

THE CANADA CITIZEN

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD

Freedom for the Right Means Suppression of the Wrong.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29th, 1884.

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The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29th, 1884.

THE VOTE IN TORONTO.

The temperance workers in Toronto deserve the warmest congratulation upon the magnificent victory which they won on Monday. Defeat had been presaged in all directions. The whole liquor power of Toronto was thoroughly organized; distillery, brewery, warehouse, liquor shop, tavern and saloon united and did their utmost; dishonorable tactics of every available sort were resorted to by the whisky party; money was freely spent, absent and dead voters were personated to an extent happily unknown since the time of the same forces rallied against the adoption of the Dunkin Act; but all was in vain. The friends and advocates of the cause of purity and right never flinched; calmly and temperately, but with irresistible zeal and determination, they worked, holding meetings everywhere, keeping before the public the facts and the real issue, circulating literature, canvassing, praying. Women as well as men, heard and obeyed cheerfully and unhesitatingly the call for united effort to suppress the curse of the licensed grocery. Everyone is familiar with the result. The whole Dominion knows that the ratepayers of the Metropolitan City of Ontario—long looked upon as the stronghold of whiskydom—have asserted by an overwhelming majority of the largest vote they have ever polled, that liquor supremacy is for them a thing of the past. The vote was no scratch-conclusion. True, the time was short, but the whole subject was thoroughly discussed, every point of evidence was carefully examined and every plea was heard and considered. The verdict was given after the fullest deliberation; it is couched in unequivocal terms, and based on the soundest principles. It voices the feeling, the judgment and the determination of a true-hearted and intelligent community. It is an utter condemnation of the sale of strong drink, and an unmistakable announcement that **THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC MUST GO.**

Selected Articles.

FREEMASONRY AND TEMPERANCE.

With the advance of information on the temperance question it occurs that a large percentage of the Masonic body are now temperance men, Masonry, however, does not permit classification amongst its members of any kind whatever, in other words, no lodge can be established confined to any class of men. But lodges can choose as to when and where its members shall take refreshments, and as to what shall be included or excluded in connection with those refreshments. Acting upon that privilege a movement is progressing in the Order for lodge to decree that no intoxicating liquors shall at any time be permitted to be introduced at their refreshment boards; with a clause in their by-laws to this effect. Such a one, on a large scale, was opened at Manchester in the beginning of last year, and now the Three Towns are about to follow the same course. A suggestion was made a few months since among a few of the temperance brethren that it would be worth while to ascertain if such a lodge could not be established there, and on the question being put to the test they were astonished at the popularity of the movement. With scarce an effort over sixty Masons, nearly all of several years' standing, and embracing numerous P.M.'s and provincial officers, came forward at once as being desirous to become members of the new lodge. The proposition was then submitted to the heads of the Order in the Three Towns, when the whole of them, with, it is believed, only one exception, signed a recommendation that a warrant for the new lodge should be granted. The Provincial Grand Master added his recommendation, and now the information has been received that the Prince of Wales, M.W. Grand Master, has been pleased to grant a warrant for the holding of the said lodge under title of "The St. George, No. 2,025." The membership is not confined to pledged teetotalers, nor will any attempt be made to so limit it. At all its banquets and entertainments every endeavour will be made to make the social gatherings enjoyable, but without the aid of alcohol. The three principal officers named in the warrant will be provincial officers, who are total abstainers—the W. M. for twenty-eight years, the S. W. for eighteen years, and the J. W. a life-long abstainer. There were nearly fifty petitioners for the new lodge, and many of the brethren are active "blue ribbonists" and total abstainers. It is hoped that Lord Ebrington, M. P., the Prov. G. M. of Devon, will be able to consecrate the new lodge before leaving for London to enter on his Parliamentary duties.—*Western Morning News.*

A FATHER MATHEW DEMONSTRATION.

A large gathering of the members and friends of the London League of the Cross Catholic Total Abstinence Society was held recently in Shore-ditch Town Hall, to commemorate the ninety-fourth anniversary of the birthday of Father Theobald Mathew, the Irish apostle of temperance.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, who presided, said that he had been over in Ireland a short time ago, and he was rejoiced to tell them that the old country was more happy, more hopeful, and more prosperous than it had been for the last 500 years. God had this year blessed the land with a good harvest, and the Irish farmer was thankful, but in the midst of this rejoicing there came a shadow over the hearts of many a friend of Ireland, and it was this. Now that no confiscating hand can come and deprive the farmer of the

fruits of his industry, will these fruits be applied to putting better clothing on his children, providing more nourishing food, and better homes for those dependent on him, or will they be spent on the accursed drink? One of the best priests that Ireland has possessed assured him on a recent occasion that his heart was full of uneasiness that with the prosperity and better times which the country now enjoyed the consumption of whisky would increase; but, at the same time, he said there was one consolation, and it was that the people were better educated, and there was, therefore, greater hope of their becoming more temperate. He sincerely hoped that this anticipation would be happily realized, and if it were, he had but little fear of the future prosperity of the country. They were all aware that impaired health had reluctantly compelled him to retire somewhat from the political arena, but his heart was still with his own people, and with the gallant band who had struggled so bravely for them, and won for them, in the face of dire and determined opposition, not a few of the political rights and privileges they now enjoyed. At the same time he was more than ever convinced that it was no use speaking of political rights to the great mass of his countrymen, either at home or in Great Britain, unless they took seriously and practically to heart, and followed out in action the teachings of the great Irish priest, Father Mathew, whose memory they celebrated last night, and of his illustrious successor, Cardinal Manning.

Resolutions were passed, pledging the meeting to do all in its power to extend the cause of temperance among the Irish population of the metropolis; and after addresses by several of the priests who were present on the platform, the meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman, and enthusiastic cheers for Cardinal Manning, the president of the society.

—Selected.

THE MAINE LAW IS EFFECTIVE.

D. R. Locke, Esq., editor of the *Toledo Blade*, and better known to the world at large as Petroleum V. Nasby, visited Maine last fall for the purpose of making a personal investigation into the workings of the Maine Prohibitory statute, and gave his conclusions in a series of articles in the *Blade* last December. They are that the law is effective, and that Maine is really without a saloon system. It has been claimed that in the large cities liquor is openly sold, and Mr. Locke shows to what extent this is true. He says:

"The bars of the principal hotels in Portland are raided regularly. When the sheriff makes his appearance they conceal as much of the liquor as possible and submit to the seizure of the rest. The bar-keeper goes to the police station, he affirms that he rents the place and that the proprietor of the hotel is not the proprietor of the room; he pays his fine and is discharged. Then he goes back and continues selling until he has reason to expect another call from the sheriff, when he decamps. He can stand the fine of the first offense, for the proprietor of the hotel pays that, but he don't like the imprisonment. The sheriff comes and finds another hair-plastered apology for a man behind the bar, and he is arrested and pays his fine, or the proprietor does it for him, and so it goes on.

"Occasionally the sheriff manages to catch the fellow the second time, but they keep a sharp look out, and as a rule get away."

It will thus be seen that even in the hotels of the largest city in the state, liquor selling is a precarious business, and, like the violation of any other law, brings its penalty.

Outside the large cities, Mr. Locke shows conclusively that liquor is not sold publicly at all. That it is smuggled and sold to some extent no one cares to deny. Other crimes are also carried on in secret. *The Lever* has often described to its readers the desperate straits to which liquor-sellers and liquor drinkers are driven in Maine, but they may be interested also in Mr. Locke's description of the

MODUS OPERANDI.

"An Irish woman, known to her countrymen as a dealer in liquors, has a room in the rear of her miserable dwelling fitted up something like a bar. She has one bottle of whisky and a few bottles of rum in sight, but over them she has a weight suspended by a string, and under, a tub filled with water, in which kerosene oil has been poured. The beer is kept in a water sprinkler.

