

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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THE WORK FOR THE COMING WINTER.

Temperance societies that would be of real practical value in the community, must remember the whole of the comprehensive work that it is their duty to perform. While making earnest efforts to reclaim the fallen, they must not ignore the even more important duty of seeking to prevent those who are still safe from ever going astray. Provision must be made for keeping both classes within the pale of good influences and beneficial associations. The whole battle is not fought in the simple enlistment of the soldiers. Recruiting agents are valuable auxiliaries sometimes but it is a great mistake, though not an uncommon one, to imagine that our duty is done when we have secured or patronized their temporary services.

It not unfrequently happens that the magnetism of a powerful speaker, the excitement of an unusual enthusiasm, or the influence of some uncommon event, adds to our ranks those who have really given little thought to the great principles that underlie our movement, or have not at all recognized and felt the terrible necessity for it that exists. We must endeavor continually to enlighten these, as well as to stimulate and strengthen those who from long and hard work are apt to grow weary and inactive. Even when all this has been accomplished we are only "ready to begin." The temperance reform to-day aims at nothing short of the abolition of intemperance and the suppression of its grand auxiliary, the

licensed liquor traffic. This result will not be accomplished until active and earnest efforts have developed that mighty public sentiment that alone is irresistible in the cause of moral reform. All our organizations then, should do all that they possibly can, not merely "to enlarge their borders," but also to build up, in their own membership, and in the surrounding community, an intelligent, enlightened and enthusiastic "public opinion," in reference to every principle and detail of our great enterprise.

We desire to call special attention to two of the most potent agencies for the prosecution of this work:—

PUBLIC LECTURES.—Every temperance organization in the land should hold a regular course of lectures during the winter season. When there are several societies, not individually strong, this might be managed by a joint committee. There is no need for much expense in connection with it. Nearly every place can furnish some one who is posted on some one line of argument or work, and who could use his knowledge in a number of surrounding places. There are numbers of competent men and women who would do such work for little more than their bare expenses. If formal lectures will not "take," let there be attractive entertainments gotten up, with short pointed temperance addresses as part of the programme. This country is full of ministers, and the vast majority of Canadian clergymen are sound to the core upon this question, and well able to present its claims to the public. Let us give them the opportunity to do so more particularly and to a fuller extent than can be done in their regular church services.

Then there are lecturers who devote their whole time and talents to this matter. A little effort on the part of a society can almost invariably secure visits from some of these without any of the financial annoyance that sometimes results from such arrangements. Competent parties who wish to take part in this department of work, either by delivering or arranging for lectures will be aided in their efforts by the Editor of THE CANADA CITIZEN if they will correspond with him for that purpose.

THE OTHER IMPORTANT AGENCY referred to is the dissemination of carefully prepared literature. We live in a reading age, and Canadians are a reading people. The "power of the press" is no mere rhetorical figure; it is expressive of one of the most potent of the social forces that are moulding the lives and opinions of the nation. We ought to cover the country with the best productions of the ablest pens that are consecrated to this holy work. The circulation of tracts, leaflets, books, papers, etc., all judiciously selected, cannot fail to do a vast amount of good. Here too, THE CANADA CITIZEN will aid, not merely by its own columns, but in supplying, at the very lowest possible prices, the very best material for a work in which every society can take some part. It was for the carrying out of this project that our company was first organized; for that purpose it still exists, and our advertising columns show what we are endeavoring to do towards the fulfilment of our plan.

Again we would urge upon our readers the duty of proving themselves cognizant of, and faithful to, the personal responsibility that rests upon all of us, in relation to the advancement of our cause

Selected Articles.

"TO BE OR NOT TO BE?"

"That is the question." Disguise it as we may, it is a constant factor in our every day existence. It comes to us in every possible phase, and is applicable to every recognized circumstance in life. To-day the civilized world, standing between the HOME, with all its sunshine and gladness on the one hand, and the SALOON, with its blackening shadows and terrible consequences, on the other, is repeating the question to the right and to the left. It is a fact as thoroughly grounded in the minds of men as the most

familiar axiom in the material world, that the two—the home and the saloon—cannot long exist together. Their respective interests are antagonistic. The success of the one is to overthrow the other. These are but assertions, but the truth of them has so often been demonstrated by the most indisputable argument that, like the first proposition, they are axiomatic to every thinking man. The home life makes men better; the saloon life, worse; the home life builds, maintains, and worships at, the altars of God, the saloon life destroys them and erects in their stead, and bows before, the shrine of Bacchus. The one perpetuates good government, the other rebels against, and destroys it; the one proclaims the Gospel of Peace, and the Universal Brotherhood of Man, the other proclaims the despotism of Rum, and the reign of terror; the one takes hold of God, the other is the embodiment of the spirit of hell itself.

Standing between the two, as a civilized people, we look into the home, threatened as it is with all the menacing influences of the saloon, and repeat the question, "To be or not to be?" and our hearts, throbbing as one heart, echo back the answer from every nook and corner of the nation, "TO BE!"

Repeating the question, with our eyes to the saloon, and in the broad sunlight of an advanced civilization, the same hearts echo back the answer in full and rounded tones, "NOT TO BE." And so shall it *quickly* be if our minds and purposes promptly respond to the quickened pulsations of our hearts, and to both we are FAITHFUL.—*Official Organ.*

TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

Judge Johnson, of California, in passing sentence of death on a criminal, made use of the following language:

"Nor shall the place be forgotten in which occurred the shedding of blood. It was one of those ante-chambers of hell, which mar like plague-spots the fair face of our State. You need not be told that I mean a tippling-shop—the meeting-place of Satan's minions, and the foul cesspool, which by spontaneous generation breeds and nurtures all that is loathsome and disgusting in profanity, and babbling, and vulgarity, and Sabbath-breaking. I WOULD NOT BE THE OWNER OF A GROCERY FOR THE PRICE OF THIS GLOBE CONVERTED INTO ORE. For the pitiful sum of a dime he furnished the poison which made the deceased a fool, and this trembling culprit a demon. How paltry a sum for two human lives! This traffic is tolerated by law, and therefore the vendor has committed an act not cognizable by earthly tribunals; but in the sight of Him who is unerring in wisdom, he who deliberately furnishes the intoxicating draught, which inflames men into violence and anger and bloodshed, is *particeps criminis* in the moral turpitude of the deed. IS IT NOT HIGH TIME THAT ALL THESE SINKS OF VICE AND CRIME SHOULD BE HELD RIGIDLY ACCOUNTABLE TO THE LAWS OF THE LAND, AND PLACED UNDER THE BAN OF AN ENLIGHTENED AND VIRTUOUS PUBLIC OPINION?"—*Morning and Day of Reform.*

WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

"It is not my business," says the editor when some mysterious voice commands him to write the truth. "Here are six hundred dollars' worth of advertisements of the liquor trade in my paper, and I must not oppose the traffic;" and so the ceaseless influence of the press is often on the wrong side.

"It is not my business," says the church, "it is a political question; very good people are divided upon it, and it would disturb our peace. We will try to save those who come to us, but we cannot go to the saloons after them." Meanwhile the saloon comes to the church with its influence, and boys from the Sabbath school and men from the pews are drawn into the awful whirlpool.

"It is not my business," says the pastor; "I try to preach the gospel, but there are A and B, they own stock in this business, and Y rents his property for a liquor store; it would drive them from our church, if I should be plain, and they are very good men after all."

"It is not our business," say they all, and so the slaughter of home, morality and life goes on.

All, did we say? Nay, not all. "It is our business," said the wives, mothers and sisters of Ohio, on their knees before God. "It is our business," echoed the pallid lips of the women of many States, and they went out in throngs to plead alike with those who drank and those who sold;

to plead with strong men to arouse themselves, and with the law-making power for protection, and to so plead with God that they dare to put Him in the reckoning when they say, "It is our business."

What good has been accomplished? The curse is with us yet; some good laws have been repealed, some bad ones made, and the right has been trampled down with impudent scorn.

This has been done; it has been shown that the strongholds of this traffic are appetite and avarice.

The first, by early education and the grace of Christ, can be controlled and overmastered.

The second is in the realm of law, and one day, not far away, national power will crush a business that, like a vulture, feeds upon blood.

This more has been done:

The great problem has been simplified by the lifting above the divided ranks of all temperance people of this simple standard: "Total abstinence for the individual; total prohibition for the State," and by calling all to the battle who dare to say on that line, It is God's business and it is ours.—*Vermont Witness.*

PROHIBITION PROHIBITS.

