

# 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, JULY 27, 1883.

## "WHOLESOME BEER AND LIGHT WINES."

*The Bystander* for July discusses the liquor question. Usually this Review is not only well written, but thoughtful and good. We have become accustomed to regard it as such; and it is with surprise and regret that we find it treating so important a subject in an article sadly wanting in the evidences of close observation and careful study that generally characterize its pages. This article will be criticised by a contributor, in another column; but there are some of its mistakes to which we wish to refer more particularly here.

*The Bystander* gives five reasons for settling, if possible, the main question, but strange to say, entirely omits to mention the most important reason of all, namely, the necessity for some means of mitigating the terrible evils of intemperance. In fact, the tone of the first part of the article would lead a reader to believe that the writer considered agitation for the suppression of these evils a greater evil itself. It is a little paradoxical to assume that "perversion of ethics," "disregard of general rights and principles," and "bearing false witness," are the results of an agitation that is itself "the sign of a quickened moral sense in the community."

The point, however, which we desire particularly to notice is *The Bystander's* suggestion for the solution of the liquor question. This is.—"To encourage the production of wholesome beer, inspecting it so as to preclude the introduction of noxious drugs, admit light wines free, and restrict the manufacture and importation of ardent spirits to the quantity required for medical or scientific purposes."

The last of these proposals is good; it is a part of the prohibition for which we are working, the "one way of preventing liquor from being sold and drunk," as *The Bystander* itself admits "the only effective, straightforward policy." The other proposals are not new. Attempts to carry them out have often been made, and invariably resulted in miserable failure, and in increase of the evils that they were expected to remedy. The increased consumption of milder alcoholic drinks always paved the way for those of a stronger character, and the vast increase of beer drinking and wine drinking has not been accompanied by any diminution of whisky drinking.

Every student of English History knows that such were the consequences of the celebrated "Beer Shop Act"—a measure of the nature and with the same object as the proposal now under discussion. Concerning its results, the House of Commons' Committee reported, "The Beer Shop system has proved a failure." The Lords' Committee said, "The consumption of ardent spirits

has far from diminished \* \* \* and the comfort and morals of the poor have been seriously impaired," and the Committee of the Lower House of Convocation for the Province of Canterbury stated:—

"Of the direct causes of our national intemperance, one of the foremost and most prolific, as it appears to your Committee, is the operation of the Legislative Act which called Beer-Houses into existence \* \* This measure, though introduced for the avowed purpose of repressing intemperance, by counteracting the temptations to the excessive drinking of ardent spirits afforded in public houses, has been abundantly proved not only to have failed of its benevolent purpose, but to have served to multiply and intensify the very evils it was intended to remove. The testimony on this point, on the part of the Magistracy, the Constabulary, the Parochial Clergy, and other persons most competent to judge, is most emphatic and unanimous, and the moral failure of the Act is at this time admitted to the fullest extent by many who were favorable to it at its first introduction."

The same experiment has been made by some States of the American Union, and invariably with similar results.

We will not oppose, we will advocate, any proposed restriction or prohibition, in reference to any part of the strong drink traffic; but in the interests of morality and right, we must strenuously resist any attempt "to encourage" the manufacture or importation of any intoxicating drink, and we deeply regret that the sanction of *The Bystander's* influence and approval should have been given to a proposal condemned alike by experience and common sense.

We cannot allow to pass unchallenged, the statement, "In the wine-growing countries of Europe intemperance is rare." To show the error of it, we quote some notable testimony taken from Dr. Lee's *Alliance First Prize Essay*, and this weighty and reliable evidence upholds the position, that the milder forms of alcoholic liquor pave the way for the stronger sorts, that many people begin with wine who never would begin with brandy, and that anything that induces a more general consumption of alcohol in any quantity or form, tends thereby to deprave the habits and debauch the morals of the community.

For brevity's sake we quote facts in reference only to France and Germany. These are the countries most commonly named by the advocates of cheap wine and beer, as comparatively free from drunkenness, but we can, if need be, produce similar testimony in relation to Italy, Switzerland, Spain and other "countries of Europe."

"There is not so much riotous or dead drunkenness on the Continent as here, but there is more universal drinking, and quite as much of that drinking most to be feared, that perpetual steeping of the system in excitement, which inevitably ends in crime, by 'priming' the man for any deed. There is, however, far more even of palpable intoxication than superficial flying travellers suspect. Mr. J. Fennimore Cooper, the distinguished American author, says in his *Travels*:

"I came to Europe under the impression that there was more drunkenness among us than in any other country, England, perhaps, excepted. A residence of six months in Paris changes my views entirely. I have taken unbelievers with me into the streets, and have never failed to convince them of their mistake in the course of an hour. On one occasion a party of four went out with this object. We passed *thirteen* drunken men within the walk of an hour, many of them were so far gone as to be totally unable to walk. I once saw three men wallowing in the gutter before my window, a degree of beastly degradation that I never witnessed in any other country. In passing between Paris and London I have been more struck by drunkenness in the streets of the former than in those of the latter."

The HON. HORACE GREELY, in his editorial correspondence to the *New York Tribune*, once wrote:

"Walking out in the environs of Paris a few days since, I was somewhat surprised, knowing my American friend and companion to be a moderate drinker of wine, by his casual remark, that he regarded the wine as the great source of France. As to the temperance of wine-producing nations, and of this one in particular, a great deal has been boastfully said, which is not half consistent with the facts. It is true that the milder stimulants, like wine or beer, do not intoxicate or madden so readily as do the fiery products of distillation. But that wine will intoxicate, *does* intoxicate, that there are confirmed drunkards in Paris, and throughout France, is also notorious and undeniable. You can hardly open a French newspaper that does not contain an

account of a robbery, perpetrated upon some person stupified by over-drinking; a police case growing out of a quarrel over the wine-cup, or a culprit, when asked to say why the sentence of the law should not be pronounced on him, replying, "I was drunk when this happened, and know nothing of the matter."

Mr. Quetelet, in his celebrated book on man, tells us:

"Of 2927 murders committed in France, in four years, 445 have been in consequence of quarrels and contentions in taverns."

We could fill pages with the quotations similar to the above.

If we extend our enquiries into Germany, we shall find that the general consumption of *Light Wines*, instead of preserving sobriety has turned the Germans into a nation of brandy drinkers. The following facts were stated at a conference held at Bremen in 1852, by Dr. Wald, of Königsberg:—

"That the Zollverein consumed 122 millions of dollars' worth of alcoholic liquor (over \$85,000,000 Canadian). That Berlin had in 1845 as compared with 1745, 1500 more taverns and one church less! That out of 60 children under 6 years of age, in the Orphan Asylum, 40 had been accustomed to sip spirits, of whom 9 were infected with a depraved desire for them! That in the vale of Barmen, one of the most religious districts of Rhemish Prussia, there were about 400 public houses for the sale of *Brautwein* (Brandy), and out of a population of 80,000 not less than 30,000 dram-drinkers. That in the conscription of 1852, for a district of Western Prussia, out of 174 young men, only 4 were declared admissible by the inspecting Surgeons, the remaining 170 being physically incapacitated by dram-drinking! That from year to year the Prisons and Lunatic Asylums become more crowded, thousands becoming permanently mad through *delerium tremens*."

These statements need no further comment. We have no pet theories or unreasonable prejudices in relation to the liquor question, but we cannot shut our eyes to the sad and stern facts, that intemperance is "alarmingly prevalent in Canada," that it did "refuse to yield to the force of morality, and regard for bodily health," until these were aided by restrictive legislation, that to our personal knowledge the increasing consumption of lager-beer has led to drunkenness in the cases of many who never drank before, and that we know of no case in which it has led to the reformation of either an individual or a community.

We are averse to any "tampering" or experimenting, political or otherwise, with a terrible evil, when we know that such experiments have elsewhere proved disastrous failures.

We are heart and hand with the *Bystander* when it crusades against the dangerous whisky, but we must protest, when it advocates more license for the dangerous wine and beer. We ask for laws prohibiting the manufacture, importation, and sale of all; and we only accept partial measures as steps towards this desired goal. Our country is progressing in this direction, and we fervently hope that it will never be deluded into making any of those awful mistakes, under the crushing consequences of which so many older countries are groaning to-day.

