

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1893.

ANOTHER GLORIOUS VICTORY.

We hail with joy and thankfulness the tidings that the two great States of Ohio and Iowa have declared, by an overwhelming vote, that they will no longer tolerate the accursed drink-traffic. The following is the wording of the *Constitutional Amendment* that has been adopted:

"THE MANUFACTURE OF AND THE TRAFFIC IN INTOXICATING LIQUORS TO BE USED AS A BEVERAGE ARE FOREVER PROHIBITED; AND THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY SHALL PROVIDE BY LAW FOR THE ENFORCEMENT OF THIS PROVISION."

At the time of writing it is impossible to give the exact figures of the majority in favor of this addition to the State constitutions, but we know and rejoice, that the earnest loyal efforts of noble men and women have triumphed over the machinations of corruption and self interest. The fervent prayers of many bleeding, aching hearts have been heard and answered.

The work begun by timid and modest, but loving and wronged women, in the great Ohio Crusade, was not carried out in vain. To-day two more mighty commonwealths have awoken to their danger and duty, and, rising in the strength of virtuous resolve, have struck down the deadly enemy to the prosperity and safety of their homes, FOREVER.

Thank God for that wonderful word in the amendment! The day of liberty for this drink-enslaved continent is at hand. The far East long ago nailed her colours to the mast and the Maine Law is the Maine Law still. Now the young West has bravely taken up arms against the common foe and won. Look at the roll of prohibitory states already:—

MAINE.
VERMONT.
KANSAS.
IOWA.
OHIO.

And there are "more to follow." The liquor-power dreaded these victories. Hear its anticipatory wail a few weeks ago in the *Retailer*:

"If prohibition should win in Ohio, it will encourage the iconoclastic herd in other States, the craze will spread like a contagion to other communities, and we shall see a conflagration in every brewery, and distillery, and wine-cellar; nothing would stop their mad course until the insanity had worn itself out, and the wretches were brought face to face with the dire results of their insane fury."

Well, it has won, and to-day the heroic workers who have long been face to face with the mad fury of the saloon pestilence are face to face with triumph, thankfulness and hope. Broken hearts are bounding with joy. Drink-cursed homes are ringing with gladness.

May nothing stop the cause of the glorious reform till the death knell of the whole foul drink-system has been rung, and every State and our own Dominion have done as Ohio and Iowa did on Tuesday last. We rejoice with our sisters and brothers beyond the line. Their success will gladden our hearts and nerve us to harder work. We will not forget the grand motto they took as they went into the heat of the conflict. "A school house on every hill-top and no saloon in the valley." We will strive to emulate their zeal, in hope of soon partaking of the same reward, and seeing Canadian law brought fully into harmony with the motto that we have adopted—**FREEDOM FOR THE RIGHT MEANS SUPPRESSION OF THE WRONG.**

TEMPERANCE INSURANCE.

The life-expectation of total abstainers is much greater than that of moderate drinkers. This is no mere theory of fanatics, but a truth as self-evident to those who really understand what alcohol is and does—as the statement that men in robust health have a better chance of life than have broken-down invalids. This truth, moreover, is not only in accordance with what would be naturally expected but is verified by the incontrovertible evidence of carefully compiled statistics. There are at present in operation in Canada three Beneficiary orders, that lay down total abstinence as one of their conditions of membership. They are supplying an equal amount of equally safe insurance with the similar organizations that have no such requirement; and they are doing it at a much smaller cost to their members.

There is, however, even stronger evidence still in the necrological record of *The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution*. This organization is conducted on the MUTUAL SYSTEM—not the death-assessment plan. It provides a fixed amount of insurance for a fixed premium, and the profits of the society are distributed among the policy-holders. More than forty years ago this institution adopted the plan of dividing its policy-holders into two sections:—a general section, the members of which are not required to be teetotalers, and a temperance section, the members of which must be strict total abstainers.

The accounts of these sections have been kept separate, the profits of each being for the benefit of its members only, and the result has been greatly to the advantage of the total abstainers. The premiums on policies were fixed in accordance with the ordinary expectation of death, and the deaths in the temperance section fell far short of this expectation, while in the general section it was almost reached. Taking the total number of deaths for the last sixteen years, we find that they give us the following results:—

GENERAL SECTION.

Expected deaths, 4080 Actual deaths, 4044 = 99 per cent.

TEMPERANCE SECTION.

Expected deaths, 2418 Actual deaths, 1704 = 70 per cent.

Thus leaving the temperance section funds to be called upon for thirty per cent. less of death claims than what provision had been made for, while the general section had to pay nearly its whole expected amount. The result of course is that the average profits payable to the totally-abstaining policy-holders have been thirty times as great per individual as those payable to others. It is easy to see that the teetotaler actually carries his insurance at a far cheaper rate than does his beer-drinking friend.

The lessons taught by these important facts ought not to be thrown away. It is right to use them as strong arguments in favor of the temperance movement, but we ought to do even more. For our own personal benefit, and to show our confidence in the doctrines we teach, we ought to let them influence us when we are making provision, by insurance, for the future of our families.

To those of our readers who favor the system of insurance upon which beneficiary orders are based, we strongly recommend the Royal Templars of Temperance, the National Mutual Relief Society connected with the Sons of Temperance, and a similar society that has been commended by the Grand Lodge of Good Templars. Any of these organizations can give you a safer and cheaper insurance than can be furnished by an organization open to those who use intoxicating liquor.

We regret, however, very much that we cannot direct, to any institution doing business in Canada, those who prefer insurance on a basis different from that of the societies named. There are many people who do not approve of the death-assessment plan, and at present they must pay higher rates because their fellow policy-holders drink. This is hardly fair, but there seems no remedy for it unless some of the existing insurance companies will follow the example of the U. K. Temp. Prov. Institution, and give abstainers the benefit of their abstinence in a separate section; or unless, which would be better still, our temperance men prove enterprising enough to organize a company of their own on a temperance basis. Total abstinence is growingly popular in Canada; its adherents are numerous and influential, and would, no doubt, come up loyally to the support of such a project, especially when it would be so much to their own advantage.

We who oppose and condemn the liquor traffic are saddled already with too many burdens that it compels us to carry, high taxation to support charitable institutions and maintain legal medication for the wounds that we are licensing this reckless evil to inflict upon society, as well as risks to person, property, and character. We ought not to carry more than we are compelled to carry. It is absurd that we should pay high insurance premiums for the benefit of those who will insist upon doing themselves injury for the sake of gratifying a degrading appetite.

A well organized and conducted temperance insurance association, besides personally benefiting those connected with it, would be a material assistance to the temperance reform. It would in its existence and success form a powerful argument in favor of total abstinence, and would also hold out strong inducements to habits of sobriety. It would have the strongest claims for public support upon grounds of profit, economy, fairness, benevolence, patriotism, and morality.

Selected Articles.

FATHER MATHEW AND PROHIBITION.

Rev. George W. Pepper, Worcester, Ohio, in the *Catholic Temperance Advocate* for September, claims that "extermination" is the only remedy for intemperance, and says:

"This was the deliberate decision of the Rev. Father Mathew, a name fraught with honor and encompassed with power. This single name speaks with an eloquence as brief as it is potent on this all-momentous theme. I have in my hand a letter written to me by this eminent philanthropist in 1854. I had called a meeting in Belfast to take steps towards the suppression of the liquor-traffic by law. A meeting was called in one of the largest halls in the city. Father Mathew could not be present, but he sent this letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—The question of prohibiting the use of ardent spirits, and the many other intoxicating drinks which are to be found in this unhappy country, is not new to me. *The principle of prohibition seems to me the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance.* This opinion has been strengthened and confirmed by the hard labor of more than twenty years in the temperance cause. I rejoice in the welcome intelligence of the formation of a Maine Law Alliance, which I trust will be the means under God of destroying the fruitful source of crimes and pauperism. Allow me to thank you for your earnest, active, and indefatigable labors in this movement.

"Yours very truly,

"THEOBALD MATHEW."

—*National Temperance Advocate.*

NOT ONE REDEEMING FEATURE.

We say this after years of close acquaintance with the rum traffic and the rum-seller, and we say without fear of successful contradiction, that it is not possessed of one single redeeming feature. It stands an open enemy to everything that is good. It is the opium of America and the world, beneath whose shade all must wither and die. It blights and destroys forever everything that comes under its baneful influence, not excepting the immortal soul itself. Even the men who ply this devilish trade cannot escape the influence of its damning power, and the woe of God has been written in letters of fire against such as deal out to their fellowmen, regardless of consequences, this destroyer of human happiness. We are all members of a common family bound together by the most sacred ties, mutually dependent on each other for the necessities of life, likewise the comforts and sustaining relations that justify us in expecting mutual sympathy, kindness and assistance. We are bound to do what we can to aid our fellowmen and we will be held accountable before God for the way we do it. The rumseller says, "Am I my brother's keeper?" No one can ask this question with such heartless indifference as the man who sells whisky. This question was first asked by the murderer Cain, when God asked him the whereabouts of his brother, and it has been asked thousands of times since by the rumseller, when a suffering, heart-broken wife, or son, or daughter comes begging him not to let their husband or father have any more rum.

