

# The Canada Citizen

## AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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F. S. SPENCE. - - - MANAGER.

TORONTO FRIDAY, JANUARY 4th, 1883.

N.B.—Next week's CANADA CITIZEN will contain a report of Archdeacon Farrar's great sermon on Temperance, preached at Westminster Abbey on the Church of England Temperance Society's anniversary.

#### THE ALLIANCE ANNUAL MEETING.

The Dominion Council of the Dominion Alliance for the suppression of the liquor-traffic will hold its next annual meeting at Ottawa, on the 30th and 31st days of January. We have already placed the claims and objects of this organization before our readers fully and frequently. The Dominion Council is made up of the executive councils of the different Provincial Branches, together with specially elected representatives from these branches as follows:—From Ontario and Quebec, 30 each, from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, 15 each; from Prince Edward Island, 5; from Manitoba, 3. It is very desirable that there should be a full attendance, as from the representative character and important functions of the meeting, it will, no doubt, be of incalculable interest and usefulness. Provincial Branches should send lists of delegates and reports of proceedings without delay, to S. A. ABBOTT, Secretary, (*pro tem.*) 185 Cadieux St., Montreal.

1884!

We have entered upon a year that promises, more than any former year promised, to be a period of determined conflict between civilization and the barbarous drink-system that is to-day the greatest hindrance to the progress and elevation of our race. In the records of of 1883 we read of effort and success unparalleled and even unanticipated. From the vantage ground of this achievement we can see more clearly the true dimensions of the task that

lie before us; we can estimate more correctly the magnitude of the forces with which we have to contend, and foretell more accurately what awaits us in the future. The retrospect and the prospect are both refreshing. "Our Experience worketh Hope." We "thank God and take courage."

Now then, as we bend ourselves anew to the stern conflict, let us remember that we have won no laurels to rest upon, that the deadly conflict is but begun, and that we have really only been through the preliminary skirmishes of a grand campaign. The liquor traffic is fully as alert as we are, and is strengthening its unholy position with every available appliance for assault and defence. Success in the future will mean even more enthusiastic and determined effort than what has yet been put forth. Let us accept and never forget the sound doctrines of *individual responsibility* and *duty of co-operation*. We must work, every man, woman, and child of us, as if success depended upon individual unaided effort, and we must also remember that in Union is Strength, and that in this union we must stand upon no personal prejudices. Evil and weakness come of egotism, animosity, selfishness, and want of sympathy. There must be enthusiasm and work on the part of individuals, and hearty co-operation in and between all our societies. As individuals and organizations, we need more earnest zeal and more thorough discipline.

#### THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

We shall have no further opportunity, before the municipal elections, of appealing to our friends to do their duty at the polls. The control of the liquor-traffic for the coming year will, to a great extent, be placed in the hands of the men who will be elected next Monday. The duty of temperance electors is clear. There is no other question, to which the attention of our councils will be given, that is as important to our country and our homes, as is the question of restricting and curtailing the liquor-traffic. Voters should unhesitatingly ignore many merely personal considerations and minor issues, and rally determinedly and unitedly for the return of men who can be relied upon to do all in their power for the limitation of the terrible drink-curse. The question is now somewhat simplified, the nominations have been made, and the matter is simply one of choice. Let no candidate who is unsound on the liquor-question have any support from right-thinking electors. If we do our duty at the polls, even where we fail to secure immediate success, we shall teach would-be-representatives for all time to come, that the temperance vote is now a factor in politics that cannot be disregarded, and we shall secure a recognition that cannot fail to give us vastly increased influence and power. Our duty is plain; let our conduct be consistent.

#### Contributed Articles.

##### THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT IN HALTON.

###### FIRST PAPER.

No doubt many readers of THE CANADA CITIZEN are anxious to hear from Halton, concerning the working of the "Canada Temperance Act" in the County. As Halton is the only place in Ontario where this Act is in force, the desire of temperance workers to hear tidings from it is not at all unreasonable. They have a right to know whether the Act is a success or not; and if it is not, whether the cause of failure lies in the Act itself, or in the imperfect enforcement of it, or if the difficulties of enforcement are insuperable? The friends of temperance have a reasonable right to this information.

###### THE CRY OF FAILURE.

There are many reports in circulation outside the county about the working of the Act, some of which are true, some entirely false, and some partly true and partly false. That so many contradictory statements are made is evidence that the Act is not a failure. If it were as great a failure as its enemies declare it to be, there would not be

room for two opinions concerning it. The value attaching to any statements declaring the Act a failure in this county will be increased or lessened when the public know who they are, for the most part, who make these statements. I will mention several classes who make this cry of failure, and give reasons why I think they are not unprejudiced witnesses, and therefore, their testimony is to a great extent unreliable.

1. Most of the men whose business of liquor selling has been destroyed by the Act unitedly declare it to be a failure. Some few of the ex-tavern keepers honorably withdrew from the trade, and went into other and better business than keeping grog-shops, as soon as the Act came into force in the county. Many of those who have kept their houses open have been fined for violating the law. Is it not a little singular that men who have been punished for violating a law, will persist in declaring said law a failure. Would a thief, after serving a term in the Central Prison for stealing, declare the law against theft a failure? What value would be attached to the declaration of all the thieves in Canada, if they met in council and passed a resolution to the effect that all laws against theft on the Statute Books were an arian humbug? Unless, indeed, it was because they were not convicted as often as they broke the law, their methods of committing crime being too well planned for easy detection by the officers appointed to enforce the law. Much of the cry of failure comes from those who have lost the legal right to

#### MAKE DRUNKARDS.

The public will know the value to place upon testimony from such a source.

2. There are many in the county who for various reasons, are strong sympathisers with the defeated liquor sellers. They worked and spoke and voted against the Act, and some of them have tempted the ex-tavern keeper to sell them a glass of grog now and then in secret. What can we expect from those men but the cry of failure? Any man aiding and abetting a law-breaker in any way whatever should not be considered an authority on the observance of law, and therefore his testimony ought to, and will, be taken by thinking men at a heavy discount.

3. Some others in the county who join in this cry of failure are bigoted political partisans who failed to manipulate the temperance vote for the furtherance of their own party purposes. They do not care whether prohibition or license is uppermost if they can be successful in using it. It is a question of votes with them, and votes on their side. If whisky will give them more votes than temperance they go for whisky; if temperance will give them more votes than whisky they go for temperance. The cry of the defeated, disappointed party politician, who puts party first, second and last, and always before principle, will be estimated at its just value.

4. This cry of failure has been taken up and echoed by the gentlemen of the "trade" outside of the County. The members of "The Ontario Trades (?) Benevolent (?) Association," at their recent meeting in Hamilton pledged themselves "to fight the Scott Act to the best of their ability." The motion submitted by Mr. Maguire was explicit, declaring that it was the duty of the Managing Committee to see that the Scott Act was defeated whether submitted for repeal or otherwise. An amendment more obscure prevailed. This is very suggestive. We in Halton know what it means. Indeed we have evidence that money has been spent already in the County.

It is very strongly suspected that this Benevolent Society assists in paying the fines of unfortunate (?) liquor sellers who have been punished for violating the law. It is more than probable that this same Association has instigated many of the appeals taken from the Police Magistrate's decision to the higher courts, and has paid most of the expenses of such appeals. The rumor is also current that money for the purpose of bribing Haltonian voters is being sent into the County, and on this method of warfare they are basing their great hope of success in the coming repeal vote. This rumor seems to get confirmation from the fact that the liquor men are circulating no literature, except what the *Milton Champion*, which appears to be their organ, is doing. There have been, I believe, a few issues of another paper, but its publication is now suspended. Another confirmation of this rumor is that up to the present hour, with one unimportant exception, they have not taken the platform to defend their business or show cause why license should be brought back, though they have been challenged repeatedly to do so. The recent action of the Licensed Victuallers gives further confirmation of the truth of this rumor. The liquor sellers are bound to succeed, no matter how many they corrupt and debauch. The attention of the people of Halton is being turned towards this new method of show-

ing benevolence. The cry of failure coming from such sources must be looked upon with grave suspicion.

Consider, again, that those who cry failure now are those who for the most part always cried failure. They said the Act was a failure and fraud before it was passed, and since it has been passed they have not ceased to reiterate that cry. The cry is not new in the County. It has not one element of originality in it, for the same thing is said of prohibition wherever it is in force. Changes have been rung upon it until the cry has become very monotonous indeed. What value is there in such statements coming from men who have rendered their own testimony worthless by prejudging an Act as a failure before it comes into operation at all. It was "wolf! wolf!" before the Act passed, and it has been "wolf! wolf!" ever since, with a terrible consistency. There are a few in the County who no doubt are sincere in their opposition to the Act on account of its local character. But I know that others who make that claim are not sincere, but use it as an excuse to cover their sympathy with the liquor business and to oppose all prohibitory legislation.

I am happy to say I believe all these classes are in the minority, and the Temperance Act is very much stronger in the confidence of the people of Halton to-day than it has been at any past time. In my next I will discuss the question of success from the anti-temperance as well as the temperance standpoint.