### Selected Articles.

#### THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.

How feel temperance men? How beat the temperance heart and pulse in reference to the emergencies of the hour? The day for declamation on this great question has gone by. We want facts; we want arguments; we want prayer to God; we want personal work; we want votes—all of them. If we get enough of all, we will have success; if we fail in any, we will fail in a vital particular. The great question of the hour is the question arising out of the decanter and the dram-shop. Some man says, "The question of the hour is the labor question." Friends, the true solution of all the labor difficulties to-day is not how many hours the working man shall work, but how he shall save his money from the insatiate gullet of the dram-shop when he has earned it. That is the most practical aspect of the labor question. Another man says, "The real question is political corruption—how to purify our politics." Purify our politics! Do you know that our politics have been rotted to the very core by the dram-shop? Bear in mind there will be no purification of American politics that ignores the bottle and the dram-shop. Another man says, "The question of the day is to reduce taxation." Who that is here does not long for the reduction of taxation? What is the cause of most of the taxation? The bottle and the dram-shop! Strike at these, and you have done more to reform political corruption, you have done more for the laboring classes, you have done more for their riddance from the burden of taxation, than by any and all other methods combined. And so I might start one question after another

which men think to be the question of the day, and you will find this one underlying them all. I go further. I believe that the perpetuity and success of Republican government in the United States of America depend more on overthrowing this master-peril and master-curse than any man of us, perhaps, can estimate or even conceive of. So let us as patriots, as philanthropists, and lovers of our Lord and Master, that stand confronting this tremendous question, "How shall we deliver our whole society and the state from the curse of the decanter and the dram-shop?" look at it practically. The decanter is to be reached by personal persuasion, and by every man, woman, and child putting it away. The dram-shop is to be reached partially by that method, and partially by stringent legislation; for I hold it to be as fundamental as any principle of our Declaration of Independence that every community has a right to abate a public nuisance, and to express by its suffrage whether or not such a nuisance shall exist among them.—  
*Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

#### "THE LIGHTER DRINKS."

All liquors are substantially the same thing, whether they are what are called malt liquors or distilled liquors. The principal difference between them is, that some have more alcohol in them than others. But it is one of the easiest things in the world for a dealer to pour alcohol into his wine or beer. In this way he can furnish his customers with wine and beer with 20 per cent. of alcohol, or 30, 40, 50, or any other. Dr. Story says:—

"I am told that when people take their alcohol in this form they have different ways of indicating the strength of the liquor they want, without using the plain English. If they want beer with its ordinary strength 'they take it square'; if they want it a little strong they take it 'with a feather' in it; if a little stronger still, 'with a stick' in it; if still stronger, 'with a stone' in it, or with a 'maul and wedge' in it; and if they want beer which is stronger than old Scotch whisky, they call for beer 'with the devil' in it." *And they will get it every time.* The very moment you allow men to sell wine and beer over a public bar, that very moment you open the door for the sale of brandy and whisky over the same bar. Suppose the temperance people should unite on this ground and say to the liquor-men: "We are bound to drive out whisky, rum, gin, and brandy; and as a means of doing this the more successfully, we shall allow you, for the present at least, to sell cider, ale, beer, and domestic wine." Those liquor men would laugh at such stupidity. They would say among themselves: "This is just about as good an arrangement as we care for. It is about all we ask. It is true we would a little rather have it all free; but if they will let us sell beer, we will look out for the whisky," and they would. You never can drown whisky with beer, you never can drive out brandy with wine. Wine is the mother of brandy, and the mother will not thrust out her son. Brandy is wine, essentially; distilled wine. You might as well talk about quenching the fire of a furnace by feeding it with brimstone, as to talk about quenching the thirst for brandy by feeding it with wine. And yet people are constantly harping upon the use of wine and beer as a temperance measure. Only furnish the people with plenty of domestic wine and pure beer, and you have taken a great step forward in the temperance reform. And we are pointed to England, France, Germany, and Italy, and are told that beer and wine are used in those countries as freely as water, and as a consequence drunkards and drunkenness are almost unknown. Now, I mean to say, and say it most emphatically, that this cry of no drunkenness, or little drunkenness, in wine and beer countries, is all humbug; it is all false.

The Bavarians drink annually about 147½ gallons of beer per person; the annual outlay for it is over \$65,000,000. In Nuremberg, the average for each inhabitant is 212 gallons; in Munich, 248; and in Ingolstadt, 528 gallons!

So they are bound to get the alcohol, and pay for it too, even if they take a great deal of water with it!—*Union Hand-bills No. 29.*

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.

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."

## WIDE AWAKE.

There's a labor to be wrought,  
 There's a race that we must run,  
 There's a battle to be fought,  
 And a victory to be won  
 For a cheated nation's sake !  
 Ho ! ye people, plundered all  
 By the slaves of alcohol,  
 Rouse, the demon's arm to break.  
 Wide awake, boys ! wide awake !

In the councils of the great,  
 In the hovels of the low,  
 In the very halls of state,  
 Sits the desolating foe ;  
 Only human life can slake  
 His infernal thirst for blood ;  
 Up, ye virtuous brotherhood,  
 Smite him till his vassals quake ;  
 Wide awake, boys ! wide awake !

See him, in the holy place,  
 Lurking in the blessed wine ;  
 Glancing through the bridal lace,  
 How his deadly eyeballs shine !  
 Coiling like a venom'd snake  
 In the parlor's social ring,  
 Strength and beauty feel his sting,  
 Hurl him to his burning lake !  
 Wide awake, boys ! wide awake !

Where the dens of haggard crime  
 Draw the wretch to deeper slime,  
 Loathsome in his evil slime,  
 Blacker vices than we name  
 Of the demon's cup partake ;  
 All his garnered fruits are there,  
 Bathing in the poisoned air.  
 Through his fen quick clearance make ;  
 Wide awake, boys ! wide awake !

—Geo. S. Burleigh.

## Contributed Articles.

## "BYSTANDER" AND "THE LIQUOR QUESTION."

BY W. BURGESS.

The article in *Bystander* for July, on the "liquor question" is one of the many indications that this subject is one of the burning questions of the hour. The time has gone by for reviewers to discuss the problem of temperance from the standpoint of expediency or custom. The first of these has long since declared for total abstinence, and the testimony of the latter is one long chain of evidence against the drinking system.

Every question of morals must sooner or later become a political issue, and in the struggle for victory, party tacticians will certainly take sides. This is the present position of the liquor question, and *Bystander* is distressed about it, because it is harrassing the political parties. *Bystander* has little concern about the evil which gives rise to the movement. The havoc which the drinking system works among the people awakens no expression of concern. Such an utterance as the following comes of a desire to see a great public awakening quieted—a great agitation quelled :

"The constant danger of political tampering with a moral movement is one reason for settling, if possible, the main question, and bringing this agitation to a close."

The simple meaning of these words is that the patriotic citizens who have so long and unselfishly labored for the abolition of the drinking system must lower their flag and declare a truce. *Bystander* says :

"To arrive at a reasonable and lasting settlement, however, it is necessary that Prohibitionists should come down at once from the pinnacle of factitious morality."

In other words the aim of the temperance reformers is Utopian. Our morality is "factitious," and we who have troubled the political waves must come down from our lofty "pinnacle" and compromise with the national curse. For says *Bystander* :

"There is no more harm in drinking a glass of wine or beer than there is in drinking a cup of tea or coffee; the evil lies in excess, nor is excess inevitable in either case."

This specious form of argument is the natural result of raising a false issue. To discuss this question from the single-glass standpoint, is to draw swords against a shadow and leave the substance unattacked. In dealing with the "liquor question" it is idle to speak of the effects of a single glass of beer or wine. Excess grows out of its use, and has always done so. Society would long ago have separated the use of beer and wine from its consequences, if this could have been done. Acquired depraved appetites are certain to result from the common use of the beverage. The reverse of *Bystander's* statement in regard to the use of alcoholics is therefore true, *excess is inevitable*.

A sarcastic charge of "factitious morality" is a weapon which fails in its aim, and is a sword of lead struck against a shield of steel. Total abstinence is a foundation of rock upon which is based the whole temperance movement. Prohibition is a natural sequence of the movement, and is in harmony with the ethics of all law. Law, to be effective, must prohibit. Regulation itself is governed by it. Take away from license boards and magistrates the power to prohibit, and regulation would be shorn of all its strength. There is therefore nothing puritanical or "factitious" in applying this principle to the suppression of the traffic which license has failed to regulate into a good business. Under the most stringent regulations, and among the most intelligent and educated of society, the use of alcoholic liquors, light wines and beer, as well as ardent spirits, has always resulted in drunkenness, nor is it admitted "that beer or light wine is a less evil than whisky." The only thing that can be said in favor of the former is that there is more honest water in them. But if there were no beer or wine manufactured, a very large proportion of the intemperance would cease. People rarely begin a course of drinking with the stronger liquors. Alcohol begets an appetite for itself, and the process of drunkard-making is probably traceable to the lighter drinks in the majority of cases. Nor is it true that drunkenness is rare where only beer or wine is drunk. France, Germany and England have each produced a species of sottishness, more degrading and bestial than anything found in the most whisky-loving countries. There is more madness in the whisky, perhaps, because the poison is less diluted, but society is not relieved of an evil by advising the madman to become a low, debauched sot.

*Bystander* urges the importance of "bringing the agitation to a close," but they who began it must close it. The drinking customs—the traffic in intoxicating liquors, began the war against all the best interests of society. In self-defence society is resisting their aggressive action, and a check is placed upon the traffic. But the more advanced of the army of defence have long since discovered that there can be no true peace until the enemy of home-life and honest manhood is utterly routed. They have therefore declared "war to the knife," and their flag can never be lowered. If politicians desire the settlement of this question—if law-makers would close this agitation—they must bring themselves into line with the prohibitionists. There can be no compromise; alcohol must be conquered to save the country, and not until law is brought into operation in full sympathy with the sentiment of the people, will this agitation be brought to a close.

Other points of *Bystander's* article must remain over for the present.

## CULLINGS AND COMMENTS.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

Rev. W. L. Lang writes to the *Canadian Baptist* that the English Baptist Total Abstinence Association, of which he is Secretary, is developing so rapidly and finding such acceptance among the churches of that denomination, that it has decided to employ a second agent, whose time shall be wholly devoted to temperance missionary work among the churches in the "world of London." These, Mr. Lang observes, are the most backward of any in the kingdom. With few exceptions, however, all the strong men are with the Association. A bazaar recently held under its auspices realized a clear profit of \$2,500. There is room and work for such

associations in connection with all the religious denominations in this country—not so much for converting Christians to total abstinence, as for enlisting them in the active work of the crusade against the drink traffic in all its forms.

