 14	Samuel Shaw	50 00
Aug 8	John B. Teichhardt	50 00
" 8	E. Salyards	50 00
" 8	E. Salyards	50 00
" 8	George Bruder	50 00
" 8	George Lafranco	50 00
" 8	John Klein	50 00
" 8	Peter Schurzler	50 00

8	James Marshall	50 00
8	John Hoffman	50 00
"	James Mullon	50 00
"	Lawrence Hartleb	50 00
"	Richard Harrison	50 00
"	Richard Harrison	50 00
"	James Walker	50 00
"	Joseph Adams	50 00
"	George S. Wilson	50 00
"	John J. Anson	50 00
"	John Shackleton	50 00
"	Thomas Wilson	50 00
"	George Beaslie	50 00
"	John Gibson	50 00
"	Lot Roe	50 00
"	Margaret Turner	50 00
"	Roderick McClure	50 00
"	Daniel McKenzie	50 00
"	D. M. Smith	50 00
"	Robert Morgan	50 00
"	Sarah Ann Ewam	50 00
"	Jonas Roo	50 00
"	Francis Walker	50 00
"	William Keany	50 00
"	Hiram Morgan	50 00

"Oh, my friends there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident that he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses

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For Good Templars.

John Clay's reply to Bro. Funnylove.

BY THOMAS H. THOMPSON.

Talking of lodges the other day, To a friend of mine whose name was Clay.

These words he said in a careless way:

"Won't you join us, John? We would like you to, There is lots of room For a man like you. We've a first rate hall, Where each week we meet, And our members can't As a whole be beat. For a social time And a heap of fun I could have you know We can't be outdone.

In reply, John said he'd rather not, That he did not care for a jolly lot, Who believed in naught but a social time,

As a means to crush the liquor crime, I'm a crank maybe, but I want to say, I shall join no lodge if it works that way.

If you want my help to destroy the trade, By which drunken men are by thou sands, made, You must go next week, to your lodge and say, You've a friend would join by the name of Clay;

If they set apart of their time for fun, Some in which good work might be planned and done.

I enjoy a good and hearty laugh, But don't care to feed all the time on chaff.

'Twill be well, I think, if you would declare,

As a lodge, your platform both straight and square;

Let the people know whether small or great,

You would clear the traffic from out the state.

Have a social time, But mix it well

With some ringing words Which weigh and tell,

Take your stand like men, Against the foe;

And let others know Where'er you go,

That your lodge combines Pleasure with work;

And that duty you do yis shirk,

And don't ever try, By talking fun,

To sustain your lodge And make it run,

Or you'll find some day, And soon, perhaps,

It will all go up— In short, collapse.

Secret Societies.

Good Templary is a secret organization, yet there is not a man, woman or child who knows this fact but who also knows that its objects, aims, and purposes are not secret. What is it, then, that is secret in the organization? Simply its internal workings for the protection of its members and more effectually carrying on its work; that, and nothing more. Its purposes are boldly declared to the world. In this respect it has no secrets. They are as well known as the Order itself. Antagonism to the liquor traffic and untiring effort to teach and enforce personal temperance—total abstinence—are emblazoned upon its banners.

Good Templary is an adjunct of, not a substitute for the religion of the Bible. It never asserts itself as a religion nor as a substitute for religion, but it inculcates the very purest morals of the Old and New Testament Scripture, always crediting those scriptures with those great moral precepts, and never claiming them as merely Good Templar teaching. It really encourages its members to a deeper interest in and devotion to the religion of Christ.

The opponents of secret societies should remember that every family in the land is just as much and just as truly a secret society as is the order of Good Templars. Every family has its secrets, every business firm has its secrets, every leader of an army has his secrets. But in all these departments of life—the secrets are more or less confined to methods of internal workings, rather than the objects or purposes to be accomplished, and that they are to be judged by those objects or purposes and not by the secrets which are designed to aid in this accomplishment. For instance: A lady came to my office a while ago, and introduced herself as an aunt of an acquaintance of mine, and she told me I had influence over the nephew, and that if I would exert it discreetly, I could save him from the drink habit which was rapidly ruining him. But

to be very particular, I approached him, and assured him that I would not let anything slip which would harm his wife. They also told me some of his characteristics of which I was ignorant, but I saw at once that the knowledge of them would greatly aid me in reaching him. I told her I would undertake it. The moment I told her that, a secret society for a good object was formed, with this lady and myself as members. I undertook the work and succeeded, and the nephew is now a sober man, and I think is likely to continue so. This arrangement had all the essential elements of secrecy about it that our order has, and the very secrecy adopted, in my judgment, enabled me to succeed with that man. I could multiply such instances from my own experience. —G. C. Christian, in the Central Good Templar.

Attending Lodge Meetings.

