

# 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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TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1883.

## THE EXHIBITION LICENSE.

Every day it is becoming clearer to any unprejudiced observer that the brand of public condemnation is on the Liquor Traffic. Law has hampered the business with restrictions of every sort, for the purpose of diminishing the terrible evils that result from it. Law has totally prohibited it on election days, and intended to totally prohibit it at all exhibitions or agricultural shows. When men slacken the busy rush of work-day life, and snatch a little respite from worry and toil, when impulse gets a little more rein than it can usually afford, there is special danger in the allurements of vice, and special need for their interdiction. It was because of this danger and this need that the following clause was placed in the Crooks Act:—

"The License Commissioners shall not grant any certificate for a license, or any certificate whatsoever, whereby any person can obtain or procure any license for the sale of spirituous, fermented, or intoxicating liquors, on the day of the Exhibition of the Agricultural Association of Ontario, or of any Electoral District or Township Agricultural Society Exhibition, either on the grounds of such Society, or within the distance of three hundred yards from such grounds."

Subsequent to the enactment of this law the Industrial Exhibition Association of Toronto was organized, and its annual Exhibition instituted. This annual Exhibition is called "Industrial," instead of "Agricultural," and Toronto is a city, not an Electoral District or "Township," so that technically a license can be granted to take effect upon the grounds of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. Every person, however, knows that this Exhibition is exactly of the same kind as (in fact is one of) those from which the law intended to exclude the sale of drink; and it is sadly disappointing to find our License Commissioners and the Managers of our Industrial Exhibition taking advantage of a loop-hole in the License Act, to permit the sale of liquor at a time and in a place where it is certain to do an unusually great amount of harm. This is done too, in opposition to the earnest entreaties of the better disposed part of our community, as expressed by the deputation that waited upon the Exhibition Directors. Not only is the spirit of the law violated but public opinion as embodied in that law (and it is even stronger now than when that law was enacted) is utterly dis-

regarded, and the Toronto Industrial Association is going into the beer business under the shelter of a legal technicality, and in spite of the protests of a moral and peace-loving community.

It is hard to repress indignation at the humiliation and disgrace that such a proceeding must again bring upon the fair fame of our moral and well-reputed city, and we earnestly hope that it is not yet too late for the threatening evil to be averted. Surely our Exhibition Directors cannot believe that the citizens, the right thinking men who are our acknowledged leaders, the temperance men of Toronto, subscribed money for them to start a saloon. Surely our License Commissioners will not openly defy the wishes of the people whom they profess to serve, and the directly intimated intention of the Government by which they were appointed.

We want a public vacation time, we want to display the fruits of the many industries of which we are so proud, but we are not proud of our liquor trade, we do not want to exhibit our facilities for debauchery, crime, and shame. We do not want mothers and wives to look forward with trembling and dread to our great Provincial holiday. We do not want to have loving hearts ache with the terrible dread that the joyous visit to the fair may sow the firstseed of utter ruin in the soil of some noble manly nature. We are not talking any unfounded sentimentalism, we are speaking of facts that are known to those who have the responsibility of decision in this important matter, and we earnestly plead with them for protection for our boys in the excitement of the coming show. Let truer wisdom and better motives prevail, and let us call the roll and hang out the trophies of our many achievements without displaying our weakness and shame. The President and Board of our Industrial Association Directors have worked nobly and hard to make the coming Exhibition a grand success. Let them spread out the evidences of our many national blessings without the accompaniment of our greatest national curse.

## THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

"The love of money is the root of all evil." Of course the cause of wrong is not the riches but the passion for being rich. The golden calf was harmless in itself—it was its idolatrous adoration that "wrought folly in Israel." Lust for gain is the root, crimes and evils of every kind are the branches, and the strongest and most terrible of these is the evil of intemperance. The sin that weakened the hands of the Hebrew warriors, when Achan hid the golden wedge, is the sin that to-day paralyses the arm of many a soldier of truth, and that frustrates the efforts of those who are striving to make the world better than it is. The whole structure of the strong drink traffic rests on the unholy foundation of avarice, and if that foundation can be removed, the edifice must come down.

The business of the dealer in drink has been aptly compared to that of the wrecker. On certain wild and rocky coasts bands of lawless men live, who maintain themselves by plundering vessels that may be wrecked in those dangerous localities. Not content with the spoils that the tempests may bring them, they use all sorts of devices to lure vessels upon the shoals and rocks. Then, when, perhaps, in the darkness of the midnight, amid the roar of the storm, the gallant ship strikes the remorseless reefs, and the cries of despair rise higher than the roar of the surging billows, instead of seeking to succor those whom they have led astray, they gather up whatever spoils the waves wash to their feet, even plundering the drifting corpses of their victims, heedless that hundreds are hurried to eternity, and valuable treasures lost in the ocean, provided they gather in a trifling share of plunder. One of these scenes is vividly described in a subjoined poem, and an apt comparison made between this horrible occupation and the business of selling drink.

It is an awful thought that we have in Canada to-day about *ten thousand* "professional wreckers" licensed by law, living under the sanction and protection of what is called a Christian Government. Men whose wealth and prosperity are in proportion to the amount of wretchedness entailed on their unfortunate victims. Ten thousand plague-spots of pollution, schools of sin, flash their gilded temptation in the face of every passer by, and at street corners and in conspicuous places are hoisted treacherous signals to lure the unwary life-voyager to the reefs of moral and eternal ruin. Avarice steels men's hearts to participation in the nefarious business, and avarice is what leads the public to tolerate them in doing it. This lust for gain is a sin of communities as well as individuals, and the license fee is the mighty cable by which Mammon binds this living nationality to the corrupting carcass of the horrible drink system.

While this is the case there is a fearful responsibility upon every member of the community who does not exert all his influence to have things otherwise. The grass is green to-day on four thousand graves that drink dug in Canada last year. Still the pestilence rages! Let us beware. We are a young and vigorous people. Our record is grand, and our future looks bright, but there are perils in our pathway. Nations as well as individuals have lives, characters, mutations. Are there no lessons for us in the solemn warnings: "Woe unto him that buildeth his house in blood." "An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning, but the end thereof shall not be blessed."

The prohibitory movement seeks to abolish intemperance by striking at its root. We do not ask for a law to prevent men who will drink, but we ask for a law to prevent men who would make money by selling drink, and to prevent the enrichment of the public treasury by the suffering and wretchedness of the people. And, when we shall have accomplished this; when we shall have completely severed the connection between liquor selling, and either national or individual money-getting, we shall have cut off the upas-tree of intemperance from the parent root of avarice, and it must and will die a natural death.

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### Selected Articles.

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#### THE WRECKERS.

Hark! to the roar of the surges,  
Hark! to the wild winds' howl;  
See the black cloud that the hurricane urges  
Bend like a maniac's scowl!  
Full on the sunken lee ledges  
Laps the devoted bark;  
And the loud waves, like a hundred sledges,  
Smite to the doomed mark!

Shrilly the shriek of the seamen  
Cleaves like a dart through the roar;  
Harsh as the pitiless laugh of a demon  
Rattles the pebbled shore.  
Ho! for the life-boat, brothers;  
Now may the hearts of the brave,  
Hurling their lives to the rescue of others,  
Conquer the stormy wave.

Shame for humanity's treason!  
Shame for the form we wear!  
Blush at the temple of pity and reason  
Turned to a robber's lair!  
Worse than the horrible breakers,  
Worse than the shattering storm,  
See the rough-handed, remorseless wreckers  
Stripping the clay yet warm.

Plucking at girlhood's tresses,  
Tangled with gems and gold;  
Snatching love-tokens from manhood's caresses,  
Clenched with a dying hold.  
What of the shrieks of despairing?  
What of the last faint gasp?  
Robbers, who lived would but lessen your sharing:  
Gold—'twas a god in your grasp!

Boys in their sunny brown beauty,  
Men in their rugged bronze,  
Women whose wail might have taught wolves a duty,  
Dead on the merciless stones.  
Tenderly slid o'er the plundered  
Shrouds from the white-capped surge;  
Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thundered—  
Low o'er the lost sang a dirge.

Friends! there are deadlier breakers,  
Billows that burn as they roll!  
Flanked by a legion of crueler wreckers—  
Wreckers of body and soul;  
Traitors to God and humanity,  
Tempters that hold in their arms  
Blood-dripping murder and hopeless insanity,  
Folly and famine by turns.

Crested with wine redly flashing,  
Swollen with liquid fire,  
How the strong ruin comes fearfully dashing,  
High as the soul walks, and higher!  
Virtue, and manhood, and beauty,  
Hope and the sunny-haired bliss,  
With the diviner white angel of duty,  
Sink in the burning abyss.

