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THE CAMP FIRE.

A Monthly Record and Advocate of the Temperance Reform.

VOL. III. No. 3.

TORONTO, ONT., SEPTEMBER, 1896.

25 CENTS PER YEAR.

SPIRITS IN MEDICINE.

THE USE OF ALCOHOL AS A REMEDY IS RAPIDLY FALLING INTO DISFAVOR.

Thoughtful observers recognize that alcohol as a medicine is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Ten years ago leading medical men and text books spoke of stimulants as essentials in many diseases, and defended their use with warmth and positiveness. To-day this is changed. Medical men seldom refer to spirits as remedies, and when they do, express great conservatism and caution. The text book shows the same changes, although some dogmatic authors refuse to recognize the change of practice, and still cling to the idea of the food value of spirits.

Druggists who supply spirits to the profession recognize a tremendous dropping off in the demand. A distiller, who, ten years ago, sold many thousand gallons of choice whiskies almost exclusively to medical men, has lost his trade altogether and gone out of business. Wine men, too, recognize this change, and are making every effort to have wine used in the place of spirits in the sick room. Proprietary medicine dealers are putting all sorts of compounds of wine with iron, bark, etc., on the market with the same idea. It is doubtful if any of these will be able to secure any permanent place in therapeutics.

The fact is, alcohol is passing out of practical therapeutics because its real action is becoming known. Facts are accumulating in the laboratory, in the gymnasium, at the bed-side and in the use of experimental psychologists, which show that alcohol is a depressant and a narcotic; that it cannot build up tissue, but always acts as a degenerative power, and that its apparent effects of raising the heart's action and quickening functional activities are misleading and erroneous.

French and German specialists have denounced spirits both as a beverage and a medicine, and shown by actual demonstration that alcohol is a poison and a depressant, and that any therapeutic action it is assumed to have is open to question.

All this is not the result of agitation and wild condemnation by persons who feel deeply the sad consequences of the abuse of spirits. It is simply the outcome of the gradual accumulation of facts that have been proved within the observation of every thoughtful person. The exact or the approximate facts relating to alcohol can now be tested by instruments of precision. We can weigh and measure the effects, and it is not essential to theorize or speculate. We can test and prove with reasonable certainty what was before a matter of doubt.

Medical men who doubt the value of spirits are no more considered fanatics or extremists, but as leaders along new and wider lines of research. Alcohol in medicine, except as a narcotic and anæsthetic, is rapidly falling into disfavor and will soon be put aside and forgotten.

THE TETOTAL ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC.

In the northern part of the Sea of Japan, some forty miles distant from the large island of Ego, lies a tiny island called Okushri. Its soil is fertile, but the chief pursuit of the people is fishing. Every spring, says the *Japan Mail*, great shoals of herring approach the coast, and the fish are easily captured. Living thus with ease and plenty, the people might thus be expected to develop qualities usually incidental to such circumstances, and they appear to have fallen pretty freely into the vice of drunkenness.

In 1885, there were some 200 souls in the island. They possessed only four food pots. They lived in houses thatched with coarse grass; they had scarcely any roads and they could only hunt a single deer. Yet they consumed annually \$600 worth of *saki*, in

addition to *sachau* and other strong drinks. In the face of this reckless outlay for liquor, the people often suffered severely from hunger and cold during the winter, the price of rice ranging very high in the winter months, and dwelling-houses ill-adapted to exclude the inclement atmosphere. These circumstances induced some bold men amongst them to openly denounce the excessive use of alcoholic beverages as the cause of all the people's suffering, and to preach the necessity of applying to useful purposes the funds thus squandered.

The crusade provoked violent opposition, but in 1886 the inhabitants were induced to enter into an agreement by which the 117 inhabitants pledged themselves to abandon wholly the sale, purchase, and use of alcoholic beverages. The consequence of this covenant was very marked. It was rigorously observed. Even Government officials, whatever their rank, had to give up drinking *saki* when they visited the island, and, as a matter of course, every dramster who could not reform was compelled to take his departure. Order thenceforth reigned completely, and prosperity came with rapid strides. The population increased five-fold in five years, and the capital invested in the fishing industry ten-fold. Reed thatches were replaced with shingle, four large granaries were kept full of rice, and, in addition each house had a store. Statistics also show a marked decrease of crime, and so famous did the success of the experiment become that a large community of settlers in the neighboring island of Ego pledged themselves to a covenant similar to Okushri, and with similar happy results.—*The Sketch*.

THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

I signed the pledge on Monday night, and on Tuesday morning commenced the battle with my enemy. Those who have experienced that fight know something about it. Those who never have, can form no idea of the terrible nature of this terrible struggle. Broken! broken—morally, physically, intellectually, spiritually broken. Twenty-five years of age, and not a friend on the face of the earth that loved me. And suffering! Oh, the horrible, horrible shivering; as if there was ice in the marrow, followed instantly by flushings of heat, as if every pore in the body was stinging with the puncture of a red-hot needle, and then whisperings of your name, "John! John!" You knew there was nothing there. I remember very well I went to the man I worked for. I said to him, "I signed the pledge last night." "I know you did." "I mean to keep it." "They all say that." "You don't believe I will, do you?" "No." It discouraged me. I went to my bench disheartened and discouraged. He had not been a total abstainer, therefore had no sympathy at all with the movement. I remember very well—I was a bookbinder, and I had in my hand the iron pin with which they screw up the hand-press. That began to move. It frightened me. I gripped it. Still it would move. I gripped it with both hands. I could feel it tearing the palm out of my hand, and I dropped it, and there it lay before me, a writhing, curling, slimy snake. I could hear the paper shavings rustle as the horrible thing twisted before me. If that had been a snake I should not have been afraid of it. What did I care for a snake? I would have stood and looked at that. No; I knew it was a straight bar of cold iron. And there were the green eyes, and the darting, forked tongue, as it writhed before me in all its slimy loathsomeness, and the horror seemed to fill me. My very hair seemed to stand on end, and I felt the skin lift from the scalp to the fingers. I said to myself, "I cannot fight this battle; I cannot fight this battle. I must give it up. I have got too heavy a load on me. I may as well

die in one way as the other. If I drink, I must die. If I fight, I must die. I'll give it up."