We will close this article with some startling statistics in reference to the liquor traffic in the State of Illinois, but especially we wish to call the attention of the public to the expense, pauperism, litigation, crime and degradation in the four license counties, St. Clair, Macoupin, Monroe and Madison, as compared with the counties that have no license to sell intoxicating beverages. They are Edwards, Piatt, Wabash and Wayne—all of the eight counties being located in the state of Illinois. The statistics from which this is compiled cover twelve months, in 1879 and 1880.

LICENSE COUNTIES.		NO-LICENSE COUNTIES.	
No. of voters.....	30,637	No. of voters.....	12,100
Breweries.....	17	Breweries.....	0
Distilleries.....	6	Distilleries.....	0
Saloons.....	639	Saloons.....	0
No. of bbls. beer made.....	4,308	No. of bbls. beer made.....	2
No. of bbls spirits made.....	65,906	No. of bbls. spirits made.....	0
Convicts sent to State prison.....	42	Convicts sent to State prison.....	1
Persons sent to almshouses.....	561	Persons sent to almshouses.....	44
Expense of jails.....	\$11,003	Expense of jails.....	\$ 708
Expense of pauperism.....	28,556	Expense of pauperism.....	3,506

After making due allowance for difference in population, the license counties compare with the no-license counties as follows:

On number of State's prison convicts.....	17 to 1
On persons in alms houses.....	5 1-2 to 1
On expense of jails.....	5 1-5 to 1
On expense of pauperism.....	3 1-4 to 1

—*The Cimeter.*

A DOCTOR ON ALCOHOL.

Alcohol, said Dr. Lorgan, of Utica, in the course of a lecture recently delivered, does not get into the circulation the same way that food does; it passes from the stomach to the liver, from the liver to the heart, from the heart to the lungs, and back again to the heart, and thence through the circulation to every part of the body. He explained how alcohol increases heat in the system. A small quantity, say about an ounce, will send the blood to the capillaries on the surface, and there increase its heat; but if the quantity is increased, and continued, the capillaries are kept distended, lose their power of contraction, the blood becomes stagnant in them, and the result is a shivering cold. Hence the temperate man can endure more cold than the intemperate man. His blood is in a healthier condition and he more readily recovers from diseases, medical or surgical.

He said that one who is in the habit of drinking immoderately soon falls into ill health, suffers from loss of appetite, sick stomach, furred tongue, offensive breath. His limbs become tremulous, his face dull and expressionless, his eyes red and watery—fishy; tubercles appear upon the face, and his nose becomes brilliant, bottle-shaped. His stomach becomes covered with inflamed patches, its lining becomes softened and thickened, and filled with ropy mucus that forbids digestion and induces dyspepsia. His liver becomes diseased, first enlarged, then reduced in size, hardened and irregular in shape. Its surface is covered with elevations from one-quarter to one-half of an inch in diameter, resembling hob-nails. Hence it is called hob-nail or drunkard's liver, from its resemblance to the soles of hob-nail shoes. In time this condition obstructs circulation in the liver,

leads to dropsy, enlargement of the spleen, constipation, dirty skin, yellow eyes, loathing for solid food and a still stronger desire for stimulants. He may live one or two years, but once these conditions ensue, his days are assuredly numbered.

But it affects the brain as badly as it does the stomach and liver. For the brain, alcohol has a special affinity. It first causes congestion, then shrinkage, thickening of the membranes and a deposit of small crystals in the walls of the cells. It disturbs the circulation, brings on irritation and consequent derangement, sleeplessness, restlessness, nervousness. The patient is affected with delusions. He sees rats, mice, serpents, demons and looks behind curtains, chairs, tables, beds for his imaginary foes. He becomes a raving maniac and an inmate of the lunatic asylum.—*Tribune and Farmer.*

THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MINISTERS.

One of the features of the Wesleyan Conference is the Ordination Service. On Thursday, 8th August, at Hull, 63 young men were set apart to the work of the ministry. The Ordination address was delivered by the ex-President, who advised his hearers to take hold of all agencies that would help them to accomplish their work. "Despise nothing," he said, "undervalue nothing, and seek to profit by the experience of those who have gone before you. Your one object is to glorify God and bless your fellow-men. Whatever will do this you should welcome and assist. Help all local organizations for the benefit of the people. Some of our ministers have allowed their modesty to keep them from taking their right place in these benevolent movements, and Methodism has suffered as the result. Identify yourself with the Bible Society, the Tract Society, the societies for benefiting soldiers and sailors. Especially for your own sakes and for the sake of your people use all your influence for the destruction of the national sin of intemperance. You will meet with its terrible effects wherever you go. It has dragged the preacher from the pulpit and the member from the pew. Its history, like the roll of the prophet, is written within and without with mourning, lamentation, and woe. If you gain the confidence of your people you will find that every circuit has its histories that will make you tremble and weep. As Methodist preachers you are bound not to ignore this crying sin. Mr. Wesley in this, as in most other things, set us an excellent example. He was the foremost temperance reformer of his day. Though not an abstainer, living as he did a hundred years before the introduction of total abstinence, he lived up to the light he had, and was far in advance of his contemporaries. He denounced the evil of drunkenness wherever he went, and did all in his power to rescue its victims from its destructive thralldom. He warned the members and ministers of his societies against the danger of using spirituous liquors, and he besought them for their own sakes and the sakes of others never to use them except for medical purposes. Thus by his teaching and example he did all in his power to destroy this terrible evil. I pray you to go and do likewise. For my own part I have found it to be an immense advantage to be an abstainer. It has benefited my health, it has increased my happiness, and it has greatly widened my sphere of usefulness. It has shielded me from temptation, and it has enabled me to rescue many of those who were wounded and fallen. It has blessed me and made me a blessing, and believing that you want to live to the best possible purpose, I heartily and confidently recommend it to you."—*Temperance Record.*

THE CIGARETTE VICE.

The representative of a large Southern tobacco house, who has made the matter a study, says that the extent to which drugs are used in "doctoring" cigarettes is appalling.

"The drugs impart a sweet and pleasant flavor and have a soothing effect, that in a little time obtains a fascinating control over the smoker. The more cigarettes he smokes, the more he desires to smoke, as in the case with one who uses opium. The desire grows to a passion. The smoker becomes a slave to the enervating habit. To the insidious effects of the drugs is attributed the success of the cigarette.

"By the use of drugs it is possible to make a very inferior quality of tobacco pleasant. Manufacturers, therefore, put these vile things on the market at a price that makes it easy for the poorest to indulge in their killing delights, and boys and youths go in swarms for them.

"What is called 'Havana Flavoring' has grown to be an important article of commerce. Thousands of barrels of it are sold everywhere. It is extensively used in manufacturing certain kinds of cigarettes. It is made from tonca-bean, which contains a drug called mellolotis, a deadly poison, seven grains of which will kill a dog. Imagine the effect which must result from puffing that vile stuff into the lungs hour after hour.

"The paper coverings manufactured from filthy scrapings of rag pickers are also a fruitful source of evil to the cigarette smoker. Vile as it is, it is bought up in great masses by agents of the manufacturer who turns it into a dingy pulp, and subject it to a bleaching process to make it presentable. The lime and other substances used in bleaching have a very harmful influence on the membrane of the mouth, throat and nose, and is so cheap that a thousand cigarettes can be wrapped with it at a cost of two cents.

"Arsenical preparations, it is said, are used in bleaching most cigarette papers, and oil of creosote is produced naturally as a consequence of combustion. The latter has a most injurious effect upon the membrane of the mouth, throat and lungs, and is said to accelerate the development of consumption in any one predisposed to the disease.

"A mouthpiece which had been in use was unrolled by a smoker. Its edge, to the depth of about half an inch, was covered with the dark, poisonous acid, the odor of which was intolerable. The pernicious stuff taken into the smoker's system assists to bring about the sunken cheeks, the dull and listless appearance which mark the slave of the cigarette."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Tales and Sketches.

MORTIMER HUDSON;

OR, THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

I never shall forget the commencement of the Temperance Reform: I was a child at the time, of some ten years age. Our home had every comfort, and my parents idolized me, their child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother frequently gave it to me in the bottom of the glass. One Sunday, at church, a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting, and an address upon the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic drink. He expressed himself ignorant of the object of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after the service, and I eagerly questioned my father about it. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with a great mystery to me, and I was all eagerness to learn the strange thing. My father said it was some scheme to unite Church and State!

The night came, and groups of people gathered on the steps, and I heard the jest and the laugh, and saw drunken men reeling out of the neighbouring tavern. I urged my father to let me go, but he first refused. Finally, thinking that it would be an innocent gratification of my curiosity, he put on his hat and we passed across the green. I remember well how the people appeared as they came in, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was to come off.

In a corner of the building was the tavern keeper, and around him a number of friends.