MILTON, Dec. 28, 1883.

D. L. BRET HOUR.

#### Selected Articles.

#### A GLASS OF GIN.

GIN! GIN! A Glass of Gin! What magnified Monsters encircle therein! Ragged and stained with filth and mud, Some plague-spotted and some with blood! Shapes of Misery, Shame and Sin! Figures that make us loathe and tremble, Creatures scarce human, that more resemble Broods of Diabolical kin, Ghoul and Vampire, Demon and Gin! Gin Gin! A Glass of Gin! The **Dram of Satan!** The **Liquor of Sin!** Distilled from the fell Alembics of **Hell** By Guilt and Death, his own brother and twin! That man might fall Still lower than all The meanest creatures with scale and fin. Gin! Gin! A Glass of Gin! When darkly Adversity's days set in, And friends and the peers Of earlier years Cannot trace A familiar face, Because, poor rat! He has no cravat; A seedy coat, and a hole in that! No sole to his shoe, and no brim to his hat; No gloves—no vest Either second or best; No credit, no cash, no cold mutton to hash. No bread; not even potatoes to mash; Till, weary of life, its worry and strife, Black visions are rife of a razor, a knife, Of poison, a rope, leaping overalinn. Gin! Gin! A glass of Gin! Oh! then its tremendous temptations begin, To take, alas! To the fatal Glass—And happy the wretch that it does not win To change the black hue of his ruin to blue, While Angels sorrow and Demons grin to see him plunge into the Palace of Gin. [Punch, Volume 5, 1843.

## THE PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE.

In the providence of God, the people of this country are the rulers; their votes control the law-makers and those who execute the laws; hence they are particeps criminis in all the mischief which the liquor-traffic is doing in the land. This charge is limited by the proviso that they have a knowledge of the evil being done. Now that the people may know, and have some idea of the mischief for which they are responsible, their attention is called to a few leading facts in the case.

1. Statistics gathered from dealers themselves show about the following figures. The annual expenditure for beer \$375,000,000, for whisky, brandy, gin and rum, \$600,000,000. Now think of the money thus wasted each year.

\* \* \* \* \*

God has in this country 63,083 churches, and 83,637 preachers laboring for the salvation of men; alcohol has 248,992 temples, and 505,000 agents all working with Satan for the damnation of men. Satan's army in the field is six times as large as God's army, and costs the country thirty times as much as is paid to support all the churches, and all other benevolent institutions in the land.

3. Added to this waste is the damage done by this traffic. Every year it sends a 100,000 criminals to prison, and 200,000 persons to the poor-house, and 200,000 are made orphans. Each year it causes several thousands of murders and suicides, and sends 75,000 to a drunkard's grave. It keeps up a loathsome procession of 700,000 drunkards in the land. These marching in line four deep, would form a procession of one hundred and eighty-four miles long. Out of this line, for every seven minutes, one falls into a drunkard's grave, and the saloons have another ready to fill the place of each one that falls. Nine-tenths of the cost of criminal courts, and prisons, and poorhouses, and asylums, which amounts to millions every year, is chargeable to strong drink. One man's labor in some useful vocation is worth \$200 a year. So the labor of the 500,000 saloon-keepers and 700,000 drunkards, all of whom do worse than nothing, is lost from the productive resources of the country—say \$240,000,000 each year.

We add one more bill that cannot be measured by dollars. For each one who becomes a drunkard, and for each drunkard that dies, at least some heart feels immeasurable anguish. Thus two hundred thousand hearts are made to bleed, while a drapery of woe folds the brightness of a thousand homes where love and joy would have cheered the passing hours. The pride and fond hopes, the warmest love of fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, brothers, numbering thousands, are crushed every year by this terrible monster. Not a wind sweeps over the land but bears on its wings the sighs of broken hearts, and the moan of shivering orphanage and widowhood mingles with the wail of every winter storm.

Now, before the bar of public opinion, and before the Judge of all the earth, we charge that the freemen of this country are responsible for all this waste and terrible tide of woe.

They have the power to throttle this great "blood-gorged dragon" and destroy him. If they fail to do this, they must stand charged with being partakers in this dark and terrible criminality; and if the court of public opinion fails to abate the evil, the guilty must face the charge in the light of the Judgment Day.—*Nashville Christian Advocate.*

## OUR FARMERS PAY THE BILL.

"Nine-tenths of all atrocious crimes grow out of the liquor traffic," says Chief Justice Jackson of Georgia. Every dollar of cost growing out of the trial of these cases must be paid by our farmers. Directly or indirectly, the tiller of the soil pays the bills. And no matter how busy the season, crops going to grass, or grain shelling in the field because over ripe, the farmer must leave at the call of the Court, as juror or witness. No matter what the sacrifice to him, personally, he must go. And after that though the criminal may at the hands of a just tribunal receive merited punishment, the farmer is compelled to return to his depleted crops and gather what he can, that he may pay in taxes, the expenses of the trial of that criminal, who, while under the influence of liquor, committed the deed for which he was tried.

Yet they tell us if you let liquor alone it will let you alone. It is a lie. It won't do it. It is the sober, industrious class of society that must pay the larger portion of the expenses growing out of the liquor business they themselves license.—*People's Advocate.*

## CUSTOM.

In our country, at the present day, drunkenness is acknowledged to be the chief promoter of pauperism, disease, insanity, crime and irreligion. There are several hundred thousand drunkards in the midst of us. The assertion may be safely hazarded that every reader of this article knows some one, in his own immediate circle, more or less a victim to this vice. It is acknowledged that the drunkard must abstain altogether as a means of avoiding intemperance. He must deny himself the smaller, to guard himself against the greater indulgence. But the drinking customs of our country expose him to constant temptation. Would not his danger be less if those customs were changed? Would he not find abstinence easier, if there were a prevailing fashion of abstinence to shield him? Would not your advice be more powerful if you yourself abstained? If you had a son or a brother thus in peril, would it be so easy for him to abstain if you placed the wine before him and drank it yourself? Should not love prompt you to give up the trifling gratification for the much higher joy of rendering self-denial easier to him?—"Cross-bearing" (*Rev. Newman Hall.*)

## REASON.

If a good man reasons at all upon the subject, he must fall into something like the following train of thought:—"If I drink, it *might* lead to sin. If I do not drink, it *cannot* lead to sin. Therefore, the *best way* will be for me to abstain." Or, if he considers the matter sufficiently to dispose him to admit that "*something* ought to be done," then he will naturally conclude that "*somebody* ought to do it." And as he is "*somebody*," he ought to be found "*doing his duty*." But more than all, he will give attention to the teaching of the "Old Book"—"He that *knoweth* to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin." And as goodness has the clearest eye for *truth*, he will readily admit that nothing can be good except it answer the *end* for which it is designed. As the result of the whole, Reason will lead him to say that the path of *right* is the path of *truth*; the path of *truth* is the path of *duty*; the path of *duty* is the *only* path of *safety*; and the path of *safety* is the path of *pleasantness and peace*; and thus, as the end of his contemplations, he finds temperance supported by Reason.—"*Four Pillars of Temperance.*" (*J. W. Kirton.*)

## Literary Record.

We are frequently asked for information in reference to the SCOTT ACT and the method of submitting it, and the success of its operations. We are pleased to be able to refer our inquirers to a pamphlet published by Rev. W. A. McKay, B.A., of Woodstock. This gentleman is president of the Scott Act Association of Oxford County. He has given much time and attention to this subject, and a perusal of what he has written will be a short road to definite knowledge in regard to the facts and arguments that affect the whole question. The title of the pamphlet to which we allude is "AN APPEAL FOR THE SCOTT ACT," but it contains much more than this title indicates. In addition to the "appeal" it gives a very valuable summary of the most important facts, arguments and opinions bearing upon the general subjects of intemperance and the remedy for it. It has also a Bible Reading on Temperance and Prohibition.

From Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., of Boston, Mass., we have received the December numbers of WIDE AWAKE and THE PANSY. Both are remarkably beautiful in form and finish, and the names of the authors who have contributed are a sufficient guarantee for the character of contents. The enterprise that places in the hands of our girls and boys such caskets of literary and artistic gems ought to meet with very hearty appreciation and support.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE ALMANAC AND TEETOTALER'S YEAR BOOK FOR 1884 is the title of a little book that ought to be in the hands of all our workers. It is full of Statistical and other information in relation to the drink-traffic and Temperance Reformation. Its attractiveness is enhanced by interesting sketches, poems, shadow-pictures, puzzles, etc., etc. Everything in it is useful and good. It is beautifully gotten up and sold for ten cents. Address S. N. Stearns, 58 Reade Street, New York.

DIO. LEWIS' MONTHLY is a magazine that must be known to be appreciated. Last week we copied from it an article on "Beer" and we are highly pleased to find the sound principles therein contained, so forcibly presented by what is one of the most useful and popular periodicals of the day. None of its popularity is undeserved. With a charming freshness of style and plainness of diction, yet without any attempt at sensationalism it speaks out unhesitatingly in well-merited rebuke and sorely-needed advice. We wish its venerable and worthy editor—what he is certain to achieve—the fullest success in his undertaking.