What though the soul of the drunkard  
Be lost on the reefs of crime,  
What though his children by beggary conquered,  
Sink in pollution's slime.  
Gold has come in to the wreckers,  
Murder has taken his prize;  
Gold, though a million hearts burst on the breakers,  
Smothers the crime and the cries!

—C. C. Burleigh.

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#### PROHIBITION.

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What is meant by prohibition? We do not intend by prohibition to enact a bill of fare for the people. We do not propose any sumptuary measures for the regulation of mankind. We do not design to give directions by legislative enactments to physicians in relation to the dietetic treatment of their patients. We simply ask for a law which shall be lifted as a shield to save our fellow-men from the terrible blow which is aimed at them by the liquor traffic. We ask the men who make our laws to protect us from the evils which accompany the rum trade. The rum trade makes men mad, and under the influence of rum men will assault their neighbors, starve and beat their wives and children, commit theft, arson, and murder. We ask men of every shade of politics, of every creed in religion, to join with us in our earnest efforts to stop the liquor traffic and seal up the dram-shops. Is it unreasonable and arbitrary to demand a law which shall squelch the cause of the effect we all deplore? Here is a man who contributes nothing toward his own support; he is a tax and a nuisance, vibrating between the grog-shop and the station house. Sober men have to foot his bills, support his family, suffer the infliction of his bad habits, and run the risk of his torch and his knife. Now, is this a fair and square condition of things? Shall the innocent be burdened with the sins of the guilty? That man would take care of himself and of those who depend upon him, if the liquor-shops were closed. He would contri-

bute his share of tax toward the support of the institutions of government, and he would cease to be a scarecrow in society. Now rum lights his torch; rum nerves his arm to strike the innocent, rum fires the temper which makes his mouth break out in eruptions of wicked speech, rum sharpens the blade of assassination. We ask for a law of prohibition which shall say, without circumlocution, "No man shall poison another man, no man shall sell to another that which will deprive his mind of reason and his heart of feeling." We demand prohibition because it is in accordance with the law of self-preservation—the first law of nature; because it is practical, and has worked wonders of reform where it has been carried into execution; because the tax-payers and all the decent members of society, and the wives and children of all, are entitled to its protection, because even the dram sellers and their drunken victims will be benefited by it; and because it is in unison with the high and holy enactments of God in the Ten Commandments. There we find no half-way law, no license for the committing of sin. "Thou shalt not steal," is the language of the Scriptures. He who receives money without returning an equivalent steals. The rumseller does not give an equivalent for the money he receives; hence he steals. We ask our human legislators to echo the divine legislation, and say to the dealers in rum, "Thou shalt not steal." Thou shalt not make thy neighbor steal. "Thou shalt not kill" by selling that which does kill a hundred thousand victims a year. Prohibition is the translation of the sixth commandment into human law. "Thou shalt not kill"—not even for five hundred, or five thousand dollars a year. "Thou shalt not kill" with arsenic, nor with alcohol, by degrees nor suddenly, in the city or in the country. This is prohibition. We want to prohibit vice and crime, theft and murder, and all the evils which flow from intemperance.—R. C. Pitman.

#### THE BEAUTIES AND BLESSINGS OF TEETOTALISM.

Teetotalism to *working people*, means better health, longer life, purer blood, more equal circulation, sounder nerves, a clearer head, sweeter breath, a heavier purse, and a uniform and kindlier temper. It is demonstrated that the teetotalers, as a body, have less sickness than drinkers, and if sick, that they sooner recover. Teetotalism, for the poor family, means a fuller cupboard and better food; more clothing, and that clothing safe at home; more furniture; good blankets and warm bedding, and this is a great comfort at nights. It generally means freedom from the pawnbroker's, the Scotchman's, and the shopkeeper's books; sometimes a little in the Saving's Bank, and buying everything in for ready money. It means PEACE at home, mutual love and esteem betwixt wife and husband, and parental, filial, and religious duties respected. To the *shopkeeper and tradesman* teetotalism adds much to their reputation; it lengthens their hours, strengthens their judgments, improves their address, prevents bad bargains, secures confidence, increases capital, and, when faithfully adhered to, seldom fails of ensuring success. Equally so would it benefit the *upper classes*. The embarrassments of thousands brought on by the drinking fashions and their tendency, would be prevented. By an abandonment of the liquor, their wine and spirit bills would be saved, and their doctor's bills greatly reduced. The removal of the drink from the table, the side-board and the cellar, would be the removal of many a fatal temptation—temptation to servants, to friends, visitors, but, above all, to the young men of the family. The broken heart of many a good mother would be healed and the jarrings and contentions that are created by liquor would be unknown. It would be the salvation of many a *lady*, who tipples in private, whose frailties for a while are concealed, but growing more and more inveterate, seldom fail to come before the world. For the sake of such, surely no man should refuse to banish the bottle. Let Teetotalism spread, and its effects will be most manifest in connection with all our institutions. A sober man becomes a thinker, a reader, he feels that he should attend to his religious duties, and do some good to his fellow creatures. And if *ministers and leaders* in religious bodies would declare their downright hostility to the drinking system, and act consistently at our social gatherings, by abjuring the wine bottle and defending the temperance cause, their schools would be more prosperous, and their churches and chapels filled by reformed characters. In fact, as the love of drink is at the root of all evil in this country, to abstain from it would be the harbinger of all good. Teetotalism is the pioneer of civilization, morality, loyalty and religion. It

is good for everybody, it is good for the young and the aged, and those in middle life; it is good for the rich and the poor; for the wife and the spinster, for the master and the servant. Those who abstain from stimulants, it has been proved, can endure far greater hardships, and can pursue enterprise with less suffering in colder climates and high temperatures, than those who take them. This plan, though costless, is nevertheless a treasure, it meets all cases, and is obtainable by the penniless drunkard as the port wine drinking debauchee. It is good at all seasons and in every place; it is good for time, and good for eternity. Do you know one that ever repented being a teetotaler? I don't, I have known thousands that repented bitterly that they had not had courage to give up the drink and their drinking associates.

Reader!—With all these lessons before you, a practice so good, so cheap, so well tested, and now spoken of so well by everybody, why should you not embrace it? Why not enter this promised land; drink the wine of Paradise, and bask in the sunshine of a consciousness that you are doing good for yourselves, pleasing God, and benefiting your fellow creatures? Why not let *to-day* be your birth-day, as it respects abstinence from all that can intoxicate? To many, another day will never come. Here is health, wealth and happiness; peace and comfort, and a wide field of usefulness in the world and in the church—such as is incompatible, even with moderate drinking—and why not embrace all these? It would be a great deliverance, a freedom from the bondage of appetite, and a victory over that vile tyrant—*fashion*. Such a course would be a wellspring of satisfaction, enhanced greatly by the conviction that your *EXAMPLE* is now a *SAFE* one—safe to your children, to your kindred, to your neighbors, and to the world; and that no one could ever rise up and say, "You have been my ruin, in inducing me to take a glass or two, at which I was unable to stop." Surely it ought to be one of the choicest pleasures of a Christian to join the noble band of water drinkers in breasting the flood of intemperance that surges through the land! The happiness of a good man is to make others happy, and to do nothing that could possibly lead any one astray. It would be a daily feast to know that you were doing good to your fellow creatures; and, on your death-bed, in surveying your past lives, the consciousness that you have been the means of saving some from the ruin of strong drink, could not but help to smooth your dying pillow.

—Joseph Livesey, Preston.

#### SATAN'S SNARES FOR OUR BOYS.

It is no uncommon sight to see boys ten, twelve, fifteen and seventeen years old, with a little hesitancy, shown by the hasty glance up and down the street, stepping into the saloon. These boys have a desire to see the inside of a saloon. There may be boys who, having seen, are satisfied to turn their feet in another direction, and shun these places forever. These boys perhaps, have received a proper education in regard to alcohol, or they may be boys of marked character for good. But what becomes of those who yield to the temptations the saloons offer them? They meet other good boys and men there—good, in the common acceptance of the term. Having gone to see, they go next to enjoy themselves; to be bad never! Step by step they drift away from their boyish purity, from mother's influence. Some night, with a guilty start, they jump into bed and do not say their usual prayer; they heard such things ridiculed in the saloon that day as babyish. Oh, Satan has set his snares for our boys. They are in our licensed saloons.—*Our Herald*.