He will take the last cent a man has got if he knows there is not a loaf of bread in the house, or that the wife or child lies dying for want of care. He knows full well that his business is not connected directly or indirectly with the prosperity of the country, or the success or happiness of his fellowmen. He knows that everything about his calling is evil. He is well aware that crime, poverty and death are the legitimate fruits of his business, yet he pursues it, knowing that every dollar that goes into his pocket is coined out of heartaches and tears. Yet he will ask: "Am I my brother's keeper?" These are the vultures who fatten themselves on the sorrows and weaknesses of their fellowmen. Every other branch of business is in some way related to the good of mankind, and to the general prosperity of our social and business world. The miller, the baker, the grocer, the

mechanic, the barber, the tailor, the blacksmith, all contribute to the general growth, development and success of business life, but the rum-seller and rum manufacturer stand opposed to every branch of business success. Now, as a matter of fact, we are all our brother's keepers. If we should pass by our neighbor's house and find it on fire and not give the alarm, we would be guilty of inhuman conduct. We might say, "It is not my house, and it was none of my business." We are responsible before God for the way we help or hinder our brother to or from destruction. Many men help their brothers down to hell by moderate drinking. Perhaps one man in a thousand can drink moderately and not get drunk, and do so all his life. This man's example is most pernicious. Others try to follow his footsteps and never realize that they are unable to drink moderately until they find themselves carrying a tomato can and draining a beer keg. Well does the writer remember how often he has stifled his conscience by saying, "Why, there is old Uncle——, takes eight or ten drinks a day and never gets drunk, why can't I?" Ah, me! the moderate drinkers have all this to answer for. Then, the moderate drinker does not always remain moderate. We know many men who ten years ago were moderate drinkers that to-day are hopeless drunkards. Their "moderation" increased every day, and in doing so silenced the voice of warning, until they find themselves securely bound in the coils of the greatest foe to mankind that ever existed in our free land. There is no safety in tampering with whisky, and no necessity for its sale, and we warn those of our readers who have been bitten by this scorpion to look upon any man or woman as your mortal enemy who would ask you to touch one drop of this essence of death.—*The Perpetual Revival.*

THE DRINK CURSE.

There is but one side to the temperance question. Rum drinking is a curse to humanity, and therefore a curse to our order; and in the term "rum drinking," we insist upon beer guzzling. Dr. T. E. Holland, State Medical Examiner of Missouri, says in his last annual report to the Grand Lodge of that State:

"Liquor has killed more Knights of Honor, twice over, than ever consumption did; and the history of an applicant's past and present habits of drink is equally as valuable to the honest and intelligent examiner as the full knowledge of his hereditary predispositions; hence the importance of having pointed questions calling forth unequivocal answers."

The writer of the above undoubtedly underrated rather than overrates the truth. An examination of our assessment notices would more than bear out his statement, were it possible to discover the primary cause of death in each instance. Take, for illustration, the call of June 30. It contains but two deaths which we may certainly ascribe to rum drinking. One of these is "strangulation while intoxicated," while the story of the other victim's taking off is contained in the single word, "whisky." Against these deaths, fifteen are credited to lung consumption under different names, assuming, of course, where the word "consumption" occurs, "of the lungs" is understood. But, besides the two deaths already given, there are considerably more than a score that might have been, and probably were, brought about by the fatal cup. We refer especially to the diseases of the brain, stomach, liver, and kidneys, not counting three suicides, one case of drowning, and other accidental deaths, which might also, did we know the facts, be traced to the same cause. Then it is well known that drinking so weakens the system that the drinker is especially susceptible to many contagious diseases, and that he is unable to rally from sickness or accident nearly so readily as the teetotaler. Further, it is more than probable that many of the consumptive deaths were primarily the work of alcohol, either by the direct effects of the poison or by neglect and exposure growing out of intemperance. So it may be set down at least as probable that more than half of these seventy deaths were more or less remotely the effect of liquor. But, say you, "I never drink anything but beer." Just as bad, say we; sometimes we incline to believe that its effects upon the system are more deadly than hard liquor. The beer drinker pours down much

more of the stuff than is possible for the drinker of whisky, drunkenness preventing the latter from competing with the imbiber of alcohol in a more diluted form. But it is clearly shown by statistics that certain diseases have increased with startling rapidity in America since the introduction of lager, and in the casualty wards of the British hospital the brewery men, who are large consumers of beer, are notably the most obstinate cases, their flesh being very slow to heal. In the words of a recent writer, "Whisky makes a man kill others, beer makes him kill himself." It not only makes him kill himself, but he is killing himself slowly but surely when he drinks it habitually and to excess—which he is very apt to do if he drinks it at all.

Come, brethren, let us work together and with a will to remove this mortgage upon our prosperity, this curse to our Order. The Supreme Lodge will do well to legislate against suicide, but it would have done better had it taken energetic measures against inordinate drinking, which in a large proportion of suicides is the accessory before the fact.—*K. of H. Reporter.*

IT MUST BE DESTROYED.

The liquor business of our country is apparently the strongest power now in existence that is inimical to the public weal. It is so strong and vigorous, so entrenched in the prejudices and passions of its devotees that it almost seems ridiculous to speak of it as doomed, yet such it doubtless is. Its doom was sealed with the re-opening of the public agitation of the question a few years since, for it has since that time stood before the people as a monster. It is a mighty monster yet, but it is dying. It tramples men beneath its feet, and ruins families remorselessly, but men and families are arraying against it. Public opinion is forming and the monster must die. Not now, perhaps, but from this time forward the power wanes. It bribes law-makers and executives, and its withering grasp is even upon the judge on the bench; it openly boycotts tradesmen, and secretly threatens men everywhere if they dare oppose it, or even attempt further to regulate it. All right! Let it go on. The rum traffic is making prohibitionists, faster than prohibition orators or temperance papers, or both combined. The public is saying in very emphatic tones: the liquor makes more trouble than all other evils combined; let it bear its share of the public burdens. And yet the traffic refuses to yield to public opinion. It will find in time that the public will destroy any evil that it cannot regulate.—*Waukegan Gazette.*

TO LIQUOR DEALERS.

You try to make us believe that your business is an honourable one. If it is honorable, why do you seek to cover it up and screen it from the public gaze? Why those screens upon the windows, and extra doors in front of the place of business? Why not leave your place of business open as the grocer and the butcher and the baker and the druggist and the dry goods dealer do? When my baker makes fine bread he puts it into the window in the most conspicuous place; when my butcher gets a piece of beef that makes the mouth water to look at it, he exposes it to public view; the grocer has his door open and his goods exposed. Why does the liquor dealer not do the same, if his business is honorable? When you make a successful work, why not exhibit it? When you have a man fixed up as only your business can fix him, why not lay him out where he can be seen? Why not put a pile of beer kegs on the sidewalk and lay the man on it, and say, I have been all day fixing him! For it takes all day in this lager beer business. Just look at the bloot! to-morrow morning he may have a tremendous headache! Then put out another man and say, It did not take so long with him; I fixed him up with brandy—it is more expensive at first, but the work is done more quickly. Then here is another; this poor fellow had not much money, so I gave him Jersey lightning, and I have to turn him over every fifteen minutes, for if I left him longer in one position the liquor would burn through him and escape. Why not put these men out and say, These are the results of my business—noble, honorable business! Will you answer now? Will you answer in the public papers?—*Lieut. C. S. Woodruff.*

IT IS COMING.

BY M. FLORENCE MOSIER.

Do you hear an ominous muttering as of thunder gath'ring round?
Do you hear the nation tremble as an earthquake shakes the ground?
'Tis the waking of a people—'tis a mighty battle sound.

Do you see the grand uprising of the people in their might?
They are girding on their armour, they are arming for the fight,
They are going forth to battle for the triumph of the Right.

For the power of Rum hath bound us and the power of Rum hath reigned,
'Till baptismal robes of Liberty are tarnished, torn, and stained,
Till the struggling nation shudders as its forces lie enchained.

It has filled the scales of justice with unhallowed, blood-stained gold.
And her sword to smite crime's minions, now lies powerless in her hold.
For the serpent of the still hath wrapt around it fold by fold.

It hath trampled o'er the hearthstone and hath left it desolate;
It hath slain the wife and mother, it hath filled the world with hate;
It hath wrecked the noblest manhood and hath laughed to scorn the great.

Shall it longer reign in triumph, longer wear its tyrant crown?
Shall it firmer draw its fetters, firmer bind the nation down?
Shall this grand young country longer bow and tremble 'neath its frown?

No! let every heart re-echo; rouse, ye gallant men, and true!
Rouse, ye broken-hearted mothers! see the night is almost through;
Rouse ye, every man and woman—God is calling now for you.

—Southern Herald.

Tales and Sketches.

PAPER BULLETS FROM POLLY'S AMMUNITION-BAG.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Mrs. Cynthia Berry to herself, looking out through the slats of the closed blinds of a front window. "What is Polly up to now? There she goes to Miss Trefethensen's door and leaves something, and now she's a-steerin' 'cross here, a paper in her hand."

The old lady's curiosity was not satisfied with a look through the blinds. That only aroused a desire to definitely know what might be Polly Cheeney's intention in thus visiting different houses. Mrs. Cynthia Berry never had the "rheumatiz" when she wanted to obtain news, though she was quite sure to have it Sunday morning. It did not hinder her now from going to the door and inquiring:

"Polly, what on airth are you up to?"

"Oh! the young women in our Woman's Union want to do something for temperance, and I tell them we can fire off some paper bullets at the enemy; and I call this my ammunition-bag."

Polly now held up a bag stuffed with temperance papers.

"I am leaving these at the different houses, Aunt Cynthia," she added, calling the old lady by the name the neighbors had given her.

"Well, there's a target for you. See if you can hit him, Polly." Aunt Cynthia pointed at a sorry specimen of humanity strolling along in the shadow of a fence.

"Jason Howe! That is a hard target to hit," answered Polly.

"Jason, you know," said Aunt Cynthia, "is my nephew. And I tell sister Ann, who will harbor him, that the poorhouse is the place for sich a vagabond."

Polly continued her walk, and Aunt Cynthia went back to her observation tower at the window-blind up-stairs to see if Polly would venture to approach Jason. She did venture, but it was a very timid approach.

"I was—leaving—these at—the houses—Mr. Howe," said Polly hesitatingly, "and I—would be—much obliged—if you would—take this—to your house."

Jason did not know whether to look offended or not when he saw "Temperance" at the head of the paper, conscious that he practiced the opposite; but was not Polly leaving the papers at *all* the houses? There was certainly nothing personal in the matter, he argued. He took the paper. There was a paragraph that caught Jason's eye as he turned away and walked toward his mother's: "There is for every one of us a round in a ladder just above our heads. No matter how low down we may be, there is a ladder right at hand by which we can climb up. Can't you find that ladder-round. Do you say you have tried? Put up your hand and pray. You will clasp the ladder-round."

The words went down into Jason's heart like a stone sinking into deep waters.