ON THE ISLAND IN TORONTO BAY,—visitors to the Wiman Baths—and their number is constantly increasing—must be impressed with the wisdom of the License Commissioners in refusing a liquor license to Ward's new hotel adjoining the Baths. Not only are visitors pleased by the perfect immunity from the annoyance and disgusting scenes which always accompany the unlimited sale of intoxicants; but, Ward's hotel itself, as a temperance house, is doing a more successful, as well as a more respectable business, than if it were licensed. Every room is occupied by boarders.

The Toronto Temperance Reformation Society's Sunday afternoon meetings at the Queen's Park attract the largest number of people who frequent that delightful resort with a disposition to listen. The well-trying leaders—Mr. Wardell as conductor, Prof. Wood, who leads the singing, Messrs. Flint, McFedries, Morphy and the rest, are still to the fore; while several new faces of younger men can be seen among the active workers. Last Sunday Mr. Wm. Munns was one of the speakers. A project is on foot for the purchase of a large tent to be placed on the grounds for use throughout the summer. The cost of covering and furniture would be about \$500—a sum which it should not be difficult to raise in a city like Toronto, which numbers among its citizens so many wealthy and benevolent people, and in which the temperance sentiment is so strong.

It is reported in the press that the Toronto License Commissioners are withholding licenses from a number of applicants on account of their lack of accommodation for travellers. If the Commissioners acted strictly according to the law in the premises the total number of hotel licenses granted this year would be reduced by about one-half, for, according to the statement of the Commissioners themselves, there are nearly a hundred so called hotels which can not furnish meals. The law distinctly stipulates that every licensed house—whether hotel or saloon—must be proved to the satisfaction of the Commissioners to be "a well appointed eating house." Taking the statement of these gentlemen themselves, we judge that they are very easily satisfied on the gustatory point. We are not without hope, however, that they will gradually reach the full standard of duty contemplated by the Crooks Act.

Mr. Richard Snelling, L.L.B., barrister-at-law, of this city, recently wrote to the *Globe* a letter, in which he commended the high-license agitation now going on in Chicago. As one result of the publication of this letter, he had received up till last week nearly a hundred private letters from all parts of Canada and the United States, containing arguments against high license, and such facts as convinced him that pure prohibition is much more easily attainable than he had at first supposed. He wrote a second letter, in which he strongly urged prohibition, though still believing high license agitation preferable to inaction. The fact of so many letters having been written to Dr. Snelling is in itself very strong evidence of the high-tide of temperance sentiment in Canada. Is there any other question which would call forth such widespread expression of opinion—all of the same tenor? We trow not. Temperance advocates, and prohibition preachers, be encouraged!

The *Licensed Victualler's Journal* is dead. Its name was against its success, but even the change of that to one more mild and insinuating did not save it. One would think that, considering the enormous profits of the liquor traffic, those engaged in it should be able—and anxious—to defend "the trade" from the encroachments of "temperance fanatics." But something more than money is needed in a newspaper; it must have principles and arguments. In this important capital the organ of a whisky-party must always be wanting, even ability and attainments cannot compensate for the deficiency, and the demise of the *Weekly Review* is doubtless owing to the strong tide of temperance sentiment against which it could bring no adequate opposing logic.

It is pleasing to note evidences of the growth of this temperance sentiment among the various classes of the community. The bicyclists are becoming very numerous in Canada. A few weeks ago about four hundred of them met in London, Ont., to receive a company of bicycle tourists from Chicago. Throughout the Dominion the young men who belong to bicycle clubs may be numbered by thousands. This pastime is one that combines, in a remarkable degree, physical exercise with exhilarating pleasure. It is a fundamental tenet that a bicyclist must be a teetotaler. He must "keep his head" lest he take a "header," and liquor of all kinds is rigorously excluded from their banquets and club rooms. We are also pleased to learn on good authority that very few shorthand writers—a class which is growing very rapidly, and which includes young men in literary, legal and commercial occupations—indulge in intoxicating liquor. On the other hand, among them are some of the most pronounced temperance advocates to be found in the Dominion.

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."

## Correspondence.

### PICKING MEN UP OUT OF THE GUTTER.

*Editor Citizen:*

This is a street-figure which is sometimes literally correct, and frequently made use of to describe what is meant by that praiseworthy but most difficult department of Temperance work—the restoration of men to habits of Temperance after the Liquor Demon has besotted them.

"Picking men out of the gutter" is the theory that some people profess to entertain as to the true and most effectual way of working in the Temperance Reform; and foremost amongst those who advocate this as the legitimate line of action, will be found all whisky professors, from the bloated bar-keeper (down or up) to the demure and devout distiller, all claiming their right—whether by business practice or social example, to make wrecks of men and women, and then coolly pointing the temperance reformers to the results of their doings and asking them to rescue and restore the victims.

It is not uncommon for the liquor vendors of high or low degree, to make a show of their good wishes for these victims, by expressing sympathy for them; but the value of their professions, as well as their belief in the practicability of restoring their victims, may be seen in the fact that not one of these traffickers ever contributes money, effort or influence, to sustain the agencies that are put forth to lift men from the gutter into which the traffic has dragged them.

With that shamelessness of face, only known to liquor-dealers, they profess not only to advocate the picking of men up out of the gutter, but they specially point to this as their approved sphere of Philanthropy, and although they thus profess, and although they have got the victims money too, who ever heard of the liquor seller aiding any movement intended to rescue such victims from the gutter of their traffic, or to save others from falling into it?

No one knows better than the liquor dealer himself, that the only logical or effectual way of getting men out of the gutter, is for all hands to join in sweeping the gutter away from the men; for, as long as the foul pools of liquor bars are allowed to exist, there will be more floundering victims than the world's philanthropy can free from their polluting effects.

The curb stone of restrictive license laws only helps the more to continue the existence of the vile flood, endangering all passers-by. To follow up the figure, let the sunlight of truth shine upon this gutter to show its deceiving and hurtful nature and to dry up its fountains. Let all church windows admit and refract these rays. Let the culverts of licensed bars be cleared out; let the crossings of social drinking customs be razed, let the sewer-traps of interested capitalists be cleaned out; let our highways and byways be flushed with a cleansing stream of knowledge as to the nature and doings of the traffic, and let the whole befouling system be swept into the main drain of public condemnation, there to be run off out of sight and into oblivion. Then may men, women and children traverse our thoroughfares without being contaminated, and let those whose hearts allow them to make money out of such a traffic, go to some business that will contribute to the world's wealth and happiness, instead of its degradation.

In a word, give up the slow and comparatively ineffectual process of picking wrecked men out of the gutter and let us sweep away the gutter—the liquor traffic—that man may not fall in, nor get wrecked.

H. K.

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE DEACON'S WEEK.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and to do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics. So he had to contend with the keen brain and sceptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on their power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while, perhaps, he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity. The minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. Perhaps you will find work that ye knew not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him, imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn books for the purpose



and wrote on it a name. The pastor said after he had counted them: "Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for't," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I ha'n't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell you.

"Well, brethren," he said, "I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Monday, I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it a'n't good for me, the doctor says it a'n't; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful! Seemed as though I couldn't eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man that loves liquor, more'n I ever did in my life before; but I feel sure they can stop if they'll try, for I've stopped, and I'm agoin' to stay stopped.

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, so you may say. Our folks alwas had it three times a day, and the doctor he's been talkin' and talkin' to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and onreliable as a weather-cock. An' Doctor Drake he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was readin' the Bible that morning while I sat waiting for breakfast, for 'twas Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washin' and all, and I come across that part where it says that the bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of 'm if they be, and see that they're kep' clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But, come to pie, I felt as though I couldn't! and, lo ye, I didn't! I eat a piece right against my conscience, facin' what I knew I ought to do I went and done what I ought not to. I tell ye, my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said then I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him an' help him, for I see just how it was. So that day's practice giv' out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before.

"I started out next day to look up my Bible class. Well, 'twould take the evenin' to tell it all, but I found one real sick, been abed for three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I felt fair ashamed. Then another man's old mother says to me, before he come in from the shed, says she: 'He's been a sayin' that if folks practised what they preached, you'd ha' come round to look him up afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethering so was I. I tell you that day's work did me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell you, but I learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month o' Sundays ever showed me.

"Now come fellowship-day. I thought that would be all plain sailin'; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt pleasant towardst everybody; so I went around seein' folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon spell Philury says, says she: "Square Tucker's black bull is into th' orchard a tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths o' fence down flat! Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better b'lieve. That black bull has been a breakin' into my lots ever since we got in the aftermath, and it's Square Tucker's fence, and he won't make it bull-strong as he oughter, and that orchard was a young one just comin' to bear, and all the new wood crisp as crackin's with frost. You'd better b'lieve I didn't have much feller-feeling with Amos Tucker. I jest put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looked up and says, says he: 'Fellowship meetin' day, ain't it, Deacon?' I'd ruther he'd ha' slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what sort of life I'd been livin' all the years I'd been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue and temper one day!"