We frequently hear the discouraging complaint that the Lodge meetings are poorly attended. This is not owing to the usual stampede during the heated term, for we have known Lodges so thinly attended during the long winter evenings that there was often hardly enough to transact business. The cause of this is not far to seek. It generally comes from regarding our Order as a business institution based on selfishness, instead of a business institution based on fraternity. When a Lodge is largely composed of men who only care for securing the sum guaranteed as a legacy, with no idea of having to make sacrifices to help to conduct affairs, we can pretty certainly predict that its meetings will be thinly attended. This state of things is not helped by monthly or semi-monthly meetings, for wherever this has been tried, so far as we have heard, it has only aggravated the evil.

The same selfish spirit is restrictive under the slightest restraint. It can not see sense in formally opening the Lodge. It would slight ceremonial observances, put the ritualistic work through in a hurry and hasten home as soon as business matters are transacted. In short, if they could have their way they would reduce the Order to a mere life insurance company, a mere money drawer and an iron safe. Against this spirit we should wage a relentless warfare. We can no more afford to give up the spirit of fraternity than the body can manage to get along without soul, and those who see no beauty or fragrance in this feeling, are hardly desirable members of the Order. —Central Record.

Grand Lodge of Scotland.

The I. O. T. in Scotland recently held its 18th annual session in Glasgow, and had an unusually successful meeting, which is reported by the Referee as follows:—

On Wednesday morning the brethren sat down to breakfast in the Waterley Temperance Hotel. Mr. Alex. Wright occupied the chair, and amongst others present were Rev. P. D. Bannerman, Free St. Leonard's, Perth; Rev. Wm. Ross, representative of the Highland Temperance League; Rev. Mr. Evans, Wales, ex-Bailie Selkirk, Glasgow; Rev. Mr. Dyer, Mr. Archer, Mr. Marshall, R. G. W. M., etc.

After breakfast, the chairman welcomed all brethren present, who had come from all parts of the Kingdom, and briefly referred to their happy meetings which had been held in Perth. He concluded by introducing Rev. P. D. Bannerman to the audience, who, he said, was one of the leading men connected with their party. (Applause.)

The Rev. Mr. Bannerman, in the course of a few remarks referred to the introduction of Mr. M. Logan's Local Veto Bill, and said it became law as he hoped it would, but which like all good measures, had to wait its time, they would see the public and public party putting forth exertions they had seen the like of. But, in order to make the passing of the bill a success, they would need all their strength, courage, zeal, and all the organizations they were capable of mustering, if they were to carry victory along the line. (Applause.)

Ex-Bailie Selkirk, J. P., Glasgow, as representing the Scottish Permissive Bill and Temperance Association, conveyed on behalf of that organization, hearty fraternal greetings to their Good Templar friends on this interesting occasion. They were all fighting in the same great army, and it was increasingly important that, in view of the arduous contest, they should stand shoulder to shoulder. The Permissive Bill Association devoted its attention chiefly to the legislative aspect of the movement, and in particular to the support of Mr. M. Logan's Local Veto Bill. The pressure of the Irish question had prevented the Bill from being discussed, but they must give their representatives to understand that the matter was most urgent, and must not be longer delayed. What they wanted was not only united action, but earnest conversation to the work. The liquor traffic was not only injuring trade, but was blighting the best interests of the country, and prosperity was not a blessing so long as the curse was in our midst. The hateful system

would come to an end so soon as reformers thoroughly resolved that it should do so. (Applause.)

Other addresses by Mrs. Donohoe, South Africa; Brother Watt, New South Wales; Rev. Wm. Ross (Scottish Temperance League); Rev. Thomas Evans, London; Rev. Mr. Ferguson, Wales, and others, followed, and a very enjoyable time was spent.

The Lodge resumed at ten o'clock in the forenoon Bro. Gilbert Archer G. W. C. T. in the chair. Letters of apology for absence were read from Rev. D. Macrae, Dundee; Rev. Dr. Ferguson Ferguson, Glasgow; Mr. Thomas Mowatt, Glasgow, and the Rev. R. Naymith, Chirnside. A motion to establish a sick and funeral fund in connection with the order was left on the table. It was agreed to allow District Lodges in the country 5 per cent. of per capita tax, and those in towns 20 per cent. The salary of the Secretary, Bro. Turnbull, Glasgow, was again fixed at £250; and a proposal to hold the sessions in July next instead of August was left in the hands of the Executive. A prolonged discussion, occupying the greater part of the forenoon, culminated in a motion to relieve the agents of the Grand Lodge from soliciting for subscriptions to the Temperance Home Mission Fund from outsiders. Ultimately the matter was allowed to lie over. A motion was carried prohibiting smoking and dancing in Lodge-rooms, and ante-rooms and lobbies connected therewith, following meetings of the Order. The session closed with the usual formalities between six and seven o'clock. The Nineteenth Sessions are to take place in Glasgow in 1888.