Just in the very moment of despair, a gentleman walked into the shop. "Good morning, Mr. Gough." "Good morning, Mr. Goodrich." You know me?" "Yes, Mr. Goodrich, the lawyer." "I saw you sign the pledge last night." "Did you? Well, I did it." "I was very glad to see you do it." "You say you were very glad to see me do it. Nobody is glad at anything I do." "Well," he said "did you see the young men follow your example?" "No, I did not see any. I didn't feel well. I didn't feel right." "Well, Mr. Gough, I have but a minute or two to spare, but I thought I would come in and say, keep up a brave heart. God bless you. My office is in the Exchange. Come in and see me. I would be very happy to make your acquaintance." He shook hands with me, and said "God bless you. Come in and see me when you can. Keep up a brave heart. Good-bye." He says, "Come and see me." Well, I will. He says, "I'll be glad to make your acquaintance." A pretty acquaintance for any decent man to make. He shall make it if he wants it. He says, "Keep a brave heart." Well, I will, I will; and I fought it six days and six nights, suffering torments unutterable,—fought it with horrible things creeping over me, fought it in the dark,—fought it alone, without one particle of food passing my lips. I fought it without one wink of healthy sleep,—fought it until I stood in the sunlight, so weak and so weary, so exhausted, but exultant in the victory—victory over the damning influence of drink.

Ah, yes, that man's kind words stirred me up. I had the privilege of purchasing and placing into his lips, on his death-bed, hot-house grapes and other luxuries that were cooling and comfortable to him in his last hours. He laid his hand on me and blessed me. He helped me just by a few words, and such laying on of hands is wonderfully blessed.

There is where you can work; you can work by your influence, but it must be by your example as well, so that you can say to these men, "Come with me;" not "Go as I direct," but, "Come with me," and there is a mighty power in that word "come."—*John B. Gough*.

DIABOLISM.

The awful inhumanity of the saloon is sometimes shown with fearful clearness by a single act. Such an incident was related the other day by a friend who is connected with a rescue mission in the slums of a great city. In connection with this mission a lodging-house is conducted, so that men who are striving after the better life need not return to their old haunts of sin. Upon most of these men rum has a terrific grip, and their safety lies largely in keeping out of temptation's way. When the saloon-keepers discovered that some of their best customers were being lifted out of the old life by the mission, they devised a diabolical plan to pull them down again. They hired men to profess a desire for reformation and to secure quarters in the mission lodging-house. These men carried with them quantities of liquor, provided by their masters, and during the night they offered it freely to their reformed companions, well knowing the power the old appetite had upon them. The result, as anticipated by the saloon-keepers, was that some were again in the thralldom of the drink monster. It is almost inconceivable that men could resort to such inhuman means to fasten the devil's chains upon a fellow-being; yet after all, we must remember that the life of the saloon necessitates the death of men.—*Golden Rule*.

W.C.T.U. WORK.

The September number of the *Woman's Journal* published by Miss Mary McKay Scott at Ottawa, has been received. This bright little paper is the Organ of the Canadian W.C.T.U. and is always full of interesting and important news. We note with pleasure its bright and prosperous appearance. It ought to have an immense circulation not only among white ribboners but also among all classes of temperance workers throughout the Dominion.

Among the important announcements in the September issue are those of the Annual Convention of the Ontario Provincial Union to be held at Pembroke commencing on October 27th, the Annual Meeting of the Quebec Provincial Union to be held at Knowlton commencing on September 29th, and the Annual Meeting of the Dominion Union beginning on November 6th in the City of Toronto.

Miss Agnes Slack, Derbyshire, Eng. Secretary of the World's W.C.T.U. is announced to assist at both the Ontario and Dominion Meetings. Her presence will be an inspiration to the rallied workers.

The many earnest Canadian ladies who take part in this great white ribbon work are however, themselves enough to make these annual gatherings deeply interesting and very useful. The approaching sessions will be of special importance in view of the great prohibition campaign opening up before us in the plebiscite about to be begun. Plans for work in that campaign will no doubt receive much attention from the ladies during their Convention and from their wise and careful consideration much good is certain to result.

A COMING EVENT.

The Call for the 23rd Annual Convention of the United States National W.C.T.U. has been issued. The meeting will commence in the Music Hall, St. Louis, November 13th. The announcement says: Among the distinguished guests from abroad whom we are hoping to meet are Lady Henry Somerset, Vice-President of the World's W.C.T.U.; Miss Agnes E. Slack, Secretary of the World's W.C.T.U.; Countess Schimmelmänn, of Norway; Mrs. A. O. Rutherford, President of the Dominion W.C.T.U., and Mrs. Hughes a gifted Welsh woman whose literary name is Gwyneth Vaughn. Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker, a Commander of the Salvation Army in America, and Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, who occupies the same position in the newer organization of American Volunteers, Mrs. Herant Kiretchjian, Miss Clara Barton, General Secretary of the Armenian Relief Association, Mrs. Lenora M. Lake, of the Catholic Total Abstinence Society, Miss Mary Blood, of the Columbian School of Oratory, Mrs. Emily M. Bishop, and many others from our own land are already under promise to be with us. Invitations will be sent to leading clergymen, reformers, presidents of societies, and so far as possible, to others engaged in reform work. It is aimed to make this one of the most representative gatherings we have had for years.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

The State of Georgia is having a prohibition campaign. The liquor traffic is now prohibited in 105 counties under local option legislation. Agitation is going on for the enactment of a measure known as the Bush Law, which proposes to abolish all bar rooms and to establish dispensaries under the direction of the Government for the supply of liquor for permitted purposes, such liquor selling to be at prices covering only the expenses of the business so as to leave no surplus of profit. The liquor traffic will no doubt fight the measure very hard.

The Camp Fire.

A. MONTHLY JOURNAL
OF TEMPERANCE PROGRESS.

SPECIALLY DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
THE PROHIBITION CAUSE.