For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, until there was a fair house full. All were curiously watching the door, wondering what would appear next. The pastor stole in, and took his seat with the air of one doubtful of the propriety of being there at all.

Two men finally came in, and took their seats in front of the audience. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in build, the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full round face, and a quiet good-natured look, as he leisurely looked around upon the audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad deep chest, and unusual height, looked giant-like as he strode up to his seat. His hair was white, his brow deeply-seamed with furrows, and around his handsome mouth lines of calm and touching sadness. His eye was black and restless, and kindled as the tavern keeper uttered a low jest aloud. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush went and came over his pale cheek.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open with a prayer.

The pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short prayer and address, at the conclusion calling upon any one present to make remarks.

The pastor rose from his seat, and attacked the positions of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since from many others, by denouncing those engaged in the new movement as meddling fanatics, who wished to break up the time-honoured usages of good society, and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks, the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking, the old man had fixed his dark eye upon him, and leaned forward as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose, his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled his breath through his thin dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man, as he stood with his full eye upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the assembly.

He bent his eye upon the tavern-keeper, who quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment he seemed lost in thought, and then in a low and tremulous voice commenced. There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling pathos and sweetness, which riveted every heart in the house before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed on the speaker with an interest which I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any that I ever witnessed.

"My friends!—I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends—a new star has risen, and there is hope in the dark night, which hangs like a pall of gloom over our country." With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker continued: "O God, Thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's children, I thank Thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted, upon which the drunkard can look and be healed; that a beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honour and heaven the bruised and weary wanderer!"

It is strange what power there is in some voices. The speaker was slow and measured, but a tear trembled in every tone; and before I knew why, a tear dropped upon my hand, followed by others like rain drops.—The old man brushed one from his own eyes, and continued:—

"Men and Christians—You have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic! I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here to do good. Hear me, and be just.

"I am an old man, standing alone at the end of life's journey! There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark and beaconless ocean, and all life's hopes have been wrecked! I am without friends, home, or kindred upon earth, and look with longing to the rest of the night of death. Without friends, kindred, or home! It was not so once."

No one could withstand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no more felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not so once. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked my hopes, there is the blessed light of happiness and home! I reach again convulsively for the shrines of the household idols that once were mine, now mine no more!"

The old man seemed looking away through fancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart, and his fingers extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction where it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic movements.

"I once had a mother! With her old heart crushed with sorrows she went down to her grave. I once had a wife!—a fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eyes as mild as a summer sky, and her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eyes grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart I wrung until every fibre was broken? I once had a noble, brave, and a beautiful boy! but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives! I once had a babe; a sweet tender blossom; but my hand betrayed it, and it liveth with One who loves children.

"Do not be startled, friends; I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. Yet there is a light in my evening sky. A spirit mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son! The wife smiles upon him who again turns back to virtue and honour! The child-angel visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek! My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which drove him into the world, and the blow that maimed him for life! God forgive me for the ruin I have brought upon me and mine!"

He again wiped a tear from his eye. My father watched him with a countenance unusually excited by some strong emotion.

"I was once a fanatic, and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness, and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I injured—so deeply.

"I was a drunkard! From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years

I saw my wife's cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone amid the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and her children went hungry for bread!

"One New Year's night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us roof. She was yet up, and shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears, and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her eyes sadly upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek. At this moment the child in the cradle awoke, and sent up a famishing wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent's sting.

"We have no food, James—have had none for several days! I have nothing for the babe! My once kind husband, must we starve?"

"That sad pleading face, and those straining eyes, and the feeble wail of the child, maddened me, and I—yes, I struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the hearth! The furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deeper intensity as I felt I had done wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped as well as I could in my drunken state, and clenched both hands in her hair!

"God of mercy, James!" exclaimed my wife, as she looked up in my fiendish countenance; "you will not kill us—you will not harm Willie!" and she sprang to the cradle, and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch, the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hurled her into the darkness and storm! With a wild Ha! ha! I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingled with the wails of the blast, and sharp cry of her babe! But my work was not complete.

"I turned to the little bed where lay my elder son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and thrust him out! In the agony of fear he called to me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his fingers in my side pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and with the coolness of a devil as I was, shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed it at the wrist!"

The speaker ceased a moment, and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had arisen from his feet, and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing up on his brow. Chills crept back to my young heart, and I wished I was at home. The old man looked up, and I never have since beheld such mortal agony pictured upon a human face as there was on his.

"It was morning when I awoke, and the storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water, and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I missed her, for the first time, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wondering mind. I thought I had had a dreadful dream, but I involuntarily opened the door with a shuddering dread. As the door opened, the snow burst in, followed by the fall of something across the threshold, scattering the snow, and striking the floor with a sharp, hard sound. My blood shot like red-hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the sight. It was—it—O God! how horrible! it was my own injured Mary and her babe frozen to ice! The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child or shield it, her own person stark and bare to the storm! She had placed the hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek! The frost was white in its half-opened eyes, and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy!"

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. My father sobbed like a child. In tones of low and broken pathos, the old man concluded:—

"I was arrested, and for long months raved in delirium. I awoke, was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could have been like those I endured within my own bosom. O God, no—I am not a fanatic! I wish to injure no one; but while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and fearful to many. I would see my wife and children beyond the vale of tears."

* * * * *

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strong as that wrought by some wizard's breath, rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, and tears seen to fall. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him, and as he hesitated a moment, with pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man's eye on the paper.

"Sign it, sign it, young man! Angels would sign it. I would write my name there ten thousand times in blood, if it would bring back my loved and lost ones!"

My father wrote "MORTIMER HUDSON!" The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flushed with a red and death-like paleness.

"It is—no, it cannot be—yet how strange," muttered the old man. "Pardon me, sir, but that was the name of my brave boy!"

My father trembled, and held up the left arm from which the hand had been severed.

They looked for a moment in each other's eyes; both reeled and gasped—

"My own injured son!"

"My father!"

They fell upon each other's necks, and wept, until it seemed that their souls would flow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that assemblage and sad faces around us.

"Let me thank God for this great blessing which has gladdened his guilt-burdened soul," exclaimed the old man, and, kneeling down, he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken; all eagerly signed the pledge, going to their homes as if loath to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grand-child on the knee, as the evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten. His "fanaticism" has lost none of its fire in my manhood's heart.
—*Norwich Cheap Tracts.*

AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.

Rough natures and careless lives often show surprises of redeeming kindness. An instance of this victory of the better feelings, in the presence of innocent want, is related in the *San Francisco News Letter*. A little girl of nine or ten years old entered a place which is a bakery, grocery and saloon combined, and asked for five cents' worth of tea.

"How's your mother?" asked the boy, who came forward to wait on her.

"She's sick, and aint had anything to eat to-day."

The boy was then called to wait upon some men who entered the saloon, and the girl sat down. In a few minutes she was sound asleep and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the nickle in a tight grip between her thumb and finger.

One of the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said,—

"Say, you drunkards, see here! Here we've been pouring down whisky when this child and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left."

"And I can add a dollar," observed one.

"And I'll give another."

They made up a collection amounting to five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickle away, and whispered to his comrades,—

"Jist look here—the gal's-dreamin'!"

So she was. A tear had rolled from her closed eyelid, but on her face was a smile. The men went out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh, and cried out,—

"What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we had lots to eat and to wear, and my hand burns yet where an angel touched it!"

When she discovered that her nickle had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said,—

"Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery!"

We would like to believe that those men, who let the angel in them speak, went away resolved never to drink whisky any more.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE BEAUTIFUL DAY.

"We did not mean to do wrong," she said,
With a mist in her eyes of tears unshed,
Like the haze of the midsummer weather.
"We thought you would all be as happy as we;
But something 'most always goes wrong, you see.
When we have our play-time together.

"Before the dew on the grass was dry,
We were out this morning Reuben and I;
And, truly, I think that never—
For all that you and mamma may say—
Will there be again such a happy day
In all the days of forever!

"The sunshine was yellow as gold, and the skies
Were as sleepy and blue as the baby's eyes;
And a soft little wind was blowing,
And rocking the daisy-buds to and fro:
We played that the meadows were white with snow,
Where the crowding blossoms were growing.

"The birds and the bees flew about in the sun,
And there was not a thing that was sorry—not one—
That dear morning down in the meadow.

But we could not bear to think, Reuben and I,
That our beautiful day would be done by and by,
And our sunshiny world dark with shadow.

"So into the hall we quietly stepped,
It was cool and still, and a sunbeam crept
Through the door, and the birds were singing.
We stole as softly as we could go
To the clock at the foot of the stairs, you know,
With its big, bright pendulum swinging.