#### EATEN TO A SHELL.

In a late address, Colonel Jacob L. Greene, president of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, one of the largest in the United States, gave most significant testimony concerning the relation of alcoholic beverages, even used in moderation, to disease. Referring especially to beer, he said:

"I protest against the notion so prevalent and so industriously urged that beer is harmless, and a desirable substitute for the more concentrated liquors. What beer may be and what it may do in other countries and climates I do not know from observation. That in this country and climate its use is an evil only less than the use of whisky, if less on the whole—that its effect is only longer delayed, not so immediately and

obviously bad, its incidents not so repulsive, but destructive in the end—I have seen abundant proof. In one of our largest cities, containing a great population of beer drinkers, I had occasion to note the deaths among a large group of persons whose habits in their own eyes and in those of their friends and physicians were temperate: but they were habitual users of beer. When the observation began they were upon the average something under middle age, and they were, of course, selected lives. For two or three years there was nothing very remarkable to be noted among this group. Presently death began to strike it; and until it had dwindled to a fraction of its original proportions the mortality in it was astounding in extent and still more remarkable in the manifest identity of cause and mode. There was no mistaking it; the history was almost invariable: robust, apparent health, full muscles, a fair outside, increasing weight, florid faces; then a touch of a cold or a sniff of malaria and instantly some acute disease with almost invariably typhoid symptoms, was in violent action, and ten days or less ended it. It was as if the system had been kept fair outside, while within it was eaten to a shell, and at the first touch of disease there was utter collapse; every fibre was poisoned and weak. And this, in its main features, varying, of course in degree, has been my observation in beer-drinking everywhere. It is peculiarly deceptive at first; it is thoroughly destructive at the last."—*National Temperance Advocate.*

### DANGER SIGNALS.

BY S—

Danger is generally the greater from not being apprehended—therefore it has been found proper to use signals to warn the safe from running hazardous risks, where others have already suffered harm and loss. To know the danger and to be well acquainted with the signals is clearly the wisdom of those who would be unharmed. To warn is the duty of those who know and would be benevolent.

The frequency of any particular class of disasters—the terribleness of the calamity and our own or our friends' liability to be involved, are points that should deeply concern us. If men would but use their senses, understandings, and means of protection, the STRONG DRINK DANGER and DISASTER need not now overtake any one for lack of danger "signals," but crowds unfortunately seem not disposed to turn their attention to these, and unheeding, many "fall to rise no more."

Cautious nature has even metamorphosed the deformed, blighted bloated bodies—the blotched besotted countenance, and bloodshot eyes of the noisome drunkard into "danger signals." The gibbering speech and delirious yells sound a dolorous warning. So may the hopeless wreck on the fatal track supply to the thoughtful observer cautionary SIGNS and portentous SOUNDS.

How strange, yet to see infatuated mortals dash wildly forward, refusing to look or listen. And passing strange, those who ought to know better, still willfully connive and lead on the unwary victims regardless of all admonitory signals. The common unwillingness to see the real danger, in the midst of so vast ruin, and the absence of desire to have it pointed out seem, indeed, specially unaccountable.

The object of this little "signal paper" warning is, to aid in arousing attention to the deadly delusion. To point to the surging millions persistently rushing out into "darkness that may be felt." And while the perishing swiftly disappear the ranks of the death prone procession as rapidly fill up from the unthinking crowd.

Although the drunkard's example may be injurious to some, yet he may also serve as a beacon to warn away others from the vortex where he is hopelessly perishing, while the so called moderate drinker points with confidence to the fatal circle in which he is gliding: thus our temperate drinkers are the chief promoters of drunkenness.

How sad, to see frantic multitudes dancing on to the fancied music of their chains, and the unsuspecting fresh recruits eagerly pushing forward to take upon themselves the Satanic manacles of drinking habits: and yet, fellow beings look on, little concerned! How important and pressing the duty of earnestly warning the too venturesome, and entreating all who are yet happily free from the infatuation, to raise the SAFETY SIGNAL high "ABSTAIN." Wise Patriot, plant thy safety standard—Kind brother's keeper, lift up thy voice in a safe path—cry aloud 'come this way.'—Safe Christian, elevate thy light in a safe direction.

## THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC KNOWN BY ITS FRUITS

"If it bear good fruit, well; but if not, cut it down."

### WHOLE SOME FOOD IS CHANGED INTO DELETERIOUS DRINK

The common sale of INTOXICATING LIQUORS is the fruitful source of idleness, ignorance, Sabbath-breaking, immorality, pauperism, degradation, misery, vice, crime, insanity and premature death. Not only are those persons who are tempted to drink plunged into ruin, but grievous wrong is entailed on society.

## WHO IS GUILTY?

Surely those who brew, distill, and sell, are not clear of their brothers' blood! The Bible condemns the drunkard, and pronounces,—“Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink!” Surely those who refuse to render any aid to earnest effort to suppress the terrible evil, are not free from responsibility.

## THE TIME IS COME TO SPEAK OUT.

The traffic inflicts upon us wretchedness, mourning, lamentation, and woe.

A business producing such fruits is wicked, immoral and deadly, and ought not to be sustained by the law of a Christian land.

Society has a right to protection from such a Curse, and with united voice HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF RESOLUTE CANADIANS are exclaiming

“THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC MUST BE PUT DOWN.”

### Correspondence.

[These columns are open for expression and discussion of ideas and plans, in reference to every phase of the work in which THE CANADA CITIZEN is engaged. Of course the Editor is not to be held responsible for the views of correspondents.]

### WHAT NEXT—HIGH LICENSE.

Presuming that it is quite permissible without losing caste as a Prohibitionist to discuss pro. and con. all matters affecting the liquor traffic as it is legalized in our midst to-day, I beg to offer a few thoughts on the other side of the question so ably presented in last week's CITIZEN by your correspondent H. K.—M.

If the tendency of all the wonderful improvements and discoveries of the last half century has been to cheapen production; that, in its turn, has for its purpose and object increased consumption. The policy of all truly wise and enlightened Government has been, and is, to direct this stream of cheapened production and increased consumption into such channels as would best promote the material and moral interests of the community.

Contrariwise it is true statesmanship to obstruct, bar, and hinder,—by every possible means to check the growth, of all such streams or influences as tend to destroy the material prosperity or lower the moral tone of the people.

All license laws are prohibitive: only different in degree, they confer no right which was not previously possessed, but on the contrary prohibit the great majority from the exercise of the right of sale; therefore the law which in its working will restrict and lessen any evil traffic the most, that law is *per se* the best. The river which the Prophet Ezekiel saw in his wonderful vision, began in a little rill, which one could step over: but grew into a mighty river bearing life and verdure and beauty wherever it flowed. The Stream of Death and River of destruction known

as the liquor traffic has come down to us through many generations. A broad, deep, mighty torrent bearing on its black and rushing tide untold thousands to utter, hope, less ruin. It is simple lunacy to suppose that at one wave of the hand, one single stroke of the pen, we can legislate this curse and scourge out of existence; no, our true policy is to contract and narrow its span and reduce its volume.

If there were but 50 taverns in Toronto, and that had been our condition for a number of years, and a proposition were made to increase the number, so that the poor man would have as much chance to get drunk as his wealthier neighbour, seeing that the right to get drunk was equal in both cases, and it was a wrong and hardship to deprive him of the privilege; and to this end the price of the license must be lowered so that the number of taverns would be increased until there were at least 200. Would temperance men hail the proposition as a boon? Would it not rather be condemned as a retrograde step calculated to undo and destroy the barriers that with infinite care and labour we had erected in the interest of our poorer, and therefore often weaker brethren.

Mr. Editor, I am in favour of anything which will lessen the number of taverns and drink shops, anything which will reduce consumption and thus lessen production anything which will withdraw capital and thus weaken our opposing forces and because High License promises to work in this direction I say, "Yes by all means give it a fair trial." Apologizing for the length of this letter, I remain, yours,

JAMES THOMPSON

### WHISKY INSANITY.

To the Editor of THE CANADA CITIZEN.

The above term—Whisky Insanity—may appear new, but the condition implied by it is just as old as whisky itself, and its prevalence is proportionate to the use of alcoholic stimulants as beverages.

The best embodiment of wisdom the world has known declared long long ago that "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging," and the growing intelligence of the centuries since that judgment was pronounced has but emphasized the verdict.

That sad occurrence which took place on a street in our city a few nights ago—the shooting of Maroney by Andrews—was clearly a case of the kind named, and one of the oft-recurring natural results of the Liquor Traffic.

Poor Maroney's untimely end was the violent cutting off of a valuable life. It may result in the gallows for the murderer Andrews, and as far as our country and municipality are concerned, it was all brought about for the sake of the excise tax and the license fee paid on the liquor that he and his associates drank.

Let our National financiers, or our eloquent and sapient whisky apologists show how they can balance the demoralization, the crime, the loss of life, the cost of the arrest, imprisonment, and punishment of the murderer, by the dollars and cents received from the liquor which brought about the tragedy.

I know that the ready defenders of the real criminal—the whisky interest—will brazen the truth, saying that Andrews was drunk when he did the deed; and with characteristic effrontery they will ask us to accept this as an explanation to acquit their "enraging" protege of blame.