Selections.

The Gospel Temperance Ship.

See the wake of light, And canvas all white As the foam on the waves of the sea; The swift-sailing ship Is making her trip Round the world, and the wind's blowing free.

A flag is made fast To the tapering mast 'Tis the flag that will conquer and save; The cross and the stars, More potent than Mars, Flying with the white-winged ship on the wave.

On deck, firm and true, Stand captain and crew "Stand by the mast" the commander cries.

And the canvas crowds Like clouds upon clouds, And winds of heaven come down from the skies.

All hail to the ship That's making her trip To every land that the sun shines on; Her banners of light Will banish the mist, Many a fight for the right she has won.

With faith at the helm No storm can overwhelm Our ship. He who masters the sea Wind and waves obey, As they did on that day When He calmed the storm-swept Galilee.

May fair winds blow The sails white as snow In the soft light of the guiding star, And speed the good ship That is making her trip To the nations near and far! —George W. Bannister.

Think of It.

Think of the curse of it, if you can bear Thinking of all it has done in the past, Blighting the bloom of all life with its blast, Then drink of it—drink, if you dare.

Think of the sorrow, the suffering, the wrong, The blessing, the ruin of innocent hearts, The house altars shattered, the love that departs As the demon comes tumbling along.

Think of its treachery, cunning, deceit, How it has fettered the weak and the strong.

Think of the dear ones, the old and the young, Trampled down under its feet.

Think of the national burned out of the man, Think of the hearts shrivelled into a stone, Think of the nobles of creatures o'er-thrown, Then drink of it—drink, if you can.

Think of these things, but be not content, Thinking will never roll back the stern Tide; Men must to action at once side by side, And lives in man-robust be spent.

Noble the work, and if lovingly done, The humblest of efforts are never all lost, Save the poor victims, and count not the cost Till the worst and the last have been won. —Thos. Hyle, in Gospel Temperance Monthly.

Lunch Blooms.

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Gales and Sketches.

Redeemed.

"I'll give up this sort of thing after I am married," said Perry Ralston, as he raised a glass half-filled with dark-colored liquid and drained it to the last drop. "Better reform before the devil takes place, or the little woman who takes you in hand may find her task a pretty hard one," said the young man's companion in a joking tone. Perry's face flushed and his hand trembled as he replaced his glass upon the counter. "What do you mean to insinuate?" he asked angrily. "Nothing, nothing whatever," replied the young man, "evidently anxious to avoid a quarrel. 'Come,' he said carelessly, 'suppose we take a stroll up Broadway.' As the two young men strolled along arm in arm no one would have imagined that they were partly intoxicated, or that they had been upon the verge of a quarrel. The man whose reasoning powers had been destroyed by the demon Rum stands upon a smouldering volcano which may at any moment destroy him, body and soul. Many a life has been forfeited or spent behind the bars of a prison in payment of the blow given to resent a fancied insult. Father, mother, wife and child are made to feel the unjust fury of a drunkard's frenzy, and as they crouch trembling at the sound of the dreaded footstep, may God in His infinite mercy watch over them. "You are not going out to-night, Perry?" I thought perhaps you would like to hear the new song that I have been practicing. "Bother the song! Bring Bertie out of the nursery, he will enjoy it immensely," said Perry Ralston as he drew on his overcoat. The young wife turned aside her head to hide the tears that dimmed her eyes. "You wouldn't have me give up the club, Myra? The fellows would say that I was henpecked: and you wouldn't have them even think such a thing now would you, Myra?" asked Perry persuasively. "Of course not," replied the little woman emphatically. "but—but—" "I am glad my wife has common sense," interrupted Perry. Pressing a careless kiss upon the quivering lips of the wife whom he had promised to love, cherish and protect, he walked hurriedly away. "Guess I'll have to turn over a new leaf after a while," muttered Perry. "I'm glad that I married a sensible woman! I abominate scenes, 'Caudle lectures,' and all that sort of thing." "That dreadful club!" exclaimed Myra. "Why does Perry spend so much of his time there? I try to make his home pleasant; I have even given up spending so much time with baby so that I will be able to attend to my music. Perry used to be so proud of my talents, but now—" Laying her hand upon the arm of her chair, the little woman sobbed, until thoroughly exhausted, she fell into a deep sleep. Five hours later she was aroused by feeling a heavy hand upon her shoulder. "What in the mischief are you doing here at this hour?" exclaimed a loud voice. "If you have been waiting for me, the sooner you stop that sort of thing the better it will be." Myra sprang to her feet and saw her husband leaning against the wall. There was a manly leer upon his countenance, and his body appeared to and fro, as he made an effort to stand erect. A startled look crept into Myra Ralston's dark eyes, and without a word she left the room and walked slowly up the stairs towards the nursery. "O baby, baby!" she moaned, sinking upon her knees by the side of her sleeping child, my cross is greater than I can bear. "Miffo, is she?" said Perry with a secret, as his wife disappeared through the doorway. "Better not wait for me again—that's all I've got to say," he concluded in a muffled voice. He could not have continued his remarks even if he had desired to do so, for by this time he was extended upon the lounge, breathing heavily and filling the atmosphere with the fumes of the vile stuff that has been the cause of so many untold heartaches. An hour later Myra Ralston, with face blanched to a death-like pallor, entered the room. She paused because the recumbent figure and clasped her hands convulsively. Hot tears fell from her burning eyes, and her hands trembled as she placed a large shawl upon the form of the man who was bringing distress and misery into a home that might have been one of the happiest on earth. Poor Myra! "The time of thy visitation is come; may the black surge of thy desolation be tempered by a merciful God." A crowd of riotous men are holding high carnival in a fourth-rate liquor saloon situated in the lower part of the city. A man shabbily dressed is begging the barkeeper to give him "just one more drink." "Can't do it, Ralston. You owe us five dollars now, and the boss gave orders to shut down on you," said the barkeeper, scowling. "Here, take this," said Perry Ralston, handing the man a child's gold ring. "I'll take the ring," said the man, closing his fingers upon it quickly; "but it will have to help pay off the old score," he concluded with a tantalizing laugh. "It was Bertie's ring. Myra gave it to me to buy bread and coal," muttered Perry, as he turned away from the bar. There is a stir at the door, and the next moment a man bearing a child in his arms enters the room. "Guess this youngster's done for; I found him in a snow drift under the win-