"We knew that the sun dropped down out of heaven,
And brought the night when the clock struck seven,—
For so I heard mamma saying;
And we turned back the hands till they pointed to ten,
And our beautiful day began over again,
And then ran away to our playing.

"I'm afraid I can't tell you the rest," she said,
With a sorrowful droop of the fair little head,
And the misty brown eyes overflowing.
"We had only been out such a few minutes more,
When, just as it always had happened before,
We found that our dear day was going.

"The shadows grew long, and the blue skies were gray,
And the bees and the butterflies all flew away,
And the dew on the grasses was falling.
The sun did not shine in the sky any more,
And the birds did not sing, and away by the door
We heard mamma's voice to us calling.

"But the night will be done, I suppose, by and by;
And we have been thinking, Reuben and I,
That perhaps,"—and she smiled through her sorrow,—
"Perhaps it, may be, after all, better so;
For if to-day lasted forever, you know,
There would never be any to-morrow!"

—*Margaret Johnson, in St. Nicholas for August.*

Temperance News.

CANADIAN.

The annual public meeting of the Toronto Auxiliary of the Dominion Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic will be held next Monday evening in Shaftesbury Hall. The following gentlemen among others have promised to take part in the proceedings: Rev. John Smith; Hon. S. H. Blake, president Ontario Branch; W. H. Howland, Esq., president Toronto Auxiliary; Richard Snelling, Esq., L.L.D., C. E. T. S.; H. O'Hara, Esq., P. G. W. P. Sons of Temperance; F. S. Spence, Esq., District Deputy I. O. G. T. A very large and interesting meeting is expected. Friends of the cause are earnestly urged to attend.

Colonel Hickman's I. O. G. T. organizing tour in Prince Edward Island is producing splendid results. This little province has already a grand record in temperance work. It is entirely under the operation of the Scott Act; the only retail sale of liquor that goes on in it now is illegal, and hopes are strongly expressed that in another year even this will be entirely crushed out.

We very much regret to learn that Rev. Thos. Gales, the active and earnest secretary of the Dominion Alliance is at present dangerously ill at his home.

The W. C. T. U. of St. Catharines is offering two prizes, one of \$10 and one of \$5, for the best essay on temperance written by pupils in the Central Schools, between the ages of 14 and 17, and 11 and 15.

The opening of a second liquor store in the village of Watford, and the proposal to license a billiard saloon in the Durand Hotel, has aroused the temperance folks to activity, and at the next council meeting a determined effort will be made to have a by-law passed, prohibiting the billiard saloon. Already a petition has been circulated amongst the ladies, and a great many signatures have been obtained, and they intimate their intention to present it *en masse* at the council meeting.

The following extract is from the recent presentment of the Grand Jury of the County of Ontario:—"The Grand Jury beg to express their belief that more stringent Legislation is required for

the regulation of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, and in their opinion the laws should be so amended as to prohibit the sale of liquors except from packages or vessels bearing the Government Inspector's stamp shewing the kind and strength of liquor contained therein, and that the sale of drinks differing in their composition from those so inspected, as such inspected liquors should be made a criminal offence; that dealers in liquors, should be prohibited from exposing their liquors to public view, and from selling liquor except by measure. The Grand Jury are of opinion that such changes if introduced, would prevent great damage to the health of those who are now using drugged liquors, which, while they produce no revenue duty, are dangerous to the public health, and further, that the last two suggestions, if adopted, would diminish the consumption of liquor and greatly lessen the pernicious practice of treating, which unfortunately prevails so extensively in the Province."

The third annual picnic of the Quebec Branch of the Dominion Alliance was held at Cowansville last month with four thousand in attendance, and the services were of deep interest. Sir A. T. Galt presided, and delivered an eloquent address. Other addresses were made by John Dougall, Esq., of New York, Rev. J. W. Manning, Rev. Mr. Willett, Rev. James McCaul, J. R. Dougall, James Bayliss, Hon. Mr. Lynch, S. H. Fisher, M.P., and others.

The following new Councils of the Royal Templars have been recently organized: Markham Council, No. 90, by Grand Lecturer, P. M. Pattison, at Markham village; Albert Council, No. 91, by Grand Lecturer, B. B. Keeper, at Mitchell.

A reporter for the Toronto *Mail* interviewed Sir. L. Tilley on his return from England a few weeks ago. The following is clipped from the *Mail's* report of this interview.

Q. I noticed from the *Alliance News* that you attended a meeting in Westminster Palace Hotel in connection with the Temperance Alliance in the United Kingdom. Was it an important meeting?

A. Yes; the occasion was a very interesting one, as the company was composed of members of Parliament and leading temperance men and advocates of a permissive bill. The gentlemen present represented England, Ireland and Scotland. At their request I gave them briefly a statement of the leading provisions of the Act passed last session by our Parliament, pointing out the provisions for the limitation of license, the limitation of hours for sale, and the very restrictive provisions with respect to Sunday sale, as well as the penalties imposed by the Act on the sale of intoxicants to minors and the provision for prohibitory restrictions in smaller districts than is provided under the Scott Act.

Q. How were the provisions received by the audience?

A. They appeared to be very generally approved, especially as regards the early closing on Saturday nights and the closing of saloons on election days. There was great cheering when those points were mentioned. The local option clauses of the bill were of course considered favorably, as nearly all present were local option men. At the close of the meeting the gentlemen present very generally complimented Canada on her advanced legislation, and hoped that they might live to see as complete a law enacted by their Parliament. They said Canada's example would strengthen their hands in dealing with the question in the United Kingdom.

Q. What is the position of the temperance cause in England?

A. The advance has been very great during the past three or four years. The new agencies that have been largely brought about the result are the Church of England Society and the Blue Ribbon Movement. Everywhere you see men and women representing all classes of society wearing the "Blue Ribbon." I was surprised to see the members of the upper classes who wore this badge of temperance. The good results have been made apparent in the decrease of the revenue derived from intoxicants and in the depreciation in value of the property licensed to sell intoxicating liquors. In England you know the license is to the house and not, as with us, to the person. This makes it much more difficult to deal with the question there. In some instances public-houses have sold the good will of the house for sums varying from £29,000 to £37,000. The depreciation of such property has been very great, and this shows how great has been the reduction in the consumption of these beverages. I told them at the breakfast in Westminster Palace hotel that on my present visit to England I did not have the remarks made to me that I had in 1862 when at Birmingham, where I was attending an emigration meeting during the time of the cotton famine. I was dining with a gentleman with several delegates from different colonies, and on his asking me to

take wine with him my friend Mr. Howe, of Nova Scotia, said, "Oh, he doesn't drink any wine." My host looked at me very earnestly and said, "Do you enjoy good health?" I found this time I was not asked any such question.

Q. I think you referred at the meeting to the Dominion law in the North-West respecting the manufacture and sale of liquors?

A. Yes, and I believe it will be the means of inducing many persons to select the North-West as their future home. The idea of being located where they were beyond the reach of intoxicants seemed to take with them well. This was my experience everywhere in the mother country.

FOREIGN.

The *Kansas Prohibitionist* says: We announce with pride that Paola has closed the saloons of the city. The mayor was determined that it should not be said that Kansas could not enforce prohibition and he ordered the saloons closed. One or two men refused to obey the proclamation, and they were immediately arrested.

Georgia, which has about 60 prohibitory counties, has only failed to carry one local option election in favor of prohibition. That looks as if the dramshop after causing so many thousand funerals in that State is going to celebrate its own obsequies at an early date. That will be a delightful event, the grandest and most important that shall be written in the history of Georgia.

There were over 300 delegates at the Prohibition Convention at Eaton Rapids, Mich., last month. They had an enthusiastic meeting and organized a state central committee consisting of many prominent men. An expense fund of over \$800 was raised and a plan was devised for securing \$180,000 for campaign purposes. Resolutions endorsing the national platform adopted at Chicago, favoring constitutional and statutory prohibition of the liquor traffic, and censuring the legislature of Michigan for failing to submit a prohibitory amendment to the people were passed.

Mr. William Bucknell, a wealthy manufacturer, of the Baptist denomination, has endowed eleven \$1,000 scholarships in Louisburgh University, to aid students who do not use tobacco, wine or liquors.

Ohio votes on the ninth of October on the question of constitutional prohibition. The temperance men of the state are making a grand and noble fight. We wish them great success.

Over four hundred voters in Delaware have signed the "compact" to support "independent candidates for office who are publicly pledged for prohibition or local option."

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad has assured the city authorities of Dodge City, Kansas, that if an effort was made to reform the city morals by closing the dance houses and other places of vice, that a branch road would come there, and the company would at once commence the erection of a permanent and costly building; but, if such an effort is not made, all the shops would be removed and taken to some other point.

