

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, AUGUST 24, 1883.

WE very much appreciate, and are sincerely grateful for the many commendations that THE CANADA CITIZEN is receiving from the public in general, and our brethren of the press in particular. We shall do all in our power to merit a continuance of the approval that has been so warmly and kindly expressed.

GAMES AND PRIZES.

A friend has sent us a programme of the Picnic held at Carlton Grove by the Sons of England Benevolent Society, on the Toronto Civic Holiday. Among the prizes awarded for success in various athletic performances, we notice that liquors and cigars occupy a very prominent place. At least *seventeen* of the enumerated prizes were quantities of intoxicating drink. Bottles of brandy, kegs of lager, &c., figure conspicuously all through the list. One of the prizes offered in the "Married Ladies' Race" is "one pound tea, bottle gin, bottle whisky." Here is the list for the "Picnic Games Committee Race":

1. 1 assorted hamper; 1 ham.
2. 15 gallons ale; 1 box cigars.
3. 8 gallons keg lager; 1 box cigars.
4. 2 bottles brandy; 1 bottle Scotch whisky.
5. 1 album.

We did not think that there existed in Canada a society that would do what the S. of E. has done. To call together for a day of happiness and fun a gathering of people of all ages, ranks and sexes, and then distribute among them under the guise of something worthy striving for, agencies of incitement to debauchery and crime of every kind. While the whole country is standing aghast at an unusually terrible record of violent deeds under the excitement of drink, a "Benevolent Society" is using its influence to encourage the use of the cause of this violence and crime; actually holding up this ruin-working poison as something worthy the efforts of our young men to secure, a meet reward for deeds of manliness and strength. Surely the S. of E. society cannot have fairly considered the position in which it was about to place itself when such a programme was announced. It is true that these prizes were donated

to the society for the purpose for which they were used, but that does not exonerate the society that used them. Brewers and drink-dealers can afford to be generous in giving away liquor that creates the appetite out of which they make their money.

We earnestly hope that neither this society nor any other, will ever again so far forget what is due to its position and name, as to degrade itself by being to any extent at all a party to proceedings of which, we have no doubt, the better part of its members are heartily ashamed.

The question is worthy of examination: Is the law not violated in such cases as that just criticised? The society named charged a fee for admission to its grounds, and the chance of winning a keg of beer was one of the considerations for which the entrance fee was paid. Would a man, who is not licensed, be permitted to charge admission to his house, and then give liquor to those who had paid that fee, or even to a part of them? At any rate, the spirit and intent of the law is violated, whenever an unlicensed party gets money and furnishes liquor in return, no matter what sophisticated pretext he can invent to make it appear that such furnishing is not a sale. If the law is wanting in technical details to meet such cases, we earnestly hope that our friends in legislative positions will see that this defect is removed at the very earliest opportunity.

THE MURDER OF MARONEY.

Charles Morgan is in gaol awaiting his trial for murder, and almost certain sentence to the gallows; the grave has closed over the remains of the murdered Maroney, and his home is robbed of its light and support, the community has held up its hands in horror at the awful occurrence, the press has freely commented upon it, fairly and unhesitatingly denouncing the LIQUOR TRAFFIC as the cause of the terrible tragedy; everybody has said "something ought to be done;" and yet the maddening agencies of this unholy institution keep on in full blast. Ten thousand of them all over Canada to-day, under the sanction and license of law, are depraving the community and producing appalling results of which the recent murder in Toronto is only a specimen. The daily *Globe* in an article, that we quote in another column, says, "If the traffic which produces such results cannot be completely abolished, let us by all means have as few drinking places as possible." We feel more inclined to say, "Since making the drinking places few has failed to suppress intemperance, by all means let the traffic be completely abolished." We have burdened our statute books with laws for the limitation of this traffic, and in spite of them all its ravages still go on. Some other plan ought to be tried. It is easier to prohibit evil than to regulate it. It is *safer and easier* to get rid of a mad dog than to confine him to certain streets and license him to do them all the mischief he can. A law that would stamp the whole traffic as immoral and intolerable, that would prohibit it altogether, would be more easily enforced than a law that sanctions it, elevates it to the position of a business, encourages it up to a certain point, and then undertakes to stop it at that point. A deadly pestilence is raging in our midst; law has recognized its character and our peril, and attempts to protect us by limiting the plague to certain localities, and licensing its ravages within prescribed bounds. The attempt at restriction is nearly as futile as the sanction is immoral. We agree with *The Globe*, that if Prohibition were impossible, it would be wise to limit the number as far as possible, but common sense will say "that is not very far." If you can limit, you can prohibit; if prohibition is impracticable, you cannot restrict. The fact that limitation has done some good, proves that prohibition would be a success to even a greater extent. It is as much easier to totally prohibit than to partially prohibit, as it is easier to stand upon two feet than to stand upon one.

Selected Articles.

DICTIONARY POLITICS.

Every day, almost, we come upon the claim of some wise editor, or some more sapient politician, that Temperance is not a political question, and should not be treated as such. Thousands, doubtless, believe this is true. For their benefit let us inquire what Politics really is. Webster has the following definition :

Politics—The science of government; that part of ethics which has to do with the regulation and government of a Nation or State, the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity; the defense of its existence and rights against foreign control or conquest, the augmentation of its strength and resources, and the protection of its citizens in their rights, with the preservation and improvement of their morals."

No man can give a clearer, more comprehensive statement of the matter than this. And we insist that if Politics has to do with the regulation and government of a State—as everyone will admit; with the preservation of its safety, peace and prosperity—as nobody will deny; with the increase and care of its resources—as all must concede; and with the protection of its citizens in their rights, and the preservation and improvement of their morals—as all will assent, then Politics has to do, should have to do, and forever will have to do, with the Liquor Traffic, so long as that Traffic exists.

What interferes with the good government of the state? Rum and the Rum Traffic. What disturbs national peace, threatens public safety, and weighs down national welfare? *Rum and the Rum Traffic*. What saps it of its strength, numerically as to citizenship, and physically and mentally as to manhood? RUM AND THE RUM TRAFFIC. What robs the citizen of his rights, debases his morals, blights his soul, and curses him as with a bitter, burning curse? RUM AND THE RUM TRAFFIC. And it is the height of brazen impudence for this traffic to assume and to say, as through some medium or other it is daily doing, that it is beyond the domain of Politics and amenable only to morals. It is the most insolent effrontery for such an assumption to be made, and such a lie to be urged, when Politics is being daily prostituted, in the vilest manner, to serve this Traffic's Interest, to intrench its position, and to consolidate its power. There was never a more gigantic insult to Truth since Lucifer posed as an angel of light.

There is a plain, unwritten law—unwritten, yet plain enough for him who runs to read—which says that the State shall foster morals, guard political virtue, and prohibit the prostitution of Politics. Whatever, then, misuses Politics, pollutes it, and perverts it, *should be prohibited by the State*. The American Saloon is a shameless ravisher of political virtue; a wanton spoiler of all that in Politics should be held sacred and dear. It consumes purity with an appetite wholly insatiable. It begets the vilest party methods and practices. It scruples at no means to accomplish its utterly unscrupulous ends. It is like the huge devil-fish of the sea, reaching out its slimy arms and folding in whatever of good comes near, then strangling it to its death.

An era of party politics is ending. The day of Dictionary Politics must early dawn. In its clear morning splendor we shall see how Politics has to do with the Saloon; how heretofore the Saloon has both defined and administered Politics; how Civilization and Politics are but twin terms, leading towards the higher levels of morality, and manhood, and Tomorrow. A word with meaning so profound as Politics must always have, should at once and evermore be rescued from the purlicues of party defilement, and restored to its original virtuous character. When Politics is widely accepted for the grand, broad thought which never should have been divorced from it, to be a politician will merit no reproach, and the Saloon will no longer stand as a corrupt, unholy rendezvous for him and all his ilk.—*American Reformer*.

POWER OF ORGANIZATION.

There is always power enough to enforce a wise law, if it can but be organized and made available.

There must be organization for the enforcement of the law, with sufficient and salutary penalties. Good men must organize.