"Low down?" said Jason to himself. "God knows I am!" And the tears began to come to the eyes that ordinarily were reddened only by rum. He went into the house, but stayed not in the kitchen, where he was wont to spend his time at home, loafing behind the stove. He passed to his bed-room, and, throwing himself upon his bed, sobbed out his wretchedness. It was a new thing in his life to hear anything upon the subject of temperance apart from his mother's words, so fully had society given him up. It was the first time words about his need seemed to come home so forceful as those in the little paper, and the first that had gone so deep.

"Jason, what's the matter?" asked his mother, coming into his room. "Sick?" said the weary old heart.

Jason shook his head.

"What *can* be the matter?" wondered the anxious mother. "Something has struck in, sure. I don't know what to give him, camp-fire, laudanum, or penny-royal. Guess I must send for Cynthia."

Cynthia came and looked at the patient, who had nothing to say, but made a great deal of noise moaning. Cynthia shook her head. "Gin it up," she said; "gin it up, sister. But what's that?"

She noticed a paper clutched in Jason's hand, and stooped down to examine it. Then she went out into the kitchen, beckoning her sister after her.

"Ann," said Cynthia to her sister, "Jason has been hit by a paper bullet. That's the matter!"

Yes, he was seriously wounded. There upon his bed he lay, thinking his miserable life over. At last he arose and fell on his knees.

"I'll take hold of that round," he said. "P'raps God will help me climb."

And up into a new manhood, lifted by the hand of God, passed Jason Howe.—National Temperance Advocate.

BLUE BELLS, OR THE BOOTBLACK'S STORY.

BY MRS. M. ORRELL.

One fine morning as I was leisurely walking down Main street, with no particular object in view, my attention was attracted to a little bootblack. Some one in passing had dropped, or carelessly thrown away a small bunch of blue bells. My attention was first attracted to the little fellow by his stooping to pick them up, but what was my amusement to see him tenderly kiss them and then carefully fasten them in the button-hole of his faded jacket. My curiosity was aroused, I made up my mind to quiz the boy, so I walked up to him and asked him for a shine. I looked at the boy carefully, he was very small and very poorly dressed, he was pale and thin, and the large blue eyes looked as if they were full of unshed tears.

"Half-a-dim," he said, when he had put a fine polish on my shoes.

I took out a quarter, and said, as I balanced it on my forefinger. "Here is ten cents for the shine and fifteen cents for those flowers," pointing to the blue bells in his buttonhole.

He put his small hand over the flowers quickly, and gave a quick gasp.

"No, sir; I can't sell them, if I was starving I wouldn't sell a blue bell."

"And why not, my little man?" I enquired.

He looked at me so piteously that I was almost sorry I had asked him. I put my hand on his head and said:

"Excuse me for asking, you need not tell me unless you wish to, and you can keep the quarter besides."

He looked up at me a moment and then said:

"I like you, and if you care to listen I'll tell you."

"Of course I am anxious to hear why you love the blue bells."

"I will commence at the first and tell it all to you, but first let us go down there and set down," pointing to some dry goods boxes not far from where we stood.

We went, and after seating ourselves on a small box behind some larger ones, where we would not be observed, he took the blue bell bouquet and holding it carefully in his hand began by saying:

"It is just a year this month, and it has been such a long year I thought the blue bells never would come," and then he stopped and put his hand over his eyes as if trying to shut out some horrid sight; I did not interrupt his reverie. Presently he took down his hand, and said abruptly:

"My father was a drunkard. We once owned some fine property, I've heard mother say, but that was before I was born, for we have always been poor as far back as I can remember. Mother says that father drank up the farm, the oxen, horses, sheep, cows, hogs, furniture and everything else. We got so poor that mother had to go out and wash by the day to get food, for baby Bess and me to eat. We lived in a little log house a quarter of a mile from any one; it was about half a mile to town. Mother used to walk to town every day, except Saturday, to wash for somebody. On Saturday she washed for ourselves and ironed on Sunday."

"Sunday is the Lord's day, your mother certainly didn't work on the Sabbath!"

"Yes, sir, she had to. Mother said the Lord made six days for the saloon-keeper and one for himself, but he forgot to make a day for the drunkard's wife. She said the saloon-keepers had confiscated the Lord's

day, but she hoped the Lord would consider her circumstances and forgive her for working on the Sabbath. She said if there were no saloons she would not have to work on Sunday. There were just four of us, father, mother, Baby Bess and Willie, that is me."

"So your name is Willie is it? but go on with your story."

"Well, as I said, mother was away all day, and sometimes she would not get home until after dark; she was not very strong, and sometimes she had awful big washings, and sometimes we didn't have much to eat, because the ladies mother washed for didn't have the right change or they would forget to ask their husbands for it. Mother always hated to ask for money after she earned it, she said it did seem as if they ought to know that she needed the money or she would not wash for it, and it generally happened that when one didn't have the change none of them did, so sometimes we got awful hungry while we were waiting for folks to pay us."

"Why didn't your mother ask for her money, it was hers after she earned it?"

"She was afraid to, for sometimes they would get mad and say she didn't half wash their clothes, and then they would hunt up a new wash woman. It was one of those weeks when nobody had any change, it was Friday morning, we had very little to eat on Thursday and on Friday morning there were only a pint of corn meal and about two spoonfuls of molasses. Mother baked the meal into bread, and told me to feed baby when she woke, and to keep a sharp lookout for father; he was in town on a big spree, he was awful cross when he was drinking, it was not safe for him to get his hands on us, so we always hid when we saw him coming, if mother was not at home. Little Bess would nearly go into fits when she saw him coming home drunk. 'Don't let Bessie cry if you can help it, Willie, I am afraid I won't get home until after dark to-night, Mrs. Gray always has such large washings, but I will come as soon as I can, and I will bring home some provisions, for I must have some money to-night or we will starve,' she kissed Baby Bess as she lay asleep and then kissed me at the door. 'Be a good boy, Willie, and take care of little sister.' Bessie slept a long time that morning, and I passed the time in sitting by her and in going to the door to watch for father. When she woke up she said the first thing, 'Babie is so hungry, Willie get something to eat,' but I said, 'get up Bessie and let me dress you and then we will have breakfast.' I had not eaten a mouthful nor had mother tasted food before leaving home, and I was awful hungry myself. She got up, and I dressed, washed and combed her; but when we sat down at the table Bessie looked at the food and then she just dropped her curly head right down on the table, and sobbed out, 'Oh, Willie, I am so tired of corn bread and molasses I can't eat it. I want some meat and butter.' 'Don't cry baby,' I said, stroking her curls, 'mother will bring home something to-night.' 'But it is long to wait—this is Mrs. Gray's day and mother is always late when she washes for her.' 'Try to eat,' I said, and I put a spoonful of molasses on her plate, and she did try, but she only swallowed a few mouthfuls, and then she left the table. I ate a small piece of dry bread, I thought maybe she would eat the molasses, so I did not touch them. All day she kept saying she was hungry, but refused to eat what we had. It was a long day to both of us. Father had not come home and it was nearly dark; we were both sitting on the door step, Bessie laid her head against my arm and began to cry, 'I'm so hungry, Willie, mother stays so late to-night.' 'Don't cry, baby, mother will soon be home.' 'Of course, she will,' exclaimed George Anderson; he lived a mile beyond us, and as he spoke he tossed a bunch of blue bells into Bessie's lap. 'Oh, how pretty!' she exclaimed, while the tears dropped from her sweet blue eyes down on the pretty blue bells. 'Come, Bessie,' I said, 'let me fasten them among your curls.' She got up and stood on the doorstep with her face toward the house. I stood behind her and tied the blue bells in her golden curls. I had just fastened the last one when some one jerked me off of the bottom step. It was father; he was drunk, and I knew by his looks that he was almost crazy with drink. He pushed me aside and stood between little Bessie and me. Bessie turned to run, but he caught her and said, 'You have been crying; what did Willie do to you?' She was so white and scared that I thought she would faint. 'Willie didn't do nothing,' she gasped out. Father let go her and grasped me; he commenced to shake me awful. 'You rascal, what did you do to Bessie? Tell me or I will shake the breath out of you.' He shook me so I could not answer. Then little Bessie caught him by the arm, 'Please, father, don't hurt Willie; I was so hungry it made me cry.' He looked in at the table and saw the bread and molasses. 'You little white-faced liar, you are not hungry; look at that table, there is plenty to eat, and good enough, too, for such a brat as you,' and he shook her roughly. She began to cry and I tried to put my arm around her, but father pushed me away. 'If you can't eat anything I will give you something to drink,' and he caught her up in his arms and started down the path that led to the pond where we got wash-water, it was not a frog hole, the water was as clear as a lake, and it was surrounded by green grass and several large trees grew near its bank, it was a lovely place in summer and a glorious place for skating in winter. It was only a short distance from the house. Bessie hushed crying, but she looked so awful scared, I followed close behind father. 'I'll give you something to drink,' he exclaimed, when he reached the edge of the water, and he walked right into the water, and I followed, scarcely knowing what I was doing I was so frightened, he waded in about knee deep, then he took Bessie and putting her feet under one arm he put her little curly head down under the water, she threw up her

little white hands and cried out, 'Oh, Willie, take baby,' just as the curly head went down. I waded around father and tried with all my strength to raise her head out of the water, but father held it down. I begged father to take her out, but he did not listen to me. She threw up her hands wildly, there was a gurgling sound, and then all was still. I begged father to take her out, I prayed God to save Bessie's life, but all in vain, God was far away and did not hear my cry, at least it seemed so to me. It seemed hours to me, but at last father lifted up Bessie's white dripping face. I called her name frantically, madly, wildly, but her blue lips didn't move; she was dead. Father carried her and lay her down on the green grass. 'I guess she won't be hungry for a while,' he said, as he laid her down. I was so stunned that I neither moved nor spoke, until I saw the blue bells that I had twined in Bessie's hair floating out on the water. I could not bear to see them drift away, it seemed as if it was dear little Bessie's sweet, dead face drifting away, I could not bear the thought, so I waded out after them, the water was deep and on I went, it was up to my arm pits, now over my shoulders, still the blue bells were just beyond my reach, but I must have them, the water touched my chin, another step and I caught them, and, just as I did, I heard mother call: 'Willie, oh, Willie! where are you?' I looked for father; he was seated on the ground by Bessie. 'Willie, oh, Willie!' came mother's voice again. I was out of the water now, but so weak I could scarcely stand. 'Bessie, oh, Bessie!' I called back, 'Here, mother, at the pond.' Father gave one mad leap into the water; he plunged in face down. I was so terrified I did not know what to do. I heard mother coming. I trembled so I could not walk, so I crawled up to Bessie, and taking father's old straw hat put it over Bessie's dead face to keep mother from seeing it. In a moment she came in sight. She saw I was dripping with water. 'Willie, Willie, what is the matter?' I could not speak. She lifted the hat off of Bessie's face. She stood for a moment as if turned to stone. 'Tell me how it happened, Willie; tell me, quick.' Then I found voice and told her everything. She heard me through without a word, but when I had finished, shriek after shriek rent the air. She stood with clasped hands over Bessie, and shrieked such unearthly cries that soon the neighborhood flocked to the spot. Father had drowned himself; his body was taken from under the beautiful water and buried in the cemetery along side of Bessie. Mother was a raving maniac from the moment she uttered the first heart-rending cry over her dead baby Bess. I put the blue bells in a little box and hung them around my neck, but after the funeral I lay in the hospital, sick for weeks with brain fever, but when I came to myself the box was still around my neck; here it is," and he drew from his bosom a small box, which, upon opening, revealed a few withered leaves.