Edited by F. S. SPENCE

ADDRESS - - TORONTO, ONT.

Subscription, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a Year.

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

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

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

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1896.

Do not hesitate to take this paper from the Post Office. If you have not paid for it in advance, some one else has done so for you, or it is sent you free.

THE PLEBISCITE.

It is not necessary to call attention to the vast importance to the prohibition movement of the announcement just made by the Dominion Government. A crisis of intense interest and importance has been reached in the history of our cause. Within a few months the people of this country will be face to face with the direct question of the Dominion Parliament, "Are you in favor of prohibition?" Behind that question will be the pledge to enact prohibitory legislation if an affirmative reply should be given. The whole matter is now in our own hands.

It is not necessary at this time to discuss the desirability or undesirability of a plebiscite. We have simply to face the most momentous responsibility that has yet to come to us in our work for the legal suppression of the liquor traffic. We cannot afford to lose a moment, an effort, a thought or a dollar upon any side issues or inconsequential details. The future of our cause for many years depends upon this response which the electorate will give the governmental interrogation. We must see to it that the people give a right response. The sentiment of our country is overwhelmingly in favour of prohibition. It is our duty to see that the electorate is stirred to give full expression to that sentiment. The value of the expression will depend upon its force. The magnitude of the majority to be recorded in favour of prohibition will be the measure of the power we shall have to compel speedy, thorough-going, effective legislation. It would be unfair to our cause to leave unpolled a single prohibition vote.

THE PARLIAMENTARY BAR

One of the most encouraging evidences of the growth of prohibition sentiment and the influence exercised in the recent election by prohibition workers, is to be found in the prompt action of our legislators at Ottawa in reference to the House of Commons bar.

Men who meet to plan for the promotion of our countries welfare ought

not for a moment to encourage in any form an institution that is our country's cruellest curse. A bar for the sale of liquor should have no more place within the precincts of Parliament, than any other of the degrading and demoralizing institutions with which the Christian sentiment of this community is at war.

We hail this action on the part of the House of Commons as a sign of the times. We sincerely hope that the Senate in response to Hon. Mr. Vidal's challenge, will show itself also regardful of constituency, public interest and morality. The complete dislodgement of the liquor traffic from a position which it has long held to our country's discredit, will indeed be an evidence of progress for which we shall have a right to be profoundly grateful.

THE COMING CONTEST.

Preparations are being already made for the great campaign. The duty of the hour is thorough organization. Little will probably be done in the way of active campaign canvassing until the plebiscite bill is passed. Meantime the different detachments of our army of workers must be recruited, drilled, and assigned to their respective positions. The hand to hand fight is not upon us, but the duty of preparation is pressing us now. Every Prohibition Club that can be formed, every Temperance Society that can be organized, every total abstinence pledge that can be secured, every temperance Sunday School lesson, every temperance sermon, every temperance tract, every temperance meeting, will be a factor in the fray. Every worker however humble, may help to win a glorious victory.

Instructions and advice regarding methods of work will shortly be published. They will suggest careful thought our plans of action. No one, however, should wait a moment before doing his whole immediate duty. We look for a campaign of agitation and education such as our country has never before experienced, and such as will result in a magnificent victory that will place us in our warfare against the liquor traffic far in advance of any position which we have hitherto occupied.

THE TORONTO EXHIBITION.

The Exhibition which has just been closed in the City of Toronto, was a great Temperance lesson. It was characterized throughout by order, decorum, safety and respectability. In days gone by this same institution has been disgraced by liquor selling which this year was happily conspicuous by its entire absence. No signs of liquor selling were anywhere to be seen. The results were manifest in the sobriety of the many thousands which thronged the grounds. Too much credit cannot be given to the Exhibition authorities and the officers of the law whose firm position brought about this desirable result, giving to the world a splendid example of the remarkable beneficiary results of well enforced prohibitory legislation.

Ripans Tabules.

Ripans Tabules cure nausea.
Ripans Tabules: at druggists.
Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.
Ripans Tabules cure headache.
Ripans Tabules cure dyspepsia.
Ripans Tabules cure flatulence.
Ripans Tabules assist digestion.
Ripans Tabules cure bad breath.
Ripans Tabules cure biliousness.
Ripans Tabules: one gives relief.
Ripans Tabules gentle cathartic.
Ripans Tabules cure indigestion.
Ripans Tabules cure torpid liver.
Ripans Tabules cure constipation.

A PLEBISCITE PROMISED.

SPEECH OF THE PREMIER OF THE DOMINION.

Much importance attaches to the statement made by Hon. Mr. Laurier at the City of Ottawa on the 3rd inst., in reference to the proposed action of the Dominion Government in relation to the prohibition question. In order that our readers may know exactly what was said, we reproduce the First Minister's speech in full. It was as follows:—

I fully recognize the great importance of the meeting, and the delegation which I see before me, and of the object they have in view. I fully agree with every word spoken by Mr. Vidal and Mrs. Alexander as well, when they said that the cause of temperance was, perhaps, the greatest and most important in all civilized communities at the present time. (Cheers.)

I am glad to say, though perhaps you have not yet reached the point you are aiming at, that I can bear my testimony to the fact that the cause of temperance has made immense progress in the last twenty or twenty-five years. As a gratifying evidence I may tell you that as leader of the Opposition I have held no less than three hundred meetings in all parts of Canada, and I am here to bear witness that in all these meetings, with the exception of three, I never saw a man under the influence of liquor. (Cheers.)

Such a thing was impossible thirty or perhaps fifteen years ago. Let us hope that the leader of the Opposition twenty-five years hence will be able to bear the same testimony without making even three exceptions.

But what is temperance? We are here as practical men. You hold that it is absolute abstinence. Many people believe that temperance is moderation, and this we cannot forget. When the Liberal convention met here in 1893, having to deal, as we thought we had to deal, with the interests of our common country, we thought to have the opinion of the people properly tested so as to ascertain what the feeling of the country was, whether it should mean absolute abstinence, as you think, or moderation, as others think.