At the thirty-seventh annual session of the Supreme Council Templars of Honor and Temperance, held at Ocean Grove, there were sixty-one representatives in attendance from twelve Grand Temples. The returns showed that 2,384 persons had been initiated into the order the last year, and that there are 9,826 members in good standing in subordinate Temples, 1,545 ladies in social Temples, making a total of 11,371; withdrawn, 427; suspended, 2,007; expelled, 691; died, 68. Reported loss of members in subordinate Temples, 2,168; ladies, 68; total loss 2,236. The endowment fund has received since its commencement 895 certificates, of which 211 had dropped, leaving 680 in good standing. The next session is to be held at Galesburg, Ill., the second Wednesday in August, 1884.

Dr. Eliphalet Clarke expressed his disapprobation of the use of tobacco is his gift of \$50,000 to the Methodist Seminary at Kent's Hill, in England. One provision of his will is:—"If at any time a member of the faculty or one of the teachers connected with the institution shall use tobacco in any form, and shall refuse to abandon the habit, and the case is not attended to by the faculty, then for that year the interest shall be added to the principal."

Four-fifths of the inhabitants of Accrington, Eng., have voted against the renewal of grocers' licenses. At Henley five out of eight off-licenses were refused; at Reading County Sessions two were refused, whilst at the Town Sessions the magistrates adjourned the whole 28 licenses for future consideration.

I. O. G. T.

There are eight hundred Good Templars in the Toronto District. Prospects are bright for an active and useful winter's work.

On Wednesday evening of this week Richmond Hill Lodge that had been dormant for some time was resuscitated. A public meeting was held and an address delivered by F. S. Spence, Toronto District Deputy, after which Bro. W. H. Rodden proceeded to reorganize the Lodge. A number of initiations took place, and about twenty of the former members re-united themselves with the Lodge. The revival promises well for strength and permanence.

A cheering letter from New Brunswick contains the following: "General Wolsley Lodge No. 75, I. O. G. T., was organized at Four Falls, Victoria County, N. B., on the 6th of September, inst. The outlook for this Lodge is very favourable. Among its ranks are to be seen some old Prohibition Veterans, such as C. W. S. Barker, P. G. Fraser and George N. Hartt. These men have for some years been denounced as fanatics, for their advocacy of *Total Prohibition*. We now see not far distant the time when all advocates of Temperance must be prohibitionists. No. 75 was organized by Deputy Grand Chief, Bro. Charles W. S. Barker. The following are the officers for the current quarter:

P. G. Fraser, W. C. T.; George N. Hartt, W. V. T.; Henry R. Fraser, Sec.; Miss F. Jennie Miller, T.; Lewis R. Rivers, F. S.; Reginald C. Hoyt, Chap; John McVity, M.; James Clarke, G.; William Downing, S.; Mary Downing, A. S.; Annie L. Fraser, D. M.; Thomas Clarke, R. H. S.; Clinton H. Fraser, L. H. S.

One hundred of the Lodge in New York State have an aggregate membership of 10,478. Forty-six Lodges have each over one hundred members. The membership of Schenectady Lodge is 479.

The Grand Lodge of Ohio recently held the largest session that it has had for many years. An increase was reported of seventy-six lodges and three thousand seventy-eight members.

The Grand Lodge of Illinois has also had a successful annual session, and reports the Order in its jurisdiction in a very flourishing condition.

We clip the following item from the *Canada Casket*:

"The Grand Lodge of Wisconsin held its annual session during the first week of September at Madison. The session was very largely attended and was most harmonious throughout. The legislation of the present session is described as the most radical ever passed by the body, and yet the session was one of the most harmonious ever held in that or any other state. The order is prospering in Wisconsin, and is recognized as a very powerful factor in the prohibition agitation now going on in that state."

A reception was given last month to Thomas Hardy by the Good Templars in New York City and Brooklyn. The meetings were largely attended in both places, and Mr. Hardy made two capital addresses.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of the State of New York held its annual session in the city of Syracuse, commencing August 28 and continuing three days. Two hundred and one subordinate lodges were represented by 237 representatives, and 37 counties by one delegate each, besides nearly 200 past and honorary members. The session was one of the most harmonious held for many years. W. Martin Jones, Esq., G. W. C. Templar, presented his annual report, showing the progress of the order and the work of the year. He strongly commended the effort for constitutional prohibition, the circulation of a sound temperance literature, and urged that the order give sympathy and assistance to the prohibitionists of Ohio.

D. W. Hooker, Esq., G. W. Secretary, reported the total membership one year ago 25,530. Admitted and reinstated during the year, 16,266; loss during the year by suspension, withdrawal, expulsion, etc., 14,633; present membership, 27,163; net gain during the year, 1,633.

J. C. Andrews, Esq., G. W. Treasurer, reported the total receipts of the year, \$14,151 65; expenses, \$13,494 91.

The following were elected officers for the ensuing year:

G. W. C. Templar—W. Martin Jones, Rochester.

G. W. Counsellor—Rev. R. D. Munger, Auburn.

G. W. V. Templar—Mrs. W. T. Logan, Rochester.

G. W. Secretary—D. W. Hooker, Syracuse.

G. W. Treasurer—J. C. Andrews, Ithaca.

Board of Managers—Richard Kennedy, Joseph A. Bogardus, Calvin McCarthy.

Representatives to R. W. Grand Lodge—A. S. Draper, W. M. Jones, M. A. Fowler, Dr. D. H. Mann, Mrs. Geo. H. Niver, R. M. Tinkham, Clinton L. Baxter.

The next session of the Grand Lodge will be held at Chautauqua Camp-Ground.

General News.

CANADIAN.

The Provincial Exhibition at Guelph is proving very successful. The weather in the early part of the week was unfavorable, but it has changed. The Lieut.-Governor opened the Exhibition. The attendance is large, and the display of exhibits very fine.

The Southern Counties Fair at St. Thomas is attracting much attention, and is said to be unusually good.

A terrible accident occurred near Kingsmill, on the C. S. R. on Saturday. A man named Paaddon was instantly killed. Two freight trains passed over the unfortunate man, and when discovered he was mangled beyond recognition.

On Monday night occurred the most terrific gale that has swept over our lakes for many years. An unusually large number of vessels have been lost, and in some cases whole crews have perished. The loss to vessel owners is very great.

An old man named Davidson, aged seventy-five, was killed on the Credit Valley railroad near Dumfries station. He was walking on the track.

It is said that smallpox and typhoid fever have broken out among the navvies on section twenty of the C. P. Railway, on Georgian Bay.

Attorney-General Miller, Jas. Gillespie, and Patrick Enright were nominated at Rat Portage for Varennes.

A boy named Ledore, living near Flinton, was fooling with a dynamite cap on Monday, when it exploded, blowing off one of his fingers, tearing the flesh of another, and severely injuring the hand.

The body of a young man named Wm. Wright was found in the Rideau Canal, at Kingston. The deceased was twenty-four years old and resided with his parents in Archvilles. He has been missing from home since Sunday. An inquest will be held to-morrow.

Parties around Mississippi and Eagle lake are earnestly working up a syndicate for the purpose of erecting a paper mill in that locality. Already they have control of \$40,000, and they have every confidence of securing the balance required.

A new Presbyterian church has been dedicated at Sharbot lake. It is a neat Gothic frame building, capable of seating two hundred.

A fire occurred in the warehouse of J. T. Claxton & Co., Montreal, on Monday. Loss to stock is estimated at \$15,000; fully covered by insurance in English offices.

The Hochelaga Cotton Factory Company has discharged about 100 hands, mostly single men and boys.

A large number of cotton operatives will be temporarily thrown out of work next week at Montreal in order to stop over-production.

The Gilchrist scholarship has been won by Mr. Creelman, of Dalhousie College, Nova Scotia. This is the third Dalhousie man who has taken this scholarship.

A strong company has been organized in Prince Edward Island to be known as the Canadian Rapid Telegraph Company, to construct and operate telegraph lines in competition with the Anglo-American Cable Company which has hitherto had a monopoly of the business.

UNITED STATES.

On the 21st inst. a serious fire occurred in New York. A planing mill and fifty piles of lumber were burned.

The principal business portion of Brownwood, Tex., consisting of nine substantial buildings and twelve wooden structures, was burned last week. Loss unknown. Mary Hall, aged 75, became so excited by the conflagration that she dropped dead.

Terrible forest fires are raging near Calais, Maine, and near Santa Cruz, Cal.

The jail at Ashville, Ohio, was burned on Monday. One prisoner was burned to death.