"They speak of sweet little baby Bessie," he said, as he closed the box and slipped it back under his shirt bosom. Then he looked me straight in the eye and said:

"Please, Mr., don't ever vote for whisky. It killed father and dear little baby Bessie, my only sister, and it locked mother up in the mad-house. Please, don't vote for rum."

And I, man that I was, drew the little bootblack down and kissed him, and said:

"God helping me, I never will vote for license, or whisky-men again."
—From the *Temperance Crisis*.

LAW BREAKING WORKS TWO WAYS.

At Holden, Missouri, on the 18th, about twenty-five women entered the saloon of L. B. Williams with axes and demolished everything in sight. We don't know whether Mr. Williams was one of the high-license, "respectable, law abiding" saloon-keepers or not, but we will venture the suggestion that if anybody ever needed to be tarred and feathered Mr. Williams did at the hands of those twenty-five women. We will also venture the assertion that if some African Zulu should go to Holden and attempt to exercise his "personal liberty" by doing one-tenth the injury which a saloon would do to the homes of those twenty-five women by some new device of the devil, and they should hang him to the first lamp post, there could not be found in the State of Missouri a jury which would not say—served him right. The Home must be protected. If the men wont protect it with their ballots let the women protect it with axes. There are thousands of homes utterly ruined every year by the saloons of Missouri. Kind husbands are turned into wife beaters who let their families starve. Sons, who have supported widowed mothers, are turned into worthless hoodlums, by the respectable saloon. Who will blame the wives and mothers for using extreme measures, to save their husbands and sons from drunkard's graves and themselves from the poorhouse? Nine of the ten of the dramsellers of this State would cut their own throats rather than bear a tithe of the trouble which the wife of a drunken husband, or the mother of a drunken son, bears. Thousands of women of this city who, a few years ago, had prosperous husbands, pleasant homes and plenty of this world's goods have seen everything they possessed, even to the last piece of furniture go into the till of the dramseller, and their husbands into drunkards graves. We have often wondered how these women can pass a saloon without "demolishing everything in sight."—*National American*.

Intemperance News.

CANADIAN.

TORONTO.—P. C. Jenkinson has been seriously injured by a fall from a wagon while struggling with a violent *drunk*, whom he was taking to the police station.

In a drunken quarrel Charles Gleeson frightfully beat and wounded an elderly woman named Mrs. Freeman. It is almost certain that she will die from the effects of his violence.

James Yates, while intoxicated, made a second attempt at suicide by throwing himself in front of a moving train. Later he shot himself, inflicting a dangerous wound.

John Johnston, an old pensioner, while on a spree was robbed of his pension-money just received, and obliged to apply at Agnes street police station for shelter.

A *Globe* correspondent gives an account of the death near the city of a miserable drunkard, who had been reduced from affluence and comfort to beggary. His unfortunate family is now suffering poverty and privation.

KINGSTON.—While the military were arresting a drunken soldier on Saturday night a disagreeable row took place between them and some would-be rescuers. Several persons were seriously hurt.

HAMILTON.—The fair brought with it as usual a vast amount of drunkenness and consequent violence.

John Boyd, just out for a similar offence, got drunk before reaching his home. Arrived there he smashed furniture and threatened his wife, till the heart-broken creature was compelled to have him arrested again, for the safety of her own life.

ALVINSTON.—An old man named Crawford, known around town as "Jimmy the weaver," was found dead in his house last week. He had been drinking hard for a long time, and this, no doubt, hastened his death. He leaves a wife and one child.

CHATSWORTH.—On Saturday night Robert Green, of this village, attempted to murder his wife by shooting, and but for the interference of his mother would have accomplished it. Green has been for some time drinking hard, and while in this state procured a revolver from his show case, went into the house, caught his wife around the neck, and pulled the pistol from his hip pocket. His mother, seeing this, caught his hand. He discharged the weapon, but without effect. His wife broke from his grasp and fled to a neighbor's house almost distracted. The authorities are bringing Green to justice.

REGINA, N. W. T.—Mr. N. F. Davin in the *Regina Leader* gives an account of the disgraceful conduct of some members of the Manitoba Legislature, who recently visited Regina, and getting shamefully drunk, acted in a most disorderly and outrageous manner. The sale of liquor is totally prohibited in our North-West Territories, but occasionally outsiders will smuggle it in and disgust the orderly residents with their display of a "more advanced civilization."

UNITED STATES.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—John Anderson, a Canadian resident of Welland County, was employed by Hingston & Woods, contractors, as engineer on their dredge. John drew \$150 on Monday and proceeded to see the town. He is ordinarily quiet and peaceable, but natures change readily under the influence of Yankee grog, and on Wednesday evening indulged rather too heavily in liquor and became quarrelsome. He participated in a saloon fight and has not been seen since. He had about \$150 in cash with him, and it is supposed he has been foully dealt with.

LANSING, Mich.—At a free-for-all dance at Mead's Hall last night, Louis Stark, son of E. J. Stark, a merchant at Grand Ledge, shot and probably fatally wounded special policeman Frank Baldy. About 10 o'clock Stark and some companions, all drunk, endeavored to force their way into the hall, and on being remonstrated with, Stark drew a thirty-eight calibre Colt's revolver, and fired two shots promiscuously. The officer then appeared and endeavored to wrest the weapon from him, when a third shot was accidentally fired, the ball entering Baldy's stomach, wounding him so that it is feared he cannot recover.

LOUISBURG, Ark.—Six negroes were killed and four mortally

wounded in a row in a saloon in Matchitoches parish last night.

A stranger offered to drink in a bar-room in Wadsworth, Nev., all the whisky the loungers present would pay for. He drank sixteen times and died.

Chicago saloon keepers propose to open a national association of all saloon keepers, brewers, and tobacco dealers in the country for self-defence against prosecution.

It is estimated that there are 10,000 liquor shops in Philadelphia, of which one third are unlicensed.

Chicago has 300 places of worship, against 5,242 liquor saloons. About \$1,000,000 is spent for religion, including charity, and \$15,000,000 goes for liquor.

Sullivan owns a saloon in Boston, and claims to derive an income of \$2,400 a week therefrom. Since it was opened in August he has taken in \$24,000.

The physician's certificate of the death of a Brooklyn man this week states that he was killed by nicotine poisoning, the result of too much smoking.

The Retailer, a liquor paper, speaks as follows of the high license movement:—In Ohio it is wicked to sell beer unless a man pays \$200 to benefit those parties who do not sell. What a wonderful intellect it must have required to solve so important a problem and find the exact amount required to make the selling of intoxicants an upright and honest business; what an immense amount of drunkenness this \$200 will stop, or rather cover up, so temperance fanatics cannot see it; what an excellent poultice a few greenbacks make applied to the eyes of fanatical demagogues, and how it will soothe their horror-stricken consciences.

Temperance News.

CANADIAN.

Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, will vote upon THE CANADA TEMPERANCE ACT on the 25th of this month.

The following circular has been issued to trainmen on the C. P. R.: "In future the use of all intoxicating liquors, either on or off duty, is strictly prohibited. Any violation of this order shall be severely dealt with."

A branch of the Church of England Temperance Society, with 150 members, was formed at Belleville Wednesday night. Rev. Mr. Sibbold was appointed president, Miss Sisson, treasurer, and W. R. Carmichael, secretary.

October 21st has been fixed as Temperance Sunday. A request is being made for the preaching of Temperance sermons in all churches. The Alliance asks for a collection from each congregation. It ought to have a liberal response.

The Sunday afternoon meetings of the Toronto Temperance Reformation Society in the Queen's Park will soon be discontinued for the present season. Their fall and winter meetings will be held in Temperance Hall as usual.

The last regular monthly meeting of the Toronto Christian Temperance Union for the present season was held in Shaftesbury Hall last week, the President (Rev. Mr. Powis) in the chair. In addition to the reading of the monthly report, preparations were made for the approaching annual meeting of the Mission, to be held during the present month, a committee being appointed for the purpose. A committee composed of Rev. Mr. Melville, Messrs. Cozen, and Thomson was appointed to arrange for the holding of weekly Sunday Meetings during the winter in the Mission Church, corner of Elm and University streets.

On Monday night the annual business meeting of the Toronto Auxiliary of the Dominion Alliance was held at Shaftesbury Hall. The following officers were elected:—President, W. H. Howland; vice-presidents, Rev. John Smith, Richard Snelling, LL. D., A. Farley, Robert McLean, H. O'Hara, Jacob Spence, James Dobson, F. S. Spence, J. Joliffe, Isaac Wardell, R. J. Fleming, Joseph Tait, George Ward, and David Dunlop; secretary, James Thomson; assistant secretaries, William Munns and Robert Rae; treasurer, Thomas Bengough; financial committee, Thomas Caswell, H. O'Hara, A. Farley, James Dobson, and Robt. McLean. A discussion then took place on the question of elect.

ing supporters of the temperance cause as alderman for the coming year, and a committee composed of Messrs. Farley, F. S. Spence, O'Hara, McLean, Fleming, and Burgess, was appointed to consider the matter and report at the next meeting.