We thought the taking of a plebiscite the best way, and we decided to divest it of every other question which might more or less bias the judgment of the people. We thought it better to go even further than Sir Oliver Mowat's government went when it took a plebiscite in connection with municipal elections. We wished the question divested of every other consideration, so that we might have the judgment of the people on this question itself.

There are other views. The people of Canada are not a unit on the question of abstinence or moderation, and there are also local interests. Take the Province of Quebec, which has had a prohibitory law which dates back from 1804. Previous to Confederation, Municipal Councils were empowered, and are still empowered, to enact such prohibitory by-laws with the municipalities. There is no need to appeal to the people, but the Council itself has the right to enact a prohibitory law, and in some sections of the Province this power has been largely exercised. In the counties of Lotbiniere, Drummond, Arthabaska, Portneuf and Megantic, the sale of liquor under the sanction of law is almost unknown. In Arthabaska, out of eighteen municipalities, there has not been a drop of liquor sold under the law, or a single license issued, except in two. In Megantic, out of fourteen municipalities, my impression is that the same thing is true, except in one municipality. In Lotbiniere there is not a single license, and the same is true of Portneuf. (Cheers.)

It remains to be seen whether the people there are in favour of a change, and the plebiscite will show that. The plebiscite is part of the Liberal programme adopted at the convention of 1893. Our policy has been before the people who have pronounced upon it. It now becomes our duty to carry out our programme, and I say frankly it is our intention to do so. (Cheers.)

As to the time when it should be done, my answer is this:—It is the intention of the Liberal party to carry out to the letter every article of its programme, within the very shortest possible limit. There is no intention to delay. On the contrary, speaking even politically, it is perhaps the best policy of all to deal with the question

within the shortest time. It is not our intention this session, but I have every hope that next session, and not later, we shall introduce the legislation promised. (Loud cheers.)

This is a question in which the women are, perhaps more than the men, interested. Mrs. Alexander has not the right of suffrage, but all will admit that she could not influence the government of her country more if she had a vote than she can do simply speaking. (Cheers.)

ANOTHER STEP.

THE OTTAWA MEETING AND ITS RESULTS.

The deputation appointed to wait upon the Dominion Government carried out its instructions at Ottawa on the 3rd inst. There was a big gathering of representative prohibitionists in the Railway Committee Room of the House of Commons at half-past nine a.m., among those present being many members of Parliament.

Hon. A. Vidal, President of the Dominion Alliance, was elected chairman of the deputation; Dr. J. J. MacLaron, Q.C., President of the Ontario Alliance, Mr. J. R. Dougall, President of the Quebec Alliance, and Mrs. Alexander of the Ottawa W.C.T.U., were appointed to speak for their companions.

Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, and Hon. Sydney Fisher, represented the Dominion Government.

Hon. Mr. Vidal introduced the prohibition speakers, all of whom were brief, pointed and effective in their addresses. Hon. Mr. Laurier replied, expressing his deep sympathy with the work of temperance reform, and his appreciation of the results that had been achieved. He went on to state that the taking of a plebiscite on the question of prohibition was a part of the Liberal programme. It was the duty of the government to carry out that programme, and it was their intention so to do. He hoped that legislation in this direction would be introduced at the next session of Parliament.

Mr. Fisher and Sir Oliver Mowat also spoke impressively, and were very cordially received.

After the members of the Government had retired, the following resolution, moved by Mr. Walter Paul of Montreal, and seconded by Mr. S. J. Carter, was unanimously adopted:—

"That this meeting having heard the statement of the Hon. Mr. Laurier, Premier of the Dominion, desires to express its satisfaction with his promise and calls upon temperance workers everywhere to get ready to give all the help possible, that when a plebiscite is taken, the temperance vote shall be successful."

PARLIAMENTARY ACTION.

The Legislation Committee of the Dominion Alliance met in the Tower Room of the Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, shortly after the interview with the Dominion Government on September 3rd. Between thirty and forty members of Parliament were present, besides the officers of the Dominion Alliance and other members of the committee. Hon. A. Vidal, presided, and Mr. J. H. Carson acted as secretary.

The chairman announced that the House Committee of Parliament had resolved upon the abolition of the bar in the basement. A resolution was adopted asking the Senate to take similar action.

The resolution adopted by the deputation after hearing the Government's statement regarding the plebiscite was submitted to the meeting. After some discussion the following was adopted by a unanimous vote.

"Whereas, it is the government's declared intention to introduce legislation at the next session of parliament for taking a plebiscite on prohibition, we are therefore of the opinion that it would be undesirable to introduce any resolution at this session on the question."

A PROSPEROUS CURSE.

The London *Daily Telegram* states that the past year has been an exceptionally prosperous one for brewers. The number of barrels of malt liquor on which duty was paid was 14,456,501, an increase of over a million barrels compared with the previous year. The statement is made that there is a marked increase in export trade to Egypt, South Africa and Australia.

Selections.

My native land! amid thy cabin homes,
Amid thy palaces, a demon roams;
Frenzied with rage, yet subtle in his
wrath,
He crushes thousands in his fiery path;
Stalks through our cities unabashed,
and throws
Into the cup of sorrow bitter woes;
Gives to the pangs of grief an added
smart,
With keenest anguish wrings the
breaking heart;
Drags the proud spirit from its envied
height,
And breathes on fondest hopes a kill-
ing blight;
Heralds the shroud, the coffin, and
the pall,
And the graves thicken where his
footsteps fall!

—Wm. H. Burleigh.

THE MEN WE NEED.

The world needs noble men and great
To shape with labor of the hand
And head the destiny of State,—
To lift to higher planes the land
And save the nation from the fate
Of kingdoms buried in the sand,
And bear aloft with joy elate
Their flag where peace and honor
stand.

The age needs heroes brave and just
To fight the battles of the time;
True heroes who shall put their trust
In God and grapple with the crime,
Which, like the serpent in the dust,
Leaves on its trail a poison slime;
Bold leaders who shall conquer lust
And stand on mountain heights
sublime.