There are thousands of places in great cities where men drink frenzy

by the half-pint, all of which depend for revenue upon the vice and misery they can create, and the number of victims they can destroy. These shops must close, or misery and murder, debauchery and rags, filth and squalor, must haunt your streets at all hours and all seasons. They die fast, too, the devotees of the demijohn. Every year must yield a large crop of recruits, newly seduced from sobriety, or the vendors' receipts will fail. They will take anybody's husband—yours, madam; anybody's son—yours, doting father; anybody's parent—yours, my dear boy. They will take them from you, hale, and fond, and true, and send them back to you bleared, and blasphemous, and beastly. They will blight five thousand new homes this year. Five thousand firesides will grow chill and cheerless, or there will be "hard times" among the death-dealers. And you must live, toil, eat, even sleep, under the shadow of a nameless fear. Your sons cannot walk the streets, or stroll in the parks, or visit the house of a friend, but you are haunted with thoughts that hold your eyes waking. Your daughters, if out of your sight, are on your heart like a brooding anxiety. You feel like men who know that a busy band of sappers and miners are laying casks of powder underneath their dwellings, and they know not the moment when their domestic heaven will be blown in fragments to the sky. It is worse than though cholera, and spotted fever, and black vomit, and the deadliest types of small-pox were to linger on every by-street and along your great avenues all the year round, pulsing in the poisoned air, climbing in at your windows, smiting the first-born in his pride and the babe in the cradle, keeping the sick-lamp forever burning like a pale star in every habitation.

Oh! are we to live on in this mortal peril? Are we always to stand in dread of a great calamity? Are we so enslaved, so torpid, so timorous? Who will make common cause against the most insidious and malignant foe to our peace and our liberties? Come as with one impulse, fair women, brave men, all who dare to be right and true. Duty and danger, love and law, patriotism and philanthropy, call us. Let us support sentiment and advice with the emphasis of a faultless example.

—Rev. M. C. Briggs.

THE YORK STREET MURDER.

The moral of the shocking murder perpetrated on York street on Tuesday night is not hard to perceive. We have a law prohibiting the carrying of revolvers, and if ANDREWS had not been violating that law he would not now be on trial for his own life. This is not the first case of which the same statement holds good. There is absolutely no need for any one in this city to carry a pistol, and the sooner the practice is stamped out the better. Of course, strangers coming here carrying revolvers may easily commit murder before they are deprived of them, as ANDREWS did, but enough has not been done in the way of enforcing this excellent law and teaching incidentally respect for human life. If it were only on account of the many fatal accidents which happen from carrying revolvers it is better that the practice should be entirely discontinued.

It appears from some expressions dropped during the scuffle that the murderer either was drunk or pretended to be so. Should it turn out that he had been drinking freely, the moral responsibility for the crime must be shared by those who supplied him with the liquor. It is not at all likely that a man in his sober senses would have acted as he did, but while on the one hand intoxication cannot serve as an excuse for or extenuation of his crime, it is clear on the other that it is not unjust to hold those who made him intoxicated as partly to blame. The man who sells whisky to another man never knows what even the immediate consequences of drinking it may be. The engine-driver who has just fired his brain with a glass of whisky jumps on his engine unconscious of any change in himself, but his senses are less acute than they should be or he is made a little more reckless than his wont, and terrible disaster to his train-load of passengers is the result. The "rough" takes his glass, and while standing on the street corner gets into a squabble with a stranger returning from his work. His passion masters him before he is aware of it, and he shocks the community by laying dead at his feet the youth upon whom helpless relatives are dependent for support. If the traffic which produces such results cannot

be completely abolished, let us by all means have as few drinking places as possible. The more numerous the saloons the greater the quantity of liquor consumed, and the greater the consumption of liquor the greater the liability to such crimes as the York street murder.—*Globe*.

DOES BEER CAUSE GOUT?

BY NORMAN KERR, M.D., F.L.S.

Many persons who would on no consideration taste ardent spirits, remembering the words of the great surgeon, Sir Astley Cooper, "Spirits and poison are synonymous," make no scruple of habitually drinking beer and porter freely, and yet the alcohol in the strongest spirituous drinks is practically the same alcohol as that which is met with in malt liquors.

In plain words, all intoxicating liquors are, as their name implies, poisonous to both body and brain.

Ale, beer, porter, and stout are no exception to the rule. The average amount of this poison, alcohol, in a pint of each of this class of intoxicating liquors is, according to the Government analysis of liquors at Bethnel Green Museum, as follows:—In London porter, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz.; in mild ale, $1\frac{1}{4}$ oz.; in London stout, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz.; in strong ale, 2 oz.; and pale ale, $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. As, according to the same unimpeachable authority, one pint of brandy contains $10\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of alcohol, it is apparent that half a pint of pale ale is as strong in spirit, and therefore, as intoxicating as brandy. Alcohol vitiates the blood, besides impairing its building-up properties, by shortening the life of the red globules.

By virtue of the alcohol beers and stouts contain, these liquors sap the foundations of national vigor, and induce an unhealthy, diseased condition of the blood, and through the blood, of various internal organs and regions of the body. It is common in brewers' draymen, and in persons of both sexes, in all ranks of life, who regularly drink what is conventionally looked upon as a very moderate allowance. I have repeatedly been enabled to effect a complete cure of rheumatism by insisting on the immediate and total discontinuance of the daily three half-glasses of the temperate beer-drinker. In all cases of rheumatism, from whatever cause, total abstinence is, in my opinion, the most important element in the curative process.

Gout. Of all the physical ills which alcohol have inflicted on humanity, there is none which more openly bears the mark of its parentage than gout. I had occasion to testify, in the *Lancet* some time ago, that in 1,540 cases of gout that had come under my care, only one was in the person of a life abstainer who had inherited the disease, along with the rest of the family property, from a long line of port-wine and beer-loving ancestors. Intoxicating malt drinks are, undoubtedly, the fertile parents of this most painful and harassing ailment. I know of no disease which is more easily prevented, and which could be more effectually eradicated than gout. I have found total abstinence completely cure a large number of very bad cases; and, even to those sufferers who, from inherited taint, could never hope by any degree of abstemiousness to be entirely freed from their ancestral burden, the unconditional disuse of intoxicants has shorn their "thorn in the flesh" of half its terrors, and greatly mitigated their tortures.

It is a significant fact, noted by Dr. Farr, the eminent statistician, in his annual letter to the Registrar-General, in 1877, that gout was then twice as fatal as it had been fifteen years before.

Another English physician, eminent in hospital practice, says that gout from beer-drinking is one of the most common diseases he has to treat among poor people who are beer-drinkers.—*Union Hand Bills, No 47*.

SIGNIFICANT AND SUGGESTIVE.—In a certain Pennsylvania town on a recent Saturday a manufacturer paid to his workmen \$700 in crisp new bills that had been privately marked. On Monday \$450 of those identical bills were deposited in the bank by the saloon-keepers. When this was made known the workmen were so startled by the fact that they helped to make the place a no-license town. *The Christian at Work* would like to have similar test extensively applied to promote temperance sentiment.—*Christian at Work*.

Consumption is a disease concentrated by a neglected cold; how necessary then that we should at once get the best cure for Coughs, Colds, Laryngitis, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. One of the most popular medicines for these complaints is Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. Mr. J. F. Smith, Druggist, Dunnville, writes: "It gives general satisfaction and sells splendidly."

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING.

Polly is my little wife,
So she loves to hear me call her,
On her voyages through life
May misfortune ne'er befall her.
I am growing old and grey,
She is—guess how old to-day,

Shall I tell you? Never mind,—
It to you can scarcely matter;
How I fear to leave behind
Such a wealth of youth and chatter!
Who, I wonder, when I'm dead,
Will she learn to love instead?

Polly sits upon my knee,
When the day its lattice closes,
And her heart reveals to me
All its laughter and its roses,
While her merry, trustful words
Fill my brain with singing birds.

Polly is my little wife,
Polly is my only darling;
When embittered with the strife,
Polly's kisses stay my snarling,
And her arms about my neck
Every sorrow seem to check.

Polly only has one care,
That is how she most can please me,
Yet she sometimes pulls my hair,
Does her little best to tease me;
Has of saucy ways a score,
Which but make me love her more.

I am sixty, she is six:
There was some one I remember
Who had Polly's smile and tricks,
In a long-ago December:
For my child was her mamma,
I am Polly's grandpapa.

—*Horace Lennard*.

A TEMPERANCE LESSON.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.'

'At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'

Will you go with me, my reader, into an abode of taste and elegance, that I may read you a lesson which, with God's blessing, may prove of value to you in your struggles with the temptations which are so lamentably common among men?