## Temperance Items.

### GOOD TEMPLARS.

Edgely, Lodge in the 5 Con. Vaughan, County of York, was successfully re-organized on Saturday the 29th inst., by Bro. G. J. Faner, C. D., York, assisted by Bros. Blake, Stewart, Longhouse, P. Farmer, Mason and Hodges, Sisters Forbes, Wilson, C. and F. Taur, Stewart, Craig, Rawe, and some 30 members of Woodbridge Temple. This promises to be one of the best and strongest temples in the County, being composed principally of good, sound, and old Temperance workers. The officers elect are:—Bro. H. Brown, W.C.T.; Bro. Ephraim Whitmore, P.W.C.T.; Bro. Thomas Kaiser, W.S.; Bro. Franklin Whitmore, F.S.; Bro. John Burkholder, W.M.; Bro. John Kaiser, W.C.; Bro. Alfred Kaiser, W.O.G.; Bro. Ephraim Whitmore, L. D. Edgeley P.O., York. Night of meeting, Monday.

We learn from our American exchanges that in six weeks in the State of Colorado, Col. J. J. Hickman has organized 14 lodges of Good Templars, with 742 charter members.

The following encouraging items are taken from the *Official Circular* of the R. W. G. L.:—

A letter from Dr. Lees informs us that between eight hundred and one thousand of the military and naval members of the seceding Order came over last month to the loyal G. L. of England *en masse*.

Consul General, C. O. Berg, of Stockholm, has been chosen W.G.T. of the Worthy Grand Lodge of Scandinavia. He is a man of ability and standing in Sweden, and our brethren there are to be congratulated upon securing his services for this important mission.

A Good Templar Lodge has recently been instituted on the gold coast of Africa, and a Deputy has been commissioned to institute Lodges there on behalf of the Right Worthy Grand Lodge.

Artillery Star of Hope Lodge, No. 5, composed of British soldiers, and located at Newcastle, Jamaica, was unfortunate enough in August, 1880, to have its Lodge room destroyed by a cyclone. The members pitched up a temporary one, however, with sticks and grass, which did service until the present year, when a new Lodge room forty-eight feet long by sixteen feet wide was erected, the members furnishing the labor, and the Lodge Deputy superintending the work. This Lodge also owns a good library, which is open every evening, and serves coffee, tea, and similar light refreshments, and claims to be the best Military Lodge of any in the British colonies.

Bro. Walter S. Crawford, of New Orleans, whom all that were present at the Chicago session will so pleasantly remember, is doing good service for the Order among the colored people of Louisiana. Four colored Lodges are now at work under his watchful care, and others are in prospect, and will be instituted before long. In the institution of Lodge No. 4, in the city of New Orleans, Bro. James A. Machray was mainly instrumental, and divides the honors. A dual Grand Lodge for Louisiana will be the outcome of this good work.

### ROYAL TEMPLARS.

We learn from the *West Durham News* that Mr. S. F. Hill has returned home from a very successful trip in the west, organizing Councils of Royal Templars of Temperance. New councils have been organized at Parry Sound, Thornbury, Collingwood, Bradford, Barrie, Stayner, and Beeton, the last named council being No. 115. The order is fast gaining ground, and is bound to go ahead.

An official circular recently issued contains the following interesting items:

Encouraging reports are coming in from all points. Rev. B. B. Keefer has instituted select councils during the past week at Goderich, Blythe and Belmore, and has others under organization. The primary department is growing rapidly, new councils are being instituted throughout the different provinces, and a number of U. T. A. lodges that have been dormant for some time are being re-organized as primary councils of the R. T. of T.

The Supreme Council, at a special session, held in the city of Buffalo, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 11th and 12th December, decided, in response to a request from the Grand Council of Ontario, to ask the select Councils to vote on the subject of Independent Beneficiary Jurisdiction.

At a late meeting of the Ontario Grand Council Executive

Committee, it was decided to allow any male member of the Order to become a member of the Sick Benefit Department, according to the rules governing the same.

The second annual session of the Grand Council of Ontario will be held at the city of Hamilton, commencing Tuesday, February 12th, 1884.

### GENERAL.

We clip the following from the *Globe's* report of the recent Trades Congress in Toronto:

#### THE SUPPRESSION OF INTEMPERANCE.

Mr. GARSON moved—"That in the opinion of this Congress the evils of intemperance are clearly manifest in their effects in all phases of society; be it therefore resolved, that any practical legislation tending to reduce the consumption of intoxicating liquor will meet with the hearty approval of this Congress."

Mr. REID seconded the resolution, and a number of the delegates dwelt strongly upon the evils of drunkenness.

Mr. CAREY believed they all knew that whisky was the cause of ruining all those who had been ruined. They all had mothers and sisters, and a great many of them also had wives and children; and while the resolution might not be of advantage to men themselves, it would be of much good to their children. Whisky was the cause of a great number of arrests. He believed that all men who voted against the resolution were voting against their own interest and the interests of their families.

Mr. THOMAS MOOR thought they should do all they could to reform any of their own class whom they knew to be victims of intemperance.

Mr. CARTER thought there was no use in hiding the fault, as the more they exposed the evils they had to contend against the more assistance they would receive.

The resolution was adopted.

A branch of the Church of England Temperance Society was organized at Christ Church, Deer Park, on Tuesday, the 11th ult. Thirty-five persons enrolled themselves as members of the Society. A very telling address was made on the occasion by Rev. S. McCarroll, of Grace Church, Mr. Merser, the Secretary of the Diocesan Branch, also made some useful and suggestive remarks.

The question of teaching temperance in our common schools is gradually forcing itself into prominence in Canada. In Toronto last week a deputation composed of Mrs. Cowan, Mrs. Farley, Mrs. Morrison and Mrs. McMillan, representing the Toronto Women's Christian Temperance Union, waited upon the Public School Board, and presented a petition with 534 signatures, asking that some temperance text-book be introduced for study into the public schools of the city. The text-books recommended were Dr. Richardson's "Text-book on Temperance," "Alcohol and Hygiene," by Miss Coleman, and "Temperance Text-book," by G. D. Platt, of Picton, Ont. Mr. McMurrich, of the Board, said that only one of these books was authorized. The petition was referred to the school management Committee, and the deputation withdrew. It would be well if temperance people all over the country would urge upon school boards the importance of this matter with a view to having the children of the Dominion taught the curse of alcohol and the blessing resulting from abstinence.—*Casket*.

The West End Christian Temperance Society held its half-yearly election on Thursday evening, when the Secretary read his report, showing an increase to their ranks of 251, making a grand total of 8,686 since the organization of the Society. Afterwards the following officers were elected: President, Bro. A. Farley; 1st Vice-President, Pro. F. Ward; 2nd Vice-President, Bro. Munns; 3rd Vice-President, Bro. Thomas McMurray; Secretary, Bro. Geo. Ward, Assistant Secretary, Bro. John Bradford; Financial Secretary, Bro. Constable; Treasurer, Bro. J. Emery; Chaplain, Bro. Wm. Bird. The following brethren and sisters were appointed members of the Executive:—Prof. Jones, J. McDonald, J. Mother-son, W. Harris, J. Cummins, W. Huntington, F. Butt, W. Jones, Geo. Lush, Chapman, W. Higgins, J. Ketty, J. Millar, G. Lawrance, J. Hanna, W. Harley, J. Mooring, J. I. Sherwood, J. Richardson, J. Greer, Make, E. H. Mager, J. Menzie Sisters Farley, F. Ward, Chapman, Constable, Kelly, Tompkins, Millar, G. Ward, Higgins, Richardson, Sherwood, Bradford, Miss A. Noble, Miss F. Richard-

son, Miss Smith, Miss Jarvis, Miss Robertson, Miss Jolliffe, Miss E. Noble, Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. Motherson, Mrs. Mooring, Mrs. Jarman, Miss E. Ward, Sub-Committees: Printing Committee—Bro. A. Farley and Jolliffe. Music—Bros. Geo. Ward, Prof. Jones, F. Butt, J. Bradford, Sisters Bradford, Smith, F. Ward, F. Richardson, Kelly, Bros. McDonald and Munns. Trustees—Bros. A. Farley, G. Ward, Jolliffe, Constable, Tomlin, Berry and D. Dunlop. Visiting Committee—Members of the Executive. Ushers—Bros. Higgins, W. Jones, Cummins, Kitty and Huntington. Collectors for Sunday afternoon—Bros. Emery, Lawrance, Lush, McDonald, Menzie, Berry, Jolliffe, Hanna and Greer. Auditors—Bros. McDonald and Bird. Ticket Collectors for Saturday evening concerts—Bros. Chapman and Cummings. Meetings are held as follows, in Occident Hall:—Concert every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock, admission, 5 cents; Experience meeting on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock—good singing by the choir of the Society—all are welcome; the Executive meet on Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in Brock Street Temperance Hall, upstairs.