The times need thinkers, whose great
thought
Shall blossom into speech and song,
So that the people may be taught
To love the right and hate the wrong;
For there are battles to be fought
With cunning foes, who would
prolong
The tyranny that always sought
The sway of sceptres, mean and
strong.

The school needs sages who can strike
Hard blows that echo round the
world;
Whose golden hammers drive the
spike
Where freedom's banners are un-
furled,
And every land the truth alike
As a bright crown shall wear imperaled
And gun and battle-axe and pike
Into oblivion shall be hurled.

The church needs kingly men to light
The race upon the road that leads
To altitudes of loftiest height;
Bright men of thought, brave men of
deeds,
Who'll stand up in the gallant fight
To wound, and heal the wounds that
bleed;
Whose souls outshine the stars of night
Whose hearts are holier than creeds.

—George W. Bungay.

SOLDIERS, INDEED.

Do you believe that our great cause is
noble,
Worthy an effort to make it succeed?
Rouse from your lethargy, sisters and
brothers,
Fight in the battle like soldiers
indeed.

Bravely go onward and join in the
struggle—
Forward! the enemy's taking the
field;
Meet ye his fiercest assaults without
flinching,
Led by our Captain, compel him to
yield.

Think not the fight will be over so
easy—
Ours is a cruel, implacable foe.
Should he defeat us, it meaneth, my
brethren,
Misery, wretchedness, poverty, woe.

Pestilence, famine, concomitant evils;
Death and disease, and rivers of gore.
Have courage, ye brave hearts, and
close with the demon;
Faint not, retreat not.—be true to the
core.

Then gird up your loins, dash into the
conflict,
Waving the banner of liberty high;
Nor giving, nor asking for quarter—
determined
To win in the battle, to conquer,
or die.

To arms, then, ye soldiers of true
reformation,
Nor give up the conflict till drinkdom
shall cease;
Till Christ be acknowledged as King of
our nation,
And reigneth for ever—the Prince of
our Peace.

—Alfred Morris, in *The Watchword*.

ONE WOMAN'S WAY.

"Please don't go down town to-night,
Tom," said Mrs. Burton, a sweet-faced
little woman, as she pinned a rose on
her husband's coat.

"I won't be gone long, dear, only a
few minutes," said he, as he looked
into the pleading face between his
large hands, which he hurriedly kissed.
"I promised to meet Jim Graham at
seven, but I'll be home early. Good-
bye." He smiled over his shoulder as
he started on a brisk walk to meet
his engagement.

"I might have stayed at home to-
night to please the dear girl," thought
he. "She don't ask for many favours
nowadays." Then his thoughts ran
back to her girlhood days. "What a
pretty girl she was, and a mighty
lucky fellow I was to win her!" he
mused, as he threw back his head and
stepped like a king.

Then his mind centred on his boy,
the sturdy little fellow, who lay all
pink and white in the crib at home;
he was on the point of retracing his
steps when he met Dick Herman, a
jovial hail-fellow-well-met sort of man,
who seemed to hold the leading strings
over many a manlier nature.

"Hallo, old fellow! You're just the
man I want to see. How are you?"
shaking his hand heartily and slapping
him on the shoulder in a familiar
manner.

Tom, who had been happy in the
thoughts of home, was annoyed to
have them thus rudely interrupted,
but Dick's jolly face and captivating
way soon made him forget the vision
of his wife and child.

The evil powers that be seem to lie
in wait and gently ply their art to draw
from the heart the better and nobler
impulses, and implant only selfish ones.
So Tom Burton stepped lightly along
with his friend, whose way often led to
Sam Thirsty's saloon.

It was one of those nice, respectable
saloons, large and roomy; everything
looked fresh and clean; the spray from
a miniature fountain danced and glist-
ened in the bright lights, and fell in
soft, tinkling cadence on the border of
graceful ferns at the foot. On the bar
stood a fine bouquet of roses, hanging
their heads a little as though they
were apologising, yet sending delicious
fragrance through the room; the
warm, cheerful look would hardly
suggest the secret, damning influence
to men's souls!

The doors swung open as the two men
entered.

"Oh! here's Tom and Dick. Hallo,
boys!" welcomed a familiar voice
from one of the small tables, around
which sat several men.

"Tom, Dick, and here's Harry, ha!
ha!" laughed one of the men. "That
takes in everybody; here, make room
for them. Here, boys!"

Then followed a general shuffling of
chairs to seat the new comers.

A convivial spirit soon rose, and
glasses were emptied and filled again
by the obliging young man in a snowy
apron, who jauntily picked his way
among the tables, as they began to fill
with the usual number of customers.

Cigars were lighted, and the room
was soon surging with song, jest, and
smoke.

The hour had pointed to eight, then
nine, then ten. Once through Tom
Burton's mind flashed the promise
made his lovely wife, and he rose to
go.

"Oh, come, Tom," coaxed the jovial
Dick; "don't go yet; it isn't late, sit
down, sit down." Tom hesitated, and
was lost. Dick clinched his request by
saying:

"Wait a few minutes and I'll go
home your way."

More beer was ordered, and Time
kept at his work of thieving the min-
utes into hours.

Mrs. Burton had stood with folded
hands and sad eyes as she watched her
great-hearted husband out of sight.

Turning round softly she went to
their cozy sitting-room and sat down
alone. It looked so desolate now. She
recalled how for weeks she had used
every effort to make it more attractive
to her husband, but she had failed, for
every evening after tea he began to be

restless, and would then find some
excuse to go down town.

She condemned herself for her
selfishness.

"I am sure he needs other recreation
after a hard day's work, besides coming
home to baby and me."

She sighed as she remembered how
happy he had been in his home, and
how much pleasure he once found in
her company.

The tears came to her eyes as she
stepped to the glass and looked at her-
self critically.

"Perhaps I'm growing old and ugly,"
she thought; but she saw only the
same blue eyes and fair cheeks that
Tom admired so much. "Oh, that
can't be," she sighed, "for he is so
tender and true," and her delicate lips
quivered as she gazed lovingly at a
miniature likeness of Tom, which stood
on the dresser.