Verily, the audacity of the supporters of the Liquor Traffic, as exhibited in their readiness to wink at its doings, is not exceeded in criminality, even by the deed of blood which terminated so fatally for poor Maroney. Supposing their apology were true, what more thorough condemnation need be made of that which caused him to commit the murder?

The facts elicited show, however, that A. J. Andrews was not what is commonly called a drunken man at the time he fired the fatal shot, but was rather filled with that morbid desperateness often arising from long previous use of liquor.

Witnesses testify that during the evening he asserted that he felt he must shoot somebody that night, also that he was on friendly terms with Maroney up to a few minutes before the deed. This shows suspension of the moral, and inflaming of the animal disposition of the man, the maddened condition implied in the term "whisky insanity."

In the quarrel picked with Maroney because he remonstrated against his getting drunk that night (then about midnight), and in the tussle with him over the display of the pistol, Andrews showed that he was not the ordinary drunken man. From his expert use of the pistol also, and from his nimbleness of foot in attempting to escape, as well as in his desperate struggle with the constable before being disarmed and captured, it is evident that the condition Andrews was in when he did the deed was the result of drinking previously and somewhat continuously. Instead of drunkenness, it might be more correctly called "whisky insanity," such as Solomon referred to when he said, "Strong drink is raging." Why license an agency productive of such results, at any price?

Toronto, Aug 15, 1883.

H. K.—M.

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."

Leading druggists on this continent testify to the large and constantly increasing sales of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, and report its beneficent effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities. It has accomplished remarkable cures.

### Tales and Sketches.

#### THE LAST ROLL CALL.

Through the crowded ranks of the hospital,  
Where the sick and the wounded lay,  
Slowly, at nightfall, the surgeon  
Made his last slow round for the day.

And he paused a moment in silence  
By a bed where a boyish face,  
With a death white look, said plainly  
Here will soon be an empty place.

Poor boy! how fast he is going!  
He thought as he turned, when a clear,  
Unfaltering voice, through the stillness  
Ringing out like a bell, called, "Here!"

Ah, my boy, what is it you wish for?  
"Nothing," faintly the answer came;  
But with eyes all alight with glory,  
"I was answering to my name."

In the tranquil face of the soldier  
There was never a doubt or fear—  
"They were calling the roll in heaven,  
I was only answering, Here."

The soft dim rays of the lamp-light  
Fell down on the dead boy's face.  
In the morning the ranks were broken,  
For another had taken his place.

Far away in God's beautiful heaven,  
They are calling the "roll" each day,  
And some one slips into the places  
Of the ones who are summoned away.

—*Christian Standard.*

#### THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER.

When I was a girl my father was a tradesman in a pretty little town in the South of England; a town of diminutive size, where everybody knew everybody, or else felt it his duty to find every stranger body out. By the time I was eight years old, I knew all the ordinary passers-by up and down our High Street, wherein my father's shop and dwelling were situated, and the 'carriage folks,' as we termed them, were objects of special interest to me. Amongst these were Squire Downing, his wife, and his only child, a daughter. Little Miss Downing had a name which I heard for the first time as belonging to her, 'Arabella,' and it struck my childish fancy, and when in my play with my brothers and sisters I assumed a new character; it was almost invariably that of 'Arabella Downing.' When I saw her in the handsome old-fashioned barouche which the Squire used, I was eager to note her appearance and her dress, and her ways, as far as I could observe them. Arabella was by no means a pretty child, but she had a certain style and grace about her that fascinated my youthful imagination. Sometimes, on a few rare occasions, she came with her parents into my father's shop, when I happened to be in it, and then I feasted my curiosity with a nearer view of the Squire's daughter, and a closer observation of her manners.

As time passed, though this curious childish interest in her somewhat faded, I yet noted every change in her, and her history was almost as familiar to me as my own. She grew tall and graceful, and though neither beautiful nor clever, always preserved that dignity of demeanor which gave observers a sense of her being some one of consequence. She was very rich, untold wealth belonged to her, if the gossips of Willowlea were to be trusted. An heiress, and a rich heiress, was Arabella, yet for some reason or other no suitors came to woo her, much to the disappointment, it was said, both of the old squire and his lady. Arabella's wishes in the matter were not discoverable. She danced, she hunted, she frequented places of amusement, but still she remained Miss Arabella Downing.

"It did seem strange, and began to account for it in various ways. Some said her temper was violent, others that her money

was too well guarded by her father's caution ; and then, but not until she was almost thirty years of age, it was whispered that she drank. I was married and away from Willowlea before then, but my sisters told me of it in their letters. At last they had more to tell. During a visit to Paris she had made the acquaintance of a man of bad character, who courted her for her money only and solely, but whom she felt determined to marry. Her parents expostulated, but in vain—marry him she would ; but before the wedding her mother died, and the ceremony was postponed. The gentleman, it was said, tried to postpone it altogether, but Arabella kept him to his word, and they were united. Then followed a sad time, such reports reached her old father of his daughter's misery as almost broke his heart. She and her husband at last seemed to settle into the resolve each to go their own way and do as they would, without heeding the other ; she bought him off with a goodly share of her handsome fortune, and entered herself on a course of dissipation and excess. I had quite lost sight of her till this morning, though I had been informed of her father's death and her consequent accession of property, which must have been wasted in riotous living."

"This morning I read the end of poor Arabella in the police news intelligence. She took a dose of poison and then drove about in a cab seeking admittance, but in vain, to various hotels, where she might die. But as she was believed to be drunk she was refused the shelter she demanded, and was ultimately taken to the hospital, where she died, after admitting that she had poisoned herself, and giving as a reason, poor creature, that she was weary of life. I cannot bear to think of it ; how gladly would I have taken her in, if I could only have known of her sad state ; how thankful I should have been to save the heroine of my childhood—poor, poor Arabella."—*By M. A. Paull, in Church of England Temperance Chronicle.*

#### HOW DR. GUTHRIE BECAME A TEETOTALER.

In a journey in Ireland, in 1840, in an open car, the weather was cold, with a lashing rain. "By the time we reached a small inn we were soaked with water outside ; and as those were days, not of tea and toast, but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water, and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to our car driver we called him in. He was not very well clothed—indeed, he rather belonged in that respect to the order of my ragged-school in Edinburgh. He was soaking with wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought that what was "sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander," but our car driver was not such a gander as we, like geese, took him for. He would not taste it.

"'Why?' we asked ; 'what objection have you?'

"Said he, 'Plase, your riv'rence, I am a teetotaler, and won't taste a drop of it.'

"Well, that stuck in my throat, and went to my heart and (in another sense than drink, though!) to my head. Here was a humble, uncultivated, uneducated carman ; and I said, 'If this man can deny himself this indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister?' I remembered that ; and I have ever remembered it to the honor of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by the poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance, along with the scenes in which I was called to labor daily for years, made me a teetotaler.—*Pleasant Hours.*

#### A MOONLIGHT RIDE ON A BOTTOMLESS RIVER.

This river of death, or Saguenay, is bottomless. You might, if possible, drain the St. Lawrence river dry, says M. LeMoine, the Canadian authority, and yet this dark still river would be able to float the Great Eastern and all Her Majesty's ships of the line. "A bottomless river," sounds strangely new ; indeed were it not so I should not trouble you or myself to mention it. But this river is thus far unfathomed. It is full of counter-currents, swift, perilous in the extreme. As the vast red moon came shouldering up out of the St. Lawrence away above towards the sea and stood there, a glowing period to a great day, we drew back from Tadoussac, where the ancient church sits in the tawny sand and scattering grass, and rounding a granite headland we slowly steamed up the silent river

of death. It widened a little as we went forward, but even its mile of water looked narrow enough as we crept up between the great naked walls of slate and granite that shut out these dark waters from every living thing. On the right hand great naked and monotonous capes of slate and toppling granite. On the left hand granite and slate and granite, and silent, all new and nude, as if just fallen half finished from God's hand. One mile, two miles, twenty miles, and only the weary wall of granite and slate ; and only the great massive monotony of nude and uncompleted earth. Now the walls would seem to close in before us and bar all possible advance. Then as we rounded another weary and eternal cape of overhanging granite, with its few frightened and torn trees, the dark way would open before us. And then ten, twenty, thirty miles more of silence, gloom, river of death. No sound. No sign of life is here. Summer or Winter, Spring time or Autumn, all seasons alike, no bird, no beast, not even the smallest insect, save only a possible housefly that may harbor in the steamboat and so be brought with you, is ever seen here. This is literally the river of death. I know no spot like it on the face of this earth. Our deserts with their owls, horn-toads, prairie dogs, and rattlesnakes are populous with life in comparison. And yet this awful absence of all kinds of life cannot be due to the waters. They are famous for fish of the best kind. The air is certainly delicious. But all this vast river's shore is as empty of life as when "darkness was upon the face of the deep."