"She is ready for the officers. They can only approach by the front door, and when they appear she darts into the back room, cuts the string, the weight descends and smashes the bottles into the tub of watered kerosene, to destroy the smell of the whisky, the sprinkling can of beer is over-set on the floor, and the evidence is destroyed.

"They search the house for liquor, and sometimes find it. One man had dug through his cellar wall and made an opening sufficient to hold a

small stock. The door to this opening was a huge double affair, filled with sand, so that tapping the wall would not betray the fact that there was an opening, and the door itself was painted so close an imitation of stone as to make detection almost impossible. It would not have been discovered but for the man who painted it. He babbled in his drink. He took too much of the stuff which his genius had concealed, and betrayed the concealment. Thus evil is made to work good.

"Another woman had her cellar paved with flat stones, and under one particular stone the earth had been removed sufficiently to hold a large stock of the stuff.

"Other methods of concealment are employed. One woman has it hidden in privies, another under beds, others in stables, and in every place inaccessible to the lynx-eyed officers of the law.

"One woman carried a flat bottle in her stocking, from which she supplied her customers, and the officers who got upon her track had an amusing time of it to make the seizure. She professed her innocence of the charge and was anxious to accompany him to the station, but first she would retire into the next room to change her dress. To this the officer consented, only he would go with her. She wanted an opportunity to get rid of the fatal bottle—it was her second offense and the penalty this time would be six months in jail. That failing, she insisted upon several changes of location, the point being to get away from him till she could break the bottle. The officer was inflexible. Like Ruth, where she went he would go also. Finally she dropped the bottle and went.

"She languished six months in jail, and her business was closed up.

"Another woman carried two flat bottles under her skirts, and it required the services of two women employed in the department to bring the bottles to the light of day in the police station.

"When her customers called for their drinks she would hoist her dress and produce the bottles. Where twenty cents was involved she had no special delicacy. There isn't any delicacy in rum, either in buyer or seller. It is demoralizing all the way through."

It would seem that with such unequivocal and dispassionate testimony as this given by Mr. Locke, which, after all, is but corroboration of assertions long since made by Neal Dow and scores of others, the public would be convinced that *where prohibitory laws exist the saloon system is abolished.*

What is true in Maine is more eminently true in Kansas. The saloon system is dead, and the saloon exists only in cities in which the city governments are in the hands of the friends of the saloon. These are confined to less than a half dozen, and future elections will put an end to them. It is also true of hundreds of counties, towns and cities in other states. Prohibitory laws have been found the most effective, the most easily enforced and the most satisfactory temperance measures yet adopted. The testimony to the truthfulness of the assertion is conclusive and beyond question.—*Lever.*

THE WAY IT HAS GROWN.

Nothing in the history of the business of this country can compare with the fungus-like growth of the manufactories and selling places of the beverage which is becoming a cancer in our body politic, as it is a cancer in the bodies of those who consume it.

Thirty-five years ago lager beer was unknown to nine-tenths of our people. Nine out of every ten had not so much as heard the name. Twenty years ago four out of every five had never seen or tasted it.

In the year previous to 1850 there was a "beer wave." That is, the people generally became possessed of the idea that beer drinking was an immense improvement on whisky drinking, and the best way to promote the cause of temperance was to encourage the consumption of malt liquors. In response to this feeling, about 400 small breweries were established in different parts of the country, which, in 1850, produced about 250,000 barrels of beer, or about 120th of a barrel to every person in the country.

In the next ten years the number of breweries more than doubled, and their production trebled. The census of 1860 gives these figures of the malt liquor production in the country:

Number of establishments.....	970
" barrels made.....	3,239,555
Value of ".....	\$18,001,135

In the next ten years the number of breweries more than doubled again, while the value of the capital invested and the product was quadrupled, and even sextupled. The census of 1870 shows these figures:

Number of breweries.....	1,972
Steam engines (horse-power).....	12,863
Hands employed.....	12,442
Capital invested.....	\$48,779,435
Value of products.....	\$55,706,643

The number of barrels of beer produced in 1871 is given by Lewis Schade at 7,159,740, divided as follows :

New York.....	2,305,145
Pennsylvania.....	918,986
Ohio.....	656,966
Massachusetts.....	525,701
New Jersey.....	514,189
North Carolina.....	51

Let us see what an astonishing expansion is made in the next ten years. The census of 1880 reports concerning the breweries :

Number of establishments	2,741
Capital.....	\$91,208,223
Persons employed.....	26,200
Wages paid in a year.....	\$12,198,053
Cost of materials used in a year.....	\$56,836,000
Value of a year's products.....	\$101,058,386

It must be remembered, too, that these figures were taken the year after the resumption of specie payments, when everything yet felt the full effects of the panic. The quantity *per capita* had risen from less than one quart per person in 1850 to over 10 gallons per head in 1880.

This terrible growth of a most pernicious interest must frighten all who give the matter a moment's thought. Pulverize the rum power.—*Toledo Blade*.

PROHIBITION WHICH PROHIBITS.

Rev. N. B. Randall writes that he has spent some weeks in the town of Johnstown, N. Y., which includes the villages of Johnstown, Gloversville, and Kingsborough, with sixteen thousand people. The excise board have refused licenses since May, 1882, and the "Law-and-Order" Society reports as follows :

From May 1, 1882, to January 1, 1883, eight months, the sales of beer in the entire town of 16,000 people were 39,520 gallons less than during the same period of the year before under license.

The sales of distilled liquors in the same periods were :

Under license.....	10,200 gallons.
No license.....	1,160 "
Showing an actual decrease in sales of nine-tenths.	

During the same times again the arrest for drunkenness per month were :

Under license.....	17
No license.....	3 1/2

The town criminal expenses were :

Under license.....	2,475 20
No license.....	407 00

Number of places where liquors were openly sold :

Under license.....	32
No license.....	0

—*Ohio Good Templar*

Contributed Articles.

WHY NOT LICENSE THE GROCERS ?

The reasonable question is asked, what is gained by separating the sale of intoxicating liquors from that of groceries ?

Several answers are given, and some reasons also which may not be considered fairly forcible, or may be sometimes overstated. But then there are good and indisputable reasons which possibly are in danger of being kept in the shade by putting too prominently forward those which may be controverted or denied, such as grocers treating customers or charging liquors as other goods, &c. Many persons think too that the representations as to danger of female drunkenness from this cause are greatly overstated. However, there is no controverting :

1st. That the association of the harmful drink with the needful family supplies is liable to mislead the young and thoughtless. Moreover, few parents would be disposed to have their glass at the family table without giving the little ones a taste ; so a *beginning* may be made sometimes leading on to a disastrous end.

2nd. That some drink is bought with groceries which the buyer

would not purchase in a place where strong drink *alone* was on sale, so that family drinking is specially reduced by the dissociation.

3rd. Sad cases are on record where reformed men and women have been led again to the evil course by the present of a bottle instead of a turkey (on a festive occasion) from the family grocer.

4th. Fully verified cases are forthcoming where men have compelled their wives to purchase along with the sugar and tea a bottle for home consumption, who would not insist on them going for it to a separate establishment. Moreover, when brought home the drink is sometimes shared with a visiting friend, and so drinking customs are sustained. Tavern keepers seem to understand that their business would not be increased by stopping the grocers' sale, but rather that the more drink the shop supplies the more the tavern customers increase, and so they commonly make common cause !

5th. What appeared sufficient reasons must have been present in the mind of the legislature to lead to enacting that Municipal councils may pass such by-law, so as to provide that advanced committees might take advantage of such provision. Surely ample reasons exist in Toronto city at the present time.