Seating herself, the house seemed so
silent; the clock's ticking jarred on
her ears. Once she heard footsteps.
Jumping up and hastily brushing aside
a tear, she went to welcome her hus-
band. The footsteps died away, and
she sank back into her chair with a
heavy heart, only to doubt, and then
condemn herself for doubting.

The clock struck nine, then ten. For
a half hour she sat almost rigid. A
thought seemed to flash upon her mind,
her eyes brightened with a look of
desperation, her colourless lips tight-
ened, the flush had left her cheeks. She
rose, then sat down again, saying, "I
can't do it." Her courage rose again.

"If it's best for Tom, it's best for me,"
she panted. Clutching her hands until
the nails left prints in her palms, she
rose resolutely and dressed with un-
usual care, donning a gown and bonnet
given her by her husband. She even
pinned a bit of bright ribbon at her
throat to relieve her paleness. After
a satisfactory survey of her toilet she
slipped into the nursery to look at
baby, but refrained from kissing him
lest he waken, and her courage fail
her. Softly she slipped from the house
and hastened towards Sam Thirsty's
saloon. Once at the door her heart
beat wildly; clasping her hands over
her heart she looked to heaven for
strength. "Help me, O Father!" she
breathed. A moment, she halted, then
a strange composure came over her.

She opened the door and walked in,
with a very white face, but a brave
smile.

She knew just where her husband
sat, but refrained from looking that
way.

It was sometime before her presence
was discovered. She walked quietly
down the aisle and seated herself at
one of the tables, composedly drawing
off her neatly fitting gloves.

The look of surprise on the faces of
those who first saw her soon became
contagious, and before many minutes
every customer felt a strange presence.

A hush fell upon the place. The
astonished customers could hardly
believe their eyes when the cultured,
refined Mrs. Tom Burton beckoned to
the polite young man and said in a
clear voice,

"Please bring me a glass of beer."
Something queer happened then.

One after another of the customers
slipped sneakily out and left only the
bewildered Tom and Mrs. Burton.

He tried to rise once, but found his
knees too weak. At last, summoning
all his gallantry, he walked to where
Mrs. Burton sat before her untasted
beer—laid down the change, raised his
hat, and offered his arm, which she
accepted. Together they walked out.

Neither spoke, for her heart throbbled
with wild forebodings, while remorse,
chagrin, and disgust warred in Tom's.

Once within their cosy home he seat-
ed her gently; her head fell wearily
back, showing a white, set face. The
next moment she would have fallen
heavily to the floor, save for her hus-
band's quick strong arms. He carried
the prostrate form of his wife to a
couch. The nervous strain had been
too great, and nature sought to redeem
herself. So for weeks Tom Burton
hardly ate or slept as he watched with
deep anxiety beside the wife, whose
precious life hung on a slender thread.

"My darling, forgive me! I've been
a brute to subject you to such a trial—
I, who ought to have protected you!
I've been blind; oh, Jennie! don't you
hear me?" he cried, in the bitterness
of his grief. "Through all these
months you have never reproved me.
You did all for me. Oh, forgive me,
dear! but she heard him not; she only
repeated in her unreasoning raving,
"I'm—so—lonely, I'm so lonely."

At last life came slowly back. The
sweet face was thin and pallid, but
there was no reproach in her eyes or

voice. Only loving, tender looks and
words.

They found it hard to speak of that
which had given them so much pain,
so the subject was not alluded to, but
both felt a new era in their lives had
begun.

One bright day, when Mrs. Burton
came to the table, the first time since
her illness, she was not a little surpris-
ed to find five burly men, Tom's boon
companions, about it.

She smiled them all a hearty wel-
come, and kept her own counsel.

There was silence for a moment,
when Tom began in a husky voice:

"Boys, when a man does a wrong
action publicly, it's his duty to confess
publicly."

Mrs. Burton looked appealingly at
him, but he gently interrupted:

"Let me go on, Jennie. I want to
get back my self-respect and the
respect of these friends." His voice
lowered.

"I need not tell you how I've done
wrong, you know too well—I want to
say I am ashamed of it—I always was.
I will say nothing of the wrong done
my dear ones, but, thank God"—fer-
vently, said Tom, with tears in his
eyes—"with His help, I will throw off
the power that would have destroyed
my soul and body. I want to commit
myself—I want it to be no secret—
from this day I mean to be a decent
man." Here he held up a pledge and
said, "I want to sign this in your
presence."

Before he had written his name,
Dick Herman jumped to his feet and
said earnestly:

"So do I."

"And so do I," responded John Burr.
Before many minutes every member
of the dinner party had signed the
pledge.

Dick Herman moved that it be en-
trusted to Mrs. Burton's keeping, who
accepted the sacred charge with glad
tears coursing down her pale cheeks.

Right-doing seems not to impair
digestion, for that dinner party was a
success!

Often after this these five men met
at Tom Burton's and brought their
wives.

Sam Thirsty wondered not a little
that they never came, and after num-
erous unsuccessful attempts to lure
them back, gave them up for lost.

Mrs. Burton archly alludes to the
experience of that night as "her spree,"
but her husband gravely says, "It
was for me well-nigh a Waterloo."
—Marie J. Hesse, in *the Union Signal*.

A SHARP REJOINER.

Some years ago Rev. E. Klumph,
now of Elm, Wayne County, Mich.,
while seated in a village store, accosted
a saloon-keeper with the remark:

"Come over to the church to-night
and hear me lecture on temperance."

The reply was: "I won't; you said
whiskey-bottlers were robbers."

"I didn't," replied Mr. Klumph.

"What did you say?"

"I said you were worse than a rob-
ber. I said you took my innocent
boy, and sent me home a maudlin fool.
I said you took an intelligent man,
and sent a lunatic to the asylum. I
said you took a respectable citizen, and
sent a criminal to prison. I said you
took a kind father, and sent a fiend to
throw his family into the street. I
said you took a loving husband, and
sent a demon to kick his wife. I said
you took the immortal soul, and sent
it to hell. I said you were worse than
a robber."