The following extracts from the annual report of the above named society will be interesting to our readers:—

"In the early part of the year an effort was made to get the City Council to pass a by-law separating the sale of liquors from the sale of groceries or other merchandise. A largely signed petition bearing the names of many of our best known and influential citizens was presented to the City Council, praying them to pass such a by-law. This was supplemented by several deputations who filled the Council chamber to overflowing. Whilst a citizens' meeting, at which our worthy Mayor presided, which was his first public appearance in that capacity, was held in Shaftesbury Hall, and was very largely attended, showing the public interest in the question. The Council by a not over dignified ruse, under cover of a pretence to obtain legal advice (an advice which, by the way, never was obtained), managed to evade a direct vote on the question on its merits; and so, for the time being, the matter ended.

"As the time drew near a deputation from the Society, along with the representatives, waited upon the License Commissioners to request that a large reduction be made in the number of licenses to be issued for this year, and the withdrawal of all licenses from the island. It gives us pleasure to state that we found the Commissioners favourably disposed to this request. All licenses have been withdrawn from the Island, and the number issued throughout the city has been reduced.

"When it became certain that the Dominion Parliament would pass a Licensing Bill, this Society, by certain resolutions which it passed, was the means of awakening public interest and provoking considerable discussion on the subject, and when the Bill was finally passed a very able review of the measure was prepared by one of our active members, Mr. Wm. Burgess, which was copied by the press and so tended to a better understanding of both its excellences and its defects.

"At a later date, by resolution of the Auxiliary, a committee waited upon the Directors of the Industrial Exhibition Association, and requested them to permit no sale of liquors on the fair grounds. The Association had already, through their committee, applied for, and obtained, in the name of their Manager and Secretary, Mr. Hill, a license which applied to the booths in the grand stand, sixteen in number. Believing that by sub-letting these booths Mr. Hill had exceeded the terms of his license, which provided that the license shall only be valid so long as the party holding it continued to be the occupant of the premises for which the license was granted and the true owner of the business there carried on, and that consequently the liquors were being sold in contravention of the law, the committee waited upon the License Commissioners and requested them to instruct their inspector to proceed as in such cases the law provides he shall do. This the Commissioners positively refused to do, or in any manner to interfere. We think it is to be regretted that gentlemen who are entrusted with the administration of the law should refuse to perform the duties assigned to the office they hold in deference to the party who is complained against. Another matter of very great importance has received the careful attention of the Auxiliary, viz., the concentrating of the votes of temperance men. As already noted, considerable power is conferred upon municipalities affecting the local liquor traffic. For example, the City Council may pass a by-law separating the sale of liquors from groceries; they may limit the number of licenses to be issued in any year, and they regulate the price which shall be paid for the license. This Society by its electoral membership branch has furnished an agency by which temperance voters may unite in supporting one or more candidates for their suffrages at either municipal or parliamentary elections. So much for our record for the past year. Though we cannot boast of having accomplished much, yet we are cheered by many favourable indications for the future. There is a very evident growth of public sentiment in favour of restricting the liquor traffic within narrower limits and of excluding it altogether from places of popular resort. There is also a marked change in the tone of the public press when treating of temperance matters compared to what it was a few years ago. The License Law passed by the Dominion Parliament presents in some very important features a marked advance on former legislation. In conclusion, we respectfully submit that this society, which can only hope to be successful in proportion to the confidence and support it receives, has claims for both moral and financial support upon all existing temperance organizations, and upon all citizens

whose sympathies are with us in the work we have on hand. We desire that this auxiliary should be a thoroughly representative body. We aim to do a practical work, and therefore we ask for the practical evidence of your sympathy by the enrolment of your names on our membership list, and by such financial support as will enable us to do greater and more efficient work in the future than we have been able to accomplish in the past.

GENERAL.

Eight colleges in Ohio have introduced temperance theories in conjunction with scientific studies.

In nineteen counties in Ohio 508 saloon-keepers have gone out of the business since the passage of the Scott law.

Blanco, Texas, voted 122 for prohibition, 33 against prohibition.

The President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Maine the other day telegraphed to Senator Blaine, President of the United States Committee on Education and Labour:—"Prohibition is the settled policy of Maine. There is no organized opposition to it. The interests of the people have been greatly promoted by it. Crime, illiteracy, and pauperism are less than in any other State in proportion to population."

Miss Frances E. Willard has organized the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in 35 states and territories.

In his able address at Lake Maranocook on "Prohibition," ex-Governor Dingy showed from a wide induction of facts that Maine still leads in the beneficial effects of its temperance principles. Prohibition is not a dead letter. In 1882, 813 persons paid tax to the Internal Revenue Office for license to sell intoxicating drinks, 200 of which were by druggists. Now, if all should be reckoned as keepers of dram-shops, we should have only one dealer to every 800 inhabitants. How was it before we had any prohibitory law?—then we had one dealer to every 215 persons—not quite so bad as it is in New York, with one to 210, or New Jersey, with one to 180, or California, with one to 95. As to its cost in Maine in 1882, it was only *four cents* per inhabitant, while in the United States it was *16 dollars and forty cents*. Less than a year ago, Hon. J. G. Blaine in a letter stated that "Intemperance has steadily decreased in this State since the first enactment of the prohibitory law, until now it can be said with truth that there is no equal number of people in the Anglo-Saxon world among whom so small an amount of intoxicating liquor is consumed as among the 650,000 inhabitants of Maine."—*Maine Paper*.

The Young Abstainers' Union, the object of which is the promotion of temperance among the children of the upper classes, has now a membership of nearly 7,000 in London.

The London *Spectator*, while it opposes Sir Wilfred Lawson's permissive bill, strongly favours a law absolutely prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drink to children under 15 years of age.

A JUDGE'S TESTIMONY.—At the recent session of the Durham, England, Assizes, Justice Hawkins, in his charge to the Grand Jury said:—"He had had considerable experience in courts of law, and every day he lived the more firmly did he come to the conclusion that the root of almost all crime was drink. It affected people of all ages and both sexes. It was drink which was the incentive to crimes of dishonesty, and a man stole in order that he might get the means to get drunk. It was drink which caused homes to be impoverished, and they could trace to its source the cause of misery which was to be found in so many cottage homes where the common necessities of life were wanting. He believed that nine-tenths of the crime of this country, and certainly of the county of Durham, was engendered in public houses."

Life teems with unnecessary pain. For every soul there is work to do, an effort to make, sorrow to be alleviated. No day in the short time allotted to use here, should pass without some attempt, however feeble, to lessen the load of suffering pressing so unequally on the lives of those around us. All can do some little, and if each soul that has suffered would take a share in removing or lessening the burden of another, life would be other than it is. An old writer beautifully says: "All can give a smile." How few value a smile as they should, yet who does not know the brightness which some faces bring when they appear?

General News.

CANADIAN.

Arrangements are completed for Toronto's Semi-Centennial Celebration, to be held next summer. The affair promises to be a great success.

A copy of a letter sent to the Secretary of State by Lieut.-Col. Williams, M. P., has been forwarded to Major-General Luard, who will forward his version of the Cobourg affair to the privy council.

There has been a heavy snow storm in Manitoba.

Two bad cases of blood poisoning have lately occurred near Morpeth, one from the bite of a cat on the hand of a daughter of John Smith, the other from a spider bite on the arm of Mr. Henry Bury. Both parties are doing well, but it is thought that the girl will lose the use of her hand.

A syndicate of capitalists is being formed in Cleveland for the purpose of developing iron ore mines in Central Ontario. The amount to be invested is \$1,500,000. The iron ranges to be opened are nine miles from Lake Ontario, with an area of 60,000 acres, a part of which is possession of Canadian and New York parties. The Central Ontario Railway, now being built, will open a way to the market and be sustained by the new carrying trade. The railway will terminate at Weller's Bay, Lake Ontario, where ore docks and pockets have been already contracted for. Ten mines have been located, and the output for the first year is estimated at 100,000 tons.

A young woman named Elizabeth Murphy has been killed at St. John, N. B., under very suspicious circumstances.

Edward Manning Marshall, at St. John, last week shot his wife from whom he has been separated for some time. She is expected to die.

Dr. Lawson, of Halifax, is charged with causing the death of Mrs. Bridget O'Connor, a young woman who died recently under very suspicious circumstances. Before her death she accused Dr. Lawson of doing her injury by malpractice. The case is being investigated.

Two fires occurred at Montreal on Saturday night; one in Mr. Wm. Clendenning's residence, on Palace street, destroying the whole of the interior of the building, and a large portion of the contents. The total loss will be from five to six thousand dollars, which is fully covered in English offices. The other conflagration was on St. James street west, in a shoe store belonging to Dennis Stanislas. Loss, about \$2,000.

Pratt's Hotel, at Rosseau, was completely destroyed by fire last week. Hardly any of the contents of the house were saved. Mr. and Mrs. Pratt were away. There were no lives lost.

Saturday morning about eight o'clock a fire occurred in the woollen-mill owned and occupied by F. & I. Briggs, in Stayner. Only a few looms were saved. Loss about \$6,000, no insurance.

Two serious gunning accidents occurred last week. One at St. Thomas by which a young man named Henderson had his hand severely hurt, and another at Orillia by which Frank Gill was dangerously, and it is feared fatally, injured.

The Canada Pacific workshops at Montreal are making the woodwork, lining and housing for their Lake Superior steamers, which will be sent west as finished.

A sailors' row on board the steam collier *Thetford*, at Hochelaga, resulted in the stabbing of James Smith. He has wounds on an arm, leg and left breast, which are serious. Rum was the cause of the row. Thomas Bennett Stagber was arrested, and Smith's *ante-mortem* deposition taken.

A man named Joseph Wright, employed on the Canada Southern construction train, met with a serious accident. He was trying to get on the train while in motion when he fell underneath the cars. The wheels ran over him, crushing one leg which will have to be amputated.