**ANNUAL MEETING OF THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY.**—The annual meeting of the Toronto Temperance Reformation Society was held in the Temperance Hall building Tuesday evening, January 1st. The chair was occupied by Mr. Isaac Wardell, president. The first business was the reading of the report of the treasurer, Mr. A. Bell, which showed a revenue for the year of \$1,644.98, and an expenditure of \$1,380.03, leaving a balance of \$255.95. The secretary, Mr. J. B. Mars, will read his annual report, which showed an increase in membership during the year from 23 to 43. The number of pledges signed during the year was 450. The reports were adopted. A vote of thanks was passed to the clergymen who had assisted at the meeting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Isaac Wardell; 1st Vice-President, G. Flint; 2nd do., James Clark; Secretary, J. B. Marshall; Treasurer, A. Bell; Corresponding Secretary, Captain W. D. Andrews; Chaplain, B. Wilkinson; Tract Distributor, John Innes; Leader of Choir, Hutchinson; Directors, Messrs. Morphy, Wood, Pell, McMillan, Jackman, Gouler, Mathews, Fielding, French, Irwin and Martin. After some informal discussion of the society's work, the meeting adjourned. The Temperance Reformation Society is now about 43 years old, and is the parent of all other similar organizations in the city. It is the proprietor of the Temperance Hall building and site, and it is under its auspices that the Sunday meetings in the Queen's Park and in Temperance Hall are held.—*Globe*.

**THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.**—The National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States, at its recent session in Concord, N. H., with delegates from nearly every State and Territory, adopted the following preamble and resolutions on temperance:—

"Whereas Intemperance and the use of intoxicating drinks, and of various stimulants and narcotics, is not only one of the greatest present and threatening curses of our common country, but one of the greatest hindrances to the growth of vital religion and the conversion of souls; and

"Whereas The most efficient and abiding measures for counteracting this evil must be those which are in nature educational, and which affect heart and life by laying hold of the individual conscience; and

"Whereas The churches of the living God are themselves the direct and divinely appointed agencies for all such work; having an assurance of explicit commission, of an ever-present power to help, and a promise of success, which is possible to no other; therefore,

"Resolved, That the National Council of Congregational Churches approves of such special efforts by the churches against the special form of sin as are congenial with their traditional scriptural organization and spirit; also

"Resolved, That in the opinion of the council the signs of the times and the exigencies of Christ's kingdom require that the churches, though acting in their own appropriate methods, be found in the front rank of the leaders in this particular and vital contest for righteousness, and that the council hereby earnestly invites all the churches of our Congregational connection to such forms of special and increased activity against intemperance, especially among the young, as each shall find suitable within its own field, under the direction of the divine spirit, in answer to prayer."—*N. T. Advocate*.

**PROHIBITION SUCCESS IN KANSAS.**—Why don't the associated press give us some news from Kansas since election? If St. John had been kicked by a mule, a full column would have been sent over the wire. But no, it was Glick that was kicked both by the

people and court. Last Monday and Tuesday were both great days, for prohibition, law-abiding people of Kansas. Leavenworth county gave 1,800 majority for a prohibition sheriff against Glick's fogleman. Martin, the law-enforcing judge was elected by nearly the same majority in the Topeka district over a whisky picked Republican. Look out for \$57,000 more fines on the next round, seasoned with imprisonment. "Prohibition don't prohibit," yet the liquor-dealers report in their meeting a falling off of 90,000 barrels last year from what they sold two years before. But the best thing in Kansas was the decision of the Supreme Court last Wednesday, which impeaches the city officers, annuls the city charter, and remands the Territory back to the county government, unless the State law is enforced. The people are bound to rule Kansas. Hurrah for Kansas.—*W. H. Hardy, in Lincoln Evening News*.

In Pottawotomie county, Kansas, every saloon has been closed and the county is richer by \$7,600 in fines, and \$3,000 in costs, besides an aggregate of ninety days' imprisonment. One saloon keeper named Hulin was convicted and fined \$100 each upon twenty counts and sentenced to thirty days in jail upon the twenty-first. With a few judges like Judge Martin, the liquor traffic would very soon find itself prohibited, if not annihilated.—*Casket*.

Hon. E. L. Barney, the temperance lawyer of New Bedford, thinks he has succeeded in closing every open bar in that city, and has now turned his attention to owners of buildings used for illegal traffic in liquors. Several property owners have promised to eject their tenants on learning that there was a law under which they could be prosecuted.—*Temple Star*.

**PROHIBITION IN MAINE.**—In "An Open Letter to John Bright" published in the *Nonconformist and Independent*, (London) the Rev. Geo. F. Magoun, President of Iowa College, Grinnell, ably upholds the temperance work in Maine, stating on the authority of the Governor of that State that "there is not a distillery or brewery in the State of Maine," and that the "Maine law is rigidly enforced in 355 towns, and in these towns not a glass of intoxicating liquors is sold for drink at anytime." The U. S. Supervisor of Internal Revenue in Maine is quoted as saying that under prohibition the sale of distilled spirits is but *ten per cent.* of what it was when dram-shops had State licenses, and that the beer trade is only *one per cent.* of what it formerly was. There are in Maine 800 cities and towns, in only fifteen of which intoxicating liquors are sold for drinking purposes. In proportion as the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors has decreased, so has the death rate of Maine been reduced from 1 to 54 to 1 in 300. Hon. James G. Blaine is quoted as saying that "there is no people in the Anglo-Saxon world among whom so small an amount of intoxicating liquor is consumed as among the 650,000 inhabitants of Maine." To show the value and power of prohibitory, as compared with license laws, the writer proceeds as follows: "By the U. S. Internal Revenue Report for 1882, the number of retail liquor-dealers, mostly secret, in the four prohibitory States (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Kansas) averaged 1 to 620 inhabitants, in the four States of Massachusetts, Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska, where local prohibition exists to some extent, 1 in 335, in the fourteen Northern licensed States, 1 in 310."

In Des Moines, Iowa, as a test of popular feeling, the women voted on the license question, twelve declaring in favor of saloons and eight hundred against them. In Newton, Iowa, at an election ordered by the council, 172 men voted for license and 319 against—the women's vote stood one in favour to 394 against licensing saloons. In Kirksville, Mo., ten favoured the liquor traffic, twenty declined to declare themselves, and five hundred wanted no license. In the Illinois campaign, which resulted in 95,000 names of women who expressed their wish to vote against saloons not one woman in ten declined to affix her name to the petition.—*Ex*.

The general manager of the West Lancashire Railway has addressed to the British Woman's Temperance Association: "I have the pleasure to inform you that this company has no refreshment rooms at any of its stations where intoxicating liquors are sold. It may be, also, interesting for you to know that the whole of the Company's officials are total abstainers, and that no man receives an appointment under the company unless he has previously been an abstainer of some standing."—*Home Protection*.

Weston, the American pedestrian, is making successful progress in his feat of walking along turnpike roads 5,000 miles within the space of 100 days, by instalments of 50 miles a day, Sundays excepted. At the termination of each day's task he lectures on Temperance.

# I WILL BE TRUE TO THEE.

MODERATO.

First system of piano introduction, featuring treble and bass staves with a dynamic marking of *p*.

Second system of piano introduction, featuring treble and bass staves with a dynamic marking of *p*.

Vocal line, first system, with lyrics: "I will be true to thee Though I share in thy worst des - pair,"

First system of piano accompaniment for the vocal line, featuring treble and bass staves with a dynamic marking of *p*.

Vocal line, second system, with lyrics: "I will be true to thee, Though my own heart be bowed with

Second system of piano accompaniment for the vocal line, featuring treble and bass staves.

Vocal line, third system, with lyrics: "care. Though cold ne - glect up - - on thy hopes may fall, Though

Third system of piano accompaniment for the vocal line, featuring treble and bass staves.

fears of death may hover near thy soul, Though funeral knells up-

-on thine ears may toll, Yet I will be true to thee,

*p a tempo.*  
I will be true to thee,..... I will be true to thee.

2  
I will be true to thee,  
Though I roam in a far off land,  
Whether on earth or sea.  
In a bower or desert strand,  
Though darkest clouds may mar the morning beams,  
And vapours fall may settle on the streams,  
Though blighting time destroy thy fondest dreams,  
Yet I will be true to thee,  
I will be true to thee,  
I will be true to thee.

3  
I will be true to thee;  
I will pray for thee night and day;  
Wilt thou be true to me,  
As in years that have rolled away?  
When all thy childhood's dearest hopes have fled  
And gloomy visions linger round thy head,  
When all thy dear and early friends are dead,  
Then I will be true to thee,  
I will be true to thee,  
I will be true to thee.

## General News.

## CANADIAN.

The Trades Congress recently held at Toronto was largely attended and interesting. One resolution, unanimously adopted, called on the Dominion Government to prohibit the importation of Chinese into Canada. All the speakers dwelt strongly upon the effect of Chinese labor, idolatry and immorality in this country.

The annual meeting of the Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada was held at Toronto last week. The Association is in a flourishing condition. Contrasted with the preceding year the books show an improvement of \$1,693.20 in the balance to capital account, that of 1882 being \$12,711.18, while the result of the business of 1883 enables the Association to carry forward \$14,503.78. The Permanent Reserve Fund now amounts to \$72,862.43, while the other assets of the Association bring up the surplus to \$75,976.38. The membership roll shows an increase over last year, the figures being 2,042 for 1882, against 2,114 for 1883, being increase of 72. Mr. W. F. McMaster was re-elected President.