Sharp and yet terribly true.—*Nat.
Tem. Advocate*.

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD SIGN THE PLEDGE.

It will lead them to inquire what
ardent spirits, wine or beer drinking
does.

It will lead them to resolve that
theirs shall not be a drunkard's end.

It will give them a new and perma-
nent interest in the temperance cause.

It will preserve them most effectually
from the enticements of the wine cup.

It will prevent them from being
urged to drink by others.

It will make them good examples for
others.—*Indian Juvenile Templar*.

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enamel, in handsome colors, just what
you want. Price with screw back,
rolled gold rims, fifteen cents; without
rim or screw, ten cents. Postage
prepaid.

ELLA.

It was early evening, the farmer sat at rest.
The sun had disappeared within the golden west.
The housewife, ever busy, was folding away the clothes,
While the old dog on the doorstep lay in calm repose.

The old clock in the corner quietly pointed to eight.
The farmer and his wife both started -
Was that the click of the gate?
"We're not expecting company," we hear the good wife say.
"Wish I knew who it is an' if they're come to stay."

Up the walk slowly a child of summers four,
Who stopped in silent wonder beside the open door.
Then asked, "Is oo my drandpa, an is yis my drandpa's farm?"
'Cause moser said zat dranpa 'ould keep me safe from harm."

Could it be their darling would come back to them again,
After years of weary waiting, years of sorrow and of pain?
Were not those her eyes before them as they looked in days of old?
Were not those their darling's tresses, brown, mixed with gold?

"Who are you, little stranger?" said the good wife, coming near,
With a moisture in her eye that resembled much a tear.
"I's Ella, four years old," in a low and trembling tone.
"But where is your mother, child; why are you not at home?"

The housewife took up her apron to wipe away a tear,
Then sat down on the doorstep and bent her head to hear
The child's reply: "I has no moser now an' I has no home.
Moser's gon' to heaven an' I's left all alone.

But moser said one mornin' before she went away
'Zat she'd send me to dranpa's and p'raps he'd let me stay."
The farmer looked at his wife with eyes that were filled with tears.
And saw a look upon her face he had not seen for years.

A look of joy, such as the sun has given,
As it formed of the shining raindrops a bow in the cloudy heaven.
A look of peace as that which comes to those who weep
But for themselves when God giveth his beloved sleep.

"And your father, little maiden?" the good man said,
Almost hoping she would answer that he, too was dead.
"Papa?" and a shudder ran through the childish frame.
And the brown eyes filled with terror at the mention of the name.

"Papa, he drank beer and whiskey most every day;
He whipped me an' moser 'fore she went away.
Moser said I mus' go 'fore he got back;
'Zat Bill would take me to my Dranpa Pratt."

The farmer's wife was sobbing, thinking of the days of old
When another brown-eyed Ella was four years old.
Then, bending gently forward, drew the orphan to her heart,
And murmured that, God willing, they never more would part.

While Grandpa Pratt said, "Ella, you are not alone:
We are your mother's parents, and this shall be your home.
The God of love hath chosen that you, with your golden hair,
Shall fill the place of your mother in the hearts of the aged pair."

Years passed on wings of time; a maiden stands alone,
And bids adieu to the church-yard and the dear old country home.
She is going to the city, with its deeds of crime and mirk;
Going at the Master's bidding, to do the Master's work;

To comfort the lonely orphan, growing weary in the strife;
Give hope to the stricken parent, strengthen the weeping wife;

To young and old, the blind, the halt, the lame,
The cup of life to offer in the Master's name,
One night, in the lowest den, and vilest in the town,
Where there was nought to lift man up, and much to drag him down,
She found the one she sought for, too late, alas, to save,
But in time to call him father, point to life beyond the grave.
Then she closed the weary eyes, placed the thin hands on his breast,
Nor left him till she laid him in the church-yard with the rest.

Then came years of labor, pure, unselfish love,
A life as of an angel strayed from heaven above.
Till, at last, death claimed her, and she laid her armor down,
To hear, "Well done, good and faithful servant; receive thy crown."
—Cora B. Taylor, in the G. T. Budget.

MENA'S ANSWER.

Mena had a trouble on her mind, and she had taken it to the right place - she had prayed over it; and this story is to tell how the answer came. She didn't know it was part of it when, one spring day, Alice Burdick's mother gave her a package of flower seeds - sweet peas, morning glories, and other kinds, and besides a number of pansy roots, two or three lily, and half a dozen of gladiolus bulbs; but so it was. She lived in one of a row of poor little tenements down by the bridge on Cherry Creek, in Denver. They were built exactly alike, and each had its little front yard, with its bare ground beaten hard and baked in the sun. The families in them were much alike too, with frowzy, scolding women, ragged children, and rough men, who went away early in the morning, and came back late in the day, carrying little tin lunch pails. A good many of the men went to the saloon a block away, in the evening, and of late Mena's father had gone too. The little home was bare and comfortless, the feeble wife weary and peevish, and the baby fretful; and so the husband and father went where the rest did. Mena knew, for she was a sharp little thing and kept her eyes open, and she watched him as she carried the baby up and down the sidewalk for fresh air. She knew, too, how it was likely to end if he did not stop going there, and it made her heart sick with fear when she thought about it. She could not talk much with her mother for fear of making her worry, and so she had but one thing she could do. She had learned in the mission Sunday school where to take her troubles, and she had taken this one about her father there.