And no man has settled here. For nearly one hundred miles not a sign of man is seen. You seem to be a sort of Columbus, as if no man had ever been here before you. At every turn of a great granite cape these lines rhymed incessantly in my ears :

"We were the first that ever burst  
Upon that silent sea."

An hour past midnight and we neared the central object of the journey. Cape Trinity, a granite wall of about two thousand feet, which in places literally overhangs the ship. Our captain laid the vessel closely against the monolith, and for a moment rested there. We seemed so small. The great steamer was as a little toy, held out there in God's hand.

No sound anywhere. No sign of life, or light, save the moon that filled the canon with her silver, and lit the amber river of death with a tender and an alluring light. No lighthouse, no light from the habitations of man far away on the mountains ; only the stars that hung above us locked in the stony helmets of these everlasting hills.—*Joaquin Miller in Quebec Chronicle.*

#### Ladies' Department.

#### SPEECH BY MR. ILLINGWORTH, M. P., IN FAVOR OF WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

Ladies and gentlemen, though it is only five minutes ago that I received an intimation that I should be asked to second this resolution, I do so with the greatest cordiality and pleasure, especially after hearing the speech of my esteemed friend, Mrs. Fawcett. (Cheers.) The few words which I shall venture to address to this meeting will be more formal in one sense than anything else ; but I cannot refrain from saying that I have uniformly, since I have had a seat in the House of Commons, given my vote in favor of the extension of the franchise to women—(cheers)—that is to women who occupy the same position as men in the eye of the law by the discharge of those duties and the meeting of those obligations which confer on the male sex the right of the franchise. I think it is essential that those who are seeking to advance this question and to realize that which is involved in the agitation should keep it up at the full blast. (Cheers.) Nothing is so uncertain as political life, and it may be before we are twelve months older that we shall be in the midst of a Parliamentary agitation for the extension of the franchise to the agricultural labourer. (Cheers.) Well, should the opportunity be lost for conferring the franchise upon women on the occasion when it is extended to the agricultural labourer, I should regard it as a great misfortune, not alone to the women who will have suffered defeat and been denied an act of justice ; but because I believe that the community at large will suffer a loss almost incalculable in its range, extending not merely to the United Kingdom, but throughout the civilized world. (Cheers.) Now, I would ask this very simple question : Is the state of society around us such as leaves nothing to be desired in a civilized and Christian nation ? Is the war spirit such that nothing remains to be done ?

Is drunkenness an evil of a light nature, and are its consequences so trivial as not to be felt in every household and in every family and relationship of life? (Hear, hear.) And what are known as the social evils, and the various forms of injustice and oppression and tyranny which still remain amongst us, are they so trivial as not to call for the anxious consideration and united efforts of all who have the welfare of the human race at heart? (Cheers.) It is my belief that it is to the women that we may look with confidence and assurance for raising the tone of society on all these matters. (Cheers.) We hear it said very glibly that the war system is supported as much by the favor of women as it is by the folly of men. It is my complaint that we have relegated women to a life of frivolity and treated them as children and as dolls—(laughter)—and that the male sex on their part have suffered a corresponding degradation, and have been worshippers of materialism, of martial glory, of brutality, and of many things that are degrading to our civilization and Christianity. (Cheers.) I say that the influence of such charming women as Mrs. Fawcett, Mrs. M'Laren, and crowds of others whom this agitation has brought into note, should be felt in every sphere, and men should be compelled to listen to what they have to say in order to bring about a realization of their views as to what society is and what it ought to be. (Cheers.) This country is in a position of great pre-eminence in the civilized world. To Great Britain other nations are looking for deliverance from the evils which are depressing society all over the civilized world. The whole continent of Europe is one huge battlefield. It has not recovered from the effects of the great war between France and Germany. Its miseries are still to be found in the households of thousands and millions in both countries. The heel of militarism is pressing to the earth the labouring classes in both countries, and not in these countries alone, but in every country in Europe, and Great Britain is slavishly following their example. I make an appeal to the women of England, for through them more than the men, either inside the House of Commons or outside it, it is possible to redeem this country and society at large from this terrible scourge of military glory. (Cheers.) What humanity might realize by the curtailment of this vicious system and kindred systems to which I have referred, no man can measure. Every home would be made nobler, happier, and purer; and society would not have its resources worse than wasted—resources which might be used for the elevation of humanity and in making the homes of the humblest as happy as the homes of the noblest of the land. I ask for the co-operation of all women in the grand crusade against the follies, the passions, and the unholy pastimes of the day. (Cheers.)—*Women's Suffrage Journal*, London, Eng.

#### LADIES AS POLITICIANS.

An excellent use was made of the school ballot by the women, and especially the temperance women of Michigan, this year. Some little incidents of the various elections are well worth recording. For instance, the fact that in Flint, three ladies aged respectively eighty-two, eighty-three, and eighty-seven years, deposited their first ballots. And that a local paper says, "The three ladies elected yesterday to the School Board, are not 'paying for the drinks,' or 'setting up the cigars' to-day, but are busy receiving congratulations and flowers from their friends. A new departure that deserves approval."

The effect on the polls was noticeable. One gentleman remarked to a lot of loud talkers, and who were at the same time smoking, that they had better refrain from the same, as there were ladies present. It had the desired result.—*Union Signal*.

#### MOLL PITCHER.

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH, JUNE 27, 1778.

BY LEWIS J. BLOCK.

Where the thickest smoke of the battle rolled,  
And the whistle of bullets rang sharp and clear,  
Beside his post the old gunner stood,  
And sighted and shot devoid of fear.  
Such havoc his unintermittent play  
Had made in the ranks of the angered foe,

They had charged and charged on his little hill,  
But his courage had baffled their every blow.

With blackened hands and grimy face,  
With eyes a-flame with a purpose dread,  
With his lips firm-set in a changeless smile,  
That seemed like the smile of a strong man dead,  
He labored all day at his terrible toil,  
He labored all day with a terrible joy,  
And watched his death-winged messengers fleet  
On their fatally swift and savage employ.

Beside old Pitcher, his sturdy wife  
Stood and braved the brunt of the fight,  
And her passionate urging nerved his heart  
To a grimmer, more resistless might.  
All day from the clear-bubbling spring hard by  
Her unweary hands the cool water brought;  
All day with eloquent words of cheer  
Her unweary soul on the soldiers wrought.

In the afternoon when the fight was hot,  
And the desperate foe gathered all his strength  
For a final attack that should end the fray,  
And give him his dear-bought victory at length;  
The fate-spied bullet clove sharp through the air,  
It buried itself in brave Pitcher's brain,  
And dead at the feet of his wife standing near  
He fell, without time to weep or complain!

What time had she then for her private grief?  
What time had she then for sorrow or tears?  
She crushed in her heart all womanish pain;  
She cast to the winds all womanish fears;  
She rushed to his side, and snatched from his hand  
The blackened swab, then, silent and bold,  
Set herself to her task, till across the field  
The flaming blast of her cannon rolled.

Through the rest of the fight, till the twilight fell,  
She sighted and shot devoid of thought;  
Though the smoke of the battle grew thick and dim,  
Though the bullets around her their havoc wrought,  
And dead at her feet her husband lay,  
Though sick in her heart was the love of years,  
And glazed in an anguish, frozen and fierce,  
Unshed in her eyes shone the bitter tears.

O my country! a hundred years ago  
The love of you in all hearts flamed,  
Till the enemy back from our cities and fields  
Crept to his lair, defeated, ashamed;  
And we their children, whose noble deeds,  
Like brave Moll Pitcher's, built up our land,  
Are called to a fight more difficult far  
Beside our cannon unflinching to stand.

O my country-women, the anguished time  
Bids you all sight your cannon and boldly fire,  
Till the public crime that infests our land  
Is shrivelled in blaze of your noble ire;  
Till licensed injustice is hurled into flight;  
Till unabashed plunder is driven from view;  
Till the fight, O my sisters, is fully fought,  
Wherein our country has need of you.

—*Woman's Journal*.

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. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harriston, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.

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."

### Temperance News.

A Temperance Society has been organized in connection with the Church of Our Lady, Guelph, and has already a membership of 55. They received communion in a body last Sunday morning - *Dundas Free Banner*.

Rev. James Scott has re-organized the Grove Division Sons of Temperance at Millgrove.