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh voice, somewhat broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons come around like a man an' a Christian right there. He asked me for to forgive him, and not to think 'twas the fault of his religion, because 'twas his'n and nothing else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done before. I was one that wouldn't say I'd practice with the the rest of ye. I thought 'twas everlasting nonsense. I'd ruther go to forty-nine prayer-meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I b'lieve my hope has been one of them that perish; it ha'n't worked, and I leave it behind to-day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one honest Christian man fetched me round to't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his rough hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the minister.

"Well, when next day come I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it came over me sudden that this was the day of prayer for the family relation. I thought I wouldn't say nothing. I jest fetched in the kindlin's myself, and when the fire burnt up good I called my wife.

"Dear me!" says she. "I've got such a-headache, 'Siah, but I'll come in a minnit." I didn't mind that, for women are always having aches, and I was jest a goin' to say so, when I remembered the tea' about not being bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emmy and me can get the vittles to-day.' I declare, she turned over and gave me sech a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked for an' waited on me twenty odd years, 'most scar't because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out an' fetched in the pail o' water she'd always

drawn herself, and then I milked the cow. When I came in Philury was up frying the potatoes, and the tears a shinin' on her white face. She didn't say nothin', she's kinder still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a little meamer'n I did the day before. But 'twan't nothing to my condition when I was goin' towards night, down the sullar stairs for some apples, so's the children could have a roast, and I heered Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy: 'I do b'lieve, Em, pa's goin' to die.' 'Why, Josiah Emmons, how you talk!' 'Well, I do; he's so everlastin' pleasant and good-natured I can't but think he's struck with death.'

"I tell ye, brethren, I set right down on them sullar stairs and cried. I did, reely. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me jest as he did at Peter. Why, there was my own children never see me act real fatherly and pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded and prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up jest as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, but I hadn't never thought that they'd got right an' reason to expect I'd do my part as well as their'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more about Josiah Emmons' shortcomings than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind of left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things was a little cuttering, but I did have sense not to tear round and use sharp words so much as common. I begun to think 'twas getting easy to practice after five days, when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some cartin calico. I had a han'some piece, all done off with roses and things, but there was a fault in the weavin', every now and then a thin streak. She didn't notice it, but she was pleased with the figures on't, and said she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' of it up, what Mr. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place come across me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, really cheatin', and cheatin' a woman. I tell ye, brethren, I was all of a sweat. 'Mis' Herrick,' says I, 'I don't believe you've looked real close at this goods, 'taint thorough wove,' says I. So she idn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times before I'd done such mean, on reliable little things to turn a penny, and all the time sayin' and prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ. I kep' a trippin' of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when night come than I was a Thursday. I'd ruther, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone-wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Christian duty for twelve workin' hours, and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it and I ought to be.

"So this mornin' came around, and I felt a mite more cherk. 'Twas missionary mornin', and seemed as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a Testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I: 'Good mornin' ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seem to hang, somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come to try'n and convert the folks. I hemmed and swallowed a little, and fin'ly I said, says I: 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequent, Mis' Vedder.'

"No, you dont?" says she, as quick as a wink. 'I stay at home and mind my business.'

"Well, we should like to hev you come along with us and do you good," says I, sort of conciliatin'.

"Look a here, Deacon!" she snapped, 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen years, and you kr. wed I never went to meetin'; we a'n't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poorer'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to, besides. Now, what are you a comin' here to-day for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I'll go or come jest as I darn please, for all you. Now get out o' this!' Why, she came at me with a broomstick. There wasn't no need on't; what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names, and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve or save 'em before in all these years. I'd said consider'ble about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little for to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that was next door. Seemed as if I could hear him say: 'These ought ye to have done, and not have left the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home and here I be. I have been searched through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

He dropped into his seat, and bowed his head; and many another bent too. It was plain that the Deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson rose, and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old: "Go forward," and they obeyed his voice. The Sunday school flourished, the church services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect perhaps, as new growths are, but still an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent. *Rose Terry Cooke, in the Congregationalist.*

## Temperance Notes.

### SCOTT ACT IN HALTON.

#### APPOINTMENT OF ANOTHER LICENSE INSPECTOR FOR CERTAIN DISTRICTS.

At the annual convention of the Halton County Branch of the Ontario Prohibitory Alliance, on the 9th inst., considerable discussion took place, ending in the adoption of a resolution condemning the inaction of the License Inspector of the county, asserting that he was not in sympathy with the Scott Act, and declaring that an officer should be appointed who was in sympathy with the Act and who would endeavor to carry out the instructions of the Government. On Wednesday last the deputation waited upon Hon. Mr. Hardy, laying a copy of their resolution before him, and after discussing the question, Mr. Hardy sustained the views taken by the deputation as to the nature of the Inspector's duties.

A *Globe* reporter waited upon Mr. Hardy yesterday, when it was learned that an additional Inspector had been appointed in Halton in the person of Mr. Geo. W. Black, whose duty it would be to look after the townships of Esquesing, Nassagaweya, and Milton, which were mostly complained of at the meeting of the Alliance. Mr. Fraser, the present Inspector, will still have charge of the remainder of the county. This, it is thought, will be a satisfactory arrangement.

### SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

The thirty-ninth annual session of the National Division Sons of Temperance of North America was held at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, commencing on Wednesday, July 11, and continuing three days. There were one hundred and twenty-six representatives present from twenty-four grand jurisdictions. Eighteen representatives present from the Dominion of Canada. The session was an interesting one, and noted for great harmony, enthusiasm, and fraternity. B. R. Jewell, Esq., of Massachusetts, Most Worthy Patriarch, submitted his annual report, giving an able and interesting review of the work of the year. New Grand Divisions had been organized in North Carolina and Iowa, and the Order extended in many other localities where it had no existence before. The Order had made a net gain of twelve per cent. during the year, with a membership of over fifty-five thousand. He recommended that fifteen hundred dollars, at least, be raised for immediate work in propagating the Order.

H. S. McCollum, Esq., of Canada, Most Worthy Scribe, presented his annual report, showing the statistics and operations of the Order for the year. Total number of Divisions, 1,286; members admitted, 27,791; reinstated, 892; withdrawn, 6,013; in divisions, charters surrendered, 4,081; suspended, 8,445; expelled, 3,623; died, 373. Present number of members, 55,880; lady visitors, 2,791. Total receipts in subordinate divisions, \$77,864.12; cash on hand and invested, \$178,900.20.

Wm. A. Duff, Esq., of Pennsylvania, Most Worthy Treasurer, reported the receipts of the year to be \$2,886.80; expenses, \$2,930.70, for general fund; propagation fund receipts, \$1,149.80; disbursements, \$1,756.80. A large amount of routine business was done, and but few changes in constitution or laws. There was but one appeal before the body from grand divisions. The sum of \$1,600 was raised in a short time for propagation purposes, as recommended by the Most Worthy Patriarch, when the entire body rose and sang the Doxology, led by Rev. C. H. Mead. Public meetings were held in the auditorium, which were addressed by Hon. Neal Dow, Gen. S. F. Cary, Edward Carswell, F. M. Bradley, B. R. Jewell, Mrs. P. A. Peckham, Wm. Silverwood, J. S. Littell, A. C. Dibble, Mrs. Geo. L. Sanford, and others. An address of welcome was delivered by Rev. Dr. E. H. Stokes, of the Ocean Grove Association. Mrs. W. C. Jackson, of Georgia, formerly Miss Minnie Mosher, gave select readings, and Wm. E. McDonough, of New York, sang "The Old Oaken Bucket." Everything was done by Ocean Grove Association to make the visit of the members pleasant and agreeable. Resolutions of thanks were passed for the free use of the hall for the auditorium sessions and for public meetings. The next session will be held in the city of Halifax, Nova Scotia, the second week in July, 1884.

The fifteenth annual session of the National Division Sons of

Temperance of Australia was held in March last, with thirty representatives present. A large part of the session was taken up in legislation relating to sick benefits, funeral fund, etc. The funeral fund has a credit of about \$2,700. A higher rate of taxation was agreed upon, the old rate not affording sufficient to meet the calls for sick benefits.—*National Temperance Advocate*.

### ENGLISH.

THE English National Temperance Fete took place at the Crystal Palace, London, on Tuesday, the 10th inst. It was attended by 66,800 people, and was in every respect a magnificent success. The programme comprised thirty-five items, including Blue Ribbon meetings, special sessions of Grand Lodges I. O. G. T., Choral Concerts, &c. One choir numbered 5,000 singers. Processions, games and exhibitions of every pure and elevated nature formed part of the entertainment.

### GENERAL NOTES.

A branch of the Church of England Temperance Society is to be formed in connection with St. John's Church, Peterborough.

In the English Methodist New Connexion Church, of 190 ministers, 137 are total abstainers.

There are at present no less than eighteen distinct proposed measures before the British Parliament for dealing one way and another with the strong drink problem, not one of them pointing in the direction of increased facilities.

Oregon has raised \$2,058 for a Good Templars Home Orphans. \$1,900 has been paid for 9 acres at the Dalles, within city limits. The people at the Dalles have subscribed \$1,600, and promise \$1,000 more when others shall add \$2,000 more to the fund.