An immense boiler, full of oil, exploded at Petrolia on Saturday, doing a great deal of damage but not causing any loss of life.

Richard Impett, of Woodstock, who has had a good deal of family trouble, attempted suicide by cutting his throat on Thursday of last week.

A man driving a horse and buggy across the Canada Southern track at Springfield was struck by a passing train; the horse was killed and the man escaped with a few bruises.

At about nine o'clock on Monday evening a fire broke out in the lumber yards of Shortreed Bros., Craighurst, consuming a large quantity of first-class lumber, consisting of elm and pine. Loss about \$5,000. No insurance.

Conductor Calcott fell off a Canada Southern train at St. Clair Junction, and received serious injury.

Miss Sarah Dockstader, of Belleville, who while in a somnambulistic condition wandered from her home to the G. T. R. and fell into a culvert, breaking her thigh bone, died from the effects of her injuries. The deceased was 76 years of age.

Some children were playing on an oil tank which was partially sunk in the ground at Petrolia. One of them named Oakley stepped on a loose board, slipped into the tank, and was drowned before assistance arrived. The child was about five years of age.

A tar-still at Petrolia burst on Tuesday, setting fire to the works of the

Imperial Oil Company. A young man named McConville lost his life.

Wm. Morgan, a farmer who lived near Strathroy, has been arrested for bigamy.

A case of wholesale poisoning occurred at Wardsville on Friday last, in which a family named Rutherford and a number of boarders were the victims of a sad mistake. It seems that arsenic had been mixed with oatmeal for the purpose of poisoning mice, and a member of the family took up the poisonous mixture, not knowing its contents, and put it in with the rest of the meal, of which the morning porridge was made. No lives were lost, but the escape was a narrow one.

The Kent mills at Chatham were burned to the ground last week; loss about \$50,000. The origin of the fire is unknown. The engine and boilers are said to be in good condition. The night force were working as usual and the engine was running up to the arrival of the firemen. About forty men are thrown out of employment.

The cheese factory at Norwood, belonging to T. A. Pearsall, with its contents, was burned on Tuesday. There were about two hundred and seventy-five cheese in the building, also the books. Everything is pretty well covered.

Another of the Stockwell quadruplets at London has died. The remaining one is a girl, is healthy and expected to live.

Mrs. Dalton, in going from Toronto on the train to Oakville, was carried past to Bronte. She undertook to walk back, and in coming across the Oakville railway bridge was struck by the fast train from the west and instantly killed.

Bertie Goulding, aged eleven, was thrown from a horse near Weston. One of his feet becoming entangled in the stirrup, he was dragged some distance and killed. His skull was badly fractured.

On Tuesday, near Deux Rivieres, an axle of the baggage-car of a passenger train, running at a rapid rate, gave way, and several cars full of passengers were precipitated down an embankment. Many persons were injured but no lives were lost.

UNITED STATES.

The cotton returns to the Department of Agriculture show that the condition on the first of October was worse than on the first of September. The general average is reduced from 74 to 68, and the indications point to a crop a little larger than 1881, when the yield was less than 5,500,000 bales.

In the different States the bi-centennial celebration of the first German colonization of America has been carried out on a magnificent scale. In Pittsburg the procession was fifteen miles long. Twenty-five thousand persons and four thousand waggons were in line. There 200,000 spectators.

Lieut. Story, who went on the last trip of the revenue steamer *Corwin*, to Alaska, reports the discovery of an immense river hitherto unknown to geographers. The Indians informed him that they had traversed the river fifteen hundred miles, and that it went up still higher. The Indians stated that the river in some places is twenty miles wide. It is within the Arctic Circle, but in August, when Story was there, he found flowers and vegetation not hitherto discovered in a latitude so high.

It is announced that the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railroad will soon be transferred to new owners, said to be identified with the Canadian Pacific.

Lieut. Schwatka, who with his party was picked up by Lieut. Ray, speaking of his trip up the Yukon River, Alaska, says they travelled overland to the head waters of the river, and constructed a raft to navigate the stream to its mouth. They procured a crew of six Indians, and proceeded within 25 miles of Fort Cheloot, when the rapids were encountered. The Indians refused to go on, and attempted to force the raft ashore. Schwatka, to suppress the mutiny, fired on the Indians killing three. The others submitted, and the rapids were run. The voyage was 1,820 miles from the mouth of the Yukon. Schwatka claims to have been farther up the Yukon than any other white man. Signal Service officer Leavitt says he ascended the Yukon to Fort Selkirk, 2,000 miles. He describes the river as one of the largest in the world, discharging 50 per cent. more water than the Mississippi, and at places seven miles in breadth.

It is understood that the Postmaster-General in his annual report will recommend the reduction of the drop letter postage to one cent per half ounce.

A bottlenose whale has been washed ashore in New Jersey and two professors of the Smithsonian Institution have taken a plaster cast of the carcass, and will remove the bones to that institution.

The only other specimen known is in the Paris Museum. The body is 19 feet 4 inches long, and weighs two tons.

A widespread organization known as "Red Men" has been discovered in Virginia, which is said to have ramifications and connections throughout the State. During the past four years over 60 mail robberies, 20 incendiary fires, and many burglaries have been attributed to the society.

On Sunday the railways between Boston and Montreal begin to run trains on Eastern standard time—that of the 75th meridian. This is sixteen minutes slower than Boston time, which has heretofore been the standard. It is expected before the close of October most of the roads in the United States east of Buffalo and in Canada east of Detroit will adopt the 75th meridian.

The Health Inspector at Chicago on Thursday found at the stock yards nine cattle infected with cancer and had them slain. Yesterday he found seven more. The cattle affected came from various parts of the country.

Two thousand five hundred dollars have been subscribed by the Irishmen in Illinois and Wisconsin for the defence of O'Donnell.

A pest supposed to be the army worm has appeared in great numbers at Rockport, Tex., and the adjacent county. It is eating grass and green stuffs clean.

A tunnel four miles long is to be cut into the oil producing shale rock at Mecca, Ohio, by a company of which Silas B. Dutcher is President. It is expected an enormous yield of oil will be obtained.

A large proportion of 160 infants at the New York infant asylum are ill with diphtheria. Twenty-four died in August. They have all been under the charge of Caroline Marr, a medical practitioner of two and a half years' experience.

A fire last Friday night in Hanemann Hospital, Chicago, caused a loss of \$7,000. The inmates were badly scared, and a physician in attempting to quench the flames was badly burned.

A saloon-keeper states that a boy exhibited two \$500 notes, which he said had been given him by a colored man to fire the building at the Exposition.

C. Jares' house, in Heman, Minn., was struck by lightning and two children killed and a boy blinded. The house of a blacksmith at Donnelly was struck and his wife killed and two children badly injured.

At Chicago, going rapidly around a curve this afternoon, a dummy car filled with passengers was thrown into a ditch. Charles Cook was fatally, and eight others more or less seriously, injured.

At Gadsden, Ala., while Levi Smith was sitting at home by his wife, Henry Hart entered and shot him dead.

At Hazel Green, Wolf county, Kentucky, last Saturday, Police Judge J. W. Mapel mortally wounded Butler Patrick, a desperado and bully who has figured in many mountain crimes. Mapel had just fined two of Patrick's friends for drunkenness and disorderly conduct, when the latter tried to release the prisoners, and offered violence to Mapel, who drew a pistol and shot his assailant three times. Mapel is a prominent lawyer in this section, and is a young man.

The dress of Mrs. Thos. Cooch, a wealthy lady of Pottsville, Pa., caught fire from a furnace. She and her daughter, aged 20, ran to her assistance, were burned, probably fatally.

At Gatesville, Tex., a Mrs. Shaw, aggrieved by the loss of her child, which her son-in-law took away from her, saturated herself with kerosene, applied a match and was burned to death.

At Fayetteville, Ark., U. S. Deputy Marshals Perry and Weatherford, while guarding some Indian prisoners on Monday night, quarrelled over a game of cards, drew revolvers, and killed each other.

A fight occurred in Cumminsville, O., between thirty negroes and an equal number of whites. Officer Delaney was shot in the thigh, and Harry Winters, a negro, shot fatally. Two others were slightly wounded. The negroes were hunting for a man who had assaulted one of them at the polls, when they were attacked by the whites.

At New Haven, Conn., Wm. Bronson, aged 70, his wife, aged 66, and Amos Bronson, their son, were tried for manslaughter in causing the death of Carrie Gordon. All the defendants were convicted.

A police officer named Geo. C. Kimball, was murdered last

Friday night at Detroit, by some notorious scoundrels. The murdered officer was one of the most trustworthy on the force, of which he has been a member for a number of years. He was deservedly popular, and as far as known had no enemies.

BRITISH.

The election in Manchester resulted as follows:—Houldsworth (Conservative), 18,188; Dr. Parkhurst (Independent Radical and Bradlaughite), 6,216.

Lord Lorne will be created a Knight of the Garter upon his arrival.

During September British imports decreased £328,000 as compared with September of last year. Exports decreased £427,000.

The weavers of Ashton-under-Lyne after being out one day have returned to their work, and it is now reported that the coal miners of the Manchester district, to the number of 17,000 are asking for more pay.

Cardinal McCabe, of Dublin, has issued a pastoral saying that owing to the justice and good sense of modern statesmen many former educational grievances have been redressed, but much remains to be done. He says he does not ask for his people the slightest privilege as against others, but only equality and justice.

Two hundred and fifty pounds have been subscribed by Cork citizens towards the erection of a national monument to the late Father Burke, the well-known Dominican priest. Mr. Parnell is among the subscribers.

FOREIGN.

The Pope's health is said to be improving, though he is still unable to receive visitors. There is no cause for anxiety.

It is said that the Emperor of Germany has telegraphed to Alfonso sympathizing with him, and stating that the blow was in reality aimed at him.

The barque Aquila, from Liverpool for Halifax, collided with the Norwegian ship Johann, from West Hartlepool for Quebec. The former sank. The first officer and two of the crew of the Aquila were drowned. The Johann landed the remainder at Maderia.