A deputation of the Canada Land Law Amendment Association waited on the Hon. D. L. Macpherson to urge upon him the necessity of introducing the Owens land transfer system to the Northwest. Hon. Mr. Macpherson expressed pleasure that they had interested themselves in getting the Ontario Government to adopt the system in Ontario, which he thought would aid the movement considerably in the Northwest. He promised to lay the matter before his colleagues.

The failures of 1883 in the Dominion of Canada, as reported by Dun, Wiman & Co., are in number 1,384, amounting to nearly \$16,000,000. As compared with the United States, the showing for Canada is not very encouraging. While in the United States there has been one failure in every 94 traders, in Canada there has been one in every 48 traders. The average of liabilities in the United States has been \$18,000, while in Canada the average has been \$11,000.

The plasterers in Toronto went out on strike just eleven weeks ago, and the Committee think they are no nearer a settlement with the master plasterers than the day they struck. About two weeks ago they made an effort towards meeting their employers half-way, but one of the committee said the "bosses" would not accept the proposition. It is understood that the plasterers offered to allow any master plasterer who would take back any of the four boycotted men to employ union men, and go on with the work and waive the wages claim.

In Kingston, malicious persons entered Gordon street school and burned all the slates, books, &c., they could lay their hands on in the stove. The furniture was also burned and destroyed.

A woman named Mary Walsh was found dead on Christmas Day, near Kilroy, in Essex County, Ontario. It is thought she lost her way in the woods and died from exposure.

Fergus Jordan, of Battersea, was run over by a team of horses last week and fatally injured. He is a deaf mute.

A Munceytown Indian was found dead about three miles from Watford on the Sarnia branch on Saturday. He had been under the influence of liquor, and had been run over by a night train. One leg was entirely cut off between the knee and ankle.

The store of Messrs. J. J. Lugsdin, on Yonge Street, Toronto, was audaciously burglarized on Monday night, and two thousand dollars' worth of furs stolen from it.

At London, on Sunday, while Mr. Swayze, of York Street, was buying a ticket at the G. T. R. Station some one stole his valise which, with the contents, was valued at \$100.

Monday night a sad accident occurred at Kingston. An old carter named Robert Lee did not arrive at his home at a proper time, therefore his friends started out to look for him, but he could not be found. Next morning some men went on the ice in the harbour to get water, when they observed a dark object in the water about a hundred yards distant, which proved to be Lee's horse and sleigh. His body has not yet been found. It is thought that he was drunk and that the horse wandered on to the ice and walked into the open water.

Joseph Gosshide, second engineer of the Tecumseh House, London, while exploring the cellar on Saturday to find the cause of an unusual amount of smoke, fell into a vat or tub of boiling water and was badly scalded.

The two-year-old son of Mr. Bladon, of St. Thomas, obtained possession of a razor in the room of one of the borders and attempted to shave himself, cutting a gash through his cheek five inches long. He will probably die.

Mr. Ott's tannery at Brantford was burned on Tuesday night. Cause incendiary. Loss very great but covered largely by insurance.

On Christmas night John Kennedy, a farmer living in Rawdon, took two teaspoonfuls of Paris green with the intention of committing suicide. He died last night.

On Sunday night a couple of men plundered the store of Grant Silcox, in the village of Middlemiss, about twenty miles from London. One of ruffians struck Silcox a violent blow on the head with a metal weight. The old man died next morning from the effects of the injury. His son, aged 12, who was with him when he was attacked, claims to know one of the robbers. Two men have been arrested for the crime.

A fire occurred on Monday, at Brussels, in the shoe shop owned and occupied by F. Pelton. The building, a one storey frame, together with the stock, tools, etc., is a total loss; insured.

On Monday night of last week three masked men armed with revolvers and bowie knives entered the house of Mr. Robert Stubbard, at Thistle-town, Ont. They expected to find a lot of money, but were disappointed, and decamped with what cash there was in the house—about eleven dollars.

The St. Lawrence Hall Hotel, in Belleville, was burned on Sunday. Several employees escaped very narrowly. Nearly all the guests and boarders lost some property. The building was owned by ex-Mayor Comstock, who estimates his loss as fully \$15,000, with an insurance on the whole of \$8,000. The lessee, Mr. Amos Robinson, will lose at least \$7,000, with an insurance of about \$2,500. The cause of the fire is as yet a mystery, though the general verdict of incendiarism has certainly some foundation.

A fire broke out at Seaforth last Friday, in the office of A. G. Van Edmonds, adjoining his woollen mills, and soon extended to the main building, completely destroying it and the contents. Loss will be about \$30,000, insurance, \$5,000.

A terrible tragedy occurred in the Beauport Asylum for the Insane, near Quebec, last week. A furious lunatic named Gouin, who was usually kept chained and in solitary confinement, managed to effect his escape into the wards occupied by the other male patients, where he assaulted and almost immediately killed one of the number named Martel. Great difficulty was experienced in preventing him from doing further fatal harm.

The writ for the election in York County, New Brunswick, has issued. Nomination day, January 22nd; election day, 20th.

The export of fish from Halifax, N. S., to West Indies, and Brazil during the past season amounted to 240,906 quintals and 51,653 barrels of pickled, a slight decrease from last year.

The riots between Catholics and Orangemen at Harbor Grace, Nfld., are not yet suppressed. Thousands of men are under arms. Troops are endeavoring to maintain order, and many arrests have been made.

An awful accident occurred on the Great Western division of the Grand Trunk Railway, near Toronto, on Wednesday morning. The suburban train consisting of a dummy engine and two cars, and carrying a number of employees of the Dominion Bolt Factory, was run into by a freight train, close to High Park station. Both trains were smashed, and nearly all on board either killed or injured. The sad event has thrown a gloom over the city that was so gay with holiday festivities. Many of the killed and wounded men were the mainstays of families, with whom actual want is likely to follow close upon their painful bereavement. At present the conductor of the freight train seems to be the person whose forgetfulness led to the disaster. Active measures are being taken for the care of the wounded survivors, and the relief of the families that have been robbed of their supporters. The following is the *Globe's* list of the killed and injured:

The following is a list of the dead up to the time of going to press:

THE KILLED.—David Cruthers, Joseph Keefer, John Donohue, Wm. Turiff, Richard Mulligan, Jas. White, Thomas Wells, John Rowlett, John Lynch, Charles Spohn, Joseph McDonald, Samuel Bayley, Geo. Prescott, John Kernoughan, Charles Stanley, John McKenzie, H. D. Kerman, Geo. A. J. Seal, John Aggett, Fred Bothroyd, James Kelly, Hugh Cunningham, Eddie Robinson.

The following is a list of the wounded in the wards at the General Hospital.

THE WOUNDED.—W. Fitzgerald, Richard Cruthers, John Corrigan, Matthew Walker, Michael Kelly, Alexander Banks, Michal Kelly, Charles McDonald, Patrick Kaveney, Patrick Norton.

Two brothers, Robert and John Montgomery, who lived on Front-street each had a broken leg from the accident. Neither of them is in the Hospital, however. Among the others who were injured but who were not taken to the Hospital are:—Victor Giroux; Thomas McDonald, J. J. McIntyre.

## UNITED STATES.

Archbishop Napoleon Joseph Perche, of the Roman Catholic diocese of New Orleans, is dead.

For the first five months of the present fiscal year, the total internal revenue collections amounted to \$51,279,000, being \$11,343,000 less than the corresponding period last year.

About forty professors of modern languages from the principal colleges of the country have held a convention at Columbia College with a view



to establishing an association for the purpose of promoting the study of modern languages.

At Pittsburg, last week, while the steamer B. D. Wood was waiting to pass through a lock on the Monongahela river she was caught in a strong undercurrent. She had several barges in tow, which were swept over the dam and sunk, but the steamer was saved. In the evening the steamer Reindeer was swept away. While attempting to make the landing she caught the guard of the steamer Ben Wood, and carried that vessel along with her. The velocity of the boats was frightful. The steamers Venture, Little Dick and John Case were badly damaged, and other vessels received slight damages. At the dam the Reindeer parted in the middle and caught fire. She is a total loss. The crew was saved.

General Grant met with an accident last week by which his thigh was badly injured. He is now able to move about with the aid of crutches.

A snow slide occurred near Montezuma, Col., and carried John Head-sirom and John Ling, miners, down the mountain. They were found badly frozen and will probably die.

Diphtheria is prevailing to an alarming extent in the north part of Kennebunkport, Maine, whole families being stricken down. Many deaths have occurred.

At Brooklyn, N. Y., last Friday, a gale blew down the walls of five new brick dwellings and also demolished a new frame house. A lighter was capsized in the river and a thousand bags of sugar lost.

A gale also prevailed at Pittsfield, Mass., chimneys and trees were levelled all over the town. A number of people were lifted from their feet and thrown down. A business block and a high school building were unroofed.