6th. There are manifestly facilities for purchase and strong inducements to drinking peculiar to the association of the bad traffic with the good business which separation will materially tend to counteract. The fact that the traffickers see in this by-law a reduction of the quantity of intoxicating liquors consumed, was plainly the ground of this opposition to it, and the *same* supplied good reason why good citizens should vote in its favor.

7th. The sufficient reasons which led the Dominion Parliament to enact six years hence the separation of the traffic from the grocery business are quite as strong in 1884 as they can be anticipated to become in 1890, and in the meantime the additional good results between now and then secured by adopting the improvement at the nearer time.

The promoters of the agitation, in harmony with the progressive enlightened sentiment of the day, press immediate action; the parties financially interested, oppose.

The public good demands the improvement.

Temperance News.

TORONTO.—The excitement during the past week, over the voting on the by-law to separate the sale of liquor from that of groceries, was intense. Meetings were held in every part of the town, sermons were preached, immense quantities of specially prepared literature were circulated, and temperance men and women went heart and soul into a thorough and energetic canvass of the city electors. The liquor-party, too, used every effort, the whole force of the brewing, distilling, wholesaling and retailing interests was thrown into the contest. Saloon and hotel keepers joined the licensed grocers, and on the day of voting, Monday, there was a united rally of all agencies and influences that could affect those who had votes. But they fought in vain. Dead men and absent men were personated, fraud and misrepresentation were rife, all means fair and unfair were employed, but all were not enough. The determined, prayerful, energetic work of thousands of our best men and women resulted in the rolling up of a good majority for the cause of right out of the largest vote that this city has ever polled. The following is the official return of the total votes cast in each ward for and against the by-law :—St. Andrew, 630 for, 663 against; St. David, 602 for, 730 against ; St. George, 318 for, 356 against ; St. James, 707 for, 485 against ; St. John, 625 for, 626 against ; St. Lawrence, 426 for, 486 against ; St. Patrick, 894 for, 780 against ; St. Paul, 341 for, 263 against ; St. Stephen, 537 for, 384 against ; St. Thomas, 485 for, 443 against. Total for the by-law, 5,565; total against, 5,216. On Tuesday a strong deputation of temperance men waited upon the Mayor, and that gentleman at once summoned a special meeting of the Council. This meeting was held on Wednesday. A wonderful change had come over the sentiment and purpose of that worthy body since the expression of public opinion against the present unjust and inexcusable system. A by-law was at once introduced, and passed its first and second readings. Meantime the licensed grocers were not idle. An affidavit was laid before the court of chancery, affirming that the council's action was illegal, and before the third reading of the by-law was reached an injunction stopped the council's proceedings. Next day, Thursday, the whole question was ably argued before Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot, who unhesitatingly dissolved the injunction, leaving the council free again. At another meeting, upon Friday, February 29, the by-law, after a long and exhaustive debate, received its final reading, and the hard-fought battle was won. In many other parts

of Ontario, most notably the city of Brantford and the town of Chatham similar victories have been gained. And the probabilities are strong that the liquor-traffic in connection with the grocery trade will soon be a thing of the past.

NORTH ONTARIO.—The annual meeting of the North Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance was convened at Uxbridge on Wednesday, February 27th, 1884, in the Sons' Hall, at 3 o'clock p.m. In the absence of the President, the chair was taken by A. D. Weekes, Esq., Vice-President. A very large attendance of temperance workers, about 40 from various parts of the country, was present. It was the largest and most enthusiastic meeting of the Alliance ever held. After the reading of the minutes and the Treasurer's report, which were adopted, the following officers were elected for the next year:

President, Rev. Mr. Bishop.

Vice-President, Rev. Mr. McDonald.

Secretary, J. Symons, Esq.

Treasurer, Thomas Armstrong, Esq., and a Vice-President and Secretary for each municipality in the county.

The next immediate business that came before the Alliance was the question of the submission of the Scott Act to the ratepayers of the county for adoption. After some conversation, Rev. Mr. Brethour, of Halton, made some remarks on the working of the Act in that county. Many questions were asked regarding it, after which A. D. Weekes, Esq., of Uxbridge, moved, seconded by Mr. E. Phoenix, of Greenbank, Reach, "That in the opinion of this meeting the time has fully come for the submission of the Scott Act in this county, and that we take the preliminary steps to bring it before the people." Carried unanimously.

Efforts are to be made to secure the co-operation of surrounding counties in accordance with the Resolution of the Dominion Alliance.

A public meeting was held in the evening in the Methodist Church; it was large and enthusiastic. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Renner, of Prince Albert; Crozier, of Port Perry, and Rev. D. L. Brethour, of Halton.

The resolution the Alliance passed was submitted to the meeting, and was unanimously carried by a rising vote. The Scott Act will carry in Ontario County.

OTTAWA.—A meeting of the members of the House of Commons and the Dominion Alliance was held on Feb. 25 for the purpose of considering the following resolutions passed by the Dominion Alliance, and the submission to the House of which was requested by that body: "Whereas the object of good government is to promote the general welfare of the people by a careful encouragement and protection of whatever makes for the public good, and by an equally careful discouragement and suppression of whatever reacts to the public disadvantage; and whereas the traffic in alcoholic liquor as beverages is productive of serious injury to the moral, social, and industrial welfare of the people of Canada; and whereas, despite all preceding legislation, the evils of intemperance remain so vast in magnitude, so wide in extent, and so destructive in effect, as to constitute a social peril and a national menace; therefore be it resolved—That this House is of the opinion that the right and most effectual legislative remedy for these evils is to be found in the enactment and enforcement of a law prohibiting the importation, manufacture, and sale of liquors for beverage purposes."

VIEWES OF MEMBERS.

Mr. FOSTER, Chairman of the meeting, said the resolutions would give the members a chance to declare themselves, and when the pulse was known the way would be paved for the introduction of a Prohibitory Bill next session.

The discussion on the resolutions drew forth an expression of opinion on the Scott Act and the Dunkin Act.

Mr. McCRAVEY, (Halton), eulogised the Scott Act, saying it worked excellently. He read statistics obtained from the Commissioner, showing that there were 42 hotels in the county before the Scott Act, and \$100,000 worth of liquor sold annually in the county, and that now only \$10,000 worth is sold, being a saving of \$4 per head.

Mr. IRVINE, New Brunswick, said all who subscribed to the resolutions would be found supporting the Prohibitory Bill.

Mr. KIRK, Nova Scotia, believed if the Government introduced a prohibitory measure and used their influence they would carry it easily.

Mr. FOSTER reminded the meeting that the Alliance had sent a

deputation to the Government last summer with reference to the matter. The Government assured them that prohibition was a question on which they had no control of their followers. Even Mr. McKenzie had assured the Alliance that it would be fruitless to urge prohibition then.

AMENDING THE SCOTT ACT.

Mr. BURPEE moved, seconded by Mr. SHAKESPEARE, the following amendment, which was carried:—"Whereas an Act known as the Scott Act was passed and became law in 1878, containing the principle of local prohibition, and is a great advance on all former legislation, and this Act, in the counties where the friends of temperance have been able to enforce it, has met the reasonable expectations of the friends of temperance; and whereas certain defects in that Act have made it unworkable in many counties, therefore be it resolved that it is the duty of the temperance men in this Parliament to endeavor to have the Scott Act so amended that it may be made workable throughout the Dominion."

Several members expressed fear that interference with the Scott Act would destroy its usefulness.

A committee consisting of Messrs. McCraney, Fisher, Foster, Burpee, King, Shakespeare, Screwer, Robertson (Shelburne), and Senators McClelan and Vidal, was then appointed to prepare the necessary amendments to the Scott Act.