The Supreme Tribunal of Norway having impeached the whole Ministry, their trials will begin to-day with the case of the Prime Minister.

An earthquake with a loud detonation was felt on August 29th in Salvador, Colombia, and Ecuador. A tidal wave occurred at Talcahuano, Chili, on August 28th. During the last week in August noises like that produced by continuous firing during a battle were heard within sixty miles of Panama in all towns on the Bogota plateau.

A Berlin despatch says the Government has prohibited the importation of swine from Russia.

It is reported that Russia is about to contract a loan of one hundred million roubles.

An infernal machine exploded at Lyons, doing considerable damage to the town hall. Nobody was injured. The police are making investigation into the causes of the explosions at Lyons and Bordeaux. It is believed they are the work of revolutionists, with a view of creating public alarm.

Affairs at Canton are still very much unsettled, and there is danger at any time of an outbreak.

Right Rev. Augustus Short, Bishop of Adelaide, Australia, is dead.

A letter from Henry M. Stanley, dated July 14th, at Stanley Pool, Congo river, says:—"Since I arrived on the Congo last December I have been up as far as the equator, and established two more stations besides discovering another lake, Mantumb. I have explored for a hundred miles the river known on my map as Ikelembu, but which is really the Malund. It is a stream the size of the Arkansas, and very navigable. The big stream which I expect must drain the longest part of the south Congo basin must be higher up. Having become better acquainted with the country I am struck with the dense population of the equatorial basin, which if uniform throughout would give 49,000,000. The number of its products and the character of its people are likewise remarkable. Gums, rubber, ivory, camphor wood, and a host of other things would repay transportation even by the very expensive mode at present in use. The people are born traders, and are, for Africans, very enterprising and industrious."

Ladies' Department.

FACTS.

Mrs. Bright, a sister-in-law of John Bright, is doing missionary work in Honolulu.

A woman carriage-painter at Grand Forks, Dakota, is considered the best in the place.

Mlle. Victorienne Bennet, an American young lady, has just won a medical diploma in Paris.

There were in 1868 in Great Britain seventy-five petitions to Parliament, asking the admission of women to the elective franchise; one of which, signed by 21,000 persons, was headed by the honored names of Mrs. Somerville and Florence Nightingale.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, who was once a slave in Delaware, has reached Monrovia, Liberia, after three years of successful evangelistic work in Great Britain and the East Indies. She is working diligently among the Liberian colonists.

Miss Howard, the American female physician in China, now treating the wife of the great Viceroy, is besieged by ladies of wealthy families "who would rather die than be treated by a foreign male physician." Her success is but one indication of the need of female physicians in the far East.

In the United States there are 320 women authors out of a total of 1,131, and 2,061 female artists to 7,043 males. There are 75 female lawyers, 165 female preachers, 2,432 female physicians; 2,902 women are barbers, 13,181 musicians, 228 journalists, out of an aggregate of 12,308, and 776 rag-pickers. Of dressmakers there are 218,926 against 3,473 men. There are 154,375 female teachers, against 73,335 males; and 81,658 tailors, against 52,098 tailoresses. There are also 3,456 female printers, lithographers and stereotypers.

There is a ladies' club in London which has more than a thousand members. It is the Somerville, and has been in existence since 1880. It has found its former rooms too small, and this month the club will remove to larger rooms, 405 Oxford street. The club was founded with a view to affording women of every class of society and of all political opinions facilities for meeting and for discussing the various questions, legislative as well as social, in which they are interested. In furtherance of this object debates and lectures are held in the lecture room every Tuesday evening.

Frank D. Millet, writing to "Harper's Magazine" from Sweden, says that nearly all the pleasure boats on the lake at Stockholm are propelled by Dalecarlian girls, who leave the country and come to the city every year to row the passenger boats from point to point in the neighborhood of the city. The girls have lost none of the moral independence and the remarkable physical strength which have since the beginning of Swedish history distinguished their ancestors. In the large cities they are found to-day mixing mortar, carrying burdens, and rowing boats quite as easily as the men, and quite as acceptably to the employers.

Women often succeed in journalism, and a considerable number of women are members of that profession. Perhaps the most celebrated women journalist was Harriet Martineau, who for some years wrote editorials for a London newspaper, and vigorous editorials they were, few public writers having as thorough acquaintance with the political movements and theories of the day as she had. As an instance of what women are now doing, it may be stated that the *Critic*, a high class literary weekly of New York, edited and conducted with great ability, has a woman as an editor. So also, has Harper's Bazar, Wide Awake, and St. Nicholas.

OPINIONS.

"I believe the vote of women, on some points at least, is a factor in this question which ought to have our most candid consideration. And if they should ask us for more than the vote on the temperance question only, and should tell us that they must have the whole vote if they are able to carry out the reform they may inaugurate, I for one shall be ready to give them a kindly hearing. We have never had universal suffrage, but only an evasive substitute for it, and I believe if we would honestly try a universal suffrage on the basis I have mentioned, and let both mature heads of the household express the sentiments of the home, we should find universal suffrage to be a glorious success. A general right of suffrage

for women has worked well for fourteen years in Wyoming. Voting would increase the intelligence of women, and be a powerful stimulus to female education. It would enable women to protect their own industrial, social, moral and educational rights. I believe that this reform is coming and that it will come to stay. God grant that our fashionable society may have the wisdom to ride in the chariot, and not be dragged behind its wheels."—*Joseph Cook*.

"This measure so far from being dangerous, is the very one which the times require, and which the good of the nation, the safety and peace of the people, and the prosperity of coming generations demand at their hands. I leave it to others to speak of suffrage as a right or privilege; I speak of it as a duty. I maintain then, that in a government like ours, women have no right to be excused from taking a full share with men in public affairs. Women have as much time as men. It is not time that is wanted in this world, it is power. And what right have you women to leave all this work of caring for the country with men? Is it not your country as well as theirs? Are not your children to live in it after you are gone? And are you not bound to contribute whatever faculty God has given you to make it and keep it a pure, safe, and happy land?"—*James Freeman Clarke*.

"The majority of women of any class are not likely to differ in political opinion from the men of the same class, unless the question be one in which the interests of women, as such, are in some way involved, and if they are so, women require the suffrage as their guarantee of just and equal consideration."—*John Stuart Mill*.

"Next to the free-school system of the country I consider the elective franchise as the most important in an educational point of view."—*Lydia Maria Child*.

"The State can no more afford to dispense with the aid of women in its affairs than can the family."—*Harriet Beecher Stowe*.

"I have always said it; Nature meant to make women her masterpiece."—*Lessing*.

Our Gasket.

JEWELS.

ONWARD AND UPWARD.

The ancient days of chivalry are past,
So long renowned in song and story,
Their glories chanted and their praises sung
By many a wandering bard and poet hoary,
Whose wild and ever-chanting measure told
Of quivering lance and prancing steed,
Of knightly combat and of gleaming mail,
Of gorgeous pageantry and valorous deed.

And listening to his story in the hush
Of eve, how many an aged pulse beat high,
And youthful cheeks were tinged with hope's fair flush,
As youthful hearts resolved to "Do or die!"
And they who conquered, what was their reward?
Was it for sparkling gems or gold
They perilled life, and both the young and brave
Were lying 'neath the willow, motionless and cold?

'Twas for a name, an empty song of praise,
A laurel wreath that faded ere the sun
Came o'er the hills, and gilded with his rays
The scene—now still—where victory was won.
But now we sing a higher, nobler theme
Than tales of chivalry in by-gone days;
For this shall minstrels strike their richest chords,
And poets breathe their softest, sweetest lays.

This strife is on the temperance battle-field;
There right shall be the bloodless sword,
Truth an impenetrable shield,
And for a motto, "Onward" is the word.
"Onward and Upward" let the echoes ring
O'er valley green or barren hill.
Through crowded cities, with their dust and din,
"Onward and Upward" is the watchword still,
'Till Drink, the tyrant, from his throne be hurled,
And white-robed Temperance rule o'er all the world.
—*National Temperance Orator*.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavour to be what you desire to appear.

He who wants to do a great deal at once will never do anything.

A man's wife has as good a moral right to get drunk as her husband. But what man wants to be tied up to a female sot?

The conqueror is regarded with awe, the wise man commands our esteem; but it is the benevolent man who wins our affection.

He who knows his power, doubles it; he who is distrustful of it destroys it.

Success is obtained by mixing two parts of common sense with three parts of will, and stirring both in the bowl of ambition, with the spoon of perseverance.

"Ah!" said a brave painter to me, thinking of these things, "if a man has failed, you will find that he has dreamed instead of working. There is no way to success, in our art, but to take off your coat, grind paint, and work like a digger on a railroad all day, and every day."

Moderate drinkers are like swimmers in a stormy sea, who, striving without the aid of a lifeboat to save perishing fellow-creatures, fail; but total abstainers, buoyed up by personal example, and fearless of the dangers of intemperance's flood, can boldly effect many a rescue.

BITS OF TINSEL.

A TRYING MOMENT—When your new coat comes home from the tailor's.

Is it not strange that the man who has half-an-hour to spare generally drops in and takes up a half-hour of some other man's?

An old miser having listened to a powerful discourse on charity, said, "The sermon so strongly proves the necessity of almsgiving that I've almost a mind to beg."

"I can marry any girl I please," he said. "Can you give me the name of any girl you please?" she icily inquired. A great gulf separates them now.

After the clergyman had united a happy pair not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming, "Don't be so unspeakably happy!"

He had lost his knife, and they asked him the usual question: "Do you know where you lost it?" "Yes, yes," he replied, "of course I do. I'm merely hunting in these other places for it to kill time."

"I am unable," yonder beggar cries,

"To sit or stand." If he speaks truth, he lies.

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welsh jury, "we find the man who stole the mare not guilty."

A fond mother, hearing that an earthquake was coming, sent her boys to the country to escape it. After a few days she received a note from the friend, saying: "We will be much obliged if you will kindly take your boys away and send along that earthquake instead."

"I can't get up early," said a poor victim to his doctor. "O, yes, you can," was the reply, "if you only follow my advice. What is your hour of rising?" "Nine o'clock." "Well, get up half an hour later every day, and in the course of a month you will find yourself up at four in the morning."