In Danville, Ky., where local option prohibition has prevailed for some years, the whisky men tried at last election to break it up, and would have succeeded if they could have got 501 more votes. The count stood 541 to 41. Keep up your hearts, whisky men, we had far larger majorities than that against us once, and you can win yet, sure—if your cause is righteous and honest.

### VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

June 31, Miss Willard had a reception and welcome at Victoria, B. C., at the Wesley Church, which was elaborately draped and ornamented for the occasion. The Hon. John Robson, Finance Minister, welcomed Miss W. to Br. Columbia in an eloquent and fluent speech which was much applauded by the audience. The Mayor of Victoria was chairman and the U. S. Consul, Hon. Allen Francis and several clergymen were on the platform. It is not necessary to say that Miss Willard acquitted herself on that and the following evening with her usual ability and acceptance.

July 3rd and 4th a Woman's Temperance Convention was held, Miss Willard presiding. Miss Gordon and Mrs. Riggs of Seattle addressed large meetings of the children with much success. A local Union was formed of the W. C. T. U., over 100 members signing at the first meeting. Mrs. M. Pollard and Mrs. Jenkins are President and Sec. of the Provincial Union and Mrs. R. H. Smith and Miss A. Pollard, Pres. and Sec. of the Local Union. All of Victoria.

Col. Hawkins has recently headed a very successful Blue Ribbon movement in Victoria and we may hope, looking over the whole field, that ere long we may see the last rum barrel on the coast emptied into the ocean.

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.

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."

## General News.

The great strike among the telegraphic operators still goes on. There is very little prospect of a settlement as yet. On the whole the strikers are acting in a united and orderly manner, and thereby securing a great deal of public sympathy. Other societies and unions are giving them strong moral and financial assistance.

## CANADIAN.

Powerful machinery is being constructed to drain 6,000 acres of marsh land, near Chatham, in Kent county.

Two young men have been arrested in Port Hope, in the act of setting fire to an old building.

Mr. J. R. Brough, Toronto's City Engineer, has died from the effects of internal injuries received when he was thrown out of his buggy nearly two weeks ago.

Toronto had a great Trades and Labor Unions demonstration last Saturday. The members of the different societies with their banners, bands, &c., formed an imposing procession of about a mile in length.

Preparations are being made at Halifax for a concert in honour of Prince George, of Wales, who is expected to arrive there shortly on H. M. S. Canada.

Captain Matthew Webb undertook to swim down the rapids in the Niagara River, and lost his life in the attempt going down in the Whirlpool. His body has not yet been recovered.

Mr. John F. Stairs has been elected to the House of Commons for Halifax county.

## BRITISH.

The Privy Council has decided in favor of the Province of Ontario, in the famous Mercer Escheat Case.

A terrible tragedy has occurred at Bedford. A young man, in a fit of jealousy, shot his sweetheart and then himself.

M. Waddington succeeds M. Tissot as French Ambassador to England.

Orders have been received at Aldershot to prepare four batteries of field artillery for active service.

Lord Penzance has sentenced Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, the well-known ritualist, to deprivation of ecclesiastical preferment with costs.

The English Government will not ask Parliament to sanction the Suez Canal agreement this session.

## UNITED STATES.

A terrible tornado in the Western States, last Saturday, destroyed much property and many lives.

The cotton worm is destroying the crops in the South.

The New York cigar makers' lock-out still continues. 1,300 dress and cloak makers are now on strike.

Three Calcutta ships were burned in Brooklyn harbor last week and several lives lost.

An awful disaster has occurred at Baltimore, Maryland. A wharf crowded with excursionists gave way, and about a hundred lives were lost.

## FOREIGN.

THE CHOLERA in Egypt is growing worse; all Europe is alarmed. England is sending medical men to aid the sufferers. 500 deaths have occurred at Cairo in one day. In addition to the cholera, leprosy has broken out near Damietta.

Serious anarchy prevails in Zululand. There is constant war between Cetewayo and other native chiefs.

Eight officers of the Egyptian army have been sentenced to seven years penal servitude for complicity in the massacres at Alexandria last year.

An embassy from Burmah is at Vienna on the way to France.

Several storms have swept over the north of Italy, causing much damage to crops and some loss of life.

A village in Styria, Austria, was recently burned by incendiaries while the inhabitants were absent from their homes to give a welcome to the Emperor.

## LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offence;

Let it pass!

Anger is a foe to sense;

Let it pass!

Brood not darkly o'er a wrong

Which will disappear ere long,

Rather sing this cheery song—

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;

Let it pass!

As the unregarded wind,

Let it pass!

Any vulgar souls that live

May condemn without reprieve,

'Tis the noble who forgive.

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word;

Let it pass!

Think how often you have erred;

Let it pass!

Since our joys must pass away,

Like the dewdrops on the spray,

Wherefore should our sorrows stay?

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

If for good you've taken ill,

Let it pass!

Oh! be kind and gentle still;

Let it pass!

Time at last makes all things straight,

Let us not resent, but wait,

And our triumph shall be great;

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart,

Let it pass;

Lay these homely words to heart,

"Let it pass!"

Follow not the giddy throng,

Better to be wronged than wrong;

Therefore sing the cheery song—

Let it pass!

Let it pass!

—All the Year Round.

## Literary Record.

*The National Temperance Orator*, edited by Miss L. Penny and published by the National Temperance Society and Publication House, New York, is one of the best collections of temperance articles that we have met. We have two selections from it in this week's *CITIZEN*; we have been indebted to it before and hope to use it again. It is just the thing for those who want help in their efforts to make lodge-meetings and such gatherings both pleasant and profitable. The selections are interesting, of suitable length, and first-class in style and character.

We have received the printed report of the 30th annual session of the Grand Lodge of Canada I. O. G. T. It is neatly gotten up, and full of information of special interest to members of the order. The statements of the improved financial condition of the Grand Lodge and the increased membership of subordinate lodges, are particularly encouraging and gratifying. The Order has now an aggregate membership of 290,700, and 10,107 of this belong to the Province of Ontario.

The *Annual Announcement* of Pickering College is a neat pamphlet, giving details of the success and prospects of this interesting school. Planned and conducted by the Society of Friends, with particular reference to the development of moral character, and the imparting of a sound education, it offers peculiar advantages to students of either sex, who desire to pursue any special line of study, to qualify themselves for teaching, or to prepare for a University or Professional course. The situation of the College is convenient, beautiful and healthful, and it has many advantages that cannot be offered by similar institutions in larger towns or cities. For information address the principal, W. H. HUSTON, Pickering.

The sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage is either right or it is wrong. If right, take away the license (as in the case of vinegar or syrup). If wrong, it should no more be licensed than theft. High license will not reduce the business. If the saloons are reduced to half their present number, that half will find their business doubled. Washing our hands in high license will not cleanse them. The story of the ox is (Ex. xxi. 28), "If he is wont to push with his horns in times past," and the owner knew it, and do not keep him in, he is responsible for all damages. The fence must be so high that an ox cannot get out. The ox can jump over any high license fence. But one fence will answer the purpose, and that one reaches to the throne of God—that fence is Prohibition.—*Christian Guardian*.

## Ladies' Department.

**WOMAN'S CAUSE IN BRITAIN.**—The progress of the agitation for extension of the Parliamentary suffrage to women, is very encouraging. Influential journals and prominent statesmen are, in many cases, acknowledging that there are no logical reasons for debarring ladies from this *right*, and that as far as any sentimental considerations exist in reference to their exercise of it, they are best qualified and entitled to decide for themselves. We subjoin a few extracts that show the tenor of public opinion on this point.

There are no reasonable grounds for the present state of the law relating to the unenfranchised women-householders. How is the recording of a vote, say, once in five years, to affect a woman's household duties? Will a drive in a cab from her house to the polling station, and the making of a mark opposite the name of her favorite candidate, so upset her intellectual equilibrium and excite her finely threaded nervous system, that from that time to the election, five years hence, she would spoil all the puddings and serve the meat half cooked—have her house tosy-turvy—and leave her children to go in rags and tatters for the want of a darn or a patch, till she becomes a reproach rather than a credit to the circle in which she moves? We might think so, if some arguments were given credence to. But no; the arguments against it are—shall we say it?—Conservative in their character. Though taken up by Liberals most strongly this is not a party question at all, and 'twere a pity if party spirit should enter into the matter to its detriment. Both Conservative and Liberal members of Parliament have given their warm and decided opinion that the Women's Suffrage Bill is one which in common justice ought to be passed into law.—*Grantham Post*.

The adoption in recent years of the method of Comparative Zoology is supposed to have done great things for modern science in the department of Natural History. Let us hope that the approaching debate by forcing on the Legislature some analogous process of comparison between the different claimants to an extending suffrage will effect a parallel advance in Politics. Hitherto the removal of the disabilities of women has been argued in Parliament as an abstract problem, not by comparing the female sex with other claimants to the same privileges, but treating it as if its appearance upon the stage bore no relation to any previous entry, and must be judged as if there were only two classes politically speaking in existence; namely, Man invested with all rights and powers, and Woman asking, for the first time in history, to be allowed to share them. Now it will be hard if our advocates do not compel the most obtuse of our opponents to remember that it is not by any means *all* men who now possess or have ever possessed political rights, even in our free-country, but that one section of the male community after another has been admitted into the pale of the constitution; and that the point has now been reached when comparison must be instituted between the last class of male claimants and the female claimants who, side by side, ask admittance. When it comes to comparing the class of women who possess the present property qualification (from the millionaire heiress to her laundress) with the agricultural labourer, whose demand for a vote will certainly be conceded, we need be under no particular apprehension either on the scores of intelligence or of moral fitness. The Tea-drinking and the Beer-drinking constituencies may be safely left to vie in their selection of trustworthy senators for the British nation.—*Women's Suffrage Journal*.