Brockville has a temperance coffee house doing splendid work

PROHIBITION IN THE NORTH-WEST.—“While here I witnessed the summary manner in which the Mounted Police deal with offenders against the North-West liquor law. One man, for harbouring contraband whisky, was fined \$100, and another who had imbibed too much for perfect locomotion, handed over \$50 as a small contribution to the public funds. The owner of the liquor had a very sudden appointment at Moose Jaw, but it availed him not, for the Police nabbed him, and he was forced to disgorge \$200.”

\* \* All right-thinking men who have seen the good effect of the prohibitory law in force here, hope that a change will never be made. For my own part I believe that were liquor-selling permitted throughout these territories, five thousand, instead of five hundred, police would be required to keep order.—*J. B. in Orillia Packet*.

The new Sunday law fits close in Missouri, but it is generally observed, even in Kansas City, where, instead of the usual average of twenty arrests for drunkenness, the first Sunday of its enforcement there were but three arrests. Oh no! “Prohibition don't prohibit!”—*Morning and Day of Reform*.

Prohibition has been carried in Polk county, Georgia, and in reference to its working the *Atlanta Star* says:—“While liquor was sold between seventy-five and one hundred and twenty-five true bills were found at each court, and the jail was nearly always crowded; now the average number of bills is less than fifty, and the jail is empty. And yet political papers all over the country still cry, ‘Prohibition does not prohibit.’”

The Grand Lodge I. O. G. T., of California, has undertaken to place a copy of “The People Against The Liquor Traffic” in the library of every minister of the Gospel within its jurisdiction.—*Rescue*.

“A striking contrast, showing the effect of municipal expenditure of the sale of intoxicating liquors, is made by comparing the expenditure of two towns not far from equal in population—Vineland, in New Jersey, where the sale of liquor is actually as legally prohibited, and Yonkers, New York, which has 145 licensed drinking places, and seventy shops where liquor is sold contrary to law. Vineland has about 12,000 inhabitants, Yonkers less than 15,000. Yonkers spends on its police, \$37,000, and the police duties of Vineland are performed by one constable at the annual expense of \$75. Yonkers has a police judge with a salary of \$4,000 and a clerk who is paid \$800. Vineland has no police court and needs none. The paupers of Yonkers cost the town \$12,000; Vineland has a corresponding expense of \$400. Altogether these articles of expense cost Yonkers \$53,800; in Vineland \$475. Making proportionate allowance for the difference in population, the government of Yonkers, as far as these expenses are concerned, costs more than ninety times as much as Vineland.”—*New York Evening Post*.

“One of the first acts of the Prince of Montenegro, on coming to his kingdom was to close all the saloons and drinking places which he regarded as the fostering places of corruption, effeminacy, idleness and extravagance.”—*London Globe*.

### Intemperance News.

A WINE and beer license is to be issued to permit liquor-selling on the grounds at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition next month.

MANUFACTURE AND SALE OF SPIRITS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—There were 38,377,820 gallons of proof spirits distilled in the United Kingdom in the year ending 31st December last—10,124,467 in England, 19,206,892 in Scotland and 9,046,461 in Ireland. The consumption of proof British spirits is estimated to have been 28,554,264 gallons—16,811,494 in England, 6,502,955 in Scotland, and 5,239,815 in Ireland. The quantity exported was 2,646,015 gallons—590,874 from England, 1,557,321 from Scotland, and

497,820 from Ireland. In bonded stores on the 31st December there were 51,436,936 gallons of proof British spirits—7,369,815 in England, 23,475,365 in Scotland, and 20,591,756 in Ireland.—*Ex.*

THERE are eight saloons to one church in the United States.

THE English brewers find such a falling off in the sales of beer that they are adding to their business the apparatus for providing aerated waters, and ginger beer. What a glorious thing it will be when brewers of the United States and Canada are forced to go into the lemonade and soda water business.

THE managers of the Anchor Line of steamships advertise a “Complete American Bar,” as one of their inducements. Nowhere are intoxicating beverages more dangerous than on shipboard. Those who value their lives had better not take passage by the Anchor Line.—*Morning and Day of Reform*.

BAD EFFECTS OF BEER.—Insanity is increasing to an alarming extent in Germany, and it is an established fact that there are more cases of insanity among the Germans in the United States, than among the people of any other nationality. Lager-beer drinking is said to be the cause. The slop which is manufactured and sold for beer now-a-days poisons the system, causes serious diseases in the liver, kidneys, and stomach, stupifies the brain, and drives hundreds of Germans to suicide annually. Bright's disease of the kidneys alone carries off a large percentage of beer-drinkers.—*Chicago News*.

BREWING BEER.—GREAT INCREASE IN ITS CONSUMPTION.—Some very interesting statistics of the growth of the brewing industry are given by the *Western Brewer*. In California the sales of beer for the year ending May 1, 1882, were 424,486 barrels, and the following year, 458,270, an increase of 33,784. The total brew in the United States in the latter year was 17,349,424 barrels, an increase over the preceding year of 733,062 barrels, or 4.41 per cent. Arizona, Indiana, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Nevada, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, and Wyoming show on the other hand, a falling off of 70,384 barrels, while Alabama increased from nothing to eight barrels, and Arkansas, Florida, Maine, Mississippi and Vermont remain without breweries. The net increase over the year 1875 in all States is shown to be 8,965,704 barrels, or 106.09 per cent. in eight years. In this table of increase California ranks fifth, with New York first, followed by Wisconsin, Illinois, New Jersey and Massachusetts. The brew and increase and decrease of the prominent cities are shown by the following table:

CITIES.	1882.	1883.	Increase.
Albany.....	253,491	352,794	79,303
Chicago.....	645,052	676,553	31,501
Buffalo.....	266,568	297,477	30,909
Brooklyn.....	793,877	836,379	42,502
New York.....	3,060,689	3,239,908	179,210
Milwaukee.....	920,680	986,388	65,708
St. Louis.....	929,650	943,360	13,710
Cincinnati.....	775,520	772,392	.....
Philadelphia.....	1,022,998	1,023,514	516
Baltimore.....	295,782	305,684	9,902
Boston.....	718,000	756,140	38,140
Newark.....	498,436	550,883	52,447
San Francisco.....	291,404	315,728	24,324
Cleveland.....	219,080	241,584	22,504
Rochester.....	252,716	272,287	19,571
Pittsburg.....	200,119	199,297	.....

—*Chronicle*.

FRENCH WINE.—Interesting revelations of fraud in making French wines have recently startled the public and the drinkers, although the trade and the temperance experts have known for 30 years that every kind of alcoholic liquor, from the highest to the cheapest, is cheaply counterfeited, and fraud is the general rule everywhere.

The municipal authorities of Paris recently analyzed 3,361 samples of French wine. Only 387 were pronounced good, 1,063 passable, and 1,911 were declared BAD. And this was done by experts favorably interested toward the wine trade of their country. A Paris correspondent of the *Chronicle* (J. H. H.) writes that France produced from 1868 to 1878 an average of 1,320 million gallons of wine, but since then only an average of 550 millions, because of the phylloxera.

But there has been all along as much used in France and as much exported as ever. In 1882 France imported 176 million, made 132 million from raisins and press refuse, and 246 million gallons



more from all sorts of substitutes, the latter flavored often with poisonous ingredients, beside the alcohol in it.

After centuries of wine growing, and the world for a market, a short crop compels France to expend an enormous sum to satisfy the depraved appetites of her people with imported and fabricated poisons, that would be vastly more profitable to the nation if they were all poured out into the sea; or if the money, time and labor had been employed in making and burning firecrackers.

Let us figure up the wine account of France.

Cost of	550,000,000 gals. genuine wine produced at 15c.....	\$ 82,500,000
"	176,000,000 " imported wine at 15c.....	26,400,000
"	132,000,000 " made from refuse and raisins at 10c.....	13,200,000
"	264,000,000 " imitation wine at 10c.....	26,400,000
	<hr/>	
	1,122,000,000	\$148,500,000
Deduct	50,000,000 " exported, say at 90c.....	45,000,000

Money, time and labor wasted.....\$103,500,000  
 Add to this the value of the imported bread, which might have been raised on the grape lands, 7,000,000 acres.....\$120,000,000

Annual money loss by wine.....\$223,500,000

To this vast waste in a thing utterly useless, we might add 500 million dollars a year more, for the damage to the nation in idleness, vice and crime caused by wine; a very low estimate. It does not matter if these statistics are inexact; if they are 25 or 50 per cent. too high or too low, the fact remains that the business is an enormous pauperizer. Throw off 100 or even 200 of the 223 millions and it is still ruinous. Imagine for fancy's sake that the 223 millions were money profit, that would not begin to compensate the misery, madness, crime, and ruin made by the infernal curse of poison wine.—*Rescue.*

General News.

CANADIAN.

A very successful meeting of shorthand writers has been held in Toronto.