BRIGDEN.—As announced in our last issue, a large number of the citizens of Brigden and surrounding country assembled at the C. M. Church, for the purpose of forming a Scott Act Association for No. 6 polling sub-division, Moore. The attendance was very fair, but very enthusiastic. Some of the old residents say it was the most enthusiastic meeting ever held in this section. After addresses by Rev. J. A. McDonald, convener, and Rev. Messrs. Kerr, McKellar and McCutcheon, the following officers were elected:—Rev. J. B. Wynne, secretary, Dr. Ames, Treasurer. All in the room but two or three exceptions became members of the association, and pledged themselves to do all in their power to procure the adoption of the Scott Act, by all lawful endeavors. The membership of the association is 25 cents, and the secretary will be pleased to receive the names of any who may desire to become members at any time. The admission fee is charged so the association will be able to pay all current expenses.—*Brigden Beagle.*

ST. JOHN, N. B., Feb. 25.—Moncton has had a sensation. It happens that there is a law making it discretionary with the police magistrate in towns where the Scott Act is in force to dismiss the police officers, etc., if he is fully satisfied that these officers are not faithfully discharging their duty in enforcing that act. On Saturday it seems Mr. Wortman, police magistrate made up his mind that this was the trouble in Moncton, and he accordingly removed the county constables and almost all the police officers. As he had no power to appoint officers, the town was for a time without police.

BOSTON.—The coffee-house experiment in Boston is only sixteen months old, but has reached \$1,000 profit a month. The capital was furnished by benevolent men who looked for no pecuniary return. The Casino coffee-house was opened in February, 1882, and occupied the whole of a building. Plate-glass windows, hardwood finish, decorated walls and tasteful furnishings served to remove any impression of cheap charity. There were two entrances, one for women opening directly into the drawing rooms, and the other, for men, to a "coffee bar," where coffee, cocoa, etc., sandwiches and simple refreshments were sold, and in the rear were billiard and pool tables, with chairs for persons watching the games. Cigars were sold at the coffee counter, and smoking was allowed. Overhead was a reading-room and an apartment fitted up for games. The idea was to provide all the social attractions of the saloons, with the exception of intoxicating drinks. A new coffee-house was soon projected, the Alhambra, which is even more attractive in its decorations and furnishings than the Casino, and equally successful. *Steuben Signal.*

ARKANSAS.—The temperance fight is hot in Arkansas. A state law provides that a majority of the adult population, female and male together, may by petition, prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors within three miles of a church or school-house. Of course this makes it optional with each city, town and village whether it shall enforce prohibition, for even in Arkansas the three mile limit would include all centers of population. Just now Little Rock, the state capital, is the scene of the hottest contest. The temperance people are holding mass meetings, and the liquor dealers are boycotting business men who favor the closing of saloons.—*The Prohibitionist, (Debuque, Ia.)*

Emmet's Cuckoo Song.

COMPOSED AND SUNG By J. K. EMMET IN "FRITZ AMONG THE GYPSIES."

Moderato.

(Cuckoo.) Oh, hear the cuck-oo call! Oh, hear him call-ing now!

PIANO.

Detailed description: This system contains the first two lines of music. The top line is the vocal melody, starting with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature. It begins with a rest, followed by a double bar line and a section marked with a dollar sign (\$) and a common time signature. The lyrics "Oh, hear the cuck-oo call!" and "Oh, hear him call-ing now!" are written below the notes. The middle line is the piano accompaniment for the right hand, and the bottom line is for the left hand. The word "PIANO." is written to the left of the piano part.

Cuck-oo! cuck - oo! I hear you call, I hear you call,

ff

Detailed description: This system contains the third and fourth lines of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "Cuck-oo! cuck - oo! I hear you call, I hear you call,". The piano accompaniment features a forte (ff) dynamic marking. The music is in a 2/4 time signature.

Hear the cuckoo call, Oh, hear how he's call-ing now!

pp

Detailed description: This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of music. The vocal line has the lyrics "Hear the cuckoo call, Oh, hear how he's call-ing now!". The piano accompaniment features a piano (pp) dynamic marking. The music is in a 2/4 time signature.

1. Oh, sad - ly the cuck-oo is call - ing now, I hear him far up in the ru - ins so gray; And
2. The blue-birds do sing with a mer - ry trill, Their glad notes sound clear through the green woodland bow'rs, But the

Detailed description: This system contains the seventh and eighth lines of music. The vocal line has two verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady accompaniment.

soft - ly the moonbeams are fall - ing now, O'er slum - ber - ing blos - soms of May..... } Soft
 cuck - oo's call is so sad and still, It comes in the twi - light's lone hours..... }

lil - ies and the rose..... Wave in the val - leys green, Sad

spir - its yearn for their lost love, While beau - ti - ful sham-rock grows:..... Oh,

sad - ly the cuck-oo is call - ing now, I hear him far up in the ru - ins so gray! And

soft - ly the moonbeams are fall - ing now, O'er slum - ber - ing blos - soms of May.....

(La la

(This yodler is sung by Mr. Emmet, but ordinarily it is better to play it.)

oo - la - ee - oh, etc.)

After 2d verse.

Tempo lo. Morendo.

The First Glass.



None of our colleges, several years ago, was a young man possessed of fine mind, excellent attainments, and pleasing manners—the life of the social circle and the favorite of all. He was not only a pleasant but a safe companion, for he was free from the vices with which some of the young men who frequent college halls are familiar. The inebriating cup had never passed his lips.

But there came a time when the snare of the tempter was thrown around him, and he had not the power to break away.

At an evening party wine formed part of the entertainment, and the sparkling cup was offered him by a gay young lady. Surely he could not refuse to drink just one glass with her? There could be no harm in that.

Thus the young lady pleaded, and thus the young man reasoned. He had never tasted wine; but when once the cup had passed his lips, a thirst was created which clamored for indulgence. That first glass, pressed to his lips by a young and thoughtless lady, and accepted through fear of appearing singular, was the beginning of a downward course. His studious habits were abandoned. He sought the company of revellers; rapidly, madly, he rushed to ruin, and in a few short months was laid in a drunkard's grave.

So young, so gifted! Another victim laid on the altar of intemperance. By his fall many fond hopes were blighted and hearts almost crushed.

His companions in college laid to heart the lessons taught by his fearful fall. Standing around his grave, they made a solemn pledge never to taste the deadly poison, never to deal in it, never to offer it to others, or in any way to encourage its use.

Some of this number still live, zealous advocates of the cause of temperance.

And the young lady through whose enticing words the first glass passed his lips, can she meet at the judgment the soul of her victim? She knew not what she did, or hand and tongue would have palsied as she held before him the sparkling cup; but it is never safe to trifle with a deadly poison.

Young lady, as you value the souls of those whom you may influence, shun the social glass. Let no one be influenced by your example to take the first step in the downward way.

General News.

CANADIAN.

The Toronto Board of Examiners have completed the examinations for masters and mates. They granted 123 certificates, 99 for masters and 24 for mates.

On the 13th inst. a brutal murder took place at Calgary; Jesse Williams killed Jas. Adams with a razor.

There is said to be a gang of boys in St. Thomas who, inspired by trashy literature, are making numerous petty depredations.

John Bogan almost severed three of his toes with an axe while chopping in the woods near Cobourg.

Judgment has been given by Justice Ferguson in the celebrated church case of Langtry and Dumoulin in favor of plaintiffs. Rectors outside of St. James' Cathedral rector are, therefore, entitled to a share in the endowment funds of St. James.'

A fire occurred in the pattern shop of the G. T. R. at Point St. Charles, Que., which gutted the building completely. The reading-room library belonging to the workmen was also consumed with contents. Loss about \$2,000.

An English company has been formed for the purpose of developing the Pocock coal mine, in the Souris district.

George Harrison, an engineer, was found drowned in his employer's dock in Dartmouth, N.S., on the 24th. Two soldiers of the Royal Artillery were also drowned at Halifax by the upsetting of a boat.