In the course of the debate on the Durham Sunday Closing Bill, the HOME SECRETARY (Sir W. Harcourt) said: The hon. member for Bridgeport had cast contumely upon the petitions which had been presented to the House, and asserted that many of those who signed them were women. If there was one class more than another more entitled to express an opinion on this subject, it was the women—(hear, hear)—and if they were in favour of the measure, he knew of no stronger argument that could be brought forward.—*Ex*.

**TOO LATE.**—The learned Dr. Dionysius Lardner, in 1837, proved conclusively in an English Quarterly Review, that a steamer *could not* cross the Atlantic. But just as the article appeared the Sirius steamed into New York harbor.

Those opponents are born a generation too late. They are behind the age. While the scientists are measuring craniums, girls are proving their intellectual equality in two hundred American Colleges established on the principle of co-education. They are

taking first-class honors in England, in Oxford, Cambridge and London Universities. Oberlin settled that question for America for-five years ago. The example has been followed by Cornell, and Boston, and John Hopkins and Wesleyan and Bates, and the Institute of Technology, and the State Universities of Maine, Vermont, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Missouri, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, California, etc. Colleges exclusively for young men are already the exceptions. A majority of the teachers of our schools are women.

So, while some are still proclaiming the subordination of women as divinely ordained, laws and constitutions are being changed in the direction of equality. When the work is complete it will be claimed as a new application of the principles of Christianity. In Great Britain unmarried women and widows already vote on all municipal questions upon the same terms as men. In the Isle of Man they vote also for members of Parliament. In Wyoming all women have been voting for the past twelve years on all questions upon which men vote. Yet the home is not disrupted. Society is improved. Marriages still made. Children are born and reared. Governors, judges, editors, clergymen, lawyers, physicians, republicans, and democrats testify to the beneficial results. In twelve States women now vote on school questions. Soon they will vote on all questions everywhere. The arguments of our opponents, like Dr. Lardner's, came too late.—*Sel*.

Many of our good men earnestly desire now that the women be given the ballot, so that they may assist in the destruction of the rum traffic. Of all the curses that afflict this fair land, intemperance is the worst. It's a shame for a man to sell it, drink it, or vote for it. God help us to destroy it, root and branch, and while we work, don't let us forget to pray with earnestness that God will give us victory.—*Home Protection Monthly*.

When woman gets the ballot, away with intemperance and monopolies. Woman is called the weaker vessel, but when questions which affect the human family come up, she becomes the stronger, and will every time vote to break up the powers that are trampling upon their rights. You can trust a woman to protect her own interest and that of her children, but poor, weak man has to be led around by the apron strings of old mother Party. Poor man, he is too weak to break the chains that are binding him. Our word for it, woman will do it when she gets the right to vote.—*Ex*.

What woman has done in the family, the true unit of our political structure, may well stand as the exponent of what she will accomplish in the larger function of the State. As a question of abstract right or relative right, there is no room for discussion about it.—*Ex*.

We must continually insist that to take up the book, woman does not necessarily lay down the broom, and to carry onward a triumph, by our own precepts and examples, we have the glorious motto; "Womanliness first; afterwards what you will."—*Francis E. Willard*.

The Bank of France employs 160 female clerks, who receive 60 cents a day to begin with, and after a year or two an annual salary of \$360. They sit in rooms apart from the men, are superintended by officials of their own sex, and their work is of the best quality.—*Tribune*.

In the Cambridge mathematical tripos this year a Girton girl is placed in the list between the 20th and 21st wranglers. Three ladies are senior optimes and one is junior optimes.

John Greenleaf Whittier, the poet, and one of the trustees of Brown University, hopes the time is not far distant when the doors of that institution will be opened to women.

Tennessee has now one lady superintendent of schools.

**HOME GOVERNMENT.**—Of errors in education, one of the worst is inconsistency. As in a community, crimes multiply when there is no certain administration of justice; so in a family, an increase of transgressions results from a hesitating or irregular infliction of punishment. A weak mother, who perpetually threatens and rarely performs—who makes rules in haste and repents of them at leisure—who treats the same offence now with severity and now with leniency; as the passing humour dictates, is laying up miseries for herself and her children. She is making herself contemptible in their eyes; she is setting them an example of uncontrolled feelings; she is encouraging them to transgress by the prospect of probable impunity; she is entailing endless squabbles and accompanying damage to her own temper and the tempers of her little ones.



Let your penalties be like the penalties inflicted by inanimate nature—inevitable. The hot-cinder burns a child the first time he seizes it; it burns him the second time; it burns him the third time; it burns him every time; and he very soon learns not to touch the hot cinder. If you are equally consistent—if the consequences which you tell your child will follow specified acts, follow with like uniformity, he will soon respect your laws as he does those of nature. And this respect once established will prevent endless domestic evils.—*Herbert Spencer.*

**GIRLS AND TOBACCO.**—So you like the smell of a good cigar, do you? Well, I have heard young ladies say so before, but I always thought, if I was in their place, I would not tell of it. Whatever you may say, nobody will think you like the nasty, stinking thing for its own sake. Why, it almost strangles me. And after my papa has been smoking, I would almost rather he would not kiss me sometimes. I don't believe he would want to kiss me, if he should smell tobacco-smoke in my breath. I am sure he would not call me his rose-bud again very soon. I am very certain men don't like tobacco breaths in other people. I wonder if that is the reason they don't kiss each other? How do I know they don't like tobacco-smoke? Well, I can read some, and don't I see "No smoking" up around in ever so many places? And when I asked my papa what they did that for, he said because it was not nice to have tobacco-smoke from other people's mouths puffed into our faces. My papa said that himself. And then, on the ferry-boat, I see the men come flocking into the ladies' cabin, because their own is full of tobacco-smoke; but I don't see any ladies go into the men's cabin to get the smell of the smoke; and they don't scent their handkerchiefs with it, nor put it into bouquets. I should think, if they like it so well, they would have essence of smoke among their Cologne bottles. Bah! nobody will make me believe that a clean, sweet young lady cares anything about the smell of a cigar, unless there is a man behind it. And the men don't believe it, either. They may not say so, but they keep a-thinking, and they think you say it to please them, the egotistical fellows! Perhaps afterwards they'll say, as my brother Bill said the next day after you professed to like his cigar-smoke—he said it made him think of the young lady that took a few whiffs now and then when she was lonely, because it made it smell as though there was a man around.—*National Temperance Orator.*

### Our Casket.

#### RUBIES.

##### MARCH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

The following beautiful poem, composed by Father Ryan, was recited at the funeral observances at Savannah, Ga., recently on the occasion of the reinterment of Confederate soldiers at Gettysburg:

Gather the sacred dust  
Of the warriors tried and true,  
Who bore the flag of our Nation's trust,  
And fell in a cause, though lost, still just,  
And died for me and you.

Gather them one and all,  
From the private to the chief,  
Come they from hovel or princely hall,  
They fell for us, and for them shall fall  
The tears of a Nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn  
O'er many a battle plain;  
From many a grave that lies so lone,  
Without a name and without a stone,  
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,  
Dear is their lifeless clay;  
Whether unknown or known to fame,  
Their cause and country are still the same,  
They died and wore the GREY.

Wherever the brave ones died,  
They should not rest apart—  
Living they struggled side by side—  
Why should the hand of death divide  
A single heart from heart?

Gather their sacred clay,  
Wherever it may rest—  
Just as they march to the bloody fray,  
Just as they fell on the battle day,  
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread  
This gathering of the brave,  
Without sword or flag, with a soundless tread,  
We must once more take our deathless dead  
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown,  
They all are powerless now—  
We gather them here and we lay them down,  
And tears and prayers are the only crown  
We bring to wreath each brow.

And the dead thus meet the dead,  
While the living o'er them weep,  
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led,  
And the hearts that once together bled,  
Together still shall sleep.

#### "THE ETERNAL STARS SHINE OUT AS SOON AS IT IS DARK ENOUGH."

A child, grown restless, as the night came on  
Tired of twilight, wondering where the day had gone;  
Stood watching at the window with a weary sigh,  
'Till heaven should hang its star-lamps in the sky.

"Mamma, why don't they come?" she questioning said,  
Then looking up, "Come pretty stars," she sweetly pled.  
Deeper the shadows of the night around her grew,  
While patiently she peered the darkness through.

At last with shout of joy, a star she spied,  
"I see one now mamma," "why not before," she cried;  
The mother kissed her little eager lips and smiled,  
"Because it was not dark enough, my child."

So shine the eternal stars in sorrow's night;  
The deepest gloom but serves to bring their blessed light;  
Take courage, then, look up! oh, heart that most has bled,  
God's Stars of Hope are shining overhead.

A. G.

#### EMERALDS.

*Doctor:* "Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?"  
*Pat:* "Yes, sir, be jabers, I have; but I don't feel any better; maybe the lid hasn't come off yet."

