

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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F. S. Spence, Manager.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1883.

TWO PLANKS IN OUR PLATFORM.

AN IMPORTANT POINT in the history of the Temperance Reformation has been reached by *most* of the best workers of the present time. To the good, old-fashioned, substantial plank of "total abstinence" they have added the equally substantial plank of "total prohibition;" and, on the broad platform that these combined planks furnish, they have a vantage ground from which they can accomplish results such as could not be achieved from a narrower base of operations.

The evils of intemperance are strongly entrenched, protected and sustained by society-sanctioned drinking customs, and a law-protected liquor traffic. We must rid ourselves of both of these sustaining agencies, if we would abolish the inevitably resultant evils. The former must be met by moral suasion, the latter by legal power. One reason for past failure has been that we have worked upon a line of action, instead of lines of action. Point us out the really energetic and successful temperance reformers of to-day, and you will point us out men who are both total abstainers and prohibitionists. True, law must suppress evil, but let us remember that law is but crystallized public sentiment, without which law could never be enacted, and without which law would be comparatively useless if it were enacted. Authority is the masculine, persuasion the feminine element of reform. Sentiment is the parent and the help-meet of power. The legal enactment, well and carefully framed, is the finished and polished engine standing in silent uselessness upon the track; but apply the fires of agitation and enthusiasm, let the force of a right moral public sentiment go throbbing through the steam-chest, pipes and valves, and then the mighty machine becomes a thing of life, ready to whirl the car of humanity along the track of progress, towards the grander civilization of a better and brighter future.

SELLING AND DRINKING.

We are frequently told that the *sale* of liquors cannot rightly be considered the cause of intemperance; that there exists in society a craving for stimulants; and that those who gratify this craving, not those who supply the means of its gratification, are responsible for the resulting evils. Now, it is true that children of intemperate parents are frequently born with nervous systems so imperfect and weak, that in their cases the so-called appetite* for liquor is much

*Really, the automatic recognition of the connection between the torture of utter nervous prostration and the temporary relief that the narcotic affords. The agony then takes, in the consciousness of the sufferer, the form of a craving for the means of this transient relief.

more readily acquired than it would otherwise be, even where there are the same external facilities for, and inducements to, its formation. It is not true, however, that any child is born with this appetite actually existent, but every glass of liquor drunk tends either to create or develop a craving for liquor. It is to the liquor-seller's interest to sell as much of his wares as he can; it is therefore to his interest to create and develop this craving, and every time he takes five cents for a drink across his counter, he takes five cents, not merely for gratifying, but also for creating and developing the drink appetite. In his business, unlike most other businesses, the supply creates the demand; hence the sale of liquor is the cause of intemperance, and the liquor-seller is morally and logically responsible for the evils that result from it.

Selected Articles.

WHO IS SAFE?

It is indeed a terrible tyrant, the insatiate monster of intemperance. In the thousands of years that have elapsed since the sacred word came from inspiration, every year has been realized the truthfulness of that series of striking and startling questions. "Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow? Who hath strife? Who hath babbling? Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine." We speak of the horrors of war, and there are horrors in war. Carnage, and bloodshed, and mutilation, and empty sleeves and broken frames, and widow's weeds, and children's woes, and enormous debt, and grinding taxation, all come from war, though even war may be a necessity to save a nation's life. But they fail in all their horrors compared with those that flow from intemperance. We shudder as we read of the ravages of pestilence that walketh abroad at noonday: but the pestilence, like war, kills only the body, and leaves the soul unharmed. But all sink into insignificance when compared with the sorrow, and anguish, and woe that follow in the train of this conqueror of fallen humanity.

My friends, from the most learned professions, from the bench and bar, from even the sacred desk, this demon, like death, has seemed to love to choose a shining mark. Not the narrow in soul and heart, not the one who clutches the pennies in his grasp, is the most in danger: but the genial, large-hearted men, who are not fortified as we are fortified, by the determination not to yield to the first temptation. None of them are safe. From every profession he has drawn his victims. There is but one class whence he has never drawn any. The coronet on the brow of the noble of the earth, the grandest Statesmanship, the highest culture, the most brilliant eloquence, have not saved men. There is but one class that has defied him, and will to the end. It is we who stand, God helping us, with our feet on the rock of safety, against which the waves of temptation may dash, but they shall dash in vain. I implore you to come and stand with us. I plead with you, for I believe that all mankind are my brethren.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

THE OPIUM OUTCRY.

Of late there has been loud outcry against opium dens in this city, and the demand for their suppression is emphatic. Through the *Herald* and other papers we have heard sad tales of vice begotten in them, and of their unholy influence upon all who become their patrons. The terrible effects, on young girls particularly, have been depicted in harrowing style, and the necessity of wiping them out is urged as a clear duty upon all good citizens.

The *Reformer* joins heartily in this crusade against opium. It would have every "den" or "joint" closed and padlocked by law. It would bar from the vices therein propagated every individual of the human family. It would stamp out utterly and forever, if possible, every vestige of the wretched habit which has been fostered by China's drug. It would say nothing to neutralize the public sentiment aroused, or check the vigorous treatment begun by municipal authority.

But we submit that Opium is not the only nor the greatest social curse. We rise to remark that opium dens are few and far between as compared

with liquor bars. And we protest against the inconsistency of public sentiment which looks with horror-stricken eyes at a barn door without seeing the barn. One opium "joint" is an evil—one hundred liquor saloons are one hundred times as bad. One den kept by John Chinaman is an outrage on good morals; one hundred bars run by other foreigners are one hundred times as outrageous. We suppress John and his vile influences; we have as much reason and as much right to suppress Hans and Mike and all theirs.

Our State Legislature of 1882 passed a prohibitory law, by virtue of which every Chinaman is forbidden the sale of opium in a public place, and all persons are debarred from using it in such a place under heavy penalties. That law was and is the most direct recognition that could be asked or granted of the principle of prohibition, of the right and justice of that principle. On the statute books, it ought to be enforced, and our contemporaries do well to clamor for its enforcement. But let us all be just. Though opium cannot vote, let us not be more severe upon it than upon the beer, which has the right of suffrage. Let us not stultify a principle by unduly discriminating in its application. There are, beyond question, one hundred liquor saloons in this city to one opium den, and they are ten times as audacious in their defiance of law. Will not our worthy contemporaries stir up the pure public mind by way of remembrance concerning this more frequently? Where one young girl is ruined in a hidden opium den, scores find equal degradation in the licensed beer gardens. Why not make the crusade general against all iniquitous resorts.

—*New York American Reformer.*

PROHIBITION.

"It is undeniable that prohibitory laws have outraged the good sense of the majority, particularly of the more thoughtful and well balanced classes, and done a great deal to aggravate the evil they aimed to destroy.

—*Bishop McLaren of England.*

When a man has lived long enough to become a bishop, and is no farther advanced in moral principles than the above indicates, it is useless for us to waste words upon him. His opinions were formed fifty years ago, and probably in a dark and benighted locality, and he had never sent thought out on an excursion to bring in any new thing. He, and those like him in this country, if there are any, must not wonder if the world leaves them behind.

"Thou shalt not kill."

"Thou shalt not steal."

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

Have these prohibitory laws "outraged good sense and done a great deal to aggravate the evil they aimed to destroy?"

Let all good people pray the Lord to take all such bishops who are ready right home to Heaven. This world has no use for them. "Who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?"—*The Lacer.*

WHY LICENSE AT ALL?

If the sale of liquors is beneficial to the community—if the use of liquor produces happiness, in short, if saloon-keepers are, as they claim to be, self-sacrificing public benefactors, why tax their traffic any higher than that of the butcher, the baker or the milk-dealer? If, on the other hand, the sale and use of liquor is an evil producing no good results—a prolific cause of crime, misery and pauperism—causing an unjust taxation upon other industries to meet the expenses incident to the punishment of criminals—the building of asylums, almshouses and prisons, and the care of paupers and their offspring, as we believe it to be—then why tolerate it, or license it at all? A license may be considered a permission for a money consideration to do an act that would be otherwise illegal, hence a license permits a wrong to be done, and no government that is of the people should permit or encourage a wrong to be committed: and that government that permits, encourages and licenses an evil, is *particeps criminis* in the evil itself. As well license crime under any other form as under this. In the sight of a dishonored God, and an outraged humanity, the crimes are equal.—*Royal Templar's Advocate, Buffalo, N. Y.*

LOCAL OPTION.

(An extract from *The Alliance News* report of a recent speech of Sir Wilfrid Lawson, at Lambeth.)

Crotchets are only principles in the egg, when the egg is cracked out they come, and instead of being crotchets they are called no longer, "the visionary dreams of crack brained enthusiasts," but great statesmen term them "important principles which it is perfectly clear public opinion has made up its mind upon, and such as soon must be incorporated in the legislation of the country." Well, our crotchets are getting on. What a time we have had of it lately! I never knew such a time for crotchets in the House of Commons as it has been during the last few weeks. Mr. Rylands had a crotchet. Now I am not saying that these crotchets are right, but only using them as illustrations, for we are talking of no crotchet being right save mine, but I am showing you how wonderfully crotchets are growing. Mr. Ryland's came down and said we ought not to spend so much money, and the House of Commons, and the Government agreed with what he said. Then came Mr. Stanhope who said that too much money was spent in India, and the House agreed to that without a division. Then Mr. Stansfeld had a crotchet about some odious laws which exist in this country, and by an overwhelming majority his crotchet was carried in the House of Commons. And then came Lawson with his crotchet, and you know what came of it. And now I am going to explain to you what this crotchet is. This crotchet has at last become what is called a "plank" in the Liberal party. But when I say that, do not let me frighten away any Conservative friends. Our policy is far above the factious cries of Whigs or Tories, but if the Whigs, or the Liberals, or whatever else they are called, have taken it up so much the better for them, and so much the better for us, but do not let it frighten our Tory friends away. You remember the Tories suddenly became reformers. That did not frighten the Liberals; and so do not let the Tories be frightened away now that the Liberals have become Local Optionists. What is the principle of this crotchet? The principle which the House of Commons has affirmed is this, that the people of this country ought to be allowed in their own localities, where they wish to do so, to protect themselves from nuisances. Ah! you may say, "that is rather a sweeping statement. What right have you to call the liquor traffic a nuisance?" There is no accounting for tastes. Everybody has his hobby. I daresay you have all heard of the old tallow chandler who had retired from business, but who never could resist coming down to the factory on melting days. That was his satisfaction, his amusement. He took a delight in the smell of boiled tallow; and there are plenty of people who take a delight in the liquor traffic, and in its works. We are only saying what we believe, viz., that the liquor traffic is a nuisance; and we did not start that idea. It was started long ago in the *Kainburgh Review*, an organ of "sweetness and light;" and this organ declared that the liquor traffic was a nuisance, "socially, economically, and politically," and we wish people to say whether they think so or no. Most people do not like to have a drinkshop near them; some few people do. I have heard of an old lady to whom somebody said—"Do you like having a beer-shop close to your house?" and she said "Yes I do, because I always know where to find the coachman." But that old lady was exceptional, and we want to give people the option, or the choice of saying whether they will have these places about them or not. Of course if there be a large number of the same way of thinking as the old lady they will let things go on as they are and keep the public-houses, but if there exists a majority who believe that they are a nuisance, then they will have the opportunity to sweep those places away. * * * * The Tory Government, before the present one, tried their hand at mending the licensing system, and the Liberal party before them, then as now, under the auspices of Mr. Gladstone. The Liberal Government under Mr. Gladstone, with Mr. Bruce as Home Secretary, made the thing a little better. Then came Sir Richard Cross, and he made it a little worse, and what am I to do? Am I to get up and say that I understand this matter better than Mr. Bruce or the "Grand Cross?" I am not so bumptious, I assure you. Whenever you hear of me proposing a licensing scheme, you may recommend my friends to send me to Bedlam straightway. I believe I am the only man in England who has not got a licensing system. The chairman is sitting there very quietly, but I'll be bound to say he has a licensing scheme. It is the "last infirmity of noble minds" the desire to draw a licensing scheme. Here is the Rev. W. Barker—I'll be bound to say he has one, and Mr. Raper, he is not quite free from it. I know when he gets up he will explain to you that he never conceived such a thing in his life, but I think he is a little bit tainted. I am the only man, I repeat, who has not a licensing scheme. I leave all these schemes to statesmen. I must say about statesmen that the more I see of them the less I like them, but still I want them to have a fair chance. I won't hamper them in anything they propose if they believe they can improve the licensing system; but as I have already told you, more than once, and as you must understand now, that all I want is to give you the option of saying licenses or no licenses. I think that if we get that change effected we shall secure the maximum of benefit with the minimum of change. You may ask me why I am so anxious for this? Well, because experience tells me that where there are no licenses, there the people are wiser, and better, and happier than the places where they have licenses. Many large landlords who have rule over great territories have said—"We will have no public houses or drinkshops of any kind upon our land," and the consequence is that the people instead

of crying out and pining away and dying of thirst for the want of a drop of beer, are much more comfortable than they were before, and they are very thankful to those good landlords for keeping the drinkshops away from them. And now this is an argument that I have used over and over again in the House of Commons, and which nobody in that great assembly has dared yet to tackle—I have said in the house, and I say it to-night, if it be wrong that landlords should be allowed to sweep away public-houses, why don't you introduce some legislation to prevent their doing this great evil? But if you don't do that, it shows you don't believe it is an evil, and if not an evil, then why not allow the people to do that which you allow the landlords themselves to do? We need not go far for illustrations. Many of you have heard of Shaftsbury Park, no drinkshops there. I was once in Shaftsbury Park, when some new houses were being opened, and who should I find sitting on the platform but Mr. Disraeli—as he then was. That was a grand thing—Disraeli and I sitting together. He got up, and said he was delighted with Shaftsbury Park, where they had no drink shops, and he said the people who manage that park had solved the problem of how to make the homes of the workmen happy. I want you to be able to solve the problem for yourselves. A Norwegian missionary who had been in India, told us a very interesting fact. He said he went amongst the Sauthals, a tribe consisting of about one million people, fine fellows in many ways, but most notorious drunkards. They used to start drinking regularly at two o'clock, and go on till nightfall. They, of course, got drunk and like Christians, beat their wives, and so on. He told us he went to the Government of India and said:—"If these people ask to have drinkshops done away with, will you allow them to be done away accordingly?"—and the Government said yes. He got them to send up a petition, asking that the drinkshops might be abolished, and this was done, and now, instead of being the most drunken people they are one of the most sober people in all India. Why do I tell you that story? Because the argument continually brought against me is—"If you had your way it is only the sober, who do not want any cure, who would stop the drinkshops. You would do no good among the drunken people." Not a bit of it. I believe that the poor drunkards would be the very first people to support me to do away with these places, just as these drunken people in India did. You may depend upon it, it is the man who suffers who knows where the shoe pinches, and it is the working men who have suffered from this evil, and whose wives and families are pining away, who would be almost the strongest supporters of any measure for prohibiting the drinkshops around them.

Contributed Articles.

A REVIEW OF THE DOMINION LICENSE ACT.

READ BEFORE THE TORONTO BRANCH OF THE ONTARIO ALLIANCE.

BY MR. W. BURGESS.

The *Bystander* for July says, in reference to the new Dominion Licensing Act, "a trial of the legal question must follow. It is hardly worth while therefore at present to discuss the Dominion Act."

In an able article by Prof. G. E. Foster, M.P. in the *Mail* of June 16th last, a comparison is made between this Act, and the Crooks Act and other Provincial license laws. Prof. Foster suggests three points of interest as naturally occurring to one proposing to discuss the Act:—

- 1.—Whether this legislation is within the powers of the Dominion Parliament.
- 2.—Whether better or stronger legislation can be obtained from Dominion or Provincial sources.
- 3.—Whether the new Act shows any advance in Temperance feeling throughout the country, and whether Parliament has responded to that feeling by increased stringency of legislation.

Mr. Foster dismisses the first point, very much as Dr. Goldwin Smith dismisses the whole Act, by remarking that it would be idle to take time or space to discuss it, as it can only be determined by reference to the Courts. Ordinary citizens however may be excused if they raise the question as to whether the government were wise in passing an Act which has admittedly no value until submitted to the courts of law, and which may possibly lead to a series of vexatious and costly law suits, producing irritation and annoyance between the conflicting authorities. We cannot avoid the consideration that it would have been wiser and more courteous to the Provincial legislatures, to have first settled by appeal to the highest legal authorities the question of jurisdiction.

On the second point Mr. Foster claims that the Dominion Legislature in this, its first essay, has given restrictive legislation which has been vainly asked for from Provincial Legislators on behalf of temperance reform. But it would appear on reflection that if the authority of the Dominion Government "must be settled by the Courts," and if it is therefore "idle to take time to discuss it," it is surely not less idle to discuss the effectiveness of a measure which, so far as we can judge, may have been passed for the purpose of playing at the game of "tug of war" between the Dominion and the Provincial Governments respectively. But, notwithstanding these considerations, there is much in the new Act of the Dominion Parliament

to command the reflection of temperance people. Any Act of any Government, which deals with the liquor traffic, demands attention and commands discussion. It is impossible for any Parliamentary discussion on this question to have a neutral relation to the temperance agitation.

The general character of the Dominion Act is a compliment to the Crooks Act, inasmuch as it is, in the main, a copy of it. The new Act provides for five different licenses, called hotel, saloon, shop, vessel and wholesale licenses. The hotel and saloon licenses differ only in name, except that, under the name of saloon license, the licensing board have power, by resolution, to dispense with the conditions otherwise necessary to a license under that name in regard to a certain number of licenses, such as bedrooms, board, meals, etc., etc. Shop licenses are practically the same as under the Crooks Act, but are to cease after the year 1890. Vessel licenses under the Dominion Act would have this improvement, that no bar would be permitted, and liquor would only be sold to passengers during meal hours. Wholesale licenses, on the other hand, offer greater facilities for the sale of liquor than the Crooks Act. Under the Crooks Act a wholesale licensee can only sell in quantities of not less than five gallons in each cask or vessel at one time. The Dominion Act provides that the wholesale licensee may sell in quantities of (2) two gallons in each cask or vessel. It does not require much perception to anticipate a great increase of home drinking if the two gallon casks are to be allowed to be sold by wholesale brewers. The spectacle of a brewer's dray at the private houses of citizens would become far more common than now, and the results would be anything but contributory to temperance.

A new creation of the Dominion Act is what may be termed an auction license. Provision is made that nothing in the Act shall apply to any person who holds a license as an auctioneer selling liquor at public auction in quantities of not less than two gallons at one time." Perhaps it did not occur to the framers of the Act that this provision practically destroys the value of its prohibitory clauses, for if the local option clauses (to be referred to again) were put into operation, it would be easy to multiply the auctioneers who could sell the liquor in two gallon casks by public auction. Nor does it seem to have occurred to the Dominion Government in framing this Act that to allow auctioneers to sell liquor in two gallon casks without any of the restraints or conditions imposed upon the hotel keepers, is to increase enormously the sale of liquor, inasmuch as it would become a regular article of sale in almost every auction room in the Dominion. It certainly would not tend to the advancement of temperance if the number of liquor dealers were increased by just that number of persons who chose to take an auctioneer's license, and who would be free of all restrictions except the one defining the limit of quantities to be sold in one vessel.

There are several important restrictions in the new Dominion Act over the Crooks Act, viz:—

- 1.—Increase of amount of bonds or sureties from license-holders from \$400 to \$800, thereby contributing to place the traffic in more responsible hands. Whether, however, this is a real benefit from a temperance point of view is open to discussion. It is frequently argued amongst us that the less respectable the trade is the sooner it will be condemned by public opinion, while no amount of gilded respectability can ever make liquor a less destructive agent.
- 2.—The new Act provides more stringent penalties for offences against its provisions, including forfeiture of license, in regard to several of its most important conditions.
- 3.—It provides for the prohibition of sale of liquors to minors under sixteen years of age.
- 4.—Increased hotel accommodation is required—viz., for city licenses six beds are necessary instead of four, as under the Crooks Act.
- 5.—Hotelkeepers must keep a lamp fixed over their doors, or within twenty feet, and keep it lighted during the whole night. Whether this provision is made to aid the benighted customers of the tavern who are supposed to be leaving under the effects of the refreshments purchased at the hotel, or to enable sober policemen to more easily recognize their customers the Act does not say.
- 6.—Hotelkeepers are forbidden by the new Act to receive anything except money in payment for liquor.
- 7.—Hotelkeepers are prohibited from acting the part of pawnbrokers, not being allowed to take anything in pledge for liquor.

Under the Dominion Act a change is proposed in the constitution of the License Board so as to prevent the charge of party preferences which has been made against the Provincial Government in the appointment of the trio of Commissioners. The proposition of the new Act is that the Board shall consist of (1) the County Judge, (2) the Warden of the county or Mayor of city, (3) an appointee of the Government. It has since been shown by *The Globe* that mayors and wardens cannot act as license commissioners, and this provision will therefore have to be altered before a Commission Board can be constituted in this Province.

[The remainder of this paper, discussing the Local Option and Sunday Sale features of the new Act, together with a postscript specially prepared for *THE CITIZEN*, will appear in our next issue.]

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

Ladies' Department.

BRAVE WORDS FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

Mrs. Sallie F. Chapin, of Charleston, S. C., has recently written an able letter, published in the *Southern Christian Advocate*. Arguing in favor of the use of the ballot by women of one of our Western States. (Wyoming) for humanity's sake, she says:

"I don't think we could have convinced them if we had tried, that it would be better for all the husbands and sons in the land to go to drunkards' graves and the drunkards' hell, than to do as they did—go from their knees, accompanied by their husbands, and deposit a pure white ballot, which meant 'salvation for my boys from the liquor fiend.'

"In many places the whisky men did not go to the polls, saying, 'A praying mother, with a vote in her hand, means death to the liquor traffic.' A gentle, suffering mother said to me last week: 'Go to the polls! Why, I have to do a thousand times worse than that. I frequently go to the bar-room at midnight, and spend hours among drunkards, trying to get my poor, unfortunate boy home.' Mr. Editor, do you think the men who are now in Columbia, trying to fasten this curse upon us for another year, realize that it is for women and innocent children we plead? 'The world's male chivalry has perished out, Mrs. Browning wrote, and we really think it must be so, when we hear of the widows of gallant officers pleading on their knees to foreign rum shop keepers to let them keep the boys they have tried so hard to raise, and see thousands of tear-stained names signed to petition after petition, presented to City Councils and Legislatures, and all in vain. Our only hope is in God, for all other help has failed. The W. C. T. U. of South Carolina is doing all it can. Noble women from all parts of the State are joining us, and we are praying for the time when the men in authority will prove that they really think 'the homes of Carolina are sacred shrines,' and will pass laws to protect the widows and orphans of the brave men who gave their lives for the South. — *Home Monthly*.

DONNA MARTINA CASTELLO of Spain, who is of the same age as Mrs. Langtry, is as lovely as she is learned. She commenced her studies when she was 19. She has taken honors in Latin, mathematics, history, physiology and hygiene. She was made a Bachelor (1) of Arts in 1877, and selected medicine as her profession. Since then she has distinguished herself in anatomy, therapeutics and surgical pathology, and has gained prizes in every branch of medical science. Last year she received the title of Licentiate, and in October was invested at the College of San Carlos with the dignity of Doctor. She is the first Spanish lady who has ever gained the degree of medicine and surgery.

LADIES IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

Two years ago, the Chancellor for the first time bestowed the distinction of a degree upon a lady. This year there were upwards of twenty ladies' names in the list of successful candidates. Sixteen young ladies received the official certificate as Bachelors of Arts, and twenty-four took honors in their respective departments. The theatre in Burlington House was densely crowded, and Lord Granville, as Chancellor, occupied the chair, wearing his gorgeous robe of black silk and gold lace. Lady Granville and her little girl were close behind him. Sir James Paget, the newly-elected Vice-Chancellor, in less magnificent robes, sat by his side, and Sir John Lubbock, the Parliamentary representative of the University, was noticeable amidst the group of officials, graduates, and friends of the University.

The academical dress of the graduates added much to the liveliness and beauty of the scene, for the beautiful colours all had their significance. The scarlet gowns, purple hoods, and velvet caps of the Doctors of Medicines were the most conspicuous. The Doctors of Science wore red and yellow hoods. The LL. D. hoods had red and blue linings; and the Bachelors of Music showed bright blue and white. These and many other arrangements of colour were thrown into bold and picturesque relief by the sombre black gowns and chestnut-brown hoods of those who had taken, or who were about to take, the B. A. degree of the University.

The ladies, with few exceptions, came up for their degrees in academical dress, and very well indeed it became them. The ample, flowing gown, and the hood behind, looked quite in place on womanly shoulders; indeed, so far from there being any appearance of an assumption of masculine attire, it seemed as if the men who wore the silk gown and decorated hood were rather themselves encroaching on the domain of the petticoat. The ladies held their trencher caps in their hands, and courtesied gracefully when presented to Lord Granville. It is worth nothing that his lordship shook hands with each candidate; and when it was a lady, he courteously rose from his chair to receive her homage.

On two ladies, Mrs. Ann Scharlieb and Miss Edith Shove, medical

and surgical degrees were conferred for the first time in the history of an English university. These ladies were presented to the Chancellor by Mrs. Garret Anderson, Dean of the Medical School for Women, who herself applied unsuccessfully twenty years ago for permission to be examined for this degree. Mrs. Scharlieb's home and husband are in India, and she came to England to earn and receive the qualification to enable her to practice with authority and success as a doctor among the native women of India, whither she will at once return with her well-merited honors. In the list her name appears as having studied at the Madras Medical College and Royal Free Hospital; and she took a scholarship and medal in obsteric medicine, in addition to the medical degree.—*Globe*.

Eighteen Town Councils in Scotland have petitioned the House of Commons in favour of extending the Parliamentary franchise to women.—*Women's Suffrage Journal*.

Temperance News.

CANADIAN.

SCOTT ACT.

The Halton Prohibitory Alliance has held its annual meeting at Milton. Very encouraging reports of the working of the Scott Act in different parts of the County were submitted by the delegates. A general complaint, however, was made, of the abuse of the privilege enjoyed by medical men of granting certificates, upon receiving which, druggists are authorized to supply liquor to the holders. Fault was also found with the county inspector, on the ground that he does not perform efficiently the duty of enforcing the provisions of the law. The following resolution was adopted:—

That from the reports presented from different parts of the country by the delegates attending, this Convention is of opinion that in the rural districts the Scott Act is a complete success, and that in the larger villages and towns, while drinking is carried on to some extent, yet it is very greatly reduced, and would be reduced to a minimum provided that officers of the Government and all temperance people did what we consider to be their duty fully: therefore, resolved, that we urge upon the temperance people individually and collectively the importance of doing all that can be done for the proper enforcement of the Act.

The Intercolonial Railway has recently issued the following order:

"INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,

MONCTON, N. B., April 5, 1883.

"Circular No. 64.

"To all Officers and Employees:

"The Honorable Minister of Railways and Canals attaches so much importance to sobriety among the employees of the railway and to the example set by those in the higher grades of the service to the men employed under them that it is ordered that the regulation contained in Circular No. 62 shall be extended to all officers and employees without exception.

"And hereafter any officer or employee who is known to be intoxicated, whether on duty or not, will be at once dismissed from the service.

"D. Pottinger, Chief Superintendent."

We deeply regret having to record a recent sad bereavement in the family of Mr. A. Thompson, long and still a worker in the cause of temperance and right. His son, Mr. Wm. Thompson, was returning with some lady friends from a pleasant excursion in a row boat on the bay, late on the evening of the 5th inst. Landing on a badly lighted floating wharf, and not seeing in the dark that it was detached from the boat-house, he stepped off into the intervening water space. In the fall his head struck upon a spile, and though taken from the water in a very few minutes, he was dead. Medical aid was speedily summoned, but in vain, and the lifeless body was conveyed to the home of his sorely-stricken parents. The loss to them is painful indeed, but they have the consolation that no shadow rests on the record of him for whom they grieve. Trained in habits of sobriety and usefulness, he was a strict abstainer from a boy—a faithful and dutiful son, and a loving brother. He will long be missed from the place he has occupied in the esteem and affection of his many friends, both in the social circle to which he belonged, and the church of which he was so consistent a member.

MR. W. H. RODDEN, of Toronto, has been appointed Provincial Organizing Agent for the I. O. G. T. We wish that worthy gentleman every success, and congratulate the Good Templar Order upon having secured the services of so enthusiastic a worker in the Temperance Cause.

BRITISH.

Already this session there have been presented to the British Parliament 6,261 petitions with 1,751,243 signatures, in favor of the Sunday closing of places where strong drink is sold.

A deputation of 400 fishermen who called upon the Prince of Wales for some purpose as representatives of the interests of their fellows, were invited to lunch on the lawn of Marlboro' House. In serving out the alcoholic part of the meal, the butler found one half the number were totalers, and had to send out and nearly break the lemonade market. Good luck attend the sober fishermen.

Francis Murphy is having large success in his temperance work in England.

The Scottish Band of Hope Union has 368 active Bands of Hope in connection with it.

IRISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—On Thursday morning the Rev. Charles Garrett, President of Wesleyan Conference, was entertained at breakfast by the Irish Temperance League. There was a very large attendance. Mr. M. R. Dalway, D.L., J.P., presided, and a resolution of welcome, moved by the Moderator of the General Assembly (the Rev. H. B. Wilson), was supported by Mr. W. M. Scott, the Rev. George Cron, the Rev. John Fordyce, M. A., and the Rev. T. S. Woods. In responding, Mr. Garrett gave an interesting account of the progress and prospects of the temperance movement, and said:—I owe very much more to the temperance movement than the temperance movement owes to me. It took hold of me at a most impressionable age, and at an age when I was in the greatest peril. I am perfectly conscious from my knowledge of myself that it was the best possible thing that could have happened to me. I am naturally social and emotional. I have every qualification except birth for the honor I should feel it to be if I were an Irishman—(laughter)—and that very sensitiveness, of which I am most conscious, would have done a great deal to imperil my career if I had tampered with strong drink. I am made of the very stuff of which drunkards are made. Drink lays its hand upon the emotional, sensitive, social men, while the stolid men are unharmed—the men of heart and sensitiveness are the men in infinite peril, and I rejoice I was saved from it, for it has blessed me and made me a blessing.

General News.

CANADIAN.

A terrible disaster has occurred at London, Ont. Owing to the sudden rising of the river Thames a large number of houses have been flooded, and many carried completely away. At least seventeen lives have been lost, and more than half a million dollars' worth of property destroyed.

The village of Little Bay, in Newfoundland, has been destroyed by fire, and nearly 600 of the inhabitants are homeless.

Wallace, the Conservative candidate, has been elected in Albert County, N. B., by about 100 majority.

A company has been formed called the "Trent Valley Navigation Company." It will purchase and run steamboats over all routes in the Trent Valley district.

A disastrous railway collision between two freight trains occurred on the G. T. R., near Port Hope, on the 6th inst. Both locomotives and about a dozen cars were smashed. No one was killed.

Railway travel has been much impeded by recent heavy storms.

The Exhibition at Toronto this year is expected to be a grander affair than any held in Canada before.

The Lord Chief Justice of England will visit Canada in September.

The Kingston Ladies' Medical College will open in October.

The A. F. & A. M. Grand Lodge of Canada is in session at Ottawa.

BRITISH.

The Duke of Marlborough, father of Lord Randolph Churchill, died suddenly on the 5th inst., of cardiac syncope.

Bradlaugh has again been excluded from the House of Commons by a vote of 232 to 65.

Four more Irish conspirators have been sentenced to terms of penal servitude.

There have been serious riots in Staffordshire, ten thousand striking iron-workers refusing to allow the work they abandoned to be carried on by others.

The Government favors the construction of the new Suez Canal.

UNITED STATES.

Crops in the West promise to be better than last year's.

There were thirty-four fires in New York on Independence Day, and many serious accidents from the use of fireworks.

Archbishop Purcell, aged 83, died on the 5th inst.

The U. S. troops in Montana have been defeated by a party of Cree Indians.

There have been riots by striking miners in Vermont.

A mob of masked men has murdered a number of county officials at Hot Sulphur Springs, Colorado. Soldiers have been asked for to put down the mob.

Great preparations are being made at Boston for the Foreign Exhibition and World's Fair, to be held there in September. No domestic exhibits will be allowed. Canadians are requested to take part. The exhibition is expected to surpass the Centennial.

The St. Louis School Board has ordered the abolishment of corporal punishment in their schools.

The heat recently has been very excessive. Fatal cases of sun-stroke have occurred in many cities.

FOREIGN.

The cholera is still raging frightfully in Egypt. A cordon of soldiers surrounds Damietta, to prevent the inhabitants escaping and carrying the disease to districts not yet affected. The citizens are starving. The disease has also broken out in China.

Egypt is also scourged with a cattle plague, and crops are being destroyed by the cotton worm.

Typhus has attacked the French soldiers, in the Upper Senegal in Africa.

In India a tribe of natives attacked a detachment of British troops. They were repulsed with much slaughter, fifty of them being killed. The British did not suffer any loss.

Cetewayo has fought a great battle with another native chief. The latter has been defeated and captured.

The Count de Chambord is slightly better.

CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

"Always," said papa, as he drank his coffee and enjoyed his morning beefsteak, "always, children, change the subject when anything unpleasant has been said. It is both wise and polite." That evening on his return from business, he found his carnation bed despoiled, and the tiny imprint of slippered feet silently bearing witness to the small thief. "Mabel," he said to her, "did you pick my flowers?" "Papa," said Mabel, "did you see a monkey in town?"

"Never mind that. Did you pick my flowers?"

"Papa, what did gran'ma send me?"

"Mabel, what do you mean? Did you pick my flowers? Answer me, yes or no."

"Yes, papa, I did, but I fout I'd change the subject."—*American Home.*

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

Correspondence.

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

WANTED.—A LEADER.

To the Editor of THE CANADA CITIZEN.

DEAR SIR.—For the achievement of complete and final success, every great movement demands a leader, one who from his social position, his talents and unswerving devotion to the cause, can command the confidence and secure the services of the rank and file, who do the heavy cannonading, "Hold the Fort" or capture the strongholds of the enemy. The temperance cause has many able and sincere adherents and advocates in the Dominion House of Parliament, but some steps should be taken to select one who would be the recognized and trusted leader of the Temperance Army, and the exponent of our views. The times are propitious for such a movement, there is a great advancing tidal wave on which our good ship under skilful pilotage should ride safely into the desired haven. Let not the opportunity be lost, for if lost or carelessly thrown aside, it may not soon return. The same remarks apply and with equal force to the need of a Local Leader here in Toronto. There is a strong and a growingly powerful temperance element in Toronto, but it wants consolidating. It needs some one able and willing to seize and hold the helm, and guide the ship's course. There are good men, able men in the ranks. Where is the man who will lay aside every other christian work he may be engaged in, and become the Temperance Leader? We must have a man who can say with Paul "This one thing I do." Trusting that other and abler pens may take this matter up, that it may be carried to a successful issue. I remain, yours,

JAMES THOMSON.

HIGH LICENSE.

To the Editor of the Canada Citizen.

SIR,—I do not wonder much that many sincerely desirous to promote temperance have been bewildered into favoring high license. In fact at first sight the mixing in of the apparently prohibitory idea is liable to be taken as a CHARACTERISTIC of the movement, and the main false principle overlooked. But to the clear in head, as well as true in heart, high license will, on close scrutiny, be seen to be even rather the more objectionable as adapted to operate on (what may be regarded) the more respectable class of the community, contaminating especially those who might perhaps yet be classed "the fittest to survive," thus assuredly resulting in the lower grade of evil.

The chief objection, however, to be noted for the present is that the scheme seems to point to PERMANENCE; the idea of putting the traffic on a footing to live and secure new and IMPROVED LEASE. This must be met sternly, by all who do not believe that the crime on record where only THIRTY pieces of silver was the consideration, would have been less to be deprecated, had the traitor by the transaction secured a more respectable amount,—say thirty thousand pieces. This subject at present demands thoughtful scrutiny.

Yours etc., S.

Toronto, July 10th, 1883.

WHAT'S THE NEED OF A TEMPERANCE PAPER?

Editor Citizen.

SIR,—This is a question sometimes asked by persons whom we have to accept as Temperance friends. A concise reply would be:—"Much every way."

The argument is advanced that because the general press is so frequently putting forth sound theories of Temperance, there is no need for special organs devoted to the subject. This, however, is easily shown to be a mistake. The ordinary newspapers, such as the *Globe* on the one hand, and the *Mail* on the other, in our own city, often contain maxims and teachings on the subject, quite up to the views of the warmest temperance advocate, and we are thankful to them for it. We are also thankful for the progress of enlightenment indicated in their doing so, and we are specially grateful to the temperance organization workers, whose faithful, plodding efforts have not only enlightened literary leaders, but have made advocacy of temperance so popular with readers that these leaders find it is to their interest, as well as their duty to acknowledge the evils of strong drink and the excellencies of total abstinence. I trust that the papers named as examples and all others similarly affected, will long live to "go on unto perfection," in showing themselves on the side of this and all other moral reforms.

In the meantime, however, experience shows that sometimes, whether through the influence of political party interests and connections, or through the jealous power of liquor-dealing shareholders in some of our best institutