

The Son of Temperance.

VOL. I.

BRANTFORD, OCTOBER, 1879.

No. 6

The Good of the Order.

The Song of the Distiller.

Recite boldly, and with marked expression.]

GRIND, GRIND, GRIND!
Gather in the golden corn;
Speed the mill-wheel night and morn;
Store away the soil's chief treasure;
Fill the mash-tubs without measure:
GRIND, for your reward!

STEAM, STEAM, STEAM!
Kindle fast and fierce your fire!
Raise the smoke and vapour higher;
For the victim rear an altar;
'Tis no time to faint or falter:
Bread must die to-day!

STIR, STIR, STIR!
Let your sweat the mixture moisten;
Brew the generous grains to poison;
Make the victim breathe infection,
Scathe him with a fiend's complexion,
Make him writhe and die!

HISS, HISS, HISS!
HARK! the still-worm's snaky breathing,
Fast the victim's life-blood seething,
Drops the fiery liquid now,
Fit to bathe a devil's brow:
BATHE, YE GOBLINS, BATHE!

POUR, POUR, POUR!
Fill the casks to overflowing;
Now your chiefest care bestowing;
Mind the market—not a drop
For thirst or pains, for field or shop,
Till my cash I see!

DRINK, DRINK, DRINK!
Cash and empty hogsheds bring;
Brawl, and fight, and dance, and sing!
Raise the fumes of whiskey high;
Send your curses to the sky:
HA! the cash is mine.

FIRE, FIRE, FIRE!
Clang the bell from every steeple;
Rouse and rally all the people;
SHRIEK, thou drunkard's frantic
spouse,
Scorched, within the burning house,
Seek thy hapless babes!

MURDER, MURDER, MURDER!
Hither mingled corpses bear;
Hearts with keener anguish tear;
BUILD YOUR PRISONS, GIBBETS REAR;
Void of conscience, void of fear,
I MY WORK PURSUE!

Timothy's Stomach and St. Paul's Cloak.

(A Dialogue for two characters.)

Parishioner. Well, sir, what do you think of the Temperance question now?

Clergyman. Just what I have always thought of it—that it is a system altogether opposed to

the direct commands of Holy Scripture.

P. How do you make that out, sir?

C. Why, in this way: that you do not attend to St. Paul's advice to Timothy—to "use a little wine for your stomach's sake." Now I do what Paul told Timothy to do. (See 1 Tim. v. 23.)

P. But, my good sir, you surely do not mean to say that St. Paul commands *you* or *me* to drink wine? He advised Timothy to do so for special reasons; but you and I are not Timothy?

C. No matter. It is Scripture; and unless you intend to make such Scripture precepts purely of a temporary and circumstantial character, you are bound to obey its injunctions.

P. My dear sir, the precepts of Scripture do not appertain to meat and drink, but to far higher and more important issues. I am not Timothy, my stomach is not Timothy's, and I am not sure I have his particular complaint. The advice of Paul was local, circumstantial, personal; and so far as the personal act was concerned, it was a matter for Timothy alone.

C. Yes, so you say; that is the way that you teetotalers get over the Scriptural warrant for drinking wine. "Local," and "personal," indeed! I wonder what we shall come to next?

P. Well, we shall see, perhaps, if you will kindly wait a minute or two, while I go and fetch my carpet bag and railway rug.

C. Your carpet bag and rug! Whatever do you want that for?

P. (Going out.) You will see in a minute or two. [Exit.]

C. Well, I declare, if that isn't a nice way of getting out of a fix. I thought I could soon silence his rubbish about teetotalism. I never did hear such foolish reasons as these cold-

water fanatics try to palm off upon intelligent people. However, they won't carry me away with their attempts to be wiser than what is written.

(Enter Parishioner.)

P. Sorry to keep you waiting, but I really find that I have not a moment to lose.

C. But you are not going away without settling my point about Timothy?

P. No, I am just going to practically answer it by starting off by the express train and mail boat to Troas.

C. To Troas? And where, pray, may that be, and what in the world can call you there at this time of day?

P. Most important business, I assure you; nothing short of a Scripture precept. *I am going to do what Paul told Timothy to do—to fetch the cloak that Paul left there, and the books and the parchments. You remember Paul told Timothy to bring them to him. (2 Tim. iv. 13. (reading from a New Testament.)*

C. Why, you must be mad, sir, to talk that sort of nonsense. St. Paul did not tell *you* to fetch those articles. He asked Timothy to do so; but you are not Timothy.

P. But, sir, is it not Scripture? Do you mean to say that the precepts of Scripture are of a merely temporary or circumstantial character? I tell you I am going to do what Paul told Timothy to do.


C. Then I tell you, you are insane if you attempt any such thing. The request of Paul was local, circumstantial, personal; and so far as the personal act was concerned, it was a matter for Timothy alone.

P. "Local," and "personal," indeed! Then if I have no command of the Apostle to fetch the cloak and papers from Troas, because the request was personal

to Timothy alone, on what ground do you object to my interpretation of the Apostle's advice to Timothy to drink wine as being purely local and personal, and, as such, no command to me or you? The two things equally and alike apply to us, and that is—not at all.

C. Caught, —fairly caught! Well, if you will promise not to quote Timothy to justify your journey to Troas, I will promise not to quote Timothy to justify wine-drinking any more. Good-bye.

The Parson's Dream.

 CAME home from my day's labour on Sunday evening, feeling more than usually weary, and feeling also depressed and discontented. My careful wife had prepared a comfortable supper, but I sat down listlessly in the old easy chair, because I was just too tired and sick at heart to do anything else. Just then baby cried, and the wife hurried away to soothe him; so I was left alone with my thoughts. The room grew darker and darker, but I did not light the lamp; I preferred to sit dreaming, moodily gazing into the firelight. I thought of my ten year's ministerial work, of the joyful enthusiasm with which I had entered upon it, of the glowing hopes I had entertained of its results, of my plans for the benefit of my people, of the labour spent on lectures and sermons, and of the hundred and one failures, discouragements, and disappointments. I knew I was not a lazy parson—I had certainly worked hard—and yet my congregation was no better than other congregations. My people had their quarrels, and divisions and differences; and my sermons (alas, for my pride therein!) often fell flat, or were preached to a small and unappreciative audience. I asked myself whether I did right to go on working year after year, with such poor results. I knew that the same amount of earnestness and perseverance in any other profession would have

yielded me an abundant harvest; and I wondered whether it would not be worth my while to give up preaching, and turn my energies into some more profitable channel. I was still pondering this matter, when I found myself becoming very chilly, and was thinking of rousing up to stir the fire when I noticed a door in the wall of the room that seemed somehow strange to me. I arose and opened it, and found myself in a dark, cold passage, down which I walked as if compelled to do so. I remember a dim feeling of wonder that I had never discovered this place before, although I had so long lived in the house; but I soon forgot all that when, at the end of the passage, I entered a hall of grand proportions, which was evidently the studio of some great artist. I found there pictures of wondrous beauty, some finished, some nearly so, and some only just begun. There were also works in stone, marble, and bronze, rough models in clay, tools, and artists' materials of every kind. But my glance was soon rivetted on a statue in white marble at the further end of the room, upon whose pedestal I read the word "Humanitas." It was the figure of a noble youth, so fair and well formed that it first appeared to me absolutely perfect. As I drew nearer, however, I observed certain stains and cracks upon it, which the artist was working to efface. I seemed to be fascinated by the figure, and longed to talk with the sculptor about it. Presently he turned his face towards me, and I ventured to ask whether I might assist him at all. He replied by pointing out various dark-looking excrescences, on the surface of the marble, and telling me that they were caused by some of his workmen having been too hearty and violent in the use of a certain tool called religious opinions, he gave me a composition marked True Christianity, with which he bade me rub the spots until they disappeared. I began to rub very vigorously, but the artist checked me, saying,

"Be not over hasty, or you will spread the spots instead of removing them; mix a little of this Oil of Patient Endurance with the composition, you will manage better then." As I grew more and more interested in the work the artist conversed with me frequently, telling me that of all the works I saw in his studio this statue was the one he loved best. He said he had been engaged upon it for many many years, and that he had employed hundreds of workmen to assist him; that he had gathered tools and materials from every possible source, and that he should continue to labour on so long as there was one flaw unremoved, or one touch more to be given to the stone. I ventured to ask him if he never felt weary or discouraged as time went on and he still found the figure imperfect, but he said he loved his work too well ever to grow weary. Sometimes he said his workmen would throw down their tools or leave him for a while to serve another master, but they mostly returned again and worked more earnestly than ever. "But," said I, "do you never give your workmen a holiday?" "Oh, yes," replied he, "sometimes I call them away for a short time, and when they are refreshed I send them back again; but when I see that they are quite worn out with the burden and heat of the day, then, in the quiet twilight I send my messenger to whisper words of comfort and hope from me, and often and often when my servants endure to the end, I fold about them the strong arms of my love, and bear them away to a haven of everlasting rest." Somehow the thought of my weariness came over me just then, and impulsively said, "Sir, I should like to be one of your servants." Then the artist laid his hand kindly upon me, and said, "Son, you have already worked for me, though as yet you have not realized the fact; henceforth you will understand your duties better. Come now with me and see the materials and tools that I have gathered in my storehouse towards the

completion of this my most precious work," and looking round I saw many things that astonished and pleased me—little deeds of love, broken bits of religious enthusiasm, some tears of tender sympathy, a few soiled pages of manuscript music, a bag of homely duties, oil paintings, and many other things that I never expected to see, but which the artist evidently prized highly. One thing that touched me much, was a collection of sermons and prayers that I remembered in connection with the tiny country chapel that I had attended when a boy, but which I hardly ever think of now, except perhaps when I want to raise a laugh at our quarterly ministerial dinner. It occurred to me, however, that the next time I should go down to the old home in Blankshire, I would look in at that little chapel some Sunday afternoon. Close to these very things the artist pointed out to me some of my own work. Until he did so I had hardly thought of the possibility of anything of my own being found in the storehouse of his treasures, and as the remembrance of my Sunday evening's discontent came to my mind, I felt both humiliated and grateful. There were some things amongst it that I was much surprised to see, such as scraps of Sunday school teaching in a poor little mission school, a few acts of kindness to children, some earnest words of reproof of a crying evil of the day, which appeared to me to do no good when I uttered them, but which I now saw the artist would use in his own good time. In my mind I wondered at the absence of some things that I had expected to see, and, as if answering my thoughts, the artist said—"I have still another storehouse, but therein are my most precious treasures, understood only by myself, and too sacred to be lightly looked upon. Having shown you so much you must trust me for the rest, only be not weary of well doing, for in due time you shall reap if you faint not. Remember the words of one of my true servants; one

whose work has often aided me in my statue, 'Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.'" And, with those words ringing in my ears, I awoke from my dream.

Our Divisions.

Rising Sun Division.

DEAR SIR,—We cannot speak very encouragingly of our Division at present, as we always find it difficult to keep up an interest through the harvest months; the busy time is now over and we hope to engage in the work with fresh energy, and with renewed zeal. We are a small band holding on our way, receiving little sympathy or encouragement. Many of us have entered the Order from principle and not from caprice; realizing the responsibilities of time, and the realities of eternity, we have no desire to give up. We have full proof that we wrestle not with flesh and blood, but against Principalities and Powers—against the rulers of the darkness of this world.

Truly Satan has to-day no greater ally on this sin-cursed earth than the Liquor Traffic. By it he opposes the Church more than in any other way; it being the foundation of a multitude of evils.

The Church and the Traffic stand opposed to each other. The one to save, the other to destroy; the one to spread peace, joy, and comfort throughout our land; the other, strife, misery, and want.

We desire to say, kindly, that we feel no discouragement so much as the want of sympathy manifested by professing Christians. We believe we are engaged in our Master's work, and we do look to His followers for help.

We plead with every Christian who may read these few lines, to ask the Father to give us all a clear sense of our duty in the Temperance cause.

Is it consistent for a soldier of the King Emmanuel to be sleeping at his post, or to be found

fighting, either by precept or example, in the ranks of King Alcohol?

Is it not sad to see one who professes to have passed from death unto life, enter the bar-room, and apparently enjoy the festivities and wickedness of the place. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsels of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." "Come out from among them, be ye separate, saith the Lord."

Is it right to take the money which a kind Father in His mercy has bestowed, and spend it too widely in the treating system of our day; does not our wealth, our time, our talent, and ourselves belong to Him who has redeemed us? "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with price." "Will a man rob God, yet ye have robbed Me, but ye say wherein have we robbed Thee, in tithes and in offerings."

Is your example right? "It is good neither to eat meat nor drink wine nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." "Ye are the salt of the earth." "Ye are the light of the world." "Ye are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." "As My Father sent Me so send I you."

O Christian arise and prove the dignity of your heavenly birth, by going forward in God's name to rescue the perishing. Try to rescue some precious soul from ruin's depth to heaven's heights, and you shall receive a rich reward.

Soldiers of Christ arise,
And gird you for the toil,
The dew of promise on high
Already cheers the soil.

G. MARTEN, W.P.
Cainsville, Aug., 1879.

—An English exchange says: "The Maori tribes in New Zealand are dying out. The causes are neglect of personal cleanliness, over-crowding, bad food, insufficient clothing, and last and worst of all, the growing habit of intemperance."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. S.—The law says that Divisions neglecting to send in their returns at a certain time shall not receive the passport; but we fear this rule is not very well enforced.

E. S.—A Division without the usual passport cannot be said to be in good working order.

Inquirer.—Mr. E. Carswell is the author of the poem "John Swig." It first appeared, a few years ago, in a New York Temperance paper.

John.—If you turn to Proverbs xx. i, you will find the passage you allude to.

Eliza.—No doubt of it. When a man is unable to tell the time by his watch because there are two hands, and he does not know "which to believe," it is a tolerably sure sign that he has partaken of more refreshments than nature requires.

Mary.—We think you are right, and perfectly safe in the course you wish to pursue.

J. G. L.—We cannot agree with what you say, and think after you have further considered the scheme you will abandon it.

The Son of Temperance

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AND CAN BE PROCURED OF

THOMAS WEBSTER,

Grand Scribe, BRANTFORD.

To whom all business letters must be addressed.

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BRANTFORD, OCTOBER, 1879.

Honorary Members.

WITH regard to the question often asked if we admit into the Order of the Sons of Temperance "Honorary Members"? We may say that our laws make no provision for such a class. All our members stand on the same level, and share all the responsibilities as to dues and the per capita tax.

Some of our Divisions, we fear, do not recognize this rule, if we are to judge from the meagre lists of membership they sometimes send to the Grand Scribe. It is the duty of the Division to pay per capita tax on every member on their roll, even on those who may be in arrears, provided their names have not been put on the "Suspended List." Our rules are very strict with regard to

this matter, even making it an offence for an officer to certify to the correctness of returns made up in any other than the right manner. We think it a small thing for a Division to deprive the Grand Division of its just dues. We would not like to belong to such an institution.

From the Grand Scribe.

Receipts from Divisions, from Sept. 1st to 20th.

ATICA, \$2.52; Embro, \$1.19; Quarry, \$3.00; Welland, \$3.15; Ayr, \$0.75; Rising Sun, \$1.12; Mount Forest, \$1.75.

The Passwords.

THE Passwords for the incoming quarter have been sent to all Deputies whose Divisions are entitled to receive them. The blank returns and credentials for representatives to the Grand Division have also been forwarded. Will the Recording Scribes see that the returns are correctly filled and placed in the hands of the D.G.W.P., or forwarded with credentials and per cap. Tax to Grand Scribe during the first week in October.

Sons of Temperance Mutual Relief Society.

THE Sons of Temperance National Mutual Relief Society, has been organized, duly incorporated and ready for work. The admission fee is only three dollars, and at a cost of ten dollars (if under forty-five years of age), any Son of Temperance in good standing can have an insurance of \$1,000. The Grand Scribe will be happy to give full particulars.

The Work and the Workers.

—The Brantford *Daily Expositor* of the 10th September says; "We are pleased to chronicle the nuptials of Mr. J. B. Halkett, of the Fisheries Department, Ottawa, and Miss Belle Light-

body, of this city. There is a romance in connection with the courtship of this case worthy of record. Both are staunch temperance workers, Miss Lightbody being Secretary of the Women's Temperance Union, and Assistant of the Grand Scribe, Mr. Thomas Webster. In this work the parties were brought into correspondence without having met one another, and in time an attachment was formed, which culminated in the happy event recorded to-day. We wish the wedded pair much joy."

—We are pleased to observe that Bro. Bliss still takes a lively interest in the Cadets of Temperance. By an Ottawa paper we are informed that he organized a new section last week in Morrison's Hall, York Street, Ottawa. Bro. Bliss is fully determined to make this section equal in all respects to his own section (No. 95), and trusts that his efforts will be sustained by the members of the Order of the Sons of Temperance throughout the city. There is no better way of advancing temperance sentiments than by the training up of the youth of the land in the way they should go.

—Lord Chancellor Cairns, referring to the temptation of gin-shops, said in London:—"Few in the better position of society know the great temptation to which workingmen were exposed. Those men could not go along the street without seeing open for them places wherein they could have light and warmth, where they could be received with open arms, and could find the newspapers and other amusements. But this was provided on one condition only—that they should drink, and continue to drink, and pay for their drink."

—Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., in a speech which he lately delivered at Byker, in England, alluding to the "exaggeration" sometimes complained of, said, "he had no doubt that occasionally Temperance reformers, who were human, and therefore liable to err, committed many very great

errors in their advocacy of Temperance; but there was one thing beyond their power, however extravagant they might be, to exaggerate, and that was the evils of intemperance. It was simply impossible to do that."

—The Right Hon. John Bright, of England, gives it as his opinion, and we fully agree with it, "that intemperance is a sin, an awful sin; for drunkards shall not inherit the Kingdom of God. But where does the sin begin?—at the first glass—at the first step towards complete intoxication, or at the sixth, seventh or eighth? Is not every step from the natural state of the system towards the state of turpid intoxication an advance in sin, and a yielding to the unwearied tempter of the soul?"

—Mr. B. Whitehead, M. P., in a London speech, gives this valuable testimony:—"In this matter there was nothing like a personal example. He thanked God that he had a teetotal father who taught him to be an abstainer. He had followed that example all his life. He was now in his sixty-first year, and could bear testimony to the benefit teetotalism had been to him during life."

—Avonbank Division, in the County of Perth, intends opening a new Hall on the 14th October. The Grand Scribe has been invited, and intends to be present on the occasion.

—Plainsville Division has lately been refitting their Hall, and intends shortly holding a public entertainment to defray the expenses incurred.

Correspondence.

REFORM.

To the Editor,

SIR,—When I penned the few words anent "reform," which appeared in the July number of *The Son*, I had no idea that I would be so roundly abused in the Sept. number by "Another

Old Son." But such is my fate. However, I will not attempt to bandy words with a person who cannot write without imputing base motives to his neighbour, but simply say I am not a "snake in the grass," nor have I any wish to "damage a zealous and useful officer."

My whole desire has been, since I became a member of the Order, to help it on, instead of attempting to throw obstacles in the way of its progress, and if I happen to differ from "Another Old Son" as to the manner in which an officer should perform his duties, I suppose I have a perfect right to do so.

The books of the Grand Scribe may be kept correctly, but if the system is all that is claimed for it, how does it happen that the Order seldom or never gets a correct balance sheet? Surely "Another Old Son" will scarcely justify the one presented at the Galt Session.

I will not, however, further discuss this feature of the case, but will now state what I consider a great grievance, viz., the manner in which the G. Treasurer is usually treated. According to our laws he is required to keep in trust all moneys paid into the coffers of the Grand Division, and disburse the same on the authority of the proper officers. Are the moneys of the Grand Division, as they reach the Grand Scribe, handed this official? Certainly not. The Grand Scribe receives and disburses, and at the end of the year hands the G. T. a bundle of "orders to pay," instead of the cash. By this arrangement the G. T. seldom knows anything about our financial affairs, when, in fact, were he treated fairly by the G. S., he would know all about them, and be able to answer a question when put to him as to the affairs of his office, instead of having to refer us for information to the G. S. Our laws never contemplated such a state of things, otherwise the G. Treasurer would not be required to provide bonds for the security of the Grand Division.

Now, with regard to the advice tendered me as to my future course when I wish any grievance removed, I cannot accept it just now, for the simple reason I have no desire to get upon my knees to "high officials" and ask of them favours. I prefer to address myself to the members of the Order through its recognized organ *The Son*; and with your permission, as I have already occupied too much of your space, will resume this and kindred subjects on another occasion.—Yours, etc.,

OLD SON.

THE PER CAPITA TAX.

To the Editor,

SIR,—Your correspondent, J* McM., advocates a reduction of the per capita tax, and brings forward the Good Templars as a proof that it would be a benefit to our Order; but it appears from the report of their proceedings at Hamilton, this week, that the Grand Lodge of Ontario is in financial difficulty; and the advisability of raising the per capita tax was duly discussed by the representatives, therefore, the plan proposed by J. McM. has evidently not been a benefit to the Good Templars, and why should it work better with us? His glowing picture, of "the Order needing neither men to work, nor money to spend in the Cause of Temperance," is not likely to be realized in any such way. The Grand Division has never been overburdened with money for the employment of agents and lecturers. Let Brother J. McM. ask the Grand Scribe how many of even our most prosperous Divisions have sent in contributions to the Lecture Fund this year; and, if I mistake not, he will find that in nearly every case, the matter has been postponed until a more convenient season, which will probably never come. Lecturers and agents cannot be employed without money. The organization of the Sons is low at present and greatly requires working up, and consequently to cripple the Grand Division would

be suicidal to the best interests of our Order.—In L. P. and F.

SON OF TEMPERANCE.

Toronto, 13th Sept., 1879.

To the Editor,

DEAR SIR,—Noticing a communication from J. McM., advising the reduction of the per capita tax, with your permission I would like to remind the members who were present at Grafton (and to repeat for the benefit of those who were absent) a few of the remarks of Brother George Maclean Rose on this subject. And first, let it be remembered that P. G. W. P. Rose, when the head of our Order in Ontario, raised the Sons of Temperance both numerically and financially to a position they had never enjoyed before, and consequently his experience in such matters cannot be too highly valued. Mr. Rose reminded the representatives that they only paid 28 cts. a head per capita tax all through the year, and it was impossible for the Executive of the Grand Division to do much outside work with so small a sum. He thought it surprising that with the means at its disposal the Order had done so much good. Why, about ten years ago the organization in Ontario had run down to 4,000 members, and now it numbered more than 10,000. The G.W.P. received no salary, although he lost a great deal of time visiting Divisions, and so forth. * * * If they were willing he would move that each member pay fifty cents capitation tax, for it would have to come to that. The Grand Division could be run on about 15 cts. per head, and the remainder used in propagation work. Mr. Rose spoke of the United Kingdom Alliance, with its guarantee fund of £100,000, and added, in his usual fiery manner, "Give the Grand Division money, and we will revolutionize Canada!" Those words are very emphatic, and it is needless to spoil them by any comments of my own.—Yours, etc.,

M. E. S. S.

The New Brunswick Judicial Decision.

THE Fredericton Reporter gives the following summary of the recent judgment, pronouncing the Scott Act *ultra vires*:—"The Temperance Act of 1878 has been decided by the Supreme Court to be *ultra vires*, the judges delivering separate judgments. Judge Wetmore held that the Act was for the promotion of temperance and not the regulation of trade and commerce; that Parliament could not affect the licensing power of the Local Legislature. The Act interferes with civil rights and property. Judge Fisher held that the law was not for the regulation of trade; that it was a sumptuary law for the promotion of temperance; it interferes with civil rights and right of property. It cannot take away *certiorari*. He went very fully into the constitutionality of the matter. Judge Weldon held that Parliament had no power to deprive of the right of appeal. The Act does not regulate trade and commerce. It interferes with the licensing powers, with civil rights and property; it is not a commercial law. The Chief Justice held that as it restricted the sale of liquors, the Act usurped the right of the Local Legislatures. He would not say that if the Act had been to prohibit its sale, Parliament had not the right to pass it. In such case, he thought civil rights and property would have to give way. He stated that Judge Duff agreed with the decision of the Court."

To our untutored judgment, these reasons for the decision seem rather mixed, if not actually conflicting. Judge Wetmore's statement, that the Act is for the promotion of temperance, and not for the regulation of trade and commerce, is only half true. It is certainly for the promotion of temperance; but it aims at doing this by repressing the traffic in intoxicating liquors, where the people desire it, and therefore it comes under the head of "the regulation of trade and commerce," which the "British North Amer-

ica Act" assigns to the Dominion Parliament. For this reason, we hold that this objection is not well taken. There is also good ground to question the alleged interference with the Act with "property and civil rights," in the sense in which these terms are used in the Confederation Act. No doubt, nearly all legislation in some remote way may be said to affect property and civil rights. Legislation respecting bankruptcy and insolvency, which is assigned to the Dominion Parliament, certainly touches questions of "property and civil rights," more closely than the Scott Act does.

We are quite at a loss to see on what just ground Judge Fisher can maintain that the Scott Act is not for the regulation of the trade in intoxicating liquors. Does it not lay down conditions, under which certain liquors may and may not be sold? To call the Act "a sumptuary law," for the promotion of temperance, is to repeat a hackneyed objection of the liquor sellers and their friends, against all efforts to restrict the traffic by law. But it is open to the serious objection of not being true. Sumptuary laws are defined as "laws passed by a government to restrain the expenditure of its subjects or citizens, either in apparel, food, furniture, or otherwise." But an Act empowering the ratepayers of a city or county, to free themselves from licensed places of temptation to drink, when they are disposed to do so, is not an arbitrary limitation of expense. It does not deal with the matter of expense at all, except indirectly. It does not prescribe what any one shall, or shall not, eat or drink or wear. It simply gives the people the right to demand the prohibition of something which they deem demoralizing and injurious to the community. The Scott Act is no more sumptuary legislation than the license laws. Both interfere with and restrict, though in different degrees, the sale of a certain article.

As to Judge Weldon's objec-

tion, that the Parliament has no power to deprive of the right of appeal, it is enough to say, that as the right of appeal is conferred by law, the supreme law-making power must surely have the right to determine when this privilege shall be available. It is well known that in certain cases now there is no right of appeal. By what authority then do our eastern sages declare that there can be no extension of this principle, beyond its present limits?

No doubt the main objection is that attributed to the Chief Justice, viz., that the sale and licensing of these liquors is assigned by the Confederation Act to the Provincial Legislatures. The wording of the Act gives considerable feasibility to this objection. It is doubtless the point on which this legal and constitutional battle must be fought out and decided. But the theory of the Chief Justice, that the Dominion Parliament might enact a complete prohibitory measure, but could not pass any partial measure, is singular. One would think that the power to do the greater thing implied the power to do the less. The paragraph, on the interpretation of which the whole question turns, is that which gives to the Provincial Legislatures the control of "Shop, Saloon, Tavern, Auctioneer, and other licenses, in order to the raising of a revenue for Provincial, Local or Municipal purposes." It would be evidently a violation of this provision, for the Federal Parliament to legislate as to the terms on which such licenses should be given. But there is a danger of making this provision cover wider ground than its framers intended. It seems to us that, finding the license system in existence as a source of revenue, they agreed that the regulation of this system, and the determination of what should be done with the revenue, should be the business of the Local Legislatures, and not of the Dominion Parliament. This is evidently all that was in the minds of the framers of the Confederation Act. A general pro-

hibitory measure, seriously affecting an important branch of trade and commerce, would therefore seem naturally to come within the sphere of the Dominion Parliament. But this question must be settled by the proper judicial authorities.

We cannot afford to relax our efforts because of this decision. We think, however, the temperance people of Ontario should not hesitate to contribute towards the expense of the appeal. Our New Brunswick friends have already incurred heavy legal expenses in this case. We have a common interest in having this question conclusively settled.—*Christian Guardian*.

Business Maxims.

PROMINENT merchant has compiled the following maxims from his own inquiry and experience:—

1st. Choose the kind of business you understand.

2nd. Capital is positively required in business, even if you have real estate outside and credit ever so good.

3rd. One kind of business is as much as a man can manage successfully. Investments on the outside do not generally pay, especially if you require the money in your business.

4th. Buy cautiously and just what you want, and do not be persuaded to purchase what you do not need; if you do, you will soon want what you can't get.

5th. Insure your stock; Insure your store; insure your dwelling, if you have one. If the rate is high it is only because the risk is great, and of course you should not take the risk yourself. A business that will not pay for insuring will not justify running.

6th. Sell to good responsible parties only. Sell on a specified time, and when your money is due, demand it; do not let the account stand without note or interest for an indefinite period.

7th. Sell at a reasonable profit

and never misrepresent to effect a sale.

8th. Live within your income; keep your business to yourself; have patience and you will succeed.

9th. Competition is the life of trade, but in trying to run your competitor out of business, be careful you do not run yourself out.

—The Earl of Aberdeen, at the Social Science Congress, said:—"And once more, under the object of health, I would ask, is there any one habit or vice which has unquestionably caused such an overwhelming amount of disease and debility—debility which is often transmitted to future generations—as intemperance in the use of strong drink?"

Directory.

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