The father who, in writing to his wife, bade her give his love to "the dear girls," his daughters, wished it understood that he used the word in its financial sense—the brute!

A railroad conductor was recently chosen deacon of a church. In taking the collection, he surprised the congregation by starting out with the characteristic ejaculation, "Tickets, gentlemen!" The contribution that day was large.

Paddy's proposal for the making of a cannon: "Take a long hole and pour brass round it."

A lazy fellow once declared in public company that he could not find food for his family. "Nor I," replied an industrious mechanic; "I am obliged to work for it."

An absent minded editor recently copied one of his own articles from a hostile paper and headed it: "Wretched attempt at wit."

"Say, conductor," said an observing passenger on the Central the other day. "I notice occasionally a post at the side of the track on which are the letters R. and W. What do they mean?" "They are directions to the engineer, and mean whistle and ring," replied the official. "Well," responded the o. p., "I can understand how they spell ring with a W., but how in the world do they spell whistle with an R."

For Girls and Boys.

BRAVE.

One or two young men came out of the academy of music and lingered in the lobby to watch the passing crowd. Young Fred Saulter came up to them.

"Nice house eh!" he said languidly. "Well dressed. See Fanny Swan. Wretched taste for young girls to wear diamonds! What d'ye think of the new tenor, eh!—Miserable, I say."

The older man answered him civilly and walked on, leaving him with some lads of his own age.

"What would Miss Swan say if she heard that cub criticising her?" said Dr. Pomeroy. "The most insufferable creature in the world to me is a conceited boy, assuming the tone of a man of position when he has not yet proved his right to be alive."

"I thought young Saulter had money," said one of the party. "He drives a fine horse, wears clothes made by a better tailor than I can afford and lunches at the best restaurant."

"Money!" said the doctor, angrily. "Why, his father is head bookkeeper for Smiles & Son, with a family of six. He strained every nerve to educate this boy, who now looks upon every practicable way of earning his living as plebeian. I'll warrant you the fellow never had twenty cents in his pocket of his own earning. His restaurant and livery stable bills come in to his poor old father at the end of the month."

Meanwhile young Saulter stood complacently twirling his opera-glass and watching the pretty girls as they passed. He caught a glimpse of his dapper little figure in a great mirror—the waxed moustache, lavender gloves, wired roses in his button hole, and looked pityingly after the doctor and his friends.

"How those old fellows must envy us!" he said. "Wine, with life in its sparkle and dregs, eh? Oh, by the way, I saw a curious thing to-day! Dick Knight—you remember Knight in our class, who took the scientific course to fit him for a civil engineer? Well, it appears that, times being so hard, he could get no proper work to do, so he has taken to improper. Instead of laying by as I have done, waiting quietly for an opening for an educated man to step into, he actually is—I'm ashamed to tell it!"

"What? What is he?" asked his listeners.

"Driving an engine on the Central road! Fact! I saw him, all grimy with smoke in his little caboose to-day. 'Good heavens!' I said, 'Knight, are you mad?'"

"Not mad enough to starve," he said laughing.

"I asked him why his father did not support him and keep him from such degradation? Then he was mad."

"Do you think I, with my big strong body, will be a burden on an old man?" he said: and began to talk nonsense about laziness degrading, and that no man was ever degraded by honest work, with more of the same sort of bosh, all very ridiculous and disgraceful. You'll see him to-night, if you take the 11 p.m. train."

"Tut, tut!" the lads said; and "poor Knight! he was a good fellow!" precisely as if he were dead.

Indeed, from the light and brilliancy of the scene about them—the music, the beautiful, low-voiced women, themselves daintily attired, that gay and happy part of the world—there was a gulf like death to the grimy engine-driver in the dark depot, a gulf which no one but a madman, they thought, would willingly cross.

They sauntered out of the opera-house, and a few minutes before eleven reached the depot, in time for the train that ran out to the suburban town where they lived.

"There he is!" whispered Saulter. "He takes our train out, but the engine is not put to it."

The engine was on a siding, puffing and spitting little jets of steam, and Dick Knight, a tall, manly young fellow, was coming at the moment down from the superintendent's office. He caught sight of his old classmates, laughed, hesitated, and raised his hand to his hat.

"Going to speak to him, hey?" said little Billy McGee, anxiously.

The young men grew red and embarrassed. Some of them nodded to Knight awkwardly, and seemed inclined to go and meet him.

"I say no!" said Saulter, peremptorily. "If he chooses to leave the companionship of gentlemen, I shall not follow him. I talk to mechanics and that sort of people who never had a chance to be anything better, but Knight is a social suicide, sir!"

"That's true," said McGee. "How well Saulter puts things!" He added aside—"Social suicide!" Well, I shall not bring him to life."

Knight saw that the young men wished to avoid him and turned aside with a bow and heightened color, while they hurried into the train.

It was yet five minutes until the time of starting.

The train of passenger cars was on the main track, (the engine still being detached,) and the people were hurrying in, most of them coming direct from the theatres and other places of amusement. Inside of the cars and in the depot there was a good deal of jesting and gaiety between acquaintances meeting on their way home, the train being a local one, and running only through suburban villages.

Just then, a short distance up the track, there was a hiss and a cry, and a voice shrieked out in horror, a runaway train on the main track! Passengers, into the depot! Out of the cars—out of the cars!"

A runaway freight-train was on the track. The fireman had started it for the purpose of taking it into the freight depot. By some accident, before it had left the main passenger track, the man had stumbled as he was at his work, and had fallen nearly upon the ground. Half stunned, he had jumped up, but could not catch the moving engine, which was gaining speed every second, and had shrieked out his warning.

It so happened that the switch tender, through fright, or from some unexplained cause, did not move his switch to run the train off the main track, and now the huge machine, with its train behind, was rushing toward the train in the depot with a speed that promised fatal disaster.

The few officials who were near had time but to gasp with horror. At the moment when the cry of danger was shrieked out upon the night air Dick Knight was attaching his engine to the passenger train. From the cars and platform rose a yell of frantic terror in which Saulter's voice was the highest. Death seemed rushing upon the people who had not time to get out of the cars before the driving train would be upon them.

The officials in the depot watched Knight with blanched faces.

"He'll be crushed to atoms!" muttered one stout old man, standing by Dr. Pomeroy.

But Dick had put steam upon his engine. Apparently he did not think of leaving his post. There he stood with his hand on the lever, calm and determined.

His huge machine sprang forward. It met with the coming locomotive with a crash that threw both monsters upward, as if they had risen to wrestle and throw each other. Then Dick's engine was thrown on one side, but the force of the runaway train was overcome, and the machinery so injured that all movement was stopped. Dick was hurled senseless several feet from the place of the collision.

The stout old man and Dr. Pomeroy, with all the other men in the depot, ran to Knight, picked him up and carried him into the waiting-room where he was left with the physicians.

"Well, well!" said the old gentleman, impatiently, as Dr. Pomeroy came out, "how is he?—will he live!"

"I think so. God forbid that I should have to take him home dead to his old father!"

"You know him, then? Who is he? Why, do you know what I owe him?" and his voice broke. "My little girl is aboard that train!"

Dr. Pomeroy told Knight's story briefly, informing the old gentleman that he was thoroughly educated, but that he looked upon any work as better than dependent idleness.

"He's the true grit, sir," was the animated reply. "There's no work so humble that a man can not show the best qualities of manhood in it, as we have seen to-night. It is not the daring courage I approved in him as much as the presence of mind, the keen eye, to see what to do and how to do it. Request Mr. Knight, if you please, to call upon me at ten to-morrow," he said to the station-master.

"Who is that?" asked Fred Saulter, breathlessly, of the official.

"The president of the road. Dick Knight, if he lives, has an open road to fortune now, and he deserves it."

Fred Saulter crept into the car to go home. His lavender gloves were soiled, and the wired rose in his button-hole was falling to pieces with a sickly, decayed smell. Life itself was sickly and decayed, he thought, with a yawn, and he threw the wilted rose out of the window. Yes; and to all conceited effeminate natures like his, it is likely to prove what Saulter's imagination pictured it that night.—*Rebecca Harding Davis, in Youth's Companion.*

A BRUTE.

An Ohio exchange relates this example of the kind of man who thinks more of his tobacco than he does of his wife. Where is the boy that will grow up so disgustingly selfish?

Only a short time ago, while we sat in an Osceola store, we saw a man and his wife from the country, trading. The woman had the appearance of being a hard working, industrious, intelligent lady. She was examining a piece of calico or other cheap dress-goods.

The clerk said, "Shall I cut you off ten yards?"

The pale-faced, overworked woman turned to her husband and in a timid, frightened manner asked him if she might buy a dress, as she needed it, and the cost would be less than one dollar.

"No," he grunted, "I can't afford it;" and yet he had just paid as much for a great plug of navy and a paper or two of smoking tobacco.

The poor, illy clad, but neat woman subsided as though this was no new experience, while her rough, coarse, and animal husband bit off a mouthful of the weed, and ordered her to get ready for home.—*Youth's Companion.*

BEGINNINGS OF EVIL.

It was such a *little* thing—

One slight twist of crimson string;
But 'twas stealing all the same!
And the child that took it knew
That she told what was not true,
Just to screen herself from blame;
First a theft and then a lie—
Both recorded up on high.

It was but a *little* sip,
Just a taste upon the lip;
But it left a longing there;
Then the measure larger grew,
And the habit strengthened too,
Till it would no curbing bear,
So the demon *Drink* decoys;
Soul and body both destroys.

It was but one *little* word,
Softly spoken, scarcely heard,
Uttered by a single breath;
But it dared to take in vain
God's most high and holy name,
So provoking wrath and death.
Soon the lips, once fresh and fair
Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one *little* blow,
Passion's sudden overflow,
Scarcely heeded in its fall;
But once loosed the fiery soul
Would no longer brook control;
Laws it spurned, defied them all;
Till the hands love clasped in vain,
Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah! it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
That destroy the tender vines;
And it is the spark of fire,
Brightening, growing, curling higher,
That across the forest shines.
Just so, step by step, does sin.
If unchecked, a triumph win.

— *Temperance Record.*