As you enter the room the fragrance of rare flowers greets you, emanating from the costliest of vases; the curtains falling to the ground in full drapery over the soft velvet carpet, so soft that it seems like down as you tread; the rare pictures hung upon the richly-painted walls—all speak to you of wealth and refinement.

A group of beautiful maidens are conspicuous among the guests who are this evening to share in the hospitality of this palatial mansion.

After a bountiful dinner the desert has just been placed upon the table. All the viands that could tempt the appetite are there in the most costly dishes of Sevres china; pyramids of ices of many-tinted colors; and amid the flowers and fruit glittering glasses sparkle, filled to the brim with wines of the choicest brands.

Happy indeed were the young couple who for the first time had assumed their places as master and mistress of all these elegant surroundings. And as Gilbert Fleming looked upon his young and lovely wife Agnes he felt that there was no happier man in all the world than he.

'Let us drink to the health of our hostess,' said some friend present. 'Excuse me, I will drink with you with all my heart, but in water, if you please,' replied the hostess. 'May I follow this example?' asked a young man, with a fine though somewhat sad face, who stood near. All eyes were turned to young Maynard. He, a man, refusing to drink wine and desiring to drink a *health* in water! What an innovation upon the usages of society! Of course civility subdued all astonishment; but after the withdrawal of the guests the matter was solved. Mr. Fleming attempted to remonstrate with his wife. 'I was so proud of my wines, and it really was very unaccountable in you, Agnes, to behave as you did at this first supper in our home. You know that champagne never hurt any one.'

'I have seen too much of its ill effects to agree with you there, my husband. A long time ago my heart condemned the habit of convivial drinking, and, though this matter has never come up for discussion, I formed the resolution, as the head of your household, that this should be my habit. You will not condemn me? Think of your poor college friend Allis, a beggar and a madman.'

'Oh! that is but one of a thousand cases, Agnes; and then, too, what possible influence can you have?'

'We none of us shall know what influence we exert in this world,' replied the wife. 'I had a definite object, too, to-night in my refusal. In the midst of our company was one who had made a solemn resolution to avoid everything that would lead him to yield to his one fault. Noble, generous, highly cultivated, he has been nearly lost through the inability to resist this temptation. To-night was his first trial. I saw the struggle, and was determined, as a true woman should be, to help him in it. At any rate, I have helped him this once; he will be stronger the next time to refuse.'

'Now let me tell you of what a woman is doing in the case of a confirmed inebriate; and in giving you this tale you must come with me, my husband, and learn for yourself.' And we too, my reader, will follow.

Their walk ended at the door of a small brown house with nothing to brighten its gloominess except a little vine that struggled to climb over one of the windows. A bright-eyed, dirty little fellow was playing outside the door. 'How is your mother to-day, my boy?' 'She's in there; you can go in,' answered the child.

'Come in,' said a weak but gentle voice, as she heard the question. The room was bare indeed; a few plain chairs, a table, a bureau, made up the furniture. Near the window was drawn a couch covered with a well-worn counterpane, though neat and tidy, and here in a sitting posture was one who in her day had been beautiful to look upon, although the features were wasted by long illness. She smiled as she welcomed them. Steadily she plied her needle; which was indeed painful to behold, for she seemed already dying, without a complaint, without a single murmur or a thought of the hard fate that compelled her to work for her daily bread. One could scarcely believe in such perfect cheerfulness, although you could see that she was suffering intensely. Mr. Fleming was very much interested, and when he bade her good-bye he said to Agnes, 'Has she no one, in her weak condition, to labor for her? When did her husband die?' He had not noticed, as we had done, a man reeling along the road and turning in at the gate from which he had just emerged. 'She is not a widow; better if she were,' said Agnes. 'She must see day by day the gradual death of the soul, while the body is unwasted. That wretched inebriate we have just met is her husband; and this is the reason why she plies her needle, rather than he shall be dependent upon the charity of others. When they first were married he had a neat shop in the town, and was one of the most promising young men to be found. It is a common story; the shop had to be given up, then they moved into a smaller house and were obliged to sell most of their furniture. Then it was that she first commenced sewing. She has been a heroine, and indeed a good wife. She is ever hoping for the time when her husband will be again as in the old days, but the man seems literally giving over to the demon of intemperance, but if a woman's love and a woman's prayers will aught avail at the mercy-seat, surely hers will not be lost. God pity her!'

Many months after this visit there was a great temperance movement throughout all the towns far and near. Many who had been reformed themselves went about rousing the people by a portrayal of their own wonderful rescue from a condition that was worse than death.

One evening we went by invitation to the hall, heart and hand with the movement. We could scarcely get a seat. The speaker that evening was a tall, wan, haggard-looking man, but he had

been an outcast from society. That peace which had fled from his own hearth when he gave way to temptation, but which had returned to him, urged him to proclaim the glad tidings to other homes. With what touching pathos did he portray all the sufferings in the drunkard's home—the sickness of hope deferred, the loss of all happiness here and all hope of the hereafter. More than one thought of our poor friend, Mrs. Lane. After the speaker had finished his appeal, and the whole company joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," there was a death-like stillness in the room for a moment, which was broken by a movement in the aisle, and some one seemed eagerly pressing forward. A confused murmur of voices arose all over the room as one and another saw one whom all knew so well grasp the printed pledge with the eagerness of a dying man.

The first name subscribed to that solemn promise of total abstinence that night was *Robert Lane*. With one accord a glad shout went up from the whole assembly; men of all classes pressed forward to give him a good hand-shaking. It was a proud tribute paid to a woman's influence when he turned to them and said: 'My wife has done it all, Heaven bless her! Patient through all my infirmities; working for me, praying for me, when I could neither work nor pray for myself; if God will only raise her to health again, I will be to her a good husband as long as He spares my life. Hear this promise, friends, and may it be ratified in heaven.'

You need not be told that a pretty cottage has been built since that night by our friend Robert, and furnished by his wife's industry. Her health was restored as a miracle. Her reward has been equal to her great self-sacrifice; she will never be really strong again, but a happier wife the world does not contain. Moreover her husband has reformed many of his old associates who, like himself, were going the downward way.

'O Agnes!' said Cousin Lucy one day, flying into the room, 'do you know I am going to marry George Maynard?—the best man, I think, that ever lived. And he says that he owes a life-long debt of gratitude to you; that when he was ready to falter, if he had not had the kindly encouragement you so nobly gave him, helping him to shun temptation, he never would have been what he is to-day. And I too, dear Agnes, date my happiness from the hour I saw that first toast drank in cold water.'—*National Temperance Advocate*.

AS A LITTLE CHILD.

A mother and a little child of six years were together one afternoon, the former busily engaged plying her needle, the latter building a wonderful castle with a box of jointed bricks. They were almost constant companions, for all the elders of the flock were at school, whilst Nellie was still her mother's pupil. A bright, merry, intelligent young creature was the little scholar. She needed neither coaxing nor driving; but loved to learn as the mother loved to teach.

As she labored away at her building on that summer afternoon, the small architect reminded one of a bird by her ceaseless motion. She flitted about, piling brick upon brick; sometimes talking, sometimes singing, as she drew back now and again to observe the effect of her work.

And, childlike, she chattered for a time, hardly noticing how brief were her mother's answers, or that, very often, there was no reply at all to her many questions. But this state of things was so contrary to custom that it attracted Nellie's attention, and, turning towards her mother, she saw that her hands were lying idle in her lap, and that her eyes were filling with tears.

In a moment the bricks were on the ground and the castle a mere wreck. The child darted to her mother, exclaiming, "Mamma, mamma! what is the matter? Are you ill? Do tell me what you are crying for?" and at the same time she softly wiped the tear from Mrs. Matthews' cheek, and followed this act by a loving kiss.

The mother lifted the child on her knee, and clasping her arms around her, wept quietly for a few moments. Then, as soon as she could speak, she said, "Your father and I are in great trouble about something. You are too young to understand why I am crying, darling, and I cannot tell you about it or I would, because I know my little Nellie would like to comfort her mother."

The little arms gave an answering pressure as the child said, "Can't I fetch or do anything, mamma?"

"Darling, I wish you could," was the answer.

Nellie remained silent for a moment, and then she said, with a beautiful bright smile, "Mamma, I can ask God to take away the trouble from papa and you. He can do everything."