now," said the man, moving towards the stove. "Throw the brat out again; there's no room for him here!" said the proprietor brutally, at the same time coming forward as if to carry out his inhuman order. "Blame!" Seeing that he had gone too far, the man drew back and permitted the person who held the child to approach the fire. As he lifted the limp form the old cap that covered the child's head fell off, disclosing a mass of golden brown ringlets that clustered above a brow so white that it seemed as though the "Angel of Death" had already claimed the little one. The warm glow of the fire revived the child, raising his head, he said faintly. "Let me go, man; I must find papa." The blue eyes wandered from face to face, the child's lips quivered, then a succession of quick sobs echoed through out the room. A figure crouched in a distant corner of the room moved uneasily, then lifted his head and glanced around. As the child caught a glimpse of the individual a smile illumined his pinched features, and, reaching out his arms, he exclaimed. "There's papa! See, papa, I tried to stop it when it came out of mamma's mouth!" He held out his thin little hands, which were covered with specks of blood. Perry Ralston bounced to his feet, and, clasping his boy in his arms, sped like the wind towards the miserable tenement which but partly sheltered his wife and child from the cold blasts of wind that struck a chill to the heart as it whistled mournfully around the miserable old building. Still clasping his light burden, Perry mounted the rickety stairs and entered the room where his wife lay upon her miserable bed, so white and still that, for a moment, the wretched man thought that her spirit had taken flight. In his intense agony he threw himself beside the bed. "O Myra, Myra, my darling, I have killed you! Will you never come back to me again?" He felt the soft pressure of a hand upon his head; raising his eyes, he encountered the tender gaze of his wife, who, even though her trust had been betrayed, still loved the miserable creature who had, through his longing for strong drink, plunged himself, his wife, and his child into the seething whirlpool that is ever grooming to engulf all that are too weak to resist temptation. The child Bertie crept close to the side of his mother and, closing his eyes, slept the peaceful sleep of childhood. The spirit of peace seemed to have entered Myra Ralston's heart. Perhaps her near approach to the dark river had enabled her to lift the veil of futurity, for, still clasping the hand of her husband, she, too, slept. "Papa, are you going out to-night?" asked a bright-faced boy as he glanced eagerly into the face of a gentleman standing near. "Where could I find a better place or more congenial company?" asked the gentleman smiling. "Besides," he continued, "mamma is not well to-night, and we will have to contrive something for her amusement. What shall it be, dear?" turning towards the frail figure that occupied a great easy chair near the open fire-place. "You are always doing something to promote our happiness, Perry," said the pale lady, smiling. "We are very happy Bertie and I; yet sometimes, when I think—of—of—" "We cannot entirely blot out the past," said Perry Ralston in a tremulous voice. "My atonement shall be life-long devotion to my God and my loved ones. I know that in the life beyond there is a peace which passeth all understanding, and a reward in the love of a Savior who suffered and died that I might be redeemed." M. A. Thurston in National Temperance Advocate.

A Sketch.

Dead in the fullness of his manly strength, the ripeness of his manly beauty, and who loved him were glad. His coffin rested on his draped piano, his lamp and his flute beside it. And as we looked on his brown curls thrown up from the cold, white brow, on his skilled hands folded on his breast, on his sealed lips, of which wit and nobility had been the very breathings, the silence was an awe, a weight upon us, yet our voiceless thanks rose up to God that he was dead. Always courteous in manner, kind in word, obliging in act, everybody liked "Ned," the handsome, brilliant Ned. Three generations of ancestors, honorable gentlemen all, had taken the social glass as gentlemen may, but never lowered themselves to drunkenness—never, no, not one, but their combined appetites they had given as an heirloom to Ned, and from his infancy he saw wine offered to guests in the dinner parties, and, when he had been "a perfect little gentleman," was given by his father one little sip. He grew and the taste grew, and when his father was taken all restraint but a mother's love was taken. As the only child of a praying mother, now the church would hold him up, now the saloon would drag him down; now his rich voice would join his mother's to swell the anthems of the church, now make her night hideous with his ribald songs. So all along the years he was her idol and her joy. When her last sickness was upon her the mother said to a friend. "They tell me when I am gone Eddie will go down unchecked, that in some wild spree or mad delirium he will die. But he will not. His father created the appetite they gave my boy. His disgrace is in their sin, and my sin too. He saw it on our table, tasted it in our ice-creams, jel-

lies, and sauces. For this my punishment is greater than I could bear out for the sure faith that God has forgiven me and will answer my daily, nightly prayers, and Eddie will die an humble penitent." Is just that I am forbidden to enjoy here the promised land, but I know whom I believe, and my boy will be carried safely over. As death grew nigh every breath was a prayer for "Eddie," and, as he chafed her death-cold hands, the pallid lips formed the words no one could catch, "Meet me in heaven." And his voice, rich and full, responded, "I will, mother, I will." And as from her mountain height of faith and love she caught a sight of that "promised land, with a scraph a smile she whispered, "I—thank Thee—O Father," and was gone. And his unobtainable grief made one way to mother, "His mother's death will be his salvation." He covered the new-made grave with flowers, and when others had left the cemetery he went back and sat beside it until nightfall, and then went to his lone home, and the oppressive silence drove him out to walk. He passed a saloon; some of his old associates came out and said kind words of sympathy. His soul was dark and sad, and from the open door came light and cheerful voices, and he went in. Before the long spree was over he had a cry, "take that old book out of my sight." "That old book!" the Bible he had seen his mother read morning, night, and often maddly, and from which he had read to her those suffering, dying days. Then a friend of his mother took him to her home and brought him back to soberness, remorse, and a horror of himself. For months he did nobly and became active in Christian work, and refused all the urging "to just step in and see your old friends," and we felt there was joy in heaven. Then he was asked to bring his boy and sing at an oyster-supper at the most respectable saloon in town, where "no one is ever asked to drink." A wild spree was the result, and his robe was so mired he doubted if it ever had been white. And he doubted, too, lost hope, lost faith in himself, and, worse, lost faith in God. Kind arms were thrown around him, and again he was placed upon his feet. Very humble, very weak, he tried once more to walk the heavenward path. "I am very glad to see you so well," I said one day when I met him. "I don't know how long it will last," he said sadly. "For ever, I hope," I said, cheerily. "I shall try hard to have it, but there will come an unguarded moment but you know nothing about it." Some two weeks after I met a physician. "I have a case for you, ladies. Ned is very sick." "Has liquor anything to do with it?" "No, not at all. He has pneumonia, but his old drinking has so ruined his stomach it will go hard with him." His nurse told us he thought he should die, and constantly exclaimed, "My wasted life! my wasted life! God cannot forgive it." He would fear to die, and pray to live to redeem his past; then he would fear to live, and pray to be taken from temptation. So wore on a week, and then he gave up all and grew calm in Christ. One Sunday he said his mother was in the room and wondered we could not see her, and with a smile on his face said "mother" on his lips he passed beyond. As I came out of the house one of his whilom associates, sober and sad, took off his hat and asked, "Is it all over?" Impressed with the vast meaning of those two little words, I bowed and answered back: "All over." With a voice full of pathos he said "The dear fellow is all right now. There are no saloons up there." I walked on repeating to myself "No saloons up there! They will be done, in earth as it is in heaven."—Mrs. Lucy E. Sanford, in National Temperance Advocate.

Prohibition in Morocco.