At Steubenville, Ohio, December 29, Willie Schaffer, a boy nine years old, died of lockjaw, the result of an injury received a few days ago from being struck in the right eye with a stone thrown by a boy named Pittner.

The ship Edward, from Havre to New York, reports passing a burning vessel. They distinguished her name, the Flolia Feledo, of Genoa. No living being was visible on board.

London intelligence has just been received of the arrival at Oporto of 53 men who were on board the Belgian steamship Plantyan, which sailed from New York, Nov. 11, for Antwerp, and had not since been heard from. The men were rescued from the steamer by the brig G. D. T., which sailed from a Canadian port for Oporto.

James McCann, a junkman, and a woman with whom he lived, were found frozen to death in Jersey City last Friday. They had been riding in a waggon which had gone over an embankment. The waggon turned over, and they were found underneath. It is supposed they had been drinking.

At Beverley, W. Va., John Flannigan has been gaoled on the charge of murdering Mrs. Summerfield and her children. He is a married man, but was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Summerfield's house, and the night before the butchery threatened to kill the woman.

In New York, on Monday, Mr. Church, cashier and superintendent of John Dwight & Co.'s soda factory, was assailed by two masked men as he was leaving the depot of the Second Avenue elevated station at 111th street. After being knocked down and stunned, he was robbed of a satchel containing \$2,200 in bank notes.

William Behrman, aged 18, and John Palmer, a negro, have been arrested at Cincinnati for the murder of Wm. Kirk, horse dealer. Both have confessed. The murder was committed in Kirk's stable, and the body then hauled to the banks of the stream where it was found.

At Brooksville, Fla., a quarrel occurred between Esten Hope and a negro named Fagan, in which blows were struck by Hope. The negro fled, pursued by his adversary, and was joined by his brother, while a white man named Steele joined Hope. Fagan fired a pistol twice in the *melee*, wounding both the whites. The negroes were arrested and gaoled. Christmas night masked white men captured the gaoled and shot both the negroes dead.

At a dance at Bringer's tavern, twenty-four miles from Catawissa, a free fight occurred, during which Elwood Strausser was fatally stabbed by Matt Cope. Henry Snyder also received a fatal knife wound. Benson Irwin was shot through the thigh, and Mary Anman received a gunshot wound. Cope and four others have been arrested.

A Christmas turkey-shooting in Clayville, a negro suburb of Paris, Ky., led to a general fight, in which "Andy" Mucker, John Henry Downing, and Cash Clay, all negroes, participated. Downing was shot in the stomach and is dead. Mucker was shot in the head and neck and will die. Pistols were the weapons. Clay is in jail. Later, Clay Jackson, colored, resisted arrest and fired on Deputy Marshal Henry, who returned the fire. Four shots were interchanged, and two bystanders, "Tom" Cane and "Bob" Thomas, were struck by stray bullets, both in the leg below the knee. Jackson escaped.

Last Thursday afternoon a terrific gas explosion occurred at Gerot's restaurant, Buffalo. The gas concentrated under the Washington street sidewalk and became ignited. About twenty persons were in the building at the time, but all miraculously escaped. Four or five were slightly injured, but none seriously. One man was blown up five feet. The interior of the dining-room was badly wrecked.

Several young people were severely injured, and at least one killed, on Sunday night, near Morrowville, Pa. They were coasting and their sleigh ran over a steep bank into a river.

A large strike of the ironworkers at Pittsburgh, Pa., and surrounding towns is anticipated, but it has not yet taken place.

**FIRES.**—Last week a large number of business houses were burned at Sarnac, Mich., loss, \$60,000.—On Saturday night fire destroyed the wire manufactory of the Lambert and Bishop Wire Fence Company, at Joliet, Ill. It was one of the largest plants in the State, employing 220 men. Loss, \$225,000.—The same night, at Atchison, Kan., Chas. E. Styles' residence was burned. Mr. Styles was badly injured. On Sunday a great fire occurred at Chicago, in Nos. 119 and 121 Monroe street, a building occupied by several printing companies. Loss, \$200,000. The same day in Jamestown, Dakota, a fire destroyed the entire block facing the railroad, including the Dakota House, McGinnis Block, the North-Western hotel, the North Dakota Bank building, and several small office buildings. Total loss, about \$100,000. The girls in the North-Western hotel had barely time to escape in their night-dresses and bare feet. The thermometer at the time was 20 below zero.—In Howard City, Mich., twenty-five buildings, comprising two-thirds of the business part of the town, were burned. Loss \$75,000.

On Wednesday morning a passenger train on the Illinois Central struck a broken rail between Manson and Barnum. A sleeper and two passenger coaches were thrown down a fifteen foot embankment. Mrs. J. H. Smith of Ohio, Ill., was instantly killed, and seven persons more or less seriously injured. The same day, near Napoleon, O., the west bound express on the Wabash railroad struck a wagon containing five young men, killing two and badly injuring three.

At Greenville, S. C., Pinckney Green accidentally shot and killed his brother while hunting. A similar tragedy occurred in the same place a few days ago.

At Huron, Mich., on Wednesday, a dam gave way and several houses were destroyed, including that of C. E. Raymond, teller of the First National Bank. Raymond, his wife, son and servant, and a son of Mr. Alton were drowned.

On the night of the 2nd inst. the tow boats Bunton and Case left Pittsburg with tows for lower ports. When Davis Island dam was reached the boats lost control of their tows and swung against the pier. The coal boats sank. The shock of the collision threw the fire from under the boilers of the Bunton, and in two minutes she was all afire. A boat picked up sixteen of the crew, but the other four are missing. The body of Engineer Underwood was picked up. The steamer is a total loss. She was valued at \$25,000.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

During the Conference of the National School Teachers at Dublin, two stones were thrown through the windows of the lecture hall where the Conference was held, stunning one delegate.

There appears to be a revival of attempts to destroy life and property by explosives. A dynamite cartridge was exploded in Strabane, Ireland, on Wednesday, destroying the roof of a house. A box of explosives, with a fuse attached, has been found on the track of the Great Western railway near Axminster. Had a train passed over the box a serious explosion would have ensued.

The rival meetings of Orangemen and Nationalists at Dromore caused trouble as was anticipated. The Orange meeting was held within sight of the Nationalist gathering. The Nationalists marched from the Catholic chapel in military order. The rival parties were kept apart by large bodies of cavalry, infantry and police. Even this force was hardly able to prevent a collision. The Orangemen far outnumbered their opponents. When the meetings were breaking up in the evening several attempts were made to attack each other, but the lancers, hussars, infantry and police prevented serious disorder. In the attempts of the troops to disperse the crowds a young man named McGivan was wounded, and it is feared that he will die. After the close of the meeting, despite the efforts of the magistrates, a serious fight waged between the two parties for some time, during which the cavalry and infantry charged several times. The fight ended only after the hussars and lancers had charged across the field and wounded a number of Orangemen. The infantry, with fixed bayonets, escorted the Nationalists beyond the reach of the Orangemen.

The Franco-Chinese situation is unchanged. Reinforcements for the French troops in Tonquin are being hastened off. Chinese forces are also being strengthened. It is rumoured Bachinh is besieged by the French, and that occupation of the town is imminent.

Leit.-Colonel Ludskin of the Russian gendarmierie was murdered at St. Petersburg by Jablousky, a Nihilist.

A dispatch to the *Daily News* from Suakim, says that El Mahdi intends to descend upon Egypt proper. The insurrectionary movement is spreading along the coast, and Baker Pasha is convinced that it has a most formidable religio-political character. A general order was issued on Monday announcing the appointment of Baker Pasha as Governor-General of Eastern Soudan. Major Holroyd, a British officer, has been dismissed from the Egyptian service for striking a native officer.

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE SOLDIER'S PLEDGE.

"I do not drink," the colonel said  
 Upon the festal morning;  
 There was a toss of beauteous head,  
 And bright eyes full of scorning.  
 "As woman's eyes this wine is fair,  
 I know 'twould make us merry;  
 But I will pledge in water clear,  
 And not in golden sherry."

"Why, colonel, why?" the bride spoke up,  
 Sir Edwin's fairest daughter;  
 "Why do you scorn the honored cup,  
 And pledge me in cold water?  
 Upon your words there hangs a tale  
 And we to it would listen;  
 Methinks I see your cheeks grow pale,  
 Your eyes with tear-drops glisten."

"Oh, bonnie bride, the tears I shed  
 Above this glass of water,  
 Are for the best and bravest dead  
 That e'er rode down to slaughter.  
 'Twas long ago when on the bank  
 Of Iragally's river,  
 We met the Russian's rank to rank,  
 A sword or spear to shiver.

"The night before in Powell's tent  
 The officers were drinking,  
 A ceaseless round the goblet went—  
 A shameless round, I'm thinking.  
 The morning found us flushed with wine,  
 With hands and brain unsteady;  
 But when the Russians formed their line  
 Of battle, we were ready.