The Ontario Teachers' Association closed its annual session at Toronto on Thursday.

Grimsby Camp-meeting has opened and promises to be large and attractive.

Rat Portage has decided to incorporate as a township under the Ontario Act.

The past week has been marked by disastrous fires at St. Thomas, Chatham, Stratford, Meaford, Owen Sound, Shelbourne and Midland. Those at Meaford and Shelbourne were very extensive. The burning of a saw-mill at Midland has thrown about two hundred men out of employment.

There has also been an unusual number of fatal casualties. Wm. Stewart, aged 20, was drowned while boating in Red River; Albert Patterson, aged 10, was drowned at Toronto; Budge Riddell, aged 7, at Barrie, and a still younger boy at Parkhill. Dr. McGregor committed suicide at Kincardine on Monday, while under the influence of drink, and the same day a drunken man was killed by a runaway horse at Harriston. Last Saturday a young man named Murray was killed by a passing train on the railway track at Montréal. A workman named Plumbe met his death by a fall from a high building at Québec on Monday.

The Hon. Mr. Cockburn, who was the first speaker of the Dominion House of Commons, died at Ottawa on Tuesday, and the following day Judge Allen died very suddenly of heart disease at Rimouski.

BRITISH.

The House of Commons has passed the Bankruptcy Bill and the National Debt Bill. It has been decided to appropriate £100,000 of the Church surplus fund to emigration purposes.

Parnell has threatened to head a more extensive agitation than has yet taken place, if the deficiencies of the Land Act are not speedily remedied.

On Wednesday thirteen men were killed by an accident at a mine near Redpath in Cornwall.

A fire broke out on Tuesday in Dr. Boyd's private asylum at Ealing. The proprietor, his son and six patients were killed.

UNITED STATES.

The town of Vineyard, Haven, Mass., was almost destroyed by fire last week.

An immense fire at Chicago on Wednesday night destroyed the Rolling Stock Co's buildings.

The telegraph operators seem to have failed in their strike, and are returning to their work.

Small-pox is making sad havoc among the Minnesota Indians.

Three men have been killed by a railway accident at Pittsburg, Pa.

A discovery of oil in large quantities is creating much excitement at Rich Hill, Mo.

The Virginian corn and tobacco crops are ruined by drought.

Yellow fever is raging at Havanna.

Prof. Peters at Clinton, N.Y., has discovered a new planet.

FOREIGN.

The Republicans have carried the French elections by a very large majority.

The wheat crop in France is unusually small, but the quality of it is good.

Anti-Jewish riots are again breaking out in several European towns.

In Russia the nihilists are giving trouble again. Plots have been discovered, and many students arrested.

The cholera in Egypt is diminishing. The deaths from it are now about 300 per day.

The Nile continues to rise, and is doing much damage to crops.

There are alarming indications of another earthquake at Ischia.

A serious riot has occurred at Vienna. A demonstration of working men was suppressed by troops after much bloodshed.

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

Prayer is not conquering God's reluctance, but taking hold of God's willingness.

If there were no listeners, there would be no flatterers.

The man whose soul is in his work finds his best reward in the work itself. The joy of achievement is vastly beyond the joy of reward.

Making apologies is a mean business, but the necessity of making them is still meaner.

The serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of the Spirit of God.

"Self-conceit is the essence of vulgarity. True politeness is always so busy thinking of others that it has no time to think of itself."

The sweetest word in our language is Love. The greatest word in our language is God. The word expressing the shortest time is Now. The three make our greatest and sweetest duty.

No shattered box of ointment  
 We ever need regret,  
 For, out of disappointment,  
 Flow sweetest odors yet.  
 The discord, that involveth  
 Some startling change of key,  
 The master's hand resolveth  
 In richest harmony.

"Whatever your weakness, or the spot at which you fall, beware of it and shun it. I once knew a gifted young man, who, in very early life, had indulged a love for ardent spirits, which was almost fatal. Under the influence of conscience and religion, he finally conquered himself, and, for years, did not taste a drop. In a conversation with him on the subject, he told me that so strong

was his appetite, that, even then, at the sight of liquor running from a cask in a store, he immediately left the place as fast as possible, whether his errand was done or not. His safety was only in flying. So it is in regard to temptation. The best way to overcome sin is to flee its approach. He who tampers with a temptation is already under its power. The lion will frequently let its victim move, and will play with it before he crushes it.—*Dr. John Todd.*

## BITS OF TINSEL.

Any young man is made better by a sister's love. It is not necessary that the sister be his own.

"Our Messenger" is responsible for a definition, which will match that of Horace Greely who is credited with defining a cigar as a roll of tobacco with a fire at one end, and a fool at the other. Here it is;

"Vassar has one smart girl who will in the hereafter be heard of. She describes "straw" as a hollow thing with a ten cent man at one end of it and a twenty cent drink on the other end."—*Rescue.*

A very accurate Chicago physician sent in a certificate of death the other day with his name signed in the space for "cause of death."

"Is this the way to Ryde?" said a traveller who was as ignorant of horsemanship as of the place he was inquiring for. "Na, na!" said the rustic addressed, "Na, na! mon, thee turns out thee toas too much."

A married couple resembles a pair of shears, so joined that they cannot be separated, often moving in opposite directions but punishing any one who comes between them.

Why are ladies the greatest thieves in existence? Because they steal their petticoats, bone their stays, hook their eyes and crib their babies.

Why is a pretty girl like a first-rate mirror? Because she is a good-looking-lass.

## THE PEOPLE OF THE PEN.

Editors have their share of vanity, and budding poets should not forget it, if they wish to see their productions in print. The man who wrote the follo wing effusion struck it rich in the right vein to get in.

O, the people of the pen, The people of the pen— The brightest of our women, And the bravest of our men! On the picket-lines of progress They are keeping watch and ward, Where the reaper swings the sickle, And the soldier wields the sword: Their snowy scrolls are fluttering Like doves around the globe— They're folding all the lands of God Within one starry robe: On all the bleak and sunless hills They build the beacon fires, And set the danger signals out On all the tallest spires: The fiery-footed coursers Of the lightning they have caught, And made them message bearers In the parliament of thought: They're a mighty army moving, And they muster thousands ten, And pull the world behind them, The people of the pen.	They slumber with the Bedouin, They sit beneath the vine Upon the Guadalquivir And along the banks of Rhine: The Argonauts of every clime, They wander far and free, They scale the highest mountain, And sail the wildest sea: The pilgrims of Bohemia, There's naught escapes their ken— The painters of the universe, The people of the pen.
O, the people of the pen, The people of the pen! Wherever human foot has trod Some strolling scribble has been. Ye'll find them in the frigid North, Beyond the lone Jeannette In the desert lands of Siber, Where the cheerless evils fret. You'll find them on the Congo, You'll meet them on the Nile, You'll hear them in the jungle Of the snake and crocodile:	O, the people of the pen, The people of the pen! They're toiling in the palace And in the poor man's den: They tell us of the glory Of the times long past. Of the splendors of antiquity Too marvellous to last; In the looms of busy genius They're weaving day and night, The visions of the dreamers Into pages black and white, Into golden blocks of wisdom They're chiselling their hearts, And we buy their very life-blood For a penny in the marts: They're scholars ripe and ready, They're poets blithe and young, Whose happy fancies twinkle Into music on the tongue: They carol like the mock-bird, They twitter like the wren, And the world is in the fingers Of the people of the pen.

—*Printers' Circular.*

## For Girls and Boys.

## WHAT THE DIMBOES DID.

There were a great many Dimboes, including Young Dimboe, who sang in the choir and taught in Sunday-school, "that Polly Dimboe," whom nobody ever mentioned without a very "demonstrative" adjective, the Dimboe boys, and the twins. There were seven Dimboe boys; it is unnecessary perhaps, to state the number of the twins. Over this modest family presided Aunt Phœbe Dimboe, who spent an anxious existence in constant but futile efforts at keeping the boys' trousers in repair, and making a house-keeper out of Polly. With regard to the trousers, Miss Phœbe admitted the absurdity of her attempt, but Polly—Polly was becoming tractable—she could be trusted with the family darning, and took entire charge of the children at meal-time, when neither Mr. Dimboe nor Aunt Phœbe could very well be present. Considering her thirteen years, and her constantly interfered with artistic propensities, I think you will agree with me that this wasn't so bad for Polly.

It was the Sunday after Christmas, and she was walking meditatively home from Sunday-school. Since she had been transferred to Mr. Foote's class, meditation after Sunday-school became almost necessary to Polly. In the last class it had been different. There didn't seem to be anything to think about but the number of buttons on Miss Thorn's "tan" kid gloves, and the extraordinary length of time that intervened between the opening hymn and the closing one. So Polly's relief was almost as great as Miss Thorn's when, at that lady's request, the superintendent handed her over to Mr. Foote for "treatment."