FROM an exchange we learn that the Sultan of Morocco is a prohibitionist. Recently an American minister on a journey in his capital was presented to him, and the pair speedily became warm friends. The minister impressed the monarch with the evil effects of tobacco and liquor on the human race, and asked him to use his influence to stamp out both of the curses in his dominions. The ruler promised he would use his "influence" in that direction, and intimated that he rather thought that it would have some effect. An imperial order was issued commanding all dealers in tobacco to bring their stocks at once and burn them in the public square of the city. This being done, he ordered the dealers to be soundly flogged through the streets and then banished. He then ordered that the entire stock of liquors of all descriptions should, by the owners thereof, be emptied into the harbor before sundown, under penalty of being hanged. Before dark every drop had been destroyed. The dealers were first given a thorough thrashing and then run out of the town by a mob set on them by the authorities, undergoing a pelting in which diseased cats, aged eggs, and other bric-a-brac figured conspicuously. The Sultan don't bother his brains with bothersome speculations as to the relative merits of local option, prohibition, and such like rubbish, nor does the fear of the liquor question getting into politics trouble him. A little English street girl, in studying her Sunday school lesson came to the words, "And the king of Nineveh covered himself with sackcloth, and sat in ashes." This was a puzzle. Finally, she said, "Papa, what kind of ashes is sahn ashes, that the king covered himself with?"

A Vassar College by her teacher what kind was, responded, with a was both common and proper. "Isn't it heavenly?" ejaculated. "Gush, in reference to Miss Pedagogical performance on piano 'Yes,' replied Fogg. "It is indeed heavenly, sounds like thunder." "When their daughters are infants, mothers are anxious to keep matches out of their reach, to put matches within their reach is their great anxiety when their daughters are older. The sign 'Beware of the dog' is not hung up 'that he who runs may read,' but 'that he who reads may run.' Why is teetotalism a bar to friendship? Because it prevents the shaking of hands. 'Ma, what is this coal pool I read about in the papers?' asked little Johnny. 'I'm sure I don't know unless it is where miners go in swimming.' 'These are hard times,' said the young debt collector, 'Every place I was requested to call again, but one, and that was when I dropped in to see my girl.' Later, in a music hall, after the ballad lady had warbled 'Would I Were a Bird,' great excitement was was created by a stalwart minor in the audience shouting, 'Would I were a gun.'

Temperance Societies. THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY. Hold Temperance Meetings every Sabbath afternoon at the Temperance Hall, Temperance Street, at 3 o'clock. Addresses by reformed men and others. Good singing by the choir. J. WARDELL, Pres. J. B. MARSHALL, Sec. "PERSEVERANCE LODGE," No. 1. Meets every Tuesday evening at Temperance Hall, Pandora St., Victoria, B.C. I. O. G. T. LODGES. MONDAY EVENING. MOUNT LEBANON LODGE, No. 113. Meets in No. 2 Room, Basement, Temperance Hall, on Mondays, at 8 p.m. CHAS. WHEAT, L.D., Doncaster, P.O. TUESDAY EVENING. "TEMPLAR'S HOME," Copeland's Hall, cor. King and Sherbourne Sts. H. Brooks, L.D., 195 King St. E. R. T. OF TEMPERANCE. PIONEER COUNCIL, No. 1. Every Monday, 8 p.m., Temperance Hall, Brock St. JNO. DUNLOP, Sec., 198 Muter St. WEST END CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY. Sunday Afternoons, Occident Hall. Five-cent concert every Saturday evening. A. FRALEY, Pres. F. J. FRAMPTON, Sec., 153 St. Patrick St. 120 Queen St., Parkdale. PATTERSON PLACE TEMPERANCE ASSOCIATION. Sydenham St. Mission Hall, Ft of Regent St. Concerts every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Silver Collection. Mrs. M. A. Brock, Sec., 9 Patterson Place. W. C. T. UNIONS. "CENTRAL" UNION. Monday Afternoon, Shaftesbury Hall. Mrs. McFARLANE, Sec., 41 Wood St. TORONTO Y. W. C. T. U. 1st and 3rd Wednesdays, 4 p.m. Shaftesbury Hall. Miss TILLEY, Pres., 78 John St. Miss SCOTT, Cor. Sec., 755 Yonge St. BEDDING OF ALL KINDS. MANUFACTURED AND RENOVATED BY STEAM. Mattresses, Pillows and Cushions made to order. Spring Beds of every description on hand. H. J. SMITH, 876 Queen St. W. Dry Goods. —GO TO— THE PEOPLE'S STORE 622 Queen St. W., Cor. Muter, —FOR— Cheap Blankets, Cheap Comforters, Cheap Dress Goods, Cheap Shirts and Drawers, Cheap Millinery, Table Linens, Flannels and Blankets. DAVID MILLAR.

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nor corsets have ever been manufac-
tured in Japan. They make nothing
there to get tight on.

A LITTLE child of seven or eight
said when the Bible speaks of "chil-
dren's children" it must mean dolls.—
Woman's Journal.

"Don't I wish I was a senator, ma?"
"Why, Johnny?" "Because when
senators want a Texas, all they have to
do is to vote for it."

"Do you rectify mistakes here?"
asked a gentleman as he stepped into
a drug store. "Yes, sir, we do, if the
patient is still alive," replied the ur-
bane clerk.

TAKING A REST. "I say, Dumbly,"
remarked Featherly, "you look tired
and worn out. Why don't you take a
vacation?"