The child's hopeful words thrilled through the mother's ears like a message of mercy. She was a profound believer in the power of prayer. She had taught her children to pray as soon as they could lisp, and not one of them could say, "I remember the time when mother first prayed with me." She had knelt with her babe in her arms; she had breathed prayers over the little sleepers as they lay in their cots; and as soon as they were old enough mother and children had bowed the knee, and in simple words sent up their petitions at the throne of grace together.

And this youngest of them was bringing her lessons to mind, and strengthening the faith of her mother by her childlike confidence in the love and power of God, and in His willingness to answer prayer.

Mrs. Matthews saw Nellie go to the window and behind the shelter of the curtain. She remained silent for some minutes while the little bowed figure, with clasped hands, was asking God to "take away the trouble which made her mother weep." She was sure He knew all about it, though she did not, and could not tell Him.

The prayer ended, Nellie came back to her mother, and sat quietly for a little while, until Mrs. Matthews was called out of the room; but before she went to bed that night she whispered, "Is the trouble gone yet, mamma?"

"Not yet, Nellie. We have to wait God's time for removing trouble."

"Well! He will take it away," replied the child, without one shade of doubt as to the result of her prayer.

The morning came, and again Nellie whispered her inquiry, "Mamma, I have asked God again. Is the trouble gone yet?"

Mrs. Matthews was half afraid to say "No," there was something so touching in the child's confidence. She replied, "Not yet, Nellie."

"But it will, mamma?" half inquiringly.

"Yes dear," replied Mrs. Matthews, firmly, "it will, Nellie. But we cannot be sure *when* or *how*. God knows what is best. Never forget that, dear. Sometimes he makes us wait awhile, to see if we can be patient and trust him; and sometimes, though He does not take away the trouble, He makes us strong and willing to bear it."

This was something new for the child. She thought; the little face brightened. "I understand, mamma, I know," she cried eagerly. "You love me, but you don't give me everything I want, and sometimes you make me wait. I will ask God to make you strong."

Day after day the child waited, prayed, and expected an answer, believing it would certainly come. One morning Mr. Matthews received a letter as they were all at breakfast. As he read it his face grew bright; he handed it to his wife, and Nellie heard her mother say, while tears of a new kind ran down her cheeks, "Thank God!"

"Mamma, mamma! is the trouble gone?" cried Nellie, eagerly.

"My darling, it is," was the answer as she kissed the face of her little comforter with a thankful heart.

Mr. Matthews wondered what Nellie meant, especially when he heard her glad shout, "I knew it would go! I was sure it would go." But when her mother told him how the child's prayer, and her daily expressions of confidence, had cheered and comforted her during those days of trial, he understood it all, and rejoiced that the good seed sown in the young heart had already brought forth fruit.

The words of Jesus are—"Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein."

May this true story of a little child's prayers, faith, and patient waiting, be the means of carrying comfort to some weary and heavy-laden soul, longing, but fearing to take God at His word, and to lay hold on those precious promises which are all "Yea and amen in Christ Jesus."—*Canadian Band of Hope.*

KIND ACTS.

Not long ago Mr. Horace B. Claffin, the great dry goods merchant of this city, was sitting alone in his private office, late one afternoon, when a young man, pale and careworn, timidly knocked and entered.

"Mr. Claffin," said he, "I am in need of assistance. I have been unable to meet certain payments, because certain parties have not done as they agreed by me; and I would like to have ten thousand dollars. I came to you because you were a friend to my father and might be a friend to me."

"Come in," said Mr. Claffin. "Come in and have a glass of wine."

"No," said the young man. "I don't drink."

"Have a cigar then?"

"No, I never smoke."

"Well," said the joker, "I would like to accommodate you; but I don't think I can."

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the room. "I thought perhaps, you might. Good-day, sir."

"Hold on," said Mr. Claffin. "You don't drink?"

"No."

"Nor smoke?"

"No."

"Nor gamble, nor anything of the kind?"

"No, sir. I am superintendent of the—Sunday school."

"Well," said Mr. Claffin, with tears in his eyes, too, "you shall have it; and three times the amount, if you wish. Your father let me have five thousand once and asked me the same questions. He trusted me and I will trust you. No thanks. I owe it to you for your father's trust."

We happen to know another incident in the life of Mr. Claffin which we will give to the public and which we are sure has never yet appeared in print. During the late rebellion, a merchant of the city, connected with a well-known firm, which had suspended payment, called on Mr. Claffin one afternoon, about half past two o'clock. Mr. Claffin knew him intimately and very kindly greeted him. After taking a glance at the clock, he said to the merchant, who appeared sad and downcast: "Well, friend—, what can I do for you?"

"I have come to ask your help, and I want you to know my position."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Claffin, with a most tender and friendly expression of countenance, never to be forgotten by the merchant.

"I am in this fix," said he. "We have got along so far that we can now see, we think, through all our troubles, if we can make a settlement with Mr. ——. This man has put me off time after time, when I have called; and now, after, perhaps, a dozen interviews, he says, if I will pay him \$10,000 in cash to-day, he will take it, and not one single cent less, and give me a receipt in full of all demands. Now, Mr. Claffin," added the distressed merchant, "I have no security to offer but my honor, and I solemnly promise you, if you will loan me this money, I will return it to you if I live," the time being fixed by the merchant. Mr. Claffin quickly turned to his cashier and said: "Draw a cheque for Mr. — for \$10,000." Then addressing the merchant, he said, with a smile: "If you live, friend—, I know you will return the money, as you have promised; but, if you die, I tell you now, I am able to lose the money, and I promise you that your family shall never be troubled about it."

That generous act, at just the right moment which lifted a mountain's weight from these men, will never be forgotten by those it so much benefited. Some of the members of the firm yet live, and from the mouth of the "merchant" himself who called for the money we have obtained the facts now given.—*New York Independent.*

PREVENTION OF INTEMPERANCE.—All the multitudes of victims of the bottle who have gone down to darkness and their doom might have been saved by the very simple process of prevention. If one-twentieth of the effort which is put forth in attempted reformation of the dissipated had been spent in persuading them never to drink at all, how different would have been the result! The right time to put up the parapet of total abstinence is in childhood or early youth. The right place to plant the parapet is at home and in the Sabbath school. Then is the time to instruct boys and girls as to the deadly peril which lies concealed in the glass of intoxicant.—*Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.*

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

Contributed Articles.

Temperance Notes.

SHALL THE DRINK TRADE DRIVE ON?

BY S—.

It is recorded of Tullia, wife of Tarquinius, that she was riding through the streets of Rome, when the body of her father, weltering in his blood, was lying across the way. Her charioteer reined up his horses, about to stop, when the unnatural daughter cried out at the top of her voice, "DRIVE ON." With crack of whip the fiery steeds dashed forward over the lifeless body, spurning the blood upon the daughter's dress. Yet this revolting act recorded is not mere heartless than the act of thousands dealing out the deadly drink.

Dead men do not stop them, or live men going down to shame and ruin. Point them to the wreck of manhood—beseech them to stop their heartless traffic. They cry out in utter defiance of all solemn appeal and shocking sight, "DRIVE ON!"

Every liquor trafficker in the land is plying his trade in spite of entreaties and appeals more powerful than dead men's mangled forms.

If this terrible business were only insult to the DEAD, it might be borne, but the dire traffic lures, dashes down and destroys the LIVING,—degrades manhood, womanhood, and everything noble—"Lamentation and mourning and woe" ascend from the wretched families which these mangled dead represent, and although hearing the long, loud, piteous pleadings from one end of the land to the other, for the dread liquor sellers to desist, they SELL ON STILL. Bidding high defiance to God and man, they cry, "DRIVE ON!"

Pulpits interpose and plead; prisons threaten; officials arrest; courts condemn, and still the heartless dealers, defying all that is true and good, ignore all sacred sympathies and still shout "DRIVE ON! DRIVE ON!!" Shall not tens of thousands of stronger voices raise the counter cry, DESIST, and all good citizens rising in their might for the right, bring the dread carnage to a speedy and "perpetual end?"

Surely public indignation is yet far from up to the mark, while the dire destruction is tolerated! Surely, "there is cause." Let us then determinedly, in patriotic might, by all available means, hasten the death of the deadly trade, not by injury to any, but for the rescue of millions.

On the Almighty's arm rely, raise Prohibition's banner high; And sure as now the heaving sigh, sure soon will rise the victor's cry,
The joyous day is drawing nigh.

LICENSED CURSE.

To license the promiscuous sale of what is positively proved the direct promoter of Poverty, Vice and Crime, is clearly

INCONSISTENT WITH

Proper Work of Good Government.