One evening her father came home from his work, and found her with a spade trying to make a little impression on the hard ground. "What are you doing, Liebchen?" he asked. "Oh, father, I do want so bad to get this ground dug up, but I can't it's so hard." "No wonder, with that little foot, and the spade as tall as yourself. What do you want to do?" "Look here," and she showed her treasures, and told them over. He looked thoughtfully at them a moment. "Ach! you must have some mignonette. I'll bring you some seed tomorrow." A whiff from Germany had come to him as he looked at the seeds; a memory of his mother's garden, gay and sweet all summer long with dear old-fashioned flowers, and with scent of mignonette blowing through the little quaint rooms of the cottage from the little box on the window sill. He took the spade and as he put his heavy boot upon it and pried up the stubborn soil he seemed to see his mother at the gate with tear-filled eyes saying, for a parting word:—"Hans, love God, be a good man." "Mena looks so like her," he thought, "and she is like her, too. Ach! the child must have her flowers." After supper he sat on the steps with the baby, watching Mena as she raked and smoothed the spaded up earth, chatting about where she would put the seeds. "I'll plant morning glories under the windows." "Yes, and around the steps." "Why, there's no porch," she said, wonderingly. "Wait and see," he replied, and after a moment said:—"I believe I could make something over the steps for vines to run over." "O father!" giving him and the baby both a hug. The next evening he brought a piece of scantling from the lumber yard near

by, and rigged up a rude porch. The evening following, Mena had a basketful of little wild cucumber vines, just pushing up two thick green leaves, which she had gone down the Platte to dig up; and between telling her where to put them and showing her how, her father hardly noticed that another evening slipped away. After that, on one excuse or another, Mena was always out in the front yard at the time when the rough men in the other houses were slipping out to the saloon. There was always some counsel wanted, some new development to show, for she began to understand, now, that this was the way God was answering her prayers. This was the time she took for watering the plants. Back and forth went the little pail with the busy feet to the ditch by the sidewalk - for Colorado flowers will not grow without watering - chatter, chatter went the tongue. How the things grew, as if they knew how much depended on them. And wasn't Mena a happy little girl when she could put her first bunch of pansies into her father's lunch pail; and didn't his eyes grow dim and his heart tender when he saw them? They seemed to say, just like his mother, "Hans, love God, be a good man." He vowed then, that he would never go to the saloon again. The very next Sunday, Mena never knew how she did it, but she said, "Please, father, won't you and mother go to church to-day?" And he said, "Ye-yes, if mother wants to." "Want to! Just as if she wasn't only too glad to go there with her husband! The preacher of the mission talked very simply and plainly. It seemed to Hans Meinhardt like an echo from his mother's words: "Hans, love God, be a good man." And he said in his heart, "God helping me, I will." And this was how the answer came. — *Sunday School Times.*

THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

The history of the inception and growth of the Independent Order of Good Templars is one of the most remarkable narratives that has ever been written of any reformatory organization. In a little over forty years it has planted itself around the globe and its ritual has been translated into eleven different languages.

It was born and cradled in Central New York in 1851 and soon spread through the States and Territories, thence through the Canadian provinces, then across the Atlantic into England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, thence across the North Sea into Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Germany, and out to the Islands of the sea and around the world, and to-day has about 400,000 adult and fully 200,000 juvenile members.

It is firmly grounded in nearly every civilized nation on the globe and has 85 Grand Lodges and about 12,000 subordinate Lodges. It has always been its aim, through moral, religious and philanthropic teachings and examples, to instill into the minds of men, women, and children the evils of the drink habit, and to point out to them the path of safety, total abstinence from anything that can intoxicate, and the absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors.

It has administered at its altar the life-long pledge of total abstinence to more than 8,000,000 of people, and more than 250,000 confirmed drinkers have been reformed to lives of absolute sobriety through its influence.

It made the origin of our great W. O. T. U. possible. In 1873 some of our Good Templar sisters went out from their lodge rooms and inaugurated the great Ohio crusade against the saloons, and from that band in 1874 sprang our sister organization, and we feel an unbounded pride in our offspring.

The spread of Good Templary on the other side of the sea with such strong odds against it has been truly marvelous. Our good Bro. Malins was its founder in England, and through his energies and influence it was planted in other countries.

In 1876 the commander of a Norwegian vessel was initiated as a Good Templar in England and was so much pleased with its workings that in 1877 he introduced the Order into his own country, by instituting a lodge at Porsgrund, having been commissioned by Bro. Malins, the Grand Chief Templar of England.

Although lodges had been previously formed among the English-speaking

people in France, Belgium, and Germany, the one at Porsgrund in Norway was really the nucleus around which others were formed.

It was a difficult task to get our ritualistic teachings instilled into the minds of the Norwegians, as the ritual then existed in English only and it was hard for them to change it to their tongue.

However, in 1878 they had 15 lodges, and a Grand Lodge was instituted.

The mania for Good Templary spread over Sweden with astonishing rapidity, and in August, 1880, Bro. Malins of England organized a Grand Lodge there. Subsequently one in another part of the country was instituted. In 1887 they were consolidated and our esteemed Brother, Hon. Lieut. Edward Wavrinsky, present member of Parliament, our Past Right Worthy Grand Counsellor, was elected Grand Chief Templar.

To-day that is the largest Grand Lodge in the world. There our Order has been the means of bringing into existence the "Blue Ribbon" society, 60,000 strong.

In 1880 the first lodge in Denmark was instituted, which led to the formation of a Grand Lodge in 1882.

From Denmark the glad tidings were sounded in Iceland; the Order also took root there and a Grand Lodge was instituted in 1886 in the Parliament Buildings, which were opened for the occasion.

Still its power continued to spread. Germany was aroused and instituted its first Lodge in 1877, and in 1881 it, too, boasted of the requisite number of lodges to form a Grand Lodge, which was instituted in that year as Grand Lodge of Germany I., in the Danish language, and in 1889 another as Grand Lodge of Germany II., in the German language.

Recently Switzerland has been vaccinated for Good Templary by our faithful International Supreme Lecturer, Sister Charlotte A. Gray, and in 1892 she instituted its first subordinate lodge in Zurich.

In May, 1894, the same good Sister with ten lodges organized a Grand Lodge in the German language, and our learned Brother, Prof. Dr. Forell, was elected Grand Chief Templar. With that Grand Lodge the International Supreme Lodge will hold its next biennial session in June, 1897, where we hope to be in attendance in strong force from this country.

This is only a preamole to the great history of our Order.

DR. D. H. MANN, R. W. G. T., in the N. Y. Advocate.

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