John and Nicholas State were killed on the railway track at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Tuesday.

Last week the battery boilers in the Iron mill at Lyon, Shorts & Co., Pittsburg, Pa., exploded with terrific force, killing and injuring a large number of persons. The explosion shook many buildings to the

foundations, and smashed the windows. The fragments flew in every direction, setting fire to the Lake Erie railroad shops and a number of dwellings. At the time of the explosion twenty men were at work. Nine escaped; three were killed, and eight badly injured, four fatally. Four children of Charles Douglas, who live across the way, were badly hurt.

Four miners were working in the Warwick mines, Boyertown, Pa., when seven tons of ore fell upon them. One man was killed and one seriously injured. The two others escaped. Brown leaves a wife and six children.

At the Woodward shaft of the Delaware and Lackawanna mine, Kingston, Pa., George Bulge, Thos. Davis, Edward Phillips, and Isaac Bevan were working on a platform sixty feet from the bottom of the shaft when a piece of timber weighing half a ton fell on the platform, which gave way, and the men were precipitated into twenty feet of water at the bottom, and were drowned. Two others were saved by hanging to a beam. The men all leave large families destitute but Davis.

Wilson Cuffee and his wife were drowned on Sunday near Portsmouth, Va.

John A. Feeney, an insane Fenian, tried to kill the British Consul in New York.

Ella Hill, aged fourteen, shot herself dead at Seymour, Conn., because her step-mother would not permit her to wear a new dress.

At Big Cattle ranche, Socorro, N. M., Joel Fowler met Ponby Forest and Bill Childs, against whom he had a grudge. Forest and Childs commenced firing, and Fowler shot Childs dead. Forest ran into a house occupied by Mr. McGee. McGee asked him to come out, when Forest fired, killing McGee and Fowler. He then set fire to the house and put a ball through his own heart. All three were buried in the same grave.

Three fugitive Cuban slaves, who have reached Boston, tell a horrible story of cruel treatment. They were engaged in tilling the soil, and laboured from 4 a. m. to 6 p. m. Their meals consisted of nine bananas each. Every three or four months their diet was changed, and a pound of codfish distributed to each slave. This was to last a week. Women were expected to do the same work as men, and all slaves were subjected to the most brutal punishment, often resulting in death. They relate many cases of men being shot down in attempts to escape. If they recovered from their wounds they were afterwards kept with balls and chains attached to their ankles.

BRITISH.

The Princess of Wales is becoming deaf. The best aurists are unable to suggest a remedy.

The rocket factories at Woolwich arsenal exploded on Sunday. Much damage was done to property and nearly a hundred persons were killed.

The Lancashire operatives have issued an appeal to the trades unions of Great Britain for assistance for the striking weavers. There are 10,000 idle.

It is stated that Mr. Parnell has selected Mr. Edward McMahon as the candidate of the Home Rulers to contest the election for Parliament for Limerick.

Sir Edward Sullivan has taken the oath of office as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, succeeding Hugh Law, deceased.

The foot-and mouth disease has made its appearance among cattle in Tipperary, and is rapidly spreading.

The counties of Clare and Limerick have been officially proclaimed as being in a disturbed state, requiring additional police force.

A farmer named Fitzpatrick has been shot and seriously wounded in the Clanmore agrarian trouble. Two arrests have been made.

FOREIGN.

The yellow fever plague is still raging at Guyamas, Mexico. There is some improvement however and it is hoped that the death rate will soon be diminished.

A terrible hurricane occurred on the 8th inst. at the Bahama Islands. Many houses were blown down, about a hundred vessels were destroyed and seventy lives lost.

The British ship Oxford, from New York with a full cargo of petroleum, was burned at her dock at Havre last week. The steward of the vessel was caught in the flames, and his body entirely consumed. The balance of the crew escaped.

The Madrid authorities have been advised that Zorilla and other exiles are preparing for another rising in Madrid and all the principal

towns. Extra precautions are taken every night. Unless checked, the rising is to occur before the King returns.

A marriage has been contracted between the Princess Letitia, daughter of Prince Napoleon, and the son of the Prince of Portugal.

Two severe shocks of earthquake were felt at Cassamicciola last Sunday. One house was wrecked; no lives lost.

A railway train from Paris for Constantinople was thrown from the track near Neveracra and demolished. Many persons were killed.

Bismarck, in a letter to the Mayor of Frankfort declining an invitation to a banquet, says he is only beginning to recover his health, and expresses regret that the orders of his medical attendant forbid his being present.

All the Powers have accepted the proposal of Italy to summon a Conference at Rome to arrange an international sanitary code.

The Italian barque Fratelli Gaggino, from Dunkirk for Darien, has been in collision with an unknown steamer. Both vessels foundered, but the crews were saved.

The Emperor, Crown Prince, and Princes William and Frederick Charles, the Princess of Wales, the Kings of Spain, Saxony, and Servia, and the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge witnessed the parade and participated in the review of the eleventh army corps at Hamburg. The Emperor appointed King Alfonso to the honorary command of a Prussian regiment.

The Servian Ministry has resigned, and the King will return forthwith.

Russia is making extensive military preparations along the Austrian and German frontiers. Tenders have been asked for 35,000 military beds. All the railways have been ordered to have military cars in readiness. A list has been made of the private steamers in the Black Sea, and their captains ordered to prepare for the transportation of ammunition, troops, and provisions.

The prospects are better for an early termination of the Franco-Chinese quarrel.

Ladies' Department.

A JOKE THAT IS NO JOKE.

A few weeks ago, at St. Thomas, Judge Hughes refused to consider a case in which a man had beaten his wife black and blue as one of "Assault and Battery," on the ground that "At common law a man has the right to resort to the moderate correction of his wife for her misbehaviour." Being translated by Judge Hughes, this means that a man has the right to beat his wife black and blue, or any other colour whenever she misbehaves, that is, does not please him.

Such "judgment" aroused the indignation of our press, as well it might, and we had our own say on the matter in our issue of August 31st. In our English exchanges, however, we find a somewhat analogous case where a woman was brought before the police court to answer for her husband who had been summoned for neglect to send his children to school. In the course of the proceedings the woman said that sooner than disclose the name of the school which her daughter attended she would pay a fine, whereupon one of the magistrates asked if her husband worked hard; to which the woman replied that he did. Then said the magistrate: "If I were your husband and you threw my hard-earned money away I should give you the strap." Knowing that the spirit of the times is not what it was a century ago, even on the subject of wife-ownership, and probably strong in the inherent justice of a woman's right to her individuality, the woman courageously answered the magistrate: "And if you were my husband and gave me the strap, I should take you before some one."

The attention of the Home Secretary was called to this extraordinary utterance of the magistrate, by Mr. P. A. Taylor, in the House of Commons, and in answer to the question, the Home Secretary said he was informed that the magistrate was joking, but it was his opinion that men in such responsible positions should not indulge in such jokes. The English press has commented severely upon the magisterial utterances in this case, and it may lead to a repeal both, in England and Canada, of a reading of common law that can no longer be tolerated in either country. Common law was founded on the fact that all administration requires some latitude in order to meet the exigencies of the times, and thus a tacit recognition of human development was embodied in it. In cases of difficulty occurring under common law precedent has necessarily been the guide of subordinate judgment or limited opportunity; but it was never intended by the framers of Magna Charta, nor by the great English jurists who

have arisen out of that magnificent "Bill of Rights" that common law should become a shackle on the hands of English liberty, and those who translate their duties by the narrow prejudices of precedent instead of the large reading of human development will be sure to err, and that egregiously. And in no wise will they be so sure to err egregiously as in attempting to keep woman in legal bondage to man, be he husband or no.—*Contributed.*

A VERY large space in every industrial exhibition is filled by what is particularly termed "Ladies' Work," but if the visitor will enquire of himself as he makes the tour of the buildings and grounds, how much else is Ladies' Work that is on exhibition and yet is not specially so designated, he will be rather surprised to find that three-fourths of the whole show, even to the raising of cattle, is indeed Ladies' Work. *All textile fabrics owe their existence more or less to woman's labour. Every description of clothing, either for man or woman, is chiefly the result of woman's labour. Boots and shoes, and most of the leather work, are the products of woman's labour. Hardware, tin-ware, china-ware, glass-ware, in some stage of their manufacture go through woman's hands. Agricultural produce is sure to owe much to woman's labour, as do the horticultural and floricultural displays. By far the larger portion of the food that is consumed by visitors is prepared by woman's labour, and to woman a large part of the amusement provided is due. In short, if we look at the numerous applications of woman's labour that meet the enquiring eye on every hand, both in the exhibition and out of it, we are led to the conclusion that it is not so much an addition to avenues of labour that woman needs, (though these are to come) as a fair share of the remuneration due to it.—Contributed.*

MRS. FAWCETT ON WOMEN AND REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.

Under this title Mrs. Fawcett has contributed an able and timely article to the August number of *The Nineteenth Century*, from which we make the following extracts. The article is based on the speech delivered by Mrs. Fawcett, at the recent meeting at St. James' Hall, with some additions:

"Those who have been laboring in behalf of the removal of the electoral disabilities of women, feel that a very critical time in the history of the agitation is now approaching. The question of Parliamentary reform, and a further extension of the principle of household suffrage, will probably occupy the attention of the House of Commons during the great part of next session. The old familiar arguments that taxation without representation is tyranny, that those who are subject to the law and fulfil the obligations of citizenship cannot be justly excluded from all share of making the laws, will be heard again and again; and it will moreover be urged that it is alike unjust and inexpedient to place the stigma of political subjection upon whole classes of loyal, peaceable, and industrious citizens, by making the qualifications for the franchise such as they cannot fulfil. On one side of the House it will be urged that property ought to be represented; on the other side of the House the words of Mr. Chamberlain at the Cobden Club dinner will be repeated, that "full confidence of the people is the only sure foundation on which the government of this country can rest." And what the advocates of a real representation of the people want to make sure of, is to remind the orators who make use of these telling phrases, that the human race consists of women as well as of men. They wish to remind the Radicals and Liberals, who have done so much to get rid of political disabilities, that the disability of sex is as repugnant to true Liberalism as are the disabilities of race and religion. They want to remind the Tory party that if a fair representation of property is what they are aiming at, they will be acting very inconsistently if they support a system which gives no kind of representation to property, however vast, which happens to be owned by a woman.

It is not necessary here to dwell at any length on the painful subject of laws that are unjust to women. No one who has ever given even a few minutes' attention to the subject will deny that there are many laws which, to use Mr. Gladstone's expression, give to women "something less than justice." If it is necessary to quote examples, the inequality which the law has created between men and women in divorce suits furnishes one. The cruel law which gives a mother no legal guardianship over her children is another. I think there can be little doubt that if similar hardships had affected

any represented class, they would long ago have been swept away. As it is, however, though the injustice of these and other laws afflicting women is fully and almost universally recognized, year after year rolls by and nothing is done to remedy them. Here are matters almost universally admitted to involve injustice and wrong, and no one tries to remedy them. Why is this? It is because the motive power is wanting. Representation is the motive power for redress of legislative grievances. If not what is the use of representation? People would be as well off without it as with it. But all our history shows the practical value of representation. Before the working classes were represented, trades-unions were illegal associations, and consequently an absconding treasurer of one of these societies was liable to no legal punishment. Not one man in a thousand attempted to justify such an iniquity, even when it was an established institution. It was a recognized injustice; but it was not till the working classes were on the eve of obtaining a just share of representation that the motive power for the redress of that injustice was forthcoming. The same thing can be said with regard to those laws which press unjustly on women. Hardly anyone defends them; it is not so much the sense of injustice in parliament or in the country that is wanting, as the motive power which representation, and representation alone, in a self-governed country can give, to get a recognized wrong righted. Another illustration of the value of representation may be found in looking back at recent discussions on alterations in the land laws of England and Ireland. This legislation has been discussed month in and month out, in the House of Commons and on every platform in the United Kingdom, as if the interests of two classes and two classes only had to be considered, those of the farmers and the landowners. The laborers have been apparently as much forgotten as if the land were ploughed and weeded and sowed by fairies, and not by men and women, who stand at least as much in need of any good that law-making can do them, as the other classes who are directly interested in the soil.

It will no doubt be argued by some, that while much yet remains to be done before the balance is adjusted, so as to give perfect justice to women, yet that much has already been done to improve their status, and that it is not too much to hope that in time all grievances will be redressed without giving women votes. The Married Women's Property Act, it is said, has redressed a great and crying evil; why may not other evils be redressed in the same way? To such as use this argument it may be replied that, in the first place, the Married Women's Property Act would probably never have been introduced or heard of, if it had not been for the wider movement for the parliamentary representation of women. The women's suffrage societies, by constant and untiring efforts actively carried on for sixteen years, have done something to awaken that keener sense of justice to women to which reference has just been made. However, let it be supposed that this view of the history of the passing of the Married Women's Property Act is entirely erroneous, and let it be supposed that the Legislature have, of their own free will, quite unmoved by any representations made to them by women, been graciously pleased to say that married women may have what is their own. What right has any set of human beings to say to another, "I concede to you that piece of justice, and I withhold this, not because you ask for either, or can make me give you either, but because I choose to act so?" What is the policy, what is the sense of compelling half the English people to hold their liberty on such terms as these? All this circumlocution is unnecessary and inexpedient. Give women the rights of free citizenship, the power to protect themselves, and then they will let their representatives know what they want and why they want it. They will find, no doubt—as other classes have found—that though the price of liberty is vigilance, the House of Commons will never turn a deaf ear to well-considered measures of reform which are demanded by the constituencies.—*Woman's Suffrage Journal.*

Mrs. Susan P. Moulton, of Salem, has received a patent for a railroad shackle which is very simple in construction, effective in operation, and if put in general use it is believed will cause a great diminution in the number of accidents in making up trains.

In Nebraska there is one woman who is an ordained preacher of the Gospel, ten who are physicians, one who is a lawyer, and six who are county superintendents.

It has been decided by the Austrian Railway Administration to employ women as road guards on the same terms as men.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago there was sold in Milan a library of 30,000 volumes, all of which were of woman's authorship.

Our Basket.

INSTITUTIVE ASPIRATIONS.

A little brown seed in the furrow,
Was still in its lowly bed ;
While violets blue and lilies' white,
Were whispering overhead.
They conversed of glories strange and rare,
Of glittering dew and floating air,
And beauty and rapture everywhere
And the seed heard all they said.

The little brown seed in the darkness,
And so close to the lilies feet ;
Yet far away from the gladsome day,
Where life seemed so complete.
In heart it up-treasured every word,
And longed for the life of which it heard ;
For the light that shone and the air that stirr'd,
In that world so wondrous fair ;
Still wond'ring and thinking, "Can I ever be there,
And in such high ecstasies have any share."

This poor little brown seed in silence,
So in-thrilled with a strange unrest ;
A warm new heart beat tremblingly,
In its hampered, heaving breast.
With its two small hands clasped as if in prayer,
It lifted them up in darkness there ;
Up, up through the sod to the sun and air,
The firm folded hands up press'd.

Oh little brown seed in the furrow,
At last you have pierced the mould ;
And quivering with a life intense,
Your beautiful leaves unfold.
Like wings outspread for upward flight,
And slowly moving up into the light ;
Your sweet bud opens, till in heaven's sight
You wear a bright crown of gold.

Oh ! aspiring soul, seed immortal,
Here so dark, so earth-confined ;
In thy intuitions instructive,
Of heavenward aspiring mind.
Still upward, press on in thy might,
On, on to thy high birthright !
Till crowned in the long'd for light,
Earth's darkness is left behind.

—Selected.

TRIFLES.

A tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he had sent to an editor, with a notice that the "manuscript was respectfully declined."

Leader of orchestra to young Irishman who wants to join—"Do you play by ear or by note?" "Nayther, be jabbers, I play wid me hands."

"I say, Paddy, that is the worst looking horse that I have ever seen in harness. Why don't you fatten him up?" "Fatten him up, is it? Faix, the poor baste can scarcely carry the little mate that's on him now," replied Paddy.

Dr. Thomas Guthrie never said a truer thing than this: "Whisky is the Devil's way to man, and man's way to the Devil!" Let us do our best to blockade it.

The railroad restaurant on a certain line is kept by a veteran baker. A sprightly young traveller complained of one of his pies the other day. The old man became angry. "Young man," he said severely, "I made pies before you were born." "Yes," replied the traveller, "I guess this must be one of those same pies."

A school of poor children, having read in the Bible the denunciation against hypocrites who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," were afterwards examined by a benvolent patroness as to their recollections of of the chapter. "What, in particular, was the sin of the pharisees, children!" said the lady. "Aiting camels, my lady," was the prompt reply.

The liquor sellers call a man who gets drunk a fool—one who

don't drink a fanatic. As drink leads to drunk, as sure as night follows day, it is better to be in their category of fanatics than fools.