To render evil doing DIFFICULT, and virtue as EASY as possible, should be one of the objects of Legislation. All good law has this tendency, but LICENSING the common traffic in intoxicating liquors, has directly the opposite tendency.

The drink trade is manifestly a

"LICENSED CURSE."

The license does not render the drink any less ruinous to the drinker or to the community.

The traffic authorized by Law, palpably counteracts the operation of

ALL RIGHT LAW.

It obstructs Virtue, affords facilities for Sin, and is at utter variance with all the best interests of society. Therefore ought good citizens to unite in effort to secure that law shall be against instead of favouring that curse.

Determinedly stand, in stern war for the right,
Fight on, flood the land with strong temperance light.

CANADIAN.

A mutual benefit society is being successfully pushed in connection with the Sons of Temperance.

A new lodge of I. O. G. T. named Aggression was organized in Toronto last week by Provincial Deputy A. E. Macdonald.

At Toronto District Lodge I. O. G. T. last Saturday night F. S. Spence was elected Deputy for the Toronto District.

New and promising Councils of Royal Templars have been instituted at Kilbride and Cannington. There are now 73 flourishing Councils of this order in Canada.

A largely attended meeting was held in Toronto on Monday evening to protest against the action of the License Commissioners and the Industrial Exhibition manager in arranging to permit the sale of liquor on the grounds at the coming exhibition. Strong speeches were made, resolutions adopted, and a deputation appointed to wait upon the bodies named, and endeavour to have their decision altered. Public feeling is very strong against the course that the Directors and Commissioners have taken.

UNITED STATES.

The State Convention of the Minnesota W. C. T. U. is called for September 18-20, at St. Cloud.

The Ohio W. C. T. U. has \$20,000 placed at its disposal by wealthy men of the State. An extensive campaign is to be carried on all over the State.

The Massachusetts Prohibitionists will meet in State Convention at Boston, Wednesday, September 19.

The majority of the Protestant clergy of Chicago have decided to use only unfermented wines at communion.

The dining cars on the Northwestern railroad have conspicuously written across their bills of fare, "No orders from the wine list filled while passing through Iowa." And yet they say "prohibition don't prohibit!"—*Ex.*

When a Maine official makes the public statement, at a great meeting, that in five hundred cities, towns and plantations of Maine, there are only fifteen places where liquors are openly sold, does it look as if Prohibition could be a failure?—*Reformer.*

Mr. Blaine's opinion as to whether Prohibition prohibits, has been noted with interest by the press. He says:—"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."—*Signal.*

Wherever prohibition has received a thorough trial the people will not go backwards. In Danville, Kentucky, prohibition has been tried for many years, and the citizens are so well satisfied that at a recent election the vote stood 541 against license and only 41 for license.—*Lever.*

PROHIBITION VOTE, 90,529.

KEEP THESE FIGURES BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

The total Prohibition vote cast at the last election is 90,529 against 10,657 in 1880. In the two elections they were distributed as follows:—

	1880	1882
Rhode Island.....	20.....	—
Kansas.....	25.....	—
Iowa.....	592.....	—
Kentucky.....	258.....	—
Maine.....	93.....	395
New Hampshire.....	180.....	744
Connecticut.....	488.....	1,034
New Jersey.....	191.....	2,119
Massachusetts.....	799.....	2,137
Minnesota.....	286.....	4,000
Pennsylvania.....	1,939.....	5,206
Michigan.....	942.....	5,854
California.....	5,772
Illinois.....	443.....	11,344
Ohio.....	2,815.....	12,202
Wisconsin.....	69.....	14,116
New York.....	1,517.....	26,606
	10,657	90,529

The Prohibition vote of Pennsylvania in 1880 was 1,930, in 1881 4,430, and this year it is 5,206—a slow but healthy growth. The only way to increase this rate of development is by a general distribution of sound literature. Pennsylvania is behind in the race, as the figures will show. Wisconsin leads, with 67 Prohibition votes out of every thousand. Other states rank as follows: New York, 29; Ohio, 20; Illinois, 20; Michigan, 19; New Jersey, 10; Connecticut, 9; Massachusetts, 8. Pennsylvania brings up the rear with only seven voters in every thousand that have the moral courage to vote as they pray. Friends, go to work resolved to camp far enough from the baggage train next year to get out of reach of the mule music, so familiar to old soldiers' ears.—*Ohio Good Templar.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association of London have erected 526 troughs and 511 fountains, at which, says a paper before us, "multitudes of men, women, and children, horses, oxen, sheep, and dogs quench their thirst daily, amounting in the aggregate to probably not less than the enormous total of 250,000,000 drinkers in a year.—*Globe.*

General News.

CANADIAN.

Last Friday a serious fire broke out in Wright & Payson's pump factory, at Peterboro'. The whole establishment and three other business places were destroyed. The same day a large saw-mill was burned at Rat Portage; and at St. Catharines the vessel *Glenfinlas* was burned to the water's edge, and her whole cargo lost.

On Saturday a violent thunder-storm swept over the western part of Ontario; many buildings were destroyed by lightning. A young man named H. Ferguson was drowned at Ethel, while endeavoring to save some saw logs that were being carried off by a flood; and Robert Little was killed by lightning near Primrose. Much property was destroyed by the heavy rains, and resulting freshets. Quite a number of other fatal accidents have occurred during the past week. On Friday J. Derby was thrown from his wagon and killed at Hanover, a man named A. Richardson was killed on the G. T. R. track near Harrisburg, and at Chatham a young white woman, M. E. Cousins, aged 17, the wife of a colored man, committed suicide by means of poison. On Saturday a little girl named Hoskins was killed at London by a kick from a horse. Geo. McCoil, a brakeman lost his life, by falling from a car on the Kingston and Pembroke Railway, on Monday. John Wood, who was awaiting his trial for forgery, committed suicide on Tuesday, in the gaol at Simcoe. On Wednesday an Indian, in a fit of drunken insanity, drowned himself in Toronto Bay.

The steamer *Ludwig*, of the White Star Line, from Antwerp, now long overdue, has been given up as lost.

The new Prince Edward County life-boat has an efficient crew, and is proving a great success.

The Camp Meeting at Grimsby, and the Sunday School Parliament at the St. Lawrence Central Camp Ground, are being largely attended, and the services held are creating much interest.

The Dominion Exhibition, at St. John, promises well, and extensive preparations are being made in anticipation of a large number of visitors.

Dr. Laberge, M. P. P. for Chateauguay, is dead. Mr. Phipps, the member elect for West Simcoe, has been unseated for corrupt practices by his agent.

A strong company has been formed and active preparations are being made to build a railway from Cornwall to Sault St. Marie.

The troubles at Rat Portage continue. Strong forces of both Manitoba and Ontario police are on the ground; arrests and counter arrests are being made, and much bad feeling prevails.

UNITED STATES.

A terrible cyclone swept over part of Minnesota on Tuesday. Part of the town of Rochester and the surrounding country were completely de-

vastated. About three hundred houses were destroyed, and many people killed. A passenger train was thrown from the track and totally wrecked, about twenty-five passengers being killed, and many more injured.

A large paper mill at Chester, Pa., was burned on Wednesday. One man was killed, and several badly hurt.

The past week has been intensely hot, and many cases of sunstroke are reported.

The telegraph operators are beaten, and the strike is over.

At Pensacola, Pa., yellow fever has broken out, and is spreading rapidly. Great alarm prevails in the surrounding country.

The Second National Bank at Warren, O., has suspended.

Two violent deaths are reported from Detroit. A bartender named Phipps shot his wife, from whom he has been separated, on Sunday, on the ferry boat *Hope*. He is now in gaol at Windsor. A. Rooke was crushed by a steamer landing at a wharf, and instantly killed.

Three suicides have been committed in New York. Siegmund Mendelssohn, formerly a wealthy broker, poisoned himself with Paris green. D. Thompson, a vessel cook, jumped overboard and was drowned; and Geo. Marshall hanged himself while on a drunken spree.

Other violent deaths that have occurred are those of Frank Blood, who died at Cobleshire, N.Y., from fright, after being bitten by a dog; Frank Belden, killed by a fallen plank while swimming close to a wharf at Romney; an unknown man found murdered and robbed near West Valley; and a burglar who was shot in the act of housebreaking at Birmingham, Mich.

BRITISH.