"Two Irishmen were traveling when they stopped to examine a guide-post. "Twelve miles to Portsmouth," said one. "Just six miles apiece," said the other. They trudged on apparently satisfied at the distance.

"Say Pat, why ever did you go to work for old Uncle Dan? He's the meanest man in the country." "Mané is it?" said Pat; "why, shure an' he's the foineest, aisyest-gooin' master iver I had; he gives a man fifteen hours to do a day's work in."

"Where are you living now, Moike?" "In Donegal street, number eleven. Come and say me." "Faith, I will. Shall I come in be the airy or be the front dhoor?" "Niver a ha'porth do I care; but as I'm occupyin' the garrét, perhaps it wud be more convenient for ye to come in be the skhylight."

*Master:* "What made your cousin stay so late last night?"  
*Servant:* "Faith, sur, he was afeared to go home, sur."  
*Master:* "Why didn't he go home earlier in the evening, then?"  
*Servant:* "Shure an', it wusn't till it wus late that he wus afeared?"

Pat says that if men could only hear their own funeral sermons and read their own head-stones, there would be no living in the world with them at all.—*Boston Courier*.

A two-foot rule was given to a laborer in a Clyde boat-yard to measure an iron plate. The laborer, after much time, returned. "Noo, Mick," asked the plater, "what size is the plate?" "Well," replied Mick, with a grin of satisfaction, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand, and my arm from here to here, bar a finger."

Two Irishmen came to a guidepost on a wide and desolate plain. It was getting dusk, and the unfenced trails were scarcely distinguishable. "Five miles to Glenairlie," read one of them, putting his face close to the board. "But which av them goes to Glenairlie, shure?" asked his companion, looking dubiously at the two trails. After a few moments' meditative silence, the first Irishman replied, "We can try one av them and then the other." "But how will we find the way back, av we get lost?" "Shure, we will take the board along wid us," replied the first. And so the two pilgrims lighted their pipes, and marched cheerfully away with the guideboard between them.—*Burlington Free Press*.

#### BITS OF TINSEL.

"Mamma, what does M. D. mean when it comes after the doctor's name?" "It means 'money down,' my darling."

"Mrs. Sage, I should like to know whose ferry-boats those are that I stumbled over in the hall." "Ferry-boats, indeed, sir! Those are my shoes. Very polite of you to call them ferry-boats!" "I didn't say ferry-boats, Mrs. Sage; you misunderstood me—fairy boots, I said, my dear."

"Why," exclaimed a tourist, "a donkey couldn't climb the hill;" and then he added, "and I'm not going to try it."

A Justice of the Peace married a couple recently, and the groom asked him his terms after the knot was tied. "Well," said the justice, "the law allows me two dollars." "Then," said the young man, "here is one dollar, that will make you three."

"Did you get any orders?" asked the boss of the drummer, who had just returned from his first trip. "Any orders?" echoed the tyro; "that's all I did get. I was ordered out of every shop I went into before I could sell a thing."

An old colored preacher in Atlanta, Georgia, was lecturing a youth of his fold about the sin of dancing, when the latter protested that the Bible plainly said: "There is a time to dance." "Yes, dar am a time to dance," said the dark divine, "and it's when a boy gets a whippin' for gein' to a ball."

A sober Philadelphia omnibus came near upsetting, and the possible victims, with one exception, threw up hands of protesting leverage. The exception sat motionless. "How could you be so calm?" "My dear, my gloves are a misfit."

Enthusiastic Professor of Physics, discussing the organic and inorganic kingdom: "Now, if I should shut my eyes—so—and drop my head—so—and should not move, you would say I was a clod! But I move, I leap, I run; then what do you call me?" Voice from the rear, "A clod-hopper!" Class is dismissed.

If you want to find out how great a man is, let him tell it himself.

"If it were customary in this country to confer titles upon individuals of rank in literature," asked a shallow but conceited journalist of another, "what should I be?" "Barren of ideas, my boy." was the response.

A Galveston school teacher had a good deal of trouble making a boy understand his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, he remarked to the boy: "If it wasn't for me you would be the biggest donkey on Galveston Island."

Judge D., Col. C., and Major T. are prominent lawyers of — County, Missouri, and the three were candidates before a recent primary election for the Democratic nomination for the office of prosecuting attorney. Judge D. was the successful candidate; and, subsequently, became engaged in prosecuting a case in which it was attempted, through the introduction of Col. C., to break down, by impeachment, the effect of the testimony of Major T., who happened to be the prosecuting witness. Col. C. declared, upon the stand, that Major T. had a very decidedly bad reputation for truth and veracity in his immediate neighborhood. Whereupon Judge D. exclaimed: "Colonel, is it not true that you are on very un-

friendly terms with Major T.?" "No," replied Col. C.; "not at all, Judge. I even voted for him at the last primary election—but I would not believe him on oath, all the same." "What," declaimed Judge D., "have you the effrontery to tell this jury that you voted for a man—for prosecuting attorney, too—whom you would not believe on oath?" To which, when the little stir in the court-room had subsided, Col. C. replied: Well, Judge, I confess it was a bitter pill; but then, you know, the man I voted for was the *best of the three!*"

The above anecdote is literally true.

### For Girls and Boys.

#### A BOY'S RESOLUTION.

BY MRS. J. E. MCCONAUGHY.

A little lad of seven stood one day and looked upon a man struggling in the grasp of delirium tremens. As he watched his contorted face and saw his hands wildly clutching after the fiends which were about to tear his flesh with red-hot pincers, he grew pale and heart-sick. As he turned away he made a solemn resolution never to touch strong drink.

He carried the vow with him all the way up into his manhood. There were temptations enough as he went along. A young man cannot live in society, as the world goes, without meeting them. Especially in the medical college did he find many merry associates who would gladly have laughed him out of his temperance principles. Oh! how many have been laughed into a drunkard's grave—but they could never be laughed out again.

Step by step the young man rose in his profession, securing the confidence and warm attachment of all to whom he ministered. No one could lay to his charge that the beginning of his downward career began with the glass his physician ordered.

A few weeks since this honored physician, Dr. Edson, addressed the students at the Medical College in Indianapolis. Though ninety-one years old, he is as straight as an arrow, with sight and hearing unimpaired, and a mind clear and vigorous still. The students listened with profound respect to the story of his medical career, and perhaps some will take from it the lesson he always so strongly impresses, that a doctor can be a temperance man. For nearly seventy years he has practised medicine in the Genesee valley, being the oldest practitioner in the State. To his strict temperance habits he largely attributes his hale old age.

So much for a boy's resolution before he was eight years old. Who will say that a Band of Hope pledge is of no use? that children do not know what they are doing when they sign it? Can you find a child old enough to write his name who does not know what his pledge means? I have never seen one.—*Youth's Temperance Banner*.

#### DON'T DRINK!

Don't drink, boys, don't!  
There is nothing of happiness, pleasure, or cheer  
In brandy, in whisky, in rum, ale, or beer;  
If they cheer you when drank, you are certain to pay,  
In headaches and crossness, the following day.  
Don't drink, boys, don't!

Boys, let it alone!  
Turn your back on your deadliest enemy, Drink!  
An assassin disguised; nor for one moment think,  
As some rashly say, that true women admire  
The man who can boast that he's playing with fire.  
Boys, let it alone!

No, boys, don't drink!  
If the habit's begun, stop now! stop to-day!  
Ere the spirit of thirst leads you on and away  
Into vice, shame, and drunkenness. This is the goal  
Where the spirit of thirst leads the slave of the bowl.  
No, boys, don't drink. *Ella Wheeler.*

#### WAS HE A COWARD?

BY FRANK H. STOFFER.

A group of boys had stopped upon the sidewalk. To the left of them were extensive grounds, laid out in walks, and thickly dotted with shrub-

bery. It was surrounded with an ornamental fence of iron, and the boys stood just beside the wide gateway.

Three of them were richly clad, but the fourth boy was poorly dressed, and stood apart from the others, his face flushed, his hands thrust into his pockets.

He was a sturdy, close-knit fellow, with mild blue eyes and a resolute mouth. There had been a quarrel, and the three boys had taken sides against him.

"Ben Greenleaf, you are a coward," one of them said.

"Well, now—maybe not," he replied, his blue eyes sparkling.

"Why don't you prove that you are not?" was the retort. "Dick called you by some ugly names."

"He will be sorry for it sometime," replied Ben.

"Is that a threat?" asked Dick Carson, loftily.

He was a tall, slightly built boy, with a bright red scarf around his neck. He wasn't a match for Ben, either in muscle or endurance, though his conceit led him to believe that he was.

"Knock his hat off," suggested one of Dick's companions. "See if he'll stand it."

"Why don't you fight?" asked the third boy, glaring at Ben. "You shall have fair play. We are Dick's friends, but we'll not interfere."

"Oh! I wouldn't want you to," replied Dick Carson. "I'm quite able to handle him. Will you fight?"

A faint palor came to the sturdy boy's face. He compressed his lips, then said:

"No."

"You are afraid."

"You would get the worst of it, Dick."

"Oh my!" exclaimed Dick. "You don't want to hurt me,—eh? Well, now, that's considerate in you! I'll see what sort of stuff you're made of."

As he spoke he stepped forward and struck Ben a blow on the cheek with his open hand. It was not a stinging blow, but it was a very tantalizing one.