The New Brunswick legislature was opened at 3 o'clock Thursday by His Honor Hon. Duncan Wilmot, Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

The barque "Ada Barton," from St. John for Glasgow, has been lost at sea with all hands.

A frame house in Napanee, owned and occupied by George McGinness, was destroyed by fire Saturday night. None of the contents were saved. Loss about \$800; insured for \$350.

A writ has been served upon Sir Charles Tupper for \$5,200 for sitting in Parliament and holding the position of High Commissioner at the same time. The writ was taken out by a man named Campbell, a retired grocer.

A sad story of the fatal results of over-indulgence in ardent spirits comes from South March, near Ottawa. On Saturday evening last Susan Morgan, wife of Mr. George Morgan, went to the "Corners," where she partook too freely of spirituous liquors. Starting for home she seems to have lost her way on the road, and was frozen dead not far from her residence.

Mr. Burns and an adopted daughter were burned to death at Bridgewater, N. B., on the 22nd, being unable to escape from a burning building.

At Hamilton some corporation laborers were cutting down an embankment on Main street west when a land slide occurred, and Wm. McCallum was crushed against a waggon and died before he could be dug out. A fellow-labourer named Tompkins was badly bruised at the same time by earth falling on him.

A dreadful accident is reported from the village of Bridgewater, N. B., which is situated between Centreville and the boundary. Mr. Burns' house and all the contents were burned. Mrs. Burns and her daughter made their escape from the burning building by leaping from the upper window. Mr. Burns and an adopted daughter about 14 years old were unable to escape and were burned to death.

Miners in the Springhill colliery, N. S., are on strike owing to the refusal of the company to comply with the demand made for an increase of wages by the miners on behalf of the "outside" men, from \$1.10 to \$1.25, and a few men underground who were working in difficult places and unable to raise the usual quantity from 47 cents to 60 cents per box. The last named men, it was said, could only earn from 75 to 85 cents per day.

Nearly all the south side of Queen Square, Charlottetown, P. E. I., has been destroyed by fire. In the centre of the square stood the Custom House and Post Office. Shingles were substituted for slate on the roof of the building some time ago. It was destroyed. The total loss is estimated at \$250,000. Insurance, \$89,000.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held recently at Brandon under the auspices of the Farmer's Union. After the report of the delegate to Ottawa had been received, resolutions were passed endorsing the previous declaration of rights, demanding the extension of the boundaries to Hudson Bay, and a redistribution of seats in the Local Legislature. Several delegates were appointed to attend the Winnipeg convention on March 5. The convention promises to be a great and earnest gathering.

UNITED STATES.

Reports continue to come in of the terrible effects of last week's storm. The damage done in some places was very great.

A quack who prescribed a medicine which killed his patient was been lynched by indignant citizens in Colorado.

At Selma, Ala., Leonard Jefferson, aged 20, in a quarrel killed Henry Smith, aged 13. The difficulty grew out of the possession of a dime with a hole in it.

The cyclone killed fifty persons in North Carolina and wounded many more. Nine persons lost their lives in Putnam County, Ga., and the stock on many farms perished.

George H. Tryer, one of Colorado's best known mining men, died at Denver Sunday evening from an overdose of morphine, administered by his own hand.

A hundred pounds of dynamite exploded recently seven miles north of Omaha. Thos. Burns was torn into fragments, and shreds of his flesh scattered several hundred yards. Great gaps were made in the earth. A number of buildings in the neighborhood were damaged. The shock was distinctly felt all over the city.

The steamer Saucelito was burned last week at San Quentin, Cal. An employee who was in a helpless state of intoxication is supposed to have been cremated. Loss \$150,000.

Union Block, with five frame buildings, at Jackson, Mich., was totally destroyed by fire Sunday morning. Loss, \$200,000, with an insurance of about \$60,000. Several lives are reported lost, but as yet but one body has been recovered. Four others are injured so that they will die.

Congress has passed a joint resolution authorizing the Secretary of War to furnish tents for the fifth annual reunion of the soldiers and sailors of the northwest to be held at Chicago in August next.

The boiler of the stationary engine of a piledriver on the Central Railway, at Blakely, Ga., exploded last week, killing engineer Wm. Sloan and fatally wounding his little son, the fireman and two negroes.

A fire in the Pittsburgh & Allegheny Passenger Railway stables caused a loss of \$15,000. Two firemen were injured by a falling roof.

Allen Womack, aged 15, insulted the pupils in a negro school at Danville, Va., Friday, whereupon they attacked him. Womack fired five shots, wounding two blacks, but four fired by the latter were harmless. Womack was later arrested.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Mr. Bradlaugh has been again expelled from the House of Commons by a vote of 266 to 173.

The steamer Great Eastern has been purchased by the Government for a coal hulk, to be stationed at Gibraltar.

A convention of farmers at Carlow has denounced the action of Lord Rossmore and the Orangemen. It was resolved to prohibit hunting on the lands of farmers, and if necessary to prevent it, the farmers declare they will poison their grounds.

Foot, the Editor of the Free Thinker, has completed his year's imprisonment for blasphemy. Bradlaugh, with 2,000 sympathisers, met him at the gate of the prison.

Last week an explosion took place in the cloak-room of Victoria Railway Station at London. The explosive agent was undoubtedly dynamite. A large portion of the roof was blown off, and nearly all the glass-work in the station destroyed. Seven men have been sent to the hospital with severe injuries. Extensive damage was done to the surrounding property.

Four thousand miners have struck at Auzon, France.

At a carnival and festival at Vallaral, a town of Portugal, an affray occurred between the military and people. Fifteen persons were wounded.

MM. Francis Coppée and De Lesseps have been elected members of the French Academy.

The boiler of the steamer Katsoi, from Hong Kong to Macao, exploded. Seventeen passengers were killed, eight of whom were Europeans.

Photiades Pacha has resigned the Governorship of Crete. It is believed that preparations are being made for a great Cretan revolt.

At Trikitat, a battle took place between Graham's forces and the rebels. The latter were defeated.

Fresh directions have been sent to Gen. Graham repeating previous orders to restrict operations to the defence of Suakin.

There is a report that the Annamites recently made an attack upon the French near Hanoi. The result of the engagement is unknown. The Chinese legation here has received no information regarding it.

Thousands of people are dying of fever in the south of Java.

Yellow fever has broken out at Lazallan and Manzanillo, Mexico. The disease is said to be of a malignant type.

Intemperance News.

CHICAGO.—The Chicago *Tribune* gives these figures: Chicago has 300 churches against 5,242 liquor saloons; 400 clergymen, evangelists and lay readers; 5,550 bartenders; only a half-a-dozen art

galleries and 358 variety theatres. Out of 100,000 buildings, 7,000 are used for immoral purposes; \$1,560,000 are spent for schools, \$15,000,000 for liquor, \$800,000 for police, perhaps \$100,000 for religious worship and charity.

NEW YORK.—From the annual report of the statistics of the poor, recently submitted by the Secretary of State to the Legislature of this State, it appears that there were 75,543 persons relieved during the year as paupers, that of this number 42,082 were country and 33,461 were town paupers. Besides these the number of persons temporarily relieved was 48,366. The expenses of support of county and town paupers amounted to \$1,633,566, expenses connected with the county poor-houses, \$1,027,853, and expenses of administering temporary relief, \$605,745. The whole amount saved by the labor of paupers was \$75,122. These statistics, it is understood, are exclusive of the city and county of New York, the Commissioners of charity of this city not having made any return for the institutions under their charge. It would undoubtedly be an underestimate to assume that fifty thousand of these paupers, who cost the taxpayers of this State the last year an aggregate of over a million and a half, became such either directly or indirectly through strong drink. The direct money loss is large; the indirect loss of labor and capacity for wealth production is larger still; and the loss of happiness and health, bodily and spiritual, to thousands of homes is beyond computation. Total abstinence would be an effective remedy and safeguard.—*Advocate*.

The brewers and liquor dealers of New York City, at a large meeting, unanimously voted not to employ any man who was not a voter, and not to vote for any man on their party ticket who favored prohibition in the slightest degree. Whisky you see is in politics.

The *Retailer*, the organ of the liquor and tobacco interests, makes the statement that "the tobacco factories and importers supply for every male person in this country is ten pounds of chewing tobacco, three and a half pounds of smoking tobacco, two hundred and fifty cigars, and half a pound of snuff per annum." It adds: "For the six million youths, between the ages of ten and twenty-one, there were manufactured six hundred million cigarettes, or one hundred apiece." These figures, if even approximately correct, reveal an enormous consumption of tobacco. That they are not extravagant may be reasonably inferred from the many millions of dollars paid annually to the Government as a revenue tobacco tax, and from the universality of the tobacco nuisance. As a material waste it is a great evil, and a destructive agency to health—especially to the young, so extensively given to cigarette smoking.—*Christian Home*.

ALASKA.—A dark picture of intemperance among the natives is drawn by Rev. R. W. Hill, who had recently been to Alaska. "The Indians will give away wife and children," he says, "to obtain liquor, and their carousals are so fierce and reckless that murders and suicides are frequent results." He also believes that unless the progress of ruin is stayed, the end of the Alaska Indians is not far off. Who can remain indifferent in learning such facts, and in watching with these the fearful work going on over the whole world, as the outgrowth of this deadly business? Our whole being cries out, What shall we call thee, thou enemy of mankind? The great master poet of human nature answers, "Let us call thee—devil!"—*Western Wave*.

PARIS.—As some answer to the protests which have been made against his peremptory prohibition of beer for the patients of the hospitals, the Director of the Assistance Publique publishes some of the figures, which have justified, as he thinks, his too indiscriminate resolution. It seems that the quantity of beer consumed at the Hotel Dieu rose from 37 litres in 1875 to 13,516 in 1882; at the Pitie from 700 to 8,995; at the Charite from 1,876 to 13,473; and at the St. Antoine from 3,768 to 14,546. The whole of the hospital establishments consumed 28,695 litres in 1875 and 151,174 in 1882. The consumption of *vin ordinaire* (which has the reputation of being very good in the Paris hospitals) rose from 1,893,128 litres in 1875 to 2,686,728 in 1882; that of Banyuls wine rose from 56,881 litres to 128,584, and Bordeaux from 78,814 litres to 103,988. There were also 1,130,531 litres of milk consumed in 1875, and 2,675,699 in 1882. The increase in the consumption in beer, therefore, has not been caused by its substitution for wine or milk, the beer being an absolute addition. "But who drank all this beer?" asked one of the municipal councillors. "That I cannot tell," replied M. Quentini, "though it is certain that all these supplementary quantities did not profit the patients."—*Medical Times and Gazette*.

BELGIUM.—The retail liquor trade in Belgium is absolutely free; anybody can open a public house who chooses. The result

is that the annual consumption of distilled liquors and beer has increased so as to alarm good citizens. The annual consumption of distilled liquors is 12½ quarts for each of the 5,500,000 inhabitants, or 268 quarts of beer—a consumption almost twice as great as that of Germany. There is one public house for every 44 inhabitants; and crimes and suicides have trebled in 40 years. The Europeans should study carefully the experiment of prohibition going on in this country. Prohibition is gaining in public favor from the results reached in Kansas, Georgia and other states.—*Western Wave.*

JAPAN.—The pastor of a Methodist church in the North of Japan has contributed to the *Christian Weekly*, of Tokio, a notable article on sake-drinking. Besides ably discussing the question in sanitary and religious aspects, he gives some striking and interesting facts. It seems that the Chinese Emperor Buo, three thousand years ago, was a radical temperance reformer. His laws on the subject were very strict, and their violation was punished by death. This system somewhat modified, was afterwards introduced into Japan, where it remained in force nearly a thousand years. But its influence has long since been lost. To-day intemperance is one of the growing and desperate evils in Japan. The Japanese spend yearly 80,000,000 yen, or more than \$60,000,000 for sake, in the manufacture of which 26,000,000 bushels of rice are consumed, or almost one-fifth of the total yield of the country, leaving a short allowance for food, and none for export. This one drink costs the people as much as does their entire government. The temperance question is, then, for Japan, as for many another more Christian land, a very serious and pressing one, which we hope the present large outpouring of the Spirit will do much to solve.

Tales and Sketches.

THE YOUNG ENGINEER.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

"The young man you met at the gate, eh? Yes, that is my son—my boy Jack.

"You noticed the scars on his face, sir, and thought, maybe, they spoiled features meant to be handsome?"

"Ah, sir! that was because you did not know! Why, those red marks make him more beautiful to me now than when, a baby in arms, with yellow curls and laughing eyes and a skin like a rose leaf, and the people hurrying in and out of the trains would turn to look and smile at him and praise, to each other, speaking low, maybe, but not too low for a mother's quick, proud ears to hear!

"For we lived in a little house close by the station, and when I heard the whistle of his father's train, I used to snatch the baby from the cradle, or off the floor where he sat with his little playthings, and run down to the further end of the long depot where the engine always halted, to get the smile and loving word that my heart lived on all day.

"Not the least bit afraid was the baby of all the whistling and clanging of bells, the groaning of the wheels and the puffing of the steam. He would laugh and spring so in my arms that I could scarcely hold him, till his father would reach down sometimes and lift him up into the engineer's cab, and kiss him for one precious minute and then toss him down to me again.

"When he grew a little older, he was never playing horse or soldiers, like the other fellows around; it was always a railway train he was driving. All the smoothest strips out of my billets of kindling wood went to build tracks over the kitchen floor hither and thither, crossing and recrossing each other.

"Can't move my switch, mother dear!" he used to cry out to me. "You'll wreck my train for sure!"

"So I had to go softly about my work, with scarce a place sometimes to set my foot. And all the chairs in the house would be ranged for cars, the big rocker, with the tea bell tied to its back, for the engine; and there he would sit perched up by the hour together, making believe to attend the valves and shouting to the fireman.

"I shall never forget the first time his father took him to ride on the engine. John had begged over and over to go, but his father always bade him wait till he was older. So I had said.—

"Don't tease father any more, Jack dear," and like the true little heart he was, he had not said another word about it for a matter of six months or more.

But that day such a wistful look came into his face, and he

pulled himself up tall and straight, and said, quite softly, his voice trembling a little, "Father, do you think I am grown enough now?"

"Looking at him, I saw two tears in his pretty eyes. I think his father saw them, for he turned to me in a hurry, and said he,—

"We meet the up train at Langton, Mary, and Will Brown will bring the little chap back all straight, I know. What do you say?"

"What could I say but yes? At supper time he was back again, but he could not eat. His eyes were like stars, and there was a hot, red spot on each cheek, so that I feared he would be ill. And I thought he would never be done talking, but now he said scarce a word.

"What was it like, Jackie?" I asked him.

"Oh mother!" he said, "it wasn't like anything." He sat for a moment thinking, then he said, "unless it was like—that you read last Sunday."

"Don't you know, mother?" "The wings of the wind!"

"That was not his last ride on the engine by many times, for as he grew older, his father would take him often on Saturday, or other half-holidays. He was perfectly trusty and obedient. I believe he would have had his right hand cut off sooner than have meddled with anything; but he knew every valve and screw and gauge, and watched every turn of his father's hand, and learned the signals all along the line, so that my husband said to me more than once.—

"I believe in my heart, Mary, that if I was struck dead on the engine, Jack could run her through without a break!"

"He was in school and learning fast but out of hours he was always studying over books about machinery and steam. Such an odd child as he was, with thoughts far beyond his years!

"Sometimes sitting here by myself, I go over in my mind the strange things he used to say to me.

"I remember that one evening he had been reading for a long time in some book that he had got out of the public library; but by and by he stopped and leaned his head on his hand, looking into the coals. All at once—

"Mother," said he, "isn't it a wonderful thing that God could trust men with it?"

"With what, Jack?"

"With the steam—the power in it I mean! It was a long time before he did. But when the right time came, and somebody listened, then he told."

"O mother!" said he, with his eyes shining, "What must it have been to be James Watt, and to listen to such a secret as that?"

"In a minute he spoke again."

"And it is never safe to forget to listen, because we can't know when he might speak, or what there might be to hear."

"I could not answer him for a choking in my throat, but I laid down my knitting and I put my arms around him; and he looked up into my face with something in his eyes that I never forgot."

"We were getting on well then. The little home and garden were almost paid for, and we thought that nowhere in the world were happier people than we, or a brighter, cosier home. My husband and I were always talking of this and that to be done for Jack as soon as the last payment should be made. But before the money was due my husband came home sick one day.

"Don't be frightened, Mary," he said, "I shall be better tomorrow."

"But he only grew worse next day. It was a lung fever that he had, and many days we thought he must die. Yet he rallied after a time—though he kept his hacking cough—and sat up and moved about the house, and at last thought himself strong enough to take his place again. But that was too much, for at the end of the first week he came home and fell, fainting, on the threshold.

"It's of no use, Mary," he said, after he came to himself. "I can't run the engine, and if I could, it isn't right for people's lives to be trusted to such weak hands as mine!"

"He never did any regular work after that, though he lived for a year."

"Consumption is a terrible disease, sir! To see one that you would give your heart's blood to save slipping, slipping away before your eyes, and you helpless to hold him back by so much as a hair's breadth from that black gulf of death; ah, sir! I trust you have never learned how hard it is.

"Young as he was, Jack was my stay and comfort through that dark time. My poor husband had matters in his mind that he longed to speak to me about, but I always put him off, for I could not bear to listen to anything like his going away from us.

"But at last, the very day before the end came, as I sat by his

bed holding his hand in mine, he said, very gently, but grimly, "Mary wife, I think you must let me speak to you to-day!"

"I fell to crying as if my heart would break, and he drew a pitiful sigh that went like a sword through my breast; yea, I could not stop the sobs. Then Jack rose up from the little stool where he had sat so quietly that we had almost forgotten he was there, and came and touched me.

"Mother! dear mother!" he said; and as I looked I saw his face perfectly white, but there were no tears in his eyes.

"Mother!" he said again, "please go away for a little while. I can hear what father wants to say.

"You will think me cowardly, sir, but I did as the child bade me. I left the door ajar, and I could hear my husband's weak voice, though I could not understand the words, and then my brave boy's answers, clear and low; not a break or tremble in the sweet voice. And at last Jack said, "Is that all, dear father?" and, "Yes I will be sure to remember it every word!"

"Then he came out and kissed me with almost a smile, and went through the outer door. But an hour afterward, when I went out to the well, I heard a little choking sound, and saw him lying on his face in the long grass under the apple tree sobbing his heart away. So I turned about and went into the house as softly as I could, and never let him know.

"After it was all over and we had time to look about us, we found some debts left and very little money. It was a hard thing for me, that had had so long a strong, loving arm between me and every care, to have to think and plan how to make ends meet, when I could not even start evenly at the beginning. But Jack came to my help again.

"Father said that you were never to work hard, dear mother, because you were not strong, but that I must take care of you some way. He thought that you could let two or three rooms to lodgers maybe, and that the best thing for me just now would be to get a train boy's place. He said the men on our road would be sure to give me a chance for his sake."

"I do not know that I had smiled before since his father died, but when I heard him say 'our road,' in that little proud tone that he had, I caught him to my heart and laughed and cried together."

And I spoke to Mr. Withers about it only yesterday," he went on, "and he said that Tom Gray is going to leave, and I can have his chance and begin next week if I like. What do you say, dear mother?"

"O Jack!" I said, "how can I get through the long, lonesome days without you? And if anything should happen to you, I should die." "Don't mother," he said gently, for the tears were in my eyes again. But I would not heed him.

"And you to leave school," I cried, "and all our plans to come to naught."

"Father thought of that too," he answered. "But he said that the whole world belonged to the man that was faithful and true. And I promised him. You can trust me mother!"

"Trust him! Ah, yes! he had struck the right cord at last, and I lifted my head and dried my tears. Whatever unseen dangers I might fear for my boy would be of the body, not the soul. "Faithful and true!" I thanked God and took courage.

"It was wonderful how he succeeded with the books and papers, and the other things he sold. There was something in him that made him a favorite with everybody. I have been told by more than one that the sight of his frank, handsome face was like sunshine, and that people bought of him whether they wanted anything or not.

"Well, the years went by, and he grew up—working his way from one position to another, on the road—trusted everywhere. He was my own boy still, though he was so tall and strong, with his bright curls turned chestnut brown, and a silken fringe shading the lips that kept their old, loving kisses for me alone.

"It was not very long that he had had the place of engineer, which he had wanted so long. He had a day off, and was doing some little things for me about the house and garden, when one of the depot-hands came running up the path calling for him.

"Mr. Harding wants you instantly, Jack," cried the man. "The Jersey express should have left the depot five minutes ago, and the engineer has just fallen down in a fit. Curtis and Filch are both off on leave, and Mr. Harding says there's nobody left but you that he'll trust with the train.

"I!" cried Jack in a maze. The Jersey express: And I never drove anything but a freight train!"

"Well! well!" cried the man, impatiently, "don't stop to argue! Orders is orders, and here's a minute and a half gone already!"

"Jack seemed to come to himself at that. He darted one smile at me, and was off like a shot, drawing on his coat as he ran. In less time than I take in telling it, I heard the signal of the outgoing train and knew that my boy was trusted with a task that was used to be given only to the most intelligent and careful men in the service.

"They brought him back to me that night, sir, and I laid him on his father's bed; and, by piecemeal, then and afterwards, learned what had happened that day.

"The train starting out so late they were forced to make up the time somewhere on the line. So, on that straight stretch of track through the valley, they were making sixty miles an hour. The train fairly flew. Jack could feel the air strike his face like a sharp wind, though it was a balmy spring day.

"Then an awful thing happened! The great connecting rod of the driving wheel on the right of the engine broke. Jack seemed to live all his life over in that one terrible instant when he saw the end of the rod swing upward. It struck the cab under him and dashed it into a thousand pieces, and he knew no more till a horrible agony awoke him where he had fallen senseless on the engine.

"Burned and almost blind, with the flesh scalded and torn from his hands, he remembered his engine, with its open trottle, leaping on to certain destruction. He seemed to see the passengers inside the long train, as so many times in the old days when he called the morning papers in the cars.

"He knew how they looked and what they were doing—the men reading, smoking, talking of the elections, the price of grain, or how stocks went up last week: women, with crowing, dimpled babies in their arms, little children crowding to the windows, vainly trying to count whizzing telegraph-poles; young, happy people going on wedding journeys, maybe, and others coming home who had been long away.

"He remembered that, as he hurried to his place at the front, that day, a little girl with a cloud of golden hair had leaned from a car window to give one more good-bye kiss to her father on the platform. "Take good care of mamma, darling!" he had heard the gentleman say.

"The fireman—no coward, either, was Tim Harbrook, but with wife and babes at home—let himself down from the tender and escaped. So might my Jack have done. But he crept along the side of the leaping engine, carefully and painfully he swung himself into his place, and with every motion of his hands an untold agony, he reversed the engine and put on an air brake.

"Then the train stopped, snatched back from the pit's mouth, and they took my boy from his post—"faithful and true!"

"It was a long time before Jack's burns were healed. The road-people came often to see him—no men could have been kinder—and every week his wages came in full.

"But one evening after he had begun to get out a little, one of his mate's came in. "Come, Jack, old fellow, you'll be moped to death here!" he said. "You want a change. There's a big meeting of the road folks over at the hall to-night. I'm just on my way. Come along!"

"What sort of a meeting?" asked Jack.

"Oh, I can't say exactly—something interesting, they told me, and everybody's invited."

"He stole a queer look at me, and I knew he wanted me to help him. So, as I really thought it might do Jack good, I said:

"Yes, Jack, go along with Tom."

"But I'm not presentable with this face!" said Jack.

"Pshaw, man! it's evening and nobody'll notice. Leastways they needn't!"

"With a little more coaxing Jack set off with him. I had hardly heard the gate click, when the door opened again, and Jenny Brown came in like a sprite.

"Quick, quick, Mrs. Burton! Put on your bonnet!" she whispered.

"Where? What do you mean? I said, for I was frightened.

"She was tying my bonnet strings under my chin, as she spoke, and she had the house door locked, and me down the garden path and out of the back gate, fairly against my will. She hurried me across the square, and pushed me through the crowd around the hall entrance.

"I was out of breath with nervousness and fast walking, so we sat down in a back seat. The room was full. There were a great many ladies there, and on the platform sat the Superintendent and several of the Directors of the road. Everybody seemed to be whispering and smiling and looking backwards towards the door, and I looked too, though I didn't know why.

"Then the door opened and Jack came in with Tom. I heard somebody on the other side whisper, "that's him!" and another and another, and a rustle crept through the place, and then, all at once, such a cheer went up, I can truly say, I never heard in all my life before—no, not even when the troops came home from the war. The people stood up, and the ladies waved their white handkerchiefs.

"The Superintendent tried to speak, and rapped on his little table, but all in vain, until the crowd had had their three times three. And through it all I watched my boy. He looked around him dazed at first by all the tumult: and trying to know what it meant; but wherever he turned his eyes he met a hundred others smiling on him, and a score of hands stretched out to him as he passed, and all at once—he knew!

"O sir, I cannot tell you about it! How they carried him up to the front, though not on to the platform—there he would not go—how they found me and made me sit beside him; how there were speeches and handshakings and laughing and crying.

"And, at last the Superintendent said there was a little child there, and grand-daughter of the President of the road, who had been with her mother on the train that day, and that she had been selected by many grateful friends to present a little token to the man whose faithful courage had saved so many lives.

"Then a beautiful lady, all in soft, rustling silk came up the aisle, leading the loveliest child I ever saw, with a glory of golden hair around her head like the picture of an angel. I felt Jack start, for it was that very child whose face had come to him in that awful moment on the flying engine.

"The little thing let go her mother's hand as she came near, looking up with shy blue eyes, and in her small fingers was a purse of gold. You could see the great coins shining through the silk netting. She held it up to him, and all the room was still as death. I heard one great sob rise in my boy's throat, and then he lifted the child in his arms, and stood up, holding her, straight and tall.

"But he did not take the purse." "No, darling!" he said in a low, tender voice, so clear that everybody heard. Then he kissed her and lifted one curl from her neck.

"This is the only gold I want!" he said, and looked at the child's mother with a question in his eyes.

"The lady nodded, and my boy took a little pair of scissors from his vest pocket and cut the curl off gently, and put it carefully away.

"And sir, if they had cheered before what was it now? The arched ceiling rang, the gas jets flared and flickered, and the very pendants on the chandeliers clashed together.

"He would not take the money—then nor afterwards.

"It is not ours! What can we do with it? We cannot throw it away!" the Superintendent said.

"I'll tell you then, sir," said Jack, at last. "A tradesman, Jim Flaherty, was killed last week. He left a sick wife and six little children." Give the money to them!"

"And so they did.

"Now you know, sir, what the scars on my boy's face mean to me. I read on the red marks, "Faithful and true!" and I would not have them changed for the coat-of-arms of any king on the throne."—*Youth's Companion*.

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

Blessed is he who has found his work.

Innocence is like polished armor, it adorns and defends.—*Dr. South*.

The most perfect manhood was never nurtured in softness. The whole wealth of our manhood has been and must be won by hard work, by hard and austere training.—*Robert Collyer*.

If there is one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire better than another, it is a brave man—a man who dares to look the devil in the face, and tell him he is a devil.—*Garfield*.

Try to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come, as though that time should be of another make from this, which is already come, and is ours.—*Fuller*.

Your neighbor's boy passed your saloon nineteen times without entering—the twentieth time he went in. He is now a drunkard,

and his mother's heart breaking. Keep your trap set—there are other boys to be ensnared and destroyed.—*Nash. C. Adv.*

Drams of spirituous liquors are liquid fire; and all who manufacture or sell them are poisoners generally. They murder people by wholesale, they drive them to hell like sheep. The curse of God is in their gardens, their walks, their groves. Blood—blood is there. The foundation, the floor, the walls, the roofs of their dwellings are stained with blood.—*John Wesley*.

BITS OF TINSEL.

"A little ragged orphan girl who ne'er
Had had a home nor known a parent's care,
And who, with shoeless feet and hatless head,
Newspapers sold to earn her scanty bread,
Was taken from the city far away,
With others of her kind, one summer day,
To look upon the ocean. At the sight
Her thin, sharp face was filled with grave delight,
And some one said: "I wonder what can be
Her thoughts, poor child, about this mighty sea?"
She heard the words, and quickly turned her head,
And in low tones, "I'se thinkin' ma'am," she said,
"I'se glad I comed, because I never sor
Enough of anything at wunst before."

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Young People.*

Has the "tide of events" anything to do with the "current of public opinion?"

The following legend is said to be written in a Leadville church: "Please do not shoot the organist; he is doing his best."

Standing before a clergyman who was about to marry him, a rustic was asked, "Wilt thou have this woman," &c. The man stared in surprise, and replied, "Ay, surely! Whoy, I kummed a puppus!"

A Frenchman is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine," said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the patient.

A stump orator exclaimed: "I know no north, no south, no east, no west, fellow citizens!" "Then," said an old farmer in the crowd, "It's time you went to school and larnt jography."

"Yes," said Miss Penn, "I rejected Mr. Hogg. Nice fellow, but I couldn't have the announcement of marriage appear in the papers under the headline, Hogg-Penn."

A traveller who had been in the Far East told a French lady that Hindoo girls are taught to think of marriage as soon as they can talk. She replied, "French girls are not. They don't require teaching."

Little Tommy, taking a walk along a very dusty road: "What becomes of people when they die, mamma?" Mamma: "They turn into dust, dear." Tommy: "What a lot of people there must be on this road then!"

Teacher: "Define the word 'excavate.'" *Scholar*: "It means to hollow out." *Teacher*: "Construct a sentence in which the word is properly used." *Scholar*: "The baby excavates when it gets hurt."

It is difficult for an honest man to make a living in some parts of London. A second-hand clothier in the East-End, was recently heard to moan, "Vhell, vhell! Efery times I tell der truth I lose money, and efery times I lie I lose a customer. How can an honest man make a living?"

"Ma, what is lanker?" inquired a bright child recently. "I'm sure I don't know, my son. When did you hear the word?" "Why, at Sunday school, you know, they sing, "We'll stand the storm—it won't be long; we'll lanker by and by."

As some lady visitors were going through a penitentiary, under the escort of the superintendent, they came to a room in which three women were sewing. "Dear me," one of the visitors whispered, "what vicious-looking creatures! Pray, what are they here for?" "Because they have no other home—this is our sitting-room, and they are my wife and two daughters," blandly answered the superintendent.