In the little familiar chat he had with his girls that day—for a wonder there were five minutes to spare!—they had discussed Christmas-giving, and that's what Polly was meditating about.

"Let's see! What did I give anyway? There was Fred's watch-pocket, and the twins' Noah's ark, and the lamp-mat I made Aunt Phœbe,—wasn't she pleased though!—and a set of carpet-balls for the boys—they took the last cent, and I saved for three months! Not a thing, Polly Dimboe, not a thing outside your own family! Oh yes! I beg your pardon, you did paint a wooden plaque for your very particular friend Madge Mayberry, because she gave you something last year! Fine motive!" continued Polly ironically to herself. "Aren't you proud of it, Miss Dimboe! And now, when somebody has been good enough to suggest a better one, here's Christmas gone, and me bankrupt!"

You see Polly's meditations weren't strictly grammatical, but they always resulted in something practical, which is more than can be said of a good many people's.

This time, however, she reached her own garden gate in just as perplexed a state of mind as ever. What she could do, and how she could do it, didn't appear; but one thing she resolved upon, and that was to look out for opportunities.

"Phœbe," said Mr. Dimboe to his sister, as she poured out his tea, and young Dimboe's, at seven o'clock next evening, "this tribe of ours have rousing appetites—ten pounds of butter a week! It's a good thing to pay for though—considerably better than physic."

Polly stood at a side table, looking for her geography. She turned quickly.

"How much is it a pound, papa?"

"From twenty-five to thirty cents usually, Polly. Are you thinking of starting a dairy?" And her father's eyes twinkled as he looked over at his daughter's interested face.

"Well, no, papa, not until I learn to be a better milker," laughed Polly, with a vivid remembrance of some holiday experiences in the country. "I only wanted to know. Oh! here's my 'Campbell's,'" and off she went to the "back room," where the Dimboes congregated nightly for lessons, fun and consultation.

Miss Phœbe looked sagaciously over her spectacles at her brother.

"Polly's improving—certainly improving. She isn't nearly so flighty as she used to be, John. Think of it now—the price of butter!"

The use Polly had made of her newly acquired information did not transpire, however, until next morning at breakfast, when the Dimboes, one and all, declined butter. Dinner-time came, and Aunt Phœbe's nice beef-steak and mashed potatoes and "poor man's pudding" made them forget to feel heroic when the butter-plate came around. And that night they had raspberries for tea, so nobody said a word but Jack, who couldn't help exclaiming at the unchanged condition of the butter-plate as it went out for the third time.

Next day, however, Polly observed a tendency to vaingloriousness at breakfast, a marked depression at dinner, and a well-defined dissatisfaction at tea without any raspberries. And Thursday morning the porridge was burned.

"It's just the least bit scorched," said Aunt Phœbe, as she handed the dish to Polly; "but there's plenty of good bread-and-butter, and the coffee's extra nice!"

Polly carried it in despairingly. It was just as she expected—grumbles loud and deep, longing looks at the butter-plate, and numberless calculations about the breakfasts that must be before next Tuesday.

At last the coffee-pot went down with a bang, and Polly stood up with flushed cheeks and something very much like tears in her eyes.

"Now, look here, boys," she said, "I know I proposed doing this, but I never asked one of you—now, did I? So if any of you want to back out, why, nobody'll blame you! Only don't go on doing it if you don't want to!"

Here Jack, who had surreptitiously helped himself to about a quarter of a square inch of butter, put it back again just as surreptitiously.

"And what about Patsy's new history," asked Harry, "if we stop now?"

Patsy was the washerwoman's son, and had been at the foot of his class for a week because he had no history to study from. Poor Patsy! He wasn't at the foot of many classes, and he did so want the book! But it cost a dollar, so Patsy could only "save up" and try for more errands on Saturdays.

"Oh, well!" responded Polly, "I suppose that'll have to be his lookout. His little brother's got the measles, too," she added artfully, "so he can't even come to class and take notes."

"Hard luck," said Jack, with a remorseful recollection of several "stunners" in fractions that Patsy had piloted him through at recess.

"See here, boys; we ain't going to stop? What's doing without butter for a week, anyway?"

That was the last of it. Polly didn't have to appeal again. Nobody grumbled, even when there was no pudding or preserves, and they all shared the pleasure of confidently requesting from Mr. Dimboe the payment of the six pounds of butter which they didn't eat. They got it, too, at the very highest price; and although the delighted Patsy never knew exactly what his "History of the United States" cost the donors, he used it so well that they never regretted it. And Polly! Well, Polly has had many another dear experience of the happiness of giving at some little sacrifice, and "for Christ's sake."—*Sara Duncan in S. S. Times.*

#### HOW A POOR BOY SUCCEEDED.

Boys sometimes think they cannot afford to be manly and faithful to the little things. The *Republic* tells the story of a boy of the right stamp, and what came of his faithfulness.

A few years ago a large drug firm in New York city advertised for a boy. Next day the store was thronged with applicants, among them a queer-looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, in lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this little waif, he said: "Can't take him; places all full; besides, he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he "did not see what they wanted with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider." But after consultation the boy was set to work.

A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered this youthful *protège* busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he. "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something." In the morning the cashier got orders to "double that boy's wages, for he his *willing*."

Only a few weeks elapsed before a show of wild beasts passed through the streets, and, very naturally, all hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw the opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, and after a struggle, was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles taken from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit their work, he replied:

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more. "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and *faithful*."

To-day that boy is getting a salary of \$2,500, and next month will become a member of the firm.—*Church and Home.*

#### "I DIDN'T GO ONCE TO BE TEMPTED."

BY FANNY ROPER FEUDGE.

Not long since I was explaining to some young visitors the manner of using a Chinese opium-pipe, and the terrible effects of opium-smoking, in destroying not alone the health of the body, but its still more fatal influence upon the mind and soul. A young Chinese friend who was present looked intently at the beautiful pipe I held in my hand. He sighed deeply as his eye rested on the costly inlaid work, and the dainty adornments intended as so many snares to entice the fancy of the unwary. Possible memory may have been busy unearthing some dear one in his far-off native land—a father it may be, or an elder brother, who had fallen a victim to this terrible habit: But he said nothing then, and I was thinking sadly of the enticements that at every turn, in theatre, bar-room, circus, and gambling-saloon, are daily holding forth their invitations in this dear land of Bibles, while vice is disguised in beautiful garments, and only the life that is "hid with Christ in God" is safe from the snares of the destroyer. God help the young who trust only to their own strength!

Presently I remarked that I had never *but once* been inside of an opium-saloon, face to face with the haggard countenances, sunken eyes, and emaciated forms of its votaries; and that for weeks afterwards the horrid groans, shrieks, and imprecations of the wretched victims so rang in my ears that nothing save a stern sense of duty could ever induce me to enter again one of those places of torment. Instantly the young Chinaman sprang to his feet, and spoke out eagerly:

"You 'venture,' madam, *one time more dan I. I did not go once* into opium-house to be tempted. Sometime man think himself vella stlong, and he go into opium-shop, not meaning to be tempted; but by-and-by he find himself vella weak, so that he can no more stay away. He go in wise man, he come out vella foolish; he go in lich man, he come out poor beggar; he go in good man, kind husband, fader, son, he come away like child of de evil one; den soon he die, go lib wid him always. So I think for myself *I not go in once*, not see oder man smoke opium, and den I not be tempted to smoke myself. Maybe I be stlong, but I too much fear I be vella weak, so I stay away."

Here was indeed true wisdom—not to go in the way of temptation, not to try wrong-doing even once, not to trust to his own strength to resist evil influence, nor even to look on and see others sin, lest, being weaker than he supposed himself, he should be tempted to follow in their footsteps.

The good book says, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

And what this young Chinaman said of opium-houses is also just as true of the thousands of beer-saloons, grog-shops, and drink-houses of all sorts that are scattered as snares for the feet of the unwary all over our land—wherever God is dishonored and his holy Word set at naught. Do not venture *even once*, young man, to brave the danger, to draw in one breath of their polluted atmosphere. Remember the words, "Sometime man think himself vella stlong, and he go in, not meaning to be tempted; but by-and-by he find himself vella weak, so that he can no more stay away."—*Canadian Band of Hope.*

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mond St. East.

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the Orange Hall, Young Street.

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ing, in Northern Star Hall, Agricola Street.

Grove, No. 450, meets every Tuesday evening, in  
Creighton's Hall, Richmond.

Murray, No. 451, meets Friday evening, in Colbourg  
Road Mission Church.

McClintock, No. 455, meets every Thursday evening,  
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Flower of the West Division, No. 503, meets every  
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