A serious riot has occurred at Coatbridge, Scotland, arising out of a quarrel between Orangemen and Catholics. A number of people were badly hurt; and fifty of the rioters have been arrested.

A frightful colliery explosion took place near Cardiff, in Wales. Thirty miners were killed.

Foot and mouth disease has broken out among cattle, at Spalding, and is spreading rapidly.

In the House of Commons, on Saturday, some Home Rule members made a good deal of disturbance, and were severely rebuked by Mr. Gladstone. On Wednesday Sir Stafford Northcote attacked the Government's policy generally, and charged it with concealing facts in reference to the Madagascar trouble. Mr. Gladstone replied, vindicating the Government's measures, praising the working of the Land Act, and asserting that nothing had occurred to cause trouble between France and England.

Mr. Collings, a Liberal, has stated that he will bring in a motion next session, favouring a measure of home rule for Ireland. The House of Lords has rejected the Irish Registration Bill, and Mr. Gladstone promises to introduce it again next session in an enlarged form.

Lynch, home ruler, has been elected for Sligo.

Three policemen were shot at an eviction in the County Down.

FOREIGN.

The insurrection in Spain is totally quelled. The leaders have been shot. It is reported that the French have bombarded Hue.

The town of Casamicciola is being rapidly re-built.

Anti-Jewish riots in Russia continue.

Forty-four houses have been destroyed by fire at Como.

Cetewayo is not dead. He has turned up again, and is asking for British assistance in his quarrels.

The German Bundesrath and Reichstag have been summoned to ratify a commercial treaty with Spain.

Mr. Gladstone having announced that the Local Option bills would not be further considered during the present session of Parliament, owing to the pressure of other matters, petitions and remonstrances from all parts of the Kingdom are poring in upon him, demanding that these bills should have preference over any and all others. It is possible—some think probable—that he may reverse his announced decision.—*Reformer.*

Five members of the British Cabinet are credited with being total abstainers, viz., Earl Granville, Lord Spencer, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Childers.—*Ex.*

It was stated in the Life Boat Lodge a few nights since, by a brother from India, that the Good Templar Order was instituted there by blue jackets. There are now about 150 lodges in good working order.—*New South Wales Good Templar.*

At the annual meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society it was stated that the membership of the society now reached 428,076, while there were 24,019 members in the seamen's branch. The secretary computed that there are 25,000 total abstainers in the British army, and 12,000 in the Royal Navy.—*Angelic Churchman.*

Five bishops, seven Queen's chaplains, and 3000 clergymen of the Church of England are said to be total abstainers. The Wesleyans come next with 800 abstaining ministers, the Congregationalists following with 730, and the Baptists with upwards of 500.—*Ex.*

At the end of last year one million persons had donned the blue ribbon in England; 554,000 of which were new pledges. In Newcastle 10,000 have donned the blue ribbon; 56 public-houses have in consequence been closed, and four breweries, one being the largest in the town. At the temperance demonstration held there recently it is stated that 200,000 persons were present. In consequence three breweries and several public-houses have been closed. In St. Helen's (near Liverpool) a crowded meeting was held in the Volunteer Hall, which holds 3000. The town contains 50,000, and is one of the most drunken places in England; 11,000 in that town have joined the temperance army.—*Ex.*

The total membership of the I.O.G.T., under the Grand Lodge of England, R.W.G.L. of the World, is 91,557, an increase of 4,371 for the year. Of juveniles there are 51,064, a net gain of 1008 during the years.—*Ex.*

Seven hundred and fifty ministers of the Baptist Churches in England are total abstainers, and all the students in the six Baptist Colleges in England, except twelve, are pledged teetotalers. Out of two thousand Congregational ministers the abstainers number 1000, and in the training colleges 306 of the 369 are abstainers.—*Ex.*

THE TEMPERANCE HOSPITAL.—From the Tenth Annual Report of the London Temperance Hospital, it appears that the in-patients admitted and treated during the year were 411, and from the opening of the Hospital, 8,765. There is also a large and increasing number of out-patients four times a week. The doctors have power to prescribe alcohol as a drug, but have seen no reason to do so, and they regard its absence as tending rather to rapidity of recovery and successful treatment of the most serious diseases. The mortality of the Hospital has been from the first extremely low. The accumulative facts and extending experience of the Temperance Hospital cannot fail to produce a powerful effect on the public and private practice of medical men in regard to the use of alcohol even in cases where it has been generally considered essential.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE TEMPERANCE COMMITTEE OF THE
WESLEYAN CONFERENCE OF 1883.

In each year since the temperance statistics of Methodism began to be officially collected, your committee have had to announce a large numerical increase. But this time the returns indicate an unprecedented growth. The thirty-five districts of Great Britain report a total of 2,644 Bands of Hope, with 271,700 enrolled members, an increase during the year of 299 Bands of Hope, and of 46,540 enrolled members. The addition of so many thousands of boys and girls to our Bands of Hope is a subject for devout thankfulness, but the fact that the Sunday School Union reports 841,951 Sunday scholars in connection with our churches, indicates that much has yet to be done before all our boys and girls enjoy the special and greatly needed protection of total abstinence. It is also a matter for regret that so many of our

Bands of Hope have not yet adopted the rules suggested by the Conference. Superintendent of circuits and Sunday School authorities might by a little personal attention to this matter secure to Bands of Hope all the advantages and safeguards of being constitutionally organized. Many of our Bands of Hope seem almost to be unaware that we have a temperance hymn-book and temperance declaration cards of our own, and that these and all other Band of Hope requisites can be obtained from the conference office or the Connexional Sunday School Union. The importance of introducing our own literature into Methodist Bands of Hope is obvious.

We report this year 321 Temperance Societies, with 28,414 enrolled members, an increase during the twelve months of 144 societies, and 17,502 members. The number of members in these adult societies has more than doubled since last Conference. This temperance work among men and women should receive special attention. The enrolment of boys and girls in our Bands of Hope will often prove a temporary and delusive gain unless we secure the intelligent and Christian sympathy of their parents. The foregoing statistics indicate that Methodism is feeling the force of the great Temperance wave that is now passing over the country. In order to guard against the natural tendency to reaction, it will be more necessary than ever to give due prominence to definite Scriptural and Physiological teaching, and to rely fundamentally upon the calm and abiding influences of the grace of God.

The great work of your committee during the last year has been to prepare, under the impulse of the President, a gigantic Methodist petition in favor of Sunday closing in England. As Scotland and Wales already enjoy that inestimable boon, the Scotch and Welsh circuits, though eager to participate, were not requested to sign the petition. The official returns of the House of Commons declare that 596,877 names were appended to the Wesleyan Methodist petition. We believe this is the largest petition ever presented, and is decisive of the practical unanimity of Methodism in demanding a public boon which Parliament still withholds from the people of England.

THE BIBLE CHRISTIAN CONFERENCE commenced its sittings on Wednesday, July 25. Not a few of both laymen and ministers wore the blue or white ribbon. A committee appointed for the purpose presented returns from the Band of Hope and temperance departments. From such returns we gather that there are in the Sabbath Schools 5,994 teachers total abstainers, and 16,749 children belonging to Bands of Hope on the home stations.—*Temperance Record.*

Our Gasket.

BOIL IT DOWN.

Whatever you have to say, my friends,
Whether witty, or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say it in the clearest way;
And whether you write on rural affairs,
Or particular things in town,
Just a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry;
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your wits in the smallest space
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

AN old tin kettle may not point a moral, but we have frequently known it to adorn a jail.

A BOY that was kept after school for bad orthography excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spell-bound.

WHY is a baker a very improvident man? Because he always sells what he needs.

BURKE remarked: "Strip majesty of its exteriors (the first and last letters) and it becomes a jest.

SINGULAR that the word miser, so often expressive of one who is rich, should, in its origin, signify one that is miserable.—*Brownie*.

IF a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin*.

A LITTLE GIRL unconsciously and touchingly testified to the excessive drudgery of her mother's life, when on being asked, "Is your mamma's hair grey?" she replied: "I don't know. She's too tall for me to see the top of her head, and she never sits down."

How women can live with men and love them when they are permeated, saturated and soaked with tobacco, I cannot understand. I pity them; it is said cannibals refuse to have anything to do with persons who use tobacco. I do not see why we should not have a little of their daintiness.—*Herald of Industry*.

An aristocratic papa, on being requested by a rich and vulgar young fellow for permission to marry "one of his girls," gave this rather crushing reply: "Certainly, which one would you prefer, the waitress or the cook?"

Up in Chautauqua county one day last week a politician was watching a severe storm from his doorsteps, when a farmer acquaintance turned in hastily from the road and drove under a shed. "What's the matter, Bob?" asked the politician. "Well," said the farmer, "I believe thar's one of them slycoons coming."

VERY PARTICULAR.—"I say, landlord, that's a very dirty towel for a man to wipe on." Landlord, with a look of amazement replied: "Well you're mighty particular; sixty or seventy of my boarders have wiped on that towel this morning, and you're the first man to find fault with it."

A YOUNG WOMAN in Portland tried to be aristocratic, and did not look at the money she gave to the conductor; but he meekly handed back the lozenge on which was printed, "I will never cease to love thee," and said he was an orphan with five little brothers to support, and must be excused.

"GHOUGHPTHTEIGHTTEEAU" may be made to spell the word potato, says a San Francisco professor, and all according to the law of the English language. Here is the proof of his statement: Gh stands for p, as in the word hiccough. Ough stands for o, as in dough. Phth stands for t, as in phthisis. Eigh stands for a, as in neighbor. Tte stands for t, as in gazette, and eau stands for o, as in beau.

A LITTLE GIRL recently went to see her grandfather in the country. She is fond of milk, but firmly refused to drink any while there, without giving any reason. When she returned she was asked, "You had nice milk there to drink, didn't you?" "I guess I didn't drink any of that milk!" she indignantly replied. "Do you know where grandpa got it? I saw him squeeze it out of an old cow."

A YOUNG BACHELOR, who had been appointed deputy-sheriff, was called upon to serve an attachment against a beautiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her, and said, "Madam, I have an attachment for you." The widow blushed, and said she was happy to inform him his attachment was reciprocated. "You do not understand me; you must proceed to court." "I know it is leap-year, sir, but I prefer you would do the courting." Mrs. P——, this is no time for trifling; the justice is waiting." "The justice! why, I should prefer a parson."

ON a Lake Shore train coming into Detroit the other day, was a newly married couple, the bride appearing to be about twenty-five years old, and the groom being a dapper little chap, a year or two younger. A lady who came aboard at Wyandotte took a seat just ahead, and after a few minutes she heard the pair criticising her bonnet and cloak and general style. Without the least resentment in her countenance, she turned around in her seat and said:—"Madam, will you have your son close the window behind you?" The "son" closed his mouth instead, and the "madam" didn't giggle again for sixteen miles.—*Detroit Free Press*.

For Girls and Boys.

CHEMICAL MEDIATION.

MESSRS. Water and Oil
One day had a broil,
As down in a glass they were dropping;
And would not unite,
But continued to fight,
Without any prospect of stopping.

Mr. Pearlash o'erheard,
And quick as a word,
He jumped in the midst of the clashing;
When all three agreed,
And united with speed,
And Soap came out, ready for washing.

—*Band of Hope Review*.

GOD BLESS OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.

God bless our temperance band!
Firm may we ever stand
For truth and right;
Help us to work and pray;
Teach us in wisdom's way,
Our nation's curse to stay
By Thine own light.

Help us the chains to break
That drink and drinking make
Aided by our laws;
Help us, that we may be
Champions of liberty;
Help set the bondmen free
Thro' our dear cause.

—*Temperance Record*.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," the Tempter said,
As a dark and cunning snare he spread
For the young and unwary feet.
"Little by little, and day by day,
I will tempt the careless soul away,
Until the ruin is complete."
Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or woe,
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
"Little by little, day by day."

—*Temperance Record*.

IT WILL MAKE YOU WORK.—Those who indulge in the use of intoxicating liquor sometimes apologize for their drinking by asserting that it helps them to do their work. The following dialogue is a good answer to the unfounded assertion.

"I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied, "That's right; thee drink, and it will make thee work! Harken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer.

"I had a good, loving wife and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and lived happily together.

"But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in drunkard's graves. My wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age.

Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, I am obliged to work now. At seventy years of age it makes me work for my daily bread. Drink! drink! and it will make you work."—*Pacific*.

WHAT THE BURDOCK WAS GOOD FOR.

"Good for nothing the farmer said,
As he made a sweep at the burdock's head ;
But then, he thought, it was best no doubt,
To come some day and root it out.
So he lowered his scythe, and went his way,
To see his corn, to gather his hay ;
And the weed grew safe and strong and tall,
Close by the side of the garden wall.

"Good for a home," cried the little toad,
As he hopped up out of the dusty road ;
He had just been having a dreadful fright—
The boy who gave it was yet in sight.
Here it was cool and dark and green,
The safest kind of a leafy screen ;
The toad was happy : "For," said he,
"The burdock was plainly meant for me."

"Good for a prop," the spider thought,
And to and fro with care he wrought,
Till he fastened it well to the evergreen,
And spun his cables fine between.
'Twas a beautiful bridge—a triumph of skill ;
The flies came round, as idlers will ;
The spider lurked in his corner dim,
The more that came, the better for him.

"Good for play," said a child perplexed
To know what frolic was coming next ;
So she gathered the burrs that all despised,
And her city playmate was quite surprised
To see what a beautiful basket or chair
Could be made, with a little time and care,
They ranged their treasures about with pride,
And played all day by the burdock's side.

Nothing is lost in this world of ours ;
Honey comes from the idle flowers ;
The weed which we pass in utter scorn,
May save a life by another morn.
Wonders await us at every turn,
We must be silent, and gladly learn,
No room for recklessness or abuse
Since even a burdock has its use.

—St. Nicholas.

MRS. HOMESPUN, who has a terrible time every morning to get her young brood out of their beds, says she cannot understand why children are called the rising generation.

CAPTAIN RICHARD BROWN.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

"What's the use of studying about these things?" is an exclamation we often hear when boys and girls are invited to attend a temperance school. "Everybody knows alcohol is bad, and we are pledged against it, never did touch it anyhow, and that's enough—no use spending any more time over it."

"Well, perhaps not ; some people are so wise in their own conceit that they never would learn anything even at a temperance school. But I would like to tell you a case that came under my own eyes, and we could all see similar cases if we only opened our eyes wide enough.

About thirty years ago there was a temperance school started in a little town in the north-east part of England. They called it a Band of Hope, but that is only one kind of a temperance school. If the nature and effects of intoxicants are taught, and they were in this case. Of course they had anniversaries and parades and dialogues and addresses, but with all the rest they had regular drill in just the same facts that we learn now in the "Catechism on alcohol," and they learned that alcohol was a poison, that it was good for neither heat nor cold nor hard work—that it was always bad when

taken internally, and how and why ; and they found it a most interesting study.

Among the boys in this school was one Richard Brown. He was just a common kind of a boy without much other schooling, but the thinking he did in the temperance school waked him up and set him to studying all he could by himself. When he was about fourteen he went out on a ship, like most of the other boys in that little seaport town, and he took his books with him and improved all his spare moments. The first trip was not a long one, but they had some cold rough weather, and at one time a severe storm, when they had to break the icicles off the ropes when they tacked the ship. The sailors grumbled and wanted extra grog, as sailors often do nowadays ; when they had cold, wet weather, and hard work they thought it would help them. Richard knew better ; he had learned at the temperance school. He knew why he was better off without it, and he would not touch it. There were two other boys on board, and they would have drunk as they saw the sailors do, but Richard had told them some of the things he had learned about the drink, and neither of them touched it. The result was that very soon these three boys were the only sober heads on board, and they had to manage the ship. But for them it would have gone to the bottom—no help for it—and every soul would have been lost, for the others were all too drunk to save themselves. Fortunately the storm soon began to abate, but the awful lesson they learned during those few hours, when every man from the captain down was too drunk to do anything about managing the ship, was one that Richard remembered. He often told sailors of it afterwards, and turned them from the notion that the drink helped them about hard work. He took pains also after that to ask sailors who had been shipwrecked all about what happened, and in most cases he found that there had been serious indulgence in drink, either by officers, or men, or all hands. In cases where they had all been so drunk as to go to the bottom without leaving anybody to tell the tale, he could of course find out nothing, but he had reason to believe there were many such cases. So you see what a difference that temperance school made in the very existence of Richard Brown and all his shipmates on board that little storm-beaten vessel.