"I reeled, but still upon my steed  
 I sat and gave the orders  
 That formed the gallant ranks I'd led  
 From England's historic borders;  
 I curse the day I saw them mowed  
 Down in the fire infernal,  
 For braver troopers never rode  
 Behind a drunken colonel!

"This order came to us: 'Advance,  
 And hold the Ridge of Bannon!  
 Beyond it shone the foeman's lance  
 Above one hundred canon.  
 We gained the ridge and there drew rein,  
 But only for a minute,  
 The demon Drink had fired my brain—  
 The flames of hell seemed in it!

"I shouted, 'Charge!' and thro' the smoke  
 We left the Ridge of Bannon,  
 And faced the lurid flames that broke  
 From all those Russian cannon.  
 We sabred here, we sabred there,  
 Despite death's horrid rattle;  
 We left our comrades everywhere  
 Upon the field of battle!

"How each man like a tiger fought  
 'Tis told to-day in story;  
 The foe's success was dearly bought,  
 And dearer still our glory.  
 Six hundred gallants rode with me  
 Upon the deadly cannon;  
 But only ninety lived to see  
 Once more the Ridge of Bannon!

"With wounded heart, by time unhealed,  
 That fell morn in October,  
 I galloped from the fatal field,  
 By murder rendered sober.  
 Behind me lay upon the field,  
 By murruring Iragally,  
 Four hundred men who'd ne'er again  
 At blast of bugle rally.

"Against our arms the battle went,  
 Defeat succeeded slaughter,  
 And all because in Powell's tent  
 We did not pledge in water.  
 The sword I drew that fatal day  
 Is rusted now, and broken,  
 'Tis well! for it must ever be  
 Of crime a horrid token.

"Now this is why my eyes with tears  
 To-day are overflowing;  
 Above my comrades twenty years  
 The grasses have been growing.  
 Come, fill each cup, and say with me—  
 (Still be your childish prattle!)  
 The day is lost, as it should be,  
 When brandy leads the battle.

"I'd drink to all whose bones are white  
 Beside the distant river;  
 Their gallant blades to-day are bright,  
 And will be bright forever!  
 In water let us pledge the braves  
 Who questioned not, but followed—  
 Who peaceful sleep in soldiers' graves  
 By Cossack lances hallow'd."

"Fill up!" cried out the bonnie lass,  
 Sir Edwin's fairest daughter,  
 "Pour out your wine, and fill each glass  
 With clear and sparkling water!  
 We drink to them who will no more  
 At blast of bugle rally—  
 The gallant ghosts that guard the shore  
 Of whispering Iragally!"

It was no woman's foolish whim  
 As tearful eyes attested,  
 They filled their glasses to the brim,  
 And drank as she requested.  
 He bowed his head—the soldier gray  
 Who led his men to slaughter;  
 And those beside him heard him say:  
 "Since then I pledge in water."

—Selected.

## ONLY ONE SCENE.

BY EARNEST GILMORE.

It was a dreary, miserable morning; a heavy fog hung over the wretched street; the rain had fallen continually through the night, and still drizzled in a forlorn way. Pedestrians jostled along, occasionally hitting one another with their wet umbrellas and sloshing the mud right and left over the dirty pavement.

Crossing a filthy street, where the thick, black mud entered the soles of her sodden shoes and clung with tenacity about her thin ankles, was a young girl of thirteen or thereabouts. She breast the driving wind and swerved not from a straight course ahead, although her weapons against the elements were only a ragged dress and thin, faded shawl of many colors. Tied about her untidy mass of hair was an old hood, while upon her feet an old one-sided shoe, unlaced, and torn at the toe, did duty for one, while the other walked bravely on in a man's discarded boot, hard and unwieldy though it was. She seemed utterly indifferent to the rain. And why should she be otherwise? For when one is thoroughly wet and worn a few drops more or less either of water or trouble make no difference. She hurried around the corner, and a shiver passed through her frame with the cutting blast of wind. She shuffled on as fast as possible, considering her soaked feet, held her poor, wet garment closer to her as if for protection, and sooned turned up a dark court, opened a creaking door in a rickety tenement-house, and entered. How cold and dark and damp! although just what she expected. A deep sigh escaped her. The "bundle of rags" (called father) on the straw in the corner did not move, and she softly opened the door into another smaller one and looked in. All was hushed and still. On a low couch of straw, covered with a thin, patched army blanket, lay a little girl of seven, pale and faded, but, though the clammy sweat stood upon the fair brow, one could not but say, how lovely! Yes; though a drunkard's forsaken child, Lena Croft's pinched features were classically beautiful. Amy knelt down by her side, took the little thin hand in her own, and, poor child, although she did not intend to awaken

her sick sister, the hot tears that fell from her eyes had that effect, and the blue eyes opened and fastened upon her imploringly. She had begged her father with all the strength and pathos of her young voice to call a physician for Lena, even getting down upon her knees before the degraded man with her earnest pleading; but no, this heartless father turned away from his eldest-born's prayer and took the money that, with God's will, would have brought relief to his sick child and gave it willingly to the cruel rum-seller, who was licensed to flood his home with poverty, hunger, and perhaps something worse.

"I am so glad you've come, Amy! I'm so hungry! Can I have something now?"

Amy looked at the thin cheek so touchingly white, at the blue eyes that had once beamed with laughter, and her heart sunk within her. She felt such a weight of oppression that she could not speak. She had promised to get something for the sick child and had failed. She had rung at many basement doors, but the servants had bade her begone. "Shure," said one, "oi've enough to do without waitin' on the loikes of yez."

"You may, dearie; you shall, my little lamb! Just wait a minute." And out again she bounded (that freezing, wet, starving child), resolved that she would ring the front-door bells and see the ladies themselves as a last resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor, tired feet seemed shod with wings. She hurried through the streets and rung the front door bell of the first respectable house. A tidy housemaid opened the door, and in answer to Amy's pleading, "Please may I see the lady?" she received, "You dirty girl, to come up these clean steps with your muddy feet. Begone this instant! And the door slammed in her face. She turned despairingly but resolutely (the sad eyes at home haunting her) and pulled the next bell. As the servant opened the door Amy said quickly, "My little sister is starving; please give me something for her."

"Beggars should go to back-doors," angrily answered the girl, and was about to close the door when a gentle voice called: "Let her step in on the oil-cloth so that I can see her."

"But, shure, she's drippin' wet, ma'am, and covered with mud."

"Do as I say; let her in."

The door was opened reluctantly and Amy stepped in.

"Oh! how lovely," thought the poor outcast. "How bright and how nice everything is!" And her eyes wandered to the sweet-voiced invalid lying upon the crimsoned hall couch.

"My poor girl, what can I do for you?"

"O, ma'am! something for my sister; my poor little sister is sick and dyin', and starvin'."

"Poor child; poor little girl! Katy, tell the cook to give her part of my beef-tea in a bottle, a cup of jelly, and some bread and meat. And be quick about it."

The poor girl received the package with a thankful heart, and the world looked brighter to her young eyes as she ran to the hovel she called home, although the rain still felt pitilessly. As she entered her door the tattered heap in the corner moved, and the miserable father raised himself with difficulty to a sitting posture and looked at her with an ill-tempered leer. He had grown so bitter and revengeful in his dissipation that Amy shuddered with dread.

"What you carryin' so sneakin'?" he fiercely demanded.

"Something for Lena; she's starvin', father."

"Bring me what you've got; I'm starvin', and thirstin' too."

"O, father! I can't; Lena's dyin'," moaned Amy, trying to pass the miserable wreck on the floor; but he raised himself slowly and uttered a threat so terrible, ending with the words, "Pity ye wan't both dyin'; ye better look out or ye will; bring me the basket, I say," that Amy trembling handed it to him. Snatching it from her, he swallowed the beef-tea as if famished, then greedily followed with the meat and as much of the bread as he could possibly eat; then he rose with difficulty, and, wrapping the cup of jelly in a paper, tottered to the door. Amy stood looking with horrified eyes, but with great effort asked: "Where are you goin' with the jelly, father?"

"To Washburn's for a drink."

"O, father! leave me the jelly or Lena will die." And poor Amy wrung her hands in agony.

"Pick up the crusts that I left; they're good enough for such brats as you are." And the brutal father turned away.

Amy opened the bedroom door trembling. How could she face her little sister without food again and tell her there was none? But there was no need; Lena had heard all. Through the little broken window came a feeble ray of light, revealing a smile on the white lips, sweeter and lovelier than sunlight. She held out her thin hand to Amy, and the heart-broken girl caught it between her own and covered it with scalding tears as she broke forth into convulsive sobbing.

"Don't cry, Amy, my good Amy. I'm sleepy; but I love you, sister Amy. Kiss me, Amy, for I'm goin' to mamma. I won't be hungry any more, nor cry any more, will I, sister?" Amy's tears were falling faster than the raindrops outside, but her heart was too full to speak.

"I'll ask God to come for you, sister, soon—soon. No tears there—mamma." And the little sinless sleeper was a rest.

One little tried heart has found peace; up the golden stairs her little feet have gone. But, O Father! the other.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

## Our Basket.

### JEWELS.

To aim at the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves.

To judge of the real importance of an individual, one must think of the effect his death would produce.