"I've just got back from one," re-
plied Dumbly, wearily.
"That is a rather shabby pair of
trousers you have on for a man of your
position." "Yes, sir, but clothes don't
yet make the man. What if my trous-
ers are shabby and worn? They cover
a warm heart, sir."

Nervous old lady (on fifth floor of
hotel)—"Do you know what precau-
tions the proprietor of the hotel has
taken against fire?" *Partner*— "Yes,
mum; he has the place insured for
twice wot it's worth."

"You must come and see me, my
dear," said a lady to a little girl of
her acquaintance. "Do you know
my number?" "Oh, yes, ma'am,"
responded the innocent child. "Papa
says you always live at sixes and
sevens."

"What is that big thing full of
holes?" "Locomotive boiler," said
Tom. Laura looked thoughtful. After
a moment's silence she asked, "Why
do they boil locomotives?" Tom look-
ing amazed: "To make them tender,"
he said slowly.

Jack: "Ethel, I am ashamed of
you, I saw that Frenchman in the
conservatory kissing you repeatedly.
Why didn't you tell him to stop?"
Ethel: "I couldn't, Jack." Jack:
"You couldn't? Why not? Ethel
"I can't speak French."—*Judge.*

Ontario Good Templar Notes.
THE office of the Grand Secretary of
the Grand Lodge of Canada has been es-
tablished at No. 1 Rebecca street, corner
James street, Hamilton. The location is
central and easily found, being on one of
the main thoroughfares of the city.


The Executive Committee has separated
the County of Grey from District No. 25,
and set it apart as District No. 26, Dis-
trict No. 25 will consist of Bruce only.
The full addresses of each District S. of
J. T. must be sent to the G.S. of J. T. for
commission, as they are not authorized to
act without.

Permission has been granted by the G.
C. T. to Coldwater Lodge No. 142 to ap-
peal to the lodges in this jurisdiction for
assistance to re-build its hall, destroyed
by fire a couple of weeks ago.

The full charter fee for all lodges organ-
ized must be forwarded to the Grand Sec-
retary's office along with the organization
return, no matter where or by whom the
work is done. The Grand Secretary will
then send a cheque for the proper fee due.

The password for the November quar-
terly will be issued in time to reach lodge
deputies before the first day of the quar-
ter. Should any lodge deputy entitled to
it fail to receive it by that date, he is re-
quested to notify the Grand Secretary
immediately.

BOYS' CLOTHING



Parents having an eye to business and
desirous of getting the worth of their
money, will find it to their interest to make
their purchases at our stores.

Notwithstanding the strong language used
by some of the "LITTLE FELLOWS" and
their noisy efforts to attract attention, heads
of families will find that they can save
money by making their purchases at the
Old Reliable.

NOTE THE ADDRESS.

PETLEY & PETLEY
128 to 132 King Street East, Toronto.

THE RED BOOT AND SHOE STORE
311 YONGE STREET
Go to the Red Boot and Shoe Store where you will get Solid Leather
Boots and Shoes, Girls', Boys', and Children's School
Boots Cheap for Cash.

Best Hand-sewed Custom Work of the Latest Styles— Best Material and
Workmanship Guaranteed. A Select Stock of Sale Work on hand. Also
Custom Hand-sewed Boots and Shoes on hand selling at Greatly Reduced
Prices. Note the address V. COZENS, 311 YONGE STREET, opposite the
North-west corner of Agnes Street.

CARPETS
W. BEATTY & SON,

Have opened out their Spring Importations, which are larger than those of any
former season.

Axminster, Wilton, Velvet and Brussels Carpets in great variety;
Tapestry, Wool and Union Carpets.
Oilcloths and Linoleums in 24, 12 and 6 feet widths.
Art Squares, in Velvet, Tapestry, All-Wool and Union. All size
Church Carpets in all cloths and at extra low figures. Ministers given best whole-
sale prices.

The Carpet Department is complete in every line. Turcoman, Silk, Matras Lace
and all kinds of Curtains and Curtain Materials.
Sole Agents for the Gold Medal and New York Carpet Sweeper.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
WM. BEATTY & SON, 3 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

J. Pittman & Co.
**THE LADIES' TAILORS
OF CANADA**

Have now on Exhibition the Largest, Choicest and Cheapest Stock
of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Mantles, Mantle Materials and
Trimmings, ever imported into Canada. Ladies cordially invited
to inspect our enormous collection. All garments made to
order we guarantee a perfect fit or no sale. Mail orders
receive prompt and careful attention. Estimates,
samples and self-measurement cards sent on
application.

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US

Mantle and Mourning Goods Warehouse, 218 Yonge Street
and 488 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

They Have Arrived: The 3 Bankrupt Stocks in Question,
Amounting to \$59,000.