Ben Greenleaf's blood surged into his face and his eyes snapped. He had a fierce struggle with himself, but it was of short duration. He was a little Christian, and knew where to look for strength.

"You have concluded to pocket the insult,—eh?" Dick asked, with a sneer.

"You're made of putty," said the second boy.

"You're a coward," declared the third.

"I am brave enough to walk away," Ben said, in a slow, hurt tone.

"The Bible says that he who ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

"Just listen!" cried Dick Carson.

"Let's call him the little parson," suggested one of the boys, at which the others laughed.

A young lady came from behind some lilac-bushes, and walked close to the iron fence. She had overheard and witnessed all.

When Dick Carson saw her, the blood rushed to his face. She was his Sunday school teacher, and he knew how meanly he had acted.

"Greenleaf, come here," she said. "Wait, boys."

She spoke quietly, but there was something very positive in her manner. The poorly clad boy walked nearer, with an humble embarrassed air.

"Dick," Miss Webb asked, "your little sister Nelly was nearly drowned at Atlantic City, last summer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"She was in bathing?"

"With mamma. The under-tow carried her off."

"Who saved her?"

"Some boy, Miss Webb."

"You never learned his name?"

"No, ma'am."

"Was he a coward?"

"A coward! I should think not, Miss Webb! It nearly cost him his life."

"Strong men looked helplessly on?"

"They were too much frightened to stir, Miss Webb."

"It was a heroic act, Dick. The guests at the hotel made him up a sum of money, and presented him with a medal. He was errand boy about the boat-houses at the time. Master Greenleaf, have you that medal with you?"

"Yes, ma'am," stammered Ben.

"Show it."

"Oh! never mind it, ma'am," he said, his face reddening.

"Show it," insisted she.

He produced the medal, his embarrassment increasing.

Miss Webb took the medal.

"Presented to Master Benjamin Greenleaf, for his heroic conduct in saving," etc. She went on reading.

"Miss Webb," asked Dick Carson, with wide open eyes and flushing cheek, "is this the—boy who saved our little Nelly from drowning?"

"Yes, Dick. Is he a coward?"

"No!" cried Dick, explosively.

"You said he was."

"I am the coward and am heartily ashamed of myself, besides. Ben

Greenleaf, I'm sorry I struck you and called you names, I take it all back, Will you not believe that I am in earnest?"

"Yes," replied Ben.

"If you know how meanly I feel about it you'd forgive me right heartily. I want to be a friend to a boy who has such pluck as you have, and who can well control his temper under gross insult."

"I am just as sorry," the second boy said.

"So am I for everything I said," declared the third.

"Miss Webb, I have been taught a lesson," Dick Carson said humbly. "I have a better idea of what real bravery is."

"It seems we don't always know," remarked Miss Webb, with a quiet but very significant smile.—*S. S. Times.*

## THAT LITTLE TOAD.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

Mr. Brooks is a stalwart farmer with broad acres, rich and clean, a kind, frugal wife, a pleasant home, and two bright, happy, industrious children.

With a dear little friend of mine, some seven years old, I went out to "the farm" and passed a week.

"One evening Mr. Brooks took Georgie on his knee and said:

"I hope you are a temperance boy. Are you?"

"I am a Band of Hope boy, sir."

"I am very glad. If they had had Bands of Hope when I was a shaver it would have saved me the last fifty years of more or less trouble with that foot."

And he pointed to his right foot, on which was an embroidered slipper.

"That handsome slipper does not look as if it covers a boy's sin and shame, does it?"

Georgie's eyes grew very large and questioning as they looked first at the foot and then in the face of the good man.

"No-o, sir! Please tell me all about it."

"Yes, my little fellow, I will. When I was about your age—let me see—you are—how old?"

"Seven years old, sir."

"Well, I wasn't but six years old. My father was a farmer and made a great deal of cider, and when it was new and sweet he let me drink as much as I wanted to. But after it began to work I wasn't allowed to drink any. But every fall he bottled up a supply for summer. One sunny autumn day I thought I would make some mud pies, and went in the kitchen for a big iron spoon. They were putting some raisins in bottles in which cider was to be put and corked tight, so that when they were ready to drink the cider it would sparkle like champagne."

"My papa had champagne-cider, and one day some popped right into my face and made me jump."

"I hope none will ever pop into you mouth. Well, my mamma filled my little hand with raisins and let me take a swallow of the cider, and it tasted so good I begged for more, and mamma said I might have one more swallow. And I took a big swallow and then ran out to play. But though the sun was shining bright, and the mud was soft and warm, just right for pies, those raisins and that delicious cider kept tempting me back to the kitchen to ask for just a very few little raisins and just one more sip before it should be all bottled up. But no one was in the kitchen at the moment, and I knew my kind mamma wouldn't refuse me, so I took just *one* raisin and *one* little sip, and then I took just one more raisin and just one more little sip, and how many *ones* I took I don't know. But mother came in and told me 'to go out to play.' I ran back to my pies, and in a minute I saw a toad stick up its black head right where I was playing. I tried to scare it off, but it would come right back and keep squirming. I could not stand that intrusion in my bakery, and I caught up my hatchet and brought it down with a vim, and then I screamed!"

"Did the toad jump right up and bite your foot?"

"No, my boy, worse than that. It was no harmless little toad, but the serpent in the cider that bit my foot. I had drunk so much that I did not know my own muddy toe from a toad, and it was not a toad's head but my own foot that took the blow. And when the doctor came my great toe had to be cut entirely off."

"Oh! didn't it hurt awfully?"

"Yes, and it hurts me yet whenever I am tired. But that lost toe has been a life lesson, perhaps a life blessing to me. I might have kept on, sip by sip, and drunk up my character, my farm, my home, my happiness, the happiness of all who loved me, my own life, and more than all these, *heaven itself.*"

Georgie's intent face looked very solemn a moment, then broke into the brightest of smiles, and he exclaimed:

"Pretty high price to pay for cider."

"Yes, yes!" said Mr. Brooks; *but many a man has paid it. It is the first step.—Youth's Temperance Banner.*

**Temperance Directory.**

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**I. O. G. T.—MEETINGS AT 8 O'CLOCK, P. M.**

**MONDAY**—TORONTO LODGE, corner Yonge and Albert Sts. W. H. Rodden, L. D.; W. Newton, Secy.

**TUESDAY**—ROSE AVENUE LODGE, Rose Avenue Hall. Geo. Flint, L. D.

**TUESDAY**—ALMON LODGE, corner Yonge and Gerrard A. R. Scobie, L. D.; Miss Burk, Secy.

**WEDNESDAY**—DOMINION LODGE, corner Yonge and Gerrard Sts. H. Jackman, 90 Edward St., L. D.; Miss Appleton, Secy.

**THURSDAY**—TORONTO UNION LODGE, corner Yonge and Alice Sts. John Hendersen, L. D., 90 Richmond St. East.

**THURSDAY**—EXCELSIOR LODGE, Temperance Hall, Davenport Road. Jas. Jordan, 87 Scollard St., L. D., Peter Strathern, 24 Park Road, Secy.

**FRIDAY**—ST. JOHN'S LODGE, corner Yonge and Alice Sts. Geo. Spence, L. D., 11 Wellington St. West.

**FRIDAY**—UNITY LODGE, Temperance Hall, Temperance St. J. Power, L. D.

**HAMILTON.—I. O. G. T. OF THE WORLD.**

International Lodge No. 1, Hamilton, Ont. Meets every Friday evening in the Hall of the Hamilton Total Abstinence Association, 22½ King St. East, at 8 p. m.

F. S. Morrison, W. C. T.  
F. W. Mills, W. S.  
James Kennedy, L. D., 31 Queen St. North.

**HALIFAX, N. S.—W. C. T. UNION.**

Gospel Temperance Meeting every Sunday evening, at 8.30. All are invited to attend.

Public Temperance Meeting every Monday evening, at 8 o'clock. Prominent speakers at this meeting. Admission free.

W. C. T. U. Meetings on Wednesday afternoons at 3 o'clock. All women are invited to attend.

The above meetings are held in the National School Building, 92 Argyle Street.

Prayer Meeting on Thursday afternoon in Mission Church, Maynard Street, at 4 o'clock. All are welcome.

**S. OF T.**

Chebucto, No. 7, meets every Thursday evening, in the Division Room (basement of National School), Argyle Street.

Mayflower, No. 9, meets every Tuesday evening, in the Division Room (basement of National School), Argyle St.

Richmond, No. 237, meets every Friday evening, in the Orange Hall, Young Street.

Northern Star, No. 354, meets every Monday evening, 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 Cobourg Road Mission Church.

McClintock, No. 465, meets every Thursday evening, in College Hall, Gerrish St.

Flower of the West Division, No. 503, meets every Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in their Room, Beech Street.

**HUMBERSTONE.**

Humberstone Lodge, No. 376, I. O. G. T., meets on Saturday evening, at the Good Templars' Hall. Visitors always welcome. W. W. Kinsely, W. C. T. Miss H. C. Weaver, W. S.; James Kinnear, L. D., Port Colborne P. O.

**RAMA.**

Kesisabeta Lodge No. 111, Simcoe Co., meets on Saturday evening, in the Good Templars' Hall, Rama. Mrs. Ann Sandy, W. C. T.; Joseph Yellowhead, W. S.; Gilbert Williams, Lodge Deputy.