"Remus, what come o' ye' last Sunday? Didn't see yer to de chu'ch." "I was der, Sam'l; I passed de' sasser." Oh, dat 'coonts fo' not seein' yer. Yo see dar's been so much beggin' goin' on 'round ter de chu'ch ob late dat now days a man's gotter go down putty deep ter fin' suffin', an' I speck I muster bin down in der bottom ob my pocket browsin' fur change when yo' kim along an' course I could'n see yer fo'm dar."

The Bishop of Wurtzburg asked a little shepherd boy: "What are you doing, my little lad?" "Tending swine." "How much do you get?" "One florin a week." "I am also a shepherd," continued the Bishop, "but I have a much better salary." "That may all be, but then I suppose you have more swine under your care," innocently replied the boy.

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

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

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

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

For Girls and Boys.

I MUST DO MORE FOR MOTHER.

"Is there any vacant place in the bank which I could fill?" was the enquiry of a boy, as with a glowing cheek he stood before the president.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation here? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me," was the answer, "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in a situation; have you advised with them?"

The quick flash of the dark blue eyes were quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly: "My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then recollecting himself he apologised for the interruption, and was about to withdraw when the gentleman detained him, by asking him why he did not stay at school another year or two, and then enter into business life.

"I have no time," was the instant reply; "But I study at home and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already!" said his interrogator. "Why did you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy, quietly.

"Yes; but you wish to leave it. What is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied with half-reluctant frankness:

"I must do more for my mother."

Brave words! talisman of success anywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, in the meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother?"

Tears filled his eyes as he replied:

"My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other; but she is not strong, and I want to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind, and I am much obliged to you."

So saying the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine to the busy world he had so tremblingly entered.—*S. S. Times.*

ONLY NOW AND THEN.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.
Better to be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable, and strong.

Many a wretched sot, boys,
That one daily meets
Drinking from the beer kegs,
Living in the streets,
Or at best in quarters
Worse than any pen,
Once was dressed in broadcloth,
Drinking now and then.

When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only now and then.

—*Temperance Record.*

THE WIND'S REBUKE.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

"I shall go this morning," the young Prince said,
With a haughty toss of his regal head—
"I shall go this morning across the sea
To yonder island that seems to be
(I have watched it long from my palace tower)
All the year round like an evergreen bower.

"Ere the bells cease ringing the hour of ten
My ship must be ready; so hasten, my men."
Then low bowed the courtiers, and meek answer made,
"Your Highness but speaks to be quickly obeyed."
"See to it I am. And if any be late,
On shore he will tarry. *We Princes ne'er wait.*"

"Ah! there you're mistaken," the rude Wind cried,
And the trees began trembling on every side.
"I have just this moment come in from sea
To wander awhile over mountain and lea,
And until I return, great Prince though you be,
Your ship and your Highness must wait for me."
—*Harpers' Young People.*

JOHNNY'S MATHEMATICAL CALCULATIONS.

Johnny was pouring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head and hand.

He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father and mother sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow, scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would scarcely think, much less to study and calculate. But he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother; and Johnny had been so intent on his book, that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back on his high chair to rest a moment, he heard his father say, "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night; drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes. "How many did you drink?"

"I drank one, my son," said the father, smiling down upon the little boy.

"Then you were only one-tenth drunk," said the boy reflectively.

"John!" cried the parent, sternly, in a breath; but Johnny continued with a studious air—

"Why, yes; if ten glasses of wine make a man beastly drunk, one glass will make him one-tenth part drunk, and—"

"There, there!" interrupted the father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come; "I guess its bedtime for you, and we'll have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong. And just before he lost himself in slumber he had thought, "One thing is sure; if Dean hadn't taken the one glass, he would not have been drunk. So it is the safe way never to take one, and I never will." And the next thing he was snoring, while Johnny's father was thinking—"There's something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and they both kept it. So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic, you see.—*Christian at Work.*

ONLY LOOKED ON.

The music and the patriotic speeches were over for the day, but the boys gathered at evening around a bright bonfire in the street, laughing and chattering, adding fresh fuel and stirring it to a brighter blaze. The cheerful light—and perhaps the warmth also, for it was a cool night—attracted one unlike the others of the group. A barefooted, ragged boy drew near, and hovered on the outer edge of the company for a few minutes, but presently made his way nearer to the fire and stood beside it in evident enjoyment.

Then the largest, roughest boy in the crowd suddenly discovered him.

"Hello, Tatters! Where did you come from?"

The boy tried to draw back, but he was too late.

"Bare feet and such a cap as that! Well, you're too fine entirely. Don't you think that kind of a cap is better roasted?" and a quick blow sent the faded head-covering into the fire.

"That was mean, Jim," said one of the boys, faintly. The others said nothing, and one or two laughed.

The forlorn stranger drew back, escaped from the group, and sat down on a door-step at a little distance, drawing his ragged sleeve across his eyes to wipe away the tears of anger and grief. A pitying, indignant little face looked down upon him from an upper window, and a pair of childish eyes that had watched the scene, grew tearful in sympathy, and then brightened with hope of comforting. Lily hurried away, and was back in a few minutes with an outgrown cap of her brother's, a package of sandwiches and cookies that she had coaxed in the kitchen, and a bright silver dollar of her own. She put the other articles into the cap, fastened a string to it, and lowered it softly toward the boy on the steps, dropping the end of the string as it reached him.

"Why, Lily, what are you doing?" asked a voice as she drew back.

Lily shook her bright hair, and looked up at her brother.

"Doing what that speaker-man said this morning. He said, 'Let some of your blessings fall into the lap of those who haven't so much; and I did. It fell right straight into his lap, and I guess he didn't know whether it came from a window or from heaven, for he looked up real quick and queer, and said, 'Thank you. Amen!' and then ran away."

Guy laughed, but Lily's face was reproachful.

"You were there by the bonfire all the time. O, Guy, I don't see how you could do it."

"Why, I didn't knock his cap off," said Guy. "It was Jim Gregg; he's a rough fellow always. I didn't do anything or say anything; and the rest of the fellows didn't either."

"That was just the trouble," said his aunt, gravely. "I, too, watched the whole thing from the window, Guy; and if I were going to talk to American boys on a day like this, I should care far less about urging them to join this or that political party than about warning them against belonging to the great party in the world—those who only stand and look on. I believe they are responsible for the larger share of its evils. They do not help any good cause; they only look on and do nothing. They never hinder a wrong cause; they only watch it, and say nothing. O, Guy, did you ever think how our Lord's parable makes the final condemnation rest, not upon actual transgression, but upon omission?" "I was a stranger, sick and in prison, and ye did it not to me." They only looked on and did nothing.—*Morning Star.*

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Elgin ..	Rev. A. M. Phillips.....	W. E. Youmans.....	St. Thomas.
Prince Edward County.....	G. D. Platt.....	Pictou.
Kent County.....	R. S. Wood, Q. C.....	W. R. Dobbya.....	Chatham.
Huron ..	A. Worthington, M.D.....	J. C. Stevenson.....	Clinton.
Norfolk ..	Rev. Mr. Athoe.....	Geo. Werrett.....	Simcoe.
Brant ..	Rev. R. E. Cooper.....	W. D. Richards.....	Paris.
Perth ..	J. H. Flagg.....	Rev. Chas. Walker.....	Stratford.
Toronto City.....	W. H. Howland.....	James Thomson.....	364 Yonge St.

QUEBEC.

Name of Alliance.	President.	Secretary.	Secy's Address.
Argenteuil.....	Dr. Christie.....	Thomas Haney.....	Lachute.
Richmond.....	J. L. Goodhue.....	A. D. G. Hazle.....	Richmond.
Missisquoi.....	R. Alcombrach.....	John Gough.....	Bedford.
Brome.....	Rev. Wm. Adams.....	M. B. Jewell.....	East Farnham.
Shefford.....	H. I. Robinson.....	Rev. W. B. Longhurst.....	Granby.
Stanstead.....	Rev. L. P. Adams.....	Dr. Jones.....	Hatley.
Ottawa.....	Rev. G. Jamieson.....	Rev. W. W. Ryan.....	Aylmer.
Compton.....	Rev. A. Gillies.....	C. W. Drew.....	Sawyerville.
Chateaugay.....	Rev. E. Shorey.....	Rev. D. W. Jones.....	Ormstown.
Huntingdon.....	A. Somerville.....	Rev. Thomas Haslam.....	Huntingdon.
Pontiac.....	Rev. W. H. Naylor.....	Rev. M. H. Scott.....	Bristol.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Name of Alliance.	President.	Secretary.	Secy's Address.
Cape Breton.....	Stewart Burns.....	Rev. John Murray.....	Sydney.
Lunenburg.....
Colchester.....

Secretaries of all Branches are earnestly urged to send to THE CANADA CITIZEN full reports of all work done, and statements of all changes in officers or organization.