Besides that, it was the making of him as a man. This school having awakened his intelligence, he rose rapidly from one position to another, until when I met him in New York, where he stopped on his way home from China, he was master of the bark *Kedron*, with a fine temperance crew, who were never tired of praising him and honouring temperance principles. He was every inch a model captain, carrying bridal presents home to a lady every way worthy of him. He was religious, happy, prosperous. The temperance school of Richard's boyhood had done more than anything else to secure this for him, and without it there is little probability that he would ever have become Captain Brown.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

WHO IS TO DIE?

A STORY OF THE SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY DAVID KER.

"Stand by to lower the boat!" shouted the Captain, and then he muttered gloomily to himself, "It's our only chance now."

It was, indeed. For three days the French brig *St. Pierre*, homeward bound from the Isle de Bourbon, had fought against as fierce a gale as ever swept around the stormy Cape of Good Hope. Captain and crew had done all that men could do to save the ship, but in vain. Their only chance now was in taking to the one boat that the storm had left them.

As Captain Picard turned round from giving his orders he found himself suddenly face to face with a pale, delicate-looking lady in deep mourning, who had just come up the after-hatchway with a little boy in her arms.

Poor Madame Lachaux ! she might well look worn and sad. Her husband had gone home an invalid ; her only daughter had died a few weeks before ; and now, just as there seemed a chance of her seeing home and friends once more, Death in his worst form was hovering over herself.

Captain Picard broke to her as gently as possible the fatal news that the ship was sinking, and that their only hope was to take to the sea in a small boat. At this announcement the poor mother's sickly face grew paler still, and she pressed her child convulsively in her arms.

"Ma'amselle no fear," said a huge Senegal negro, emerging from the hatchway at that moment; "old Achille and Pierrot take care of her and Monsieur Henri too.—Monsieur Henri, come to Achille?"

He took the child in his arms as he spoke, while a second negro came up to help the Captain in lowering Madame Lachaux into the boat, which was so fiercely tossed by the surging waves that it was no easy matter to reach it.

At last the boat was full, and they shoved off. Hardly had they got clear of the ship when she gave a violent roll, plunged forward, rose again, and then, with a sound like distant thunder, the in-rushing water blew up the decks, and down went the doomed ship head-foremost.

But those in the overloaded boat soon found that they had only exchanged one danger for another. The huge waves that broke over her every moment, drenching them all to the skin, filled the boat faster than they could bale her out, and crowded together as they were, they had no room either to row or to make sail. The sailors whispered together and looked gloomily at the lady and her party, and at last one was heard to mutter:

"Better get rid of them that can't work than of them that can, anyhow."

"Our lives are as precious to us as theirs are to them," growled another. "If the boat's got to be lightened, *they're* the ones to go."

The Captain, who had heard and understood, felt for his pistol, but it was gone. Several sailors were already on their feet to fling the helpless mother and child overboard, when the two gigantic negroes stepped between.

"Look, see, you men," cried Achille; "you want lighten boat. Black man heavier than white lady. Suppose you swear let madame and Monsieur Henri live, I and Pierrot jump overboard!"

It was all over in a moment. Scarcely had the savage crew, moved in spite of themselves, given the required pledge, than the brave fellows, kissing their mistress's hand and embracing little Henri with a quiet "Good-bye, little master," plunged headlong into the sea.

The heroic sacrifice was not made in vain. The boat, thus lightened, could be more easily managed, while the gale began at length to show signs of abating. On the following afternoon they were seen and picked up by an English schooner, and a few weeks more saw Madame Lachaux safe in her husband's house at Lyons.

Three months later, madame and her sick husband were on a visit to Saint-Malo, the fresh sea air of which was thought better for little Henri at that season than hot dusty Lyons. The child and his mother (this time accompanied by Monsieur Lachaux himself) were sitting on a bench under the trees of the boulevard facing the harbour, when the lady's attention was attracted by a few words that fell from a rough-looking man in a well-worn pilot coat, who was talking to a friend a few yards off.

"And now that they *are* here," said he, as if finishing a story, "I don't know what to do with them, for they don't know even where their mistress lives."

"Where did you say you picked them up?" asked his companion.

"A bit to the sou'west of the Cape, hanging on to some broken spars that must have floated off from their vessel when she foundered. When I found out that they were Senegal negroes I offered to put 'em ashore there on the way to France; but no, they must come home to find their mistress, and I can tell you they worked their passage like men. But how they're to find her, I can't think, for they know nothing except that her name's Madame Lachaux."

"And here she is," broke in the lady herself, stepping up to him.

A few minutes later the faithful negroes (thus rescued as if by miracle from the death to which they had devoted themselves) were embracing their "little Monsieur Henri" with uproarious cries of joy; and from that day until their death, thirty years later, they were the happiest as well as the best-cared-for servants in the whole south of France.—*Harper's Young People.*

WHOSE WAS IT?

A TRUE STORY.

A crowd of schoolboys chatted very fast as they half ran, half walked the planked sidewalks of a Pennsylvania city street. Just as they turned a corner several started, for in the path near by glistened a silver half-dollar. Three boys saw it at once, and each claimed it as his own. Loud words followed, a few fists were clinched, but Peter McCarthy held the money in his strong palm, and would not even show it to the rest. Peter was very fleet of foot, so he made good

use of his limbs in trying to get beyond the reach of his pursuers. But run as he would, some one seemed to keep pace with him at every step, and so in despair he bounded into the open schoolroom door, threw his cap towards its nail, and took his seat before school-time. Once in he could not retreat, for the principal sat at her desk, and her rules were never to be broken. The boys all entered—half the school, perhaps—all who were near, at least, to watch the lad who meant to keep the whole. Several hands were raised. "Please Peter McCarthy has found a big piece of money," said one. "Please three of us found it at once, but he got it first." "Please, and he won't share it with us at all." "Yes, ma'am, and he won't treat, nor nothing."

The teacher closed the register, placed it in her drawer, and called the lads to the recitation seats. Peter came with a flushed, excited face, while some of the rest looked daggers at him slyly. "Do you think some one threw the money away?" she asked. Every one smiled. "I suppose it really belongs to some one person, and that that person, whoever it may prove to be, has lost it, and feels sad about it. I should be sorry if it proved to belong to some poor child who had been sent of an errand for his mother." Peter and several others wiped their eyes. "We might get a lot of cherries and treat," said one. "Yes, or peanuts, or candies," said another. "We might try to find the owner," said a third. Just then the school-bell rang. "Which would be the nearest right?" said the teacher. "The last," said Peter, as he placed the money on the teacher's desk. "Perhaps I shall not find an owner in school," she said; "in that case it will have to be decided hereafter."

Just as the moment for opening the school came, the bell at the desk waited, the pupils folded their hands, one hundred and twenty or thirty pair of them, while the teacher held up the shining silver. No one in her room claimed it. She opened the primary department door. The teacher sat on the platform trying to comfort a little girl of seven years, who was sobbing violently. All she could make out of her broken words were these. "All—she'd—got—Benny—sick—medicine."

"Well," said Miss Whitman, "did you wish to go for medicine now?" But the child only screamed the louder, "Can't! O dear! O dear!"

"I've something to tell you," said the lady who entered. "All look at me. I wish that little girl who is crying to look at what I hold up, and tell me if she knows whose half-dollar this is."

The child gave a loud exclamation of delight, and rushed up to the lady to snatch it from her hand.

"Not yet," she said gently; "come with me."

"She led the sobbing, broken-hearted little child to the desk in her room, wiped the fevered brow, and asked if the boys who found a half-dollar lying in the street would keep this child's little brother from the medicine she was to take to him after school.

"No, indeed!" they responded.

"Boys," said she, "do you know this child? she is a stranger to me."

Many hands were raised.

"She is Mrs. Maloney's girl, Bridget," said one.

"Her mother washes for a living," said another.

"Her father's dead, and there's four children besides her, younger," said a third.

"Will you treat with cherries and peanuts, boys," she said. But only one response came, it was Peter McCarthy who spoke.

"Will you please forgive us," he said, "for just thinking so, selfish as it was, and give Bridget the money?"

And so the little red face was lifted and kissed, and the money placed in the child's hand; and she faltered out, "Thank you, lady; I'm sure it's bound to make Benny well again," and she passed into her room.

From every action of our lives there is a result. Nothing comes by chance. The loss to little Bridget resulted in a lesson that can never be forgotten by those schoolboys. It will also be remembered by many more in the impression it has left upon the understanding.—*Child's Paper.*

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