Which we advertise this week throughout the city in our 4-sheet circular, have ar-
rived and opened up, and ready for sale on Monday. The bargains that will be offered
next week will equal anything ever known in the history of bargains. As stated in our
circular, the contents of these stocks comprise all the most desirable Goods for Fall and
Winter wear, and are bound to create a commotion in this community, such as never be-
fore heard of, as the goods will be sold at ridiculously low prices.

LADIES, READ THIS CAREFULLY. The largest offering of All Wool French
Dress Goods ever known in the Queen City will be shown to the public on Monday. 1365
pieces All Wool French Dress Goods from 15c to 25c, worth double. 300 pieces 24 inches
wide Melton Suitings at 10c, worth 15c. All other Dress Goods as cheap in proportion.
215 pieces All Wool Black French Dress Goods from 7c to 37c, being nearly 50% off price.
Ask to see our 48 inch All Wool Black French (cashmere at 90c, now reduced to 60c. All
other Mourning Goods equally as cheap. 190 pieces of Mantle Cloths and Ulsterings in
all the latest novelties in Sealottes, Black Persian Lambs, Grey Persian Lambs, French
Curle, White Naps, Colored Naps, Ottoman Curle, Scotch Ulsterings, Hanneckburns, etc.

Don't forget the bargains that will be offered in our Basement. 800 pairs White All-
Wool Blankets. 200 Pairs Grey Blankets. 700 Heavy Tackel Comforters. 400 White
and Colored Quilts, all of which will be sold at less than manufacturer's prices. **FRAD-
ON—375 pieces Heavy and Wide Grey Flannels from 12 1/2c.** TAKE NOTICE—That this
Gigantic Sale will commence on Monday morning at 10 o'clock sharp, when the grand
struggle will commence.

Come one, come all, and secure some of the many bargains that will be offered during
the whole week.

F. X. Cousineau & Co.,
7 and 9 King Street East.
The Bon Marche Bankrupt Stock Importers.

Painters
DECORATORS
704
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WYFIELD, 681
Foot and Shoe Maker,
YONGE STREET.
Gents' Boots and Shoes made
to order

GLEN & HUFFMAN
Practical Plumbers, Steam and Hot
Water Engineers.
Telephone 1389. 120 YORK STREET

10 cents or three for 25 cents,
AUTOMATIC PENCILS.
Etc. & 20 Wax Dolls worth 25c. & 30c.
MOGGRIDGES - 364 YONGE ST.

TELEPHONE 1411.
V. P. HUMPHREY,
Undertaker,
309 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.
Open Day and Night.

Dressmakers' Magic Scale.
The latest improved TAILOR SYSTEM.
The only one entire in one piece. For cutting
all kinds of Dresses and Mantles for Ladies and
Children. None genuine without the name of
inventor—WILL C. HOOD.
Tracing Wheels, Tape Measure, Measure
Books, etc. Also an assortment of Portable
and Adjustable Wire Dress Stands.
GENERAL AGENT—Miss E. CHUBB, 179 King W.
Agents wanted all over Canada. 641

Go to **H. ABEL & CO.,**
432 YONGE STREET,
FOR FINE TAILORING

A Fine and Select Stock of English, Scotch and
Ireland Goods. Prices reasonable. First-
class ship. Perfect fit guaranteed.

432 YONGE ST.
(Near Yonge Street Ave.)

"The Temperance Era"
A Chapter of what Intemperance has done
for the Classes, and the Progress Temper-
ance is making. Referring Periodically to
Incidents in Life which the Author has
Personally Seen.

By **E. E. BEDDOE,**
Never Failing Lodge, I.O.G.T., Toronto
Introductory Address by Major Howland
Will be ready about end of September.
Price, 30 Cents.

Laundries.
STAR LAUNDRY.
- 23 - Three Doors
West of
Adelaide St. W. Grand Opera.
F. H. HOPLAND, Proprietor.

IMPORTANT TO RESIDENTS OF THE WEST END
The Dominion Steam Laundry
115 QUEEN STREET WEST
(Dominion Bank Block)
Fine Work. Moderate Prices. Your Pat-
ronage Solicited.

THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY.
43 ELM STREET, TORONTO.
All kinds of work well and promptly done.
BRANCH OFFICE—688 YONGE STREET
H. D. PALSER, Prop'r.
Parcels sent for and delivered to any part
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Teas and Coffees.
With an experience in various countries ex-
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TEA AND COFFEE TRADE
We are fully conversant with the quality and
value and only offer Tea of the finest kind and
also the best quality Coffees at the lowest possible
prices. We give the best possible value, and
we guarantee it.

JOHN DELANEY,
123 Dundas Street, Toronto.

We would solicit all members of the Temper-
ance cause in our locality to give us a
call and see our EXCELLENT
SAMPLES of

TEAS AND COFFEES.

Taylor, Watt & Co.,
840 QUEEN ST. W., TORONTO
Our Prices are also posted.