Purity, sincerity, obedience and self-surrender are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished.

The word "character" comes from a term which means to engrave upon or cut in. Character is that inner substantial and essential quality which is wrought into the soul, and makes a man what he actually is.

The greatest friend of truth is time; her greatest enemy is prejudice; and humility her constant companion.

More hearts pine away in secret anguish, for the want of kindness from those who should be their comforters, than, from any calamity in life.

Alas! it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.

He who is sympathetic has his entrance into all hearts, and is the solver of all human problems. To him is given dominion where he thinks to serve; and the love which he gives without stint, as without calculation, he receives back without measure, as without conditions.

A mother had taught her little girl to pray for her father. Suddenly that father was removed by death. Kneeling in her sorrow at her mother's side at evening, the child hesitated, her voice faltered, and glancing into her mother's eyes she sobbed, "O mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Tank God I had a father once,' so I can keep him in my prayers."

### BITS OF TINSEL.

"Are there any of the big guns of the church around?" asked a reporter. "Yes," said a man at the vestry door, "the gentleman just inside is a canon."

Was it the "apple of discord" that produced the heart-rending screech of the small boy who took it green?

When Patrick saw the announcement in a shop window, "Great Slaughter in Clothing," he stepped in and inquired for "wan of thim kilt suits."

"Now, children," she continued, "what is the meal you eat in the morning called?" "Oatmeal," promptly replied a member of that class.

The owner of a pair of bright eyes says that the prettiest compliment she ever received came from a child of 4 years. The little fellow after looking intently at her eyes a moment, inquired naively, "Are your eyes new ones?"

A man went home the other night and found his house locked up. After infinite trouble he managed to gain entrance through a back window, and then discovered on the parlor table a note from his wife reading:—"I have gone out. You will find the key on the side of the step!"

Little Mary was reproving her younger brother for fibbing. "Now Russell," she said, drawing down her face and frowning threateningly on the tiny culprit, "dust you remember, never, never to tell another of your wrong-side-out stories to me."

An impatient Welshman called to his wife,—"Come! come! Isn't breakfast ready? I've had nothing since yesterday, and to-morrow will be third day?" This is equal to the call of the stirring housewife, who aroused her maid at 4 o'clock with "Come, Mary, get up! Here 'tis Monday morning, to-morrow is Tuesday, the next day is Wednesday—half the week gone, and nothing done yet!"

"Brudder Moses, how does yer stan' on de tariff?" "I doesn't know, Mr. Franklin, ef I stan' on the tariff at all or not. I kinder feels like de tariff was standin' on me, for I allers notice dat when I goes to de grocery to buy somethin' to eat, dey puts de tariff on me jis' as much as if I doan was no ministah."

## DICK JOHNSON'S PICTURE.

Dick kept *the* fashionable saloon in town. It was tip-top. Every glass was polished to perfection. The liquors just sparkled in the decanters. The counter was all over carving and gilding, and the bar-tender was the daintiest young man in Fiddleburg.

Dick himself was proud of "that 'ere establishment," as he called it. He would look into the mirrors with perfect pride as he beheld his own picture in their polished faces.

Fiddleburg had a new painter. He was an artist. A picture by Nicols was a real gem. Most of the stores had one, in some shape or another. The livery stable man had a horse painted that people came miles to see. The butcher had a cow that you could almost hear calling her calf, so life-like did it appear. The restaurant man had a pie and some cakes and doughnuts so exquisitely done, that when he put them in his window the boys felt just like grabbing at them. The milliner had a wooden dummy in her window, with a face and neck so tinted and fixed that men all stopped to gaze at that lovely thing.

Dick Johnson thought he would have a grand sign for his saloon. Cost, to him, was nothing so that it might be grand and suggestive.

"Hello, old fellow," said Dick, as he entered the paint shop, and saw a splendid figure for a cigar stand just finished. "I've got a job for you. It must be something hifalutin, and the bill ain't limited."

That was just what our man of colors wanted. He was ambitious, and very glad to get the chance to paint something really fine, if he could only get well paid for it.

"I want a sign," said Dick, "something to show what I do—to suggest the business, you know; just anything good you can think of. You are a painter, and can tell better than I what will do."

"I'll do my very best," said Nicols, and Dick was off without another word.

The painter went to work, and all his skill and ingenuity was brought to the task. He got a long wide side board, and filled it with human figures, almost life size, and so life-like in appearance that you could almost see them stir. Beginning at one end was a good-looking young man, coming to take a drink. The next figure was the same man, somewhat intoxicated; and in the next he was down in the gutter; then in jail; then in a fight, and lastly a poor broken down man in poverty. Alongside, in the different stages of life were his mother and sisters weeping at his condition, and a sad wife and children at her side. Then the boy was seen in the Industrial School, and his girl in the Magdalen. It was most beautifully painted, and underneath was lettered, in fine characters, "We make these things here."

When Dick was told it was done, he settled the bill, ordered it put up at once, lighted his cigar and went on with his exciting game of cards, not taking time even to look at his new embellishment. It was covered with paper till dark, so as to surprise the residents of Fiddleburg at daylight. And it did, too. Next morning, as Dick's usual customers came for their usual morning bitters, they saw that picture, and—stepped back, having changed their minds about what they would do. Not one of them crossed the threshold.

Dick had played late, and drank rather freely, and therefore slept till noon. When he came down stairs the saloon was empty. Bar-keeper and every one else in town had been in front studying that new sign, but no one seemed anxious for "a smile" under the circumstances. Dick went out to see the sign, too, and he saw "the point" at once, and had that sign taken down "on the double quick," but many of his old customers never got over that morning's impression, and Dick has yet a sign to dispose of to any saloon keeper who wants one of that particular kind.—*Selected.*

## IN THE RAPIDS.

BY J. E. McCONAUGHY.

A young man had finished his course of study, and, with his many social advantages and good talents he had much in his favor towards making a start in life. His career might have been one of marked success but for one thing. At college he had allied himself with a class of young men who often indulged in the social glass, instead of the sober, reliable set who shunned as they would a poisoned serpent all such temptations. Once he had laughed at their scruples, proud of his own strength to drink or leave it alone, as he pleased. A student who had long known him had often visited his room and urged him to give up his present companions and join himself to the set who would do him good and not evil, but all to no purpose.

He came back to his old home and was rambling with a friend over pleasant paths he had known in childhood. They seated themselves on a bank at last, and the faithful friend remonstrated with him on the dangerous course he was pursuing. Turning towards him he threw his head on his knee and exclaimed in anguish:

"O cousin! if I could only describe to you these awful feelings of insatiable thirst. It is like ten thousand devils gnawing at my vitals."

"Why, then, will you not be persuaded to break off from these habits of drink?"

"It is impossible. I would give everything I own to be able to do it. But the raging fire within can only be assuaged by another drink, and another, and another; and so it must go on until death! Oh! it is hopeless, hopeless."

And this was his boasted independence; his ability to drink or leave it off. A few weeks later he was found dead drunk in the streets and was taken to the almshouse, where he died shortly afterwards.

No one ever seems to awake to his danger until it is too late. Like the infatuated Captain Webb, each thinks he will be able to swim through a worse whirlpool than that below Niagara and yet escape unhurt. The poor swimmer's sad fate is a fair type of any one's security who once enters these fearful rapids.

A man who made this same assertion of his perfect command of himself in this matter was earnestly desired by a friend to test the question for one month by entirely abstaining, and he would hold himself convinced. For argument's sake he consented. A few days after he met his friend, with a very anxious, haggard face. Grasping his hand, he told him how his eyes had been opened. He had no idea it would require such a struggle to break off his habit of an occasional glass. He saw he must abstain, not for a month only, but for life, or he would yet become a hopeless slave. He was glad the warning came in time to save him.—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

## FIVE CENTS A DRINK.

Five cents a drink! does any one think  
That that is really the price of a drink?  
'Five cents a glass!' I hear you say,  
Ah, no indeed? 'tis a very small sum  
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;  
And if that were all you gave away,  
It wouldn't be very much to pay!

The price of a drink? let him decide,  
Who has his courage lost and his pride,  
And lies, a groveling heap of clay,  
Not far removed from a beast to-day.  
The price of a drink? let that one tell,  
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,  
Honor and virtue, love and truth,  
All the glory of pride and youth,  
Hopes of manhood, the wealth of fame,  
High endeavor, the noble aim;  
These are the treasures thrown away,  
As the price of a drink, from day to day.

The price of a drink? If you want to know  
What some are willing to pay for it, go  
Through the wretched tenement over there,  
With dingy windows and broken stair,  
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,  
Wild-eyed creatures for want of food;  
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;  
There violence deals its cruel blow;  
The innocent ones are thus accursed,  
To pay the price of another one's thirst.

'Five cents a glass!' Oh, if that were all  
The sacrifice would indeed be small!  
But the money's worth is the least amount  
We pay: whoever will keep an account  
Will learn the terrible waste and blight,  
That follows that ruinous appetite.  
'Five cents a glass!' does anyone think  
That that is really the price of a drink.

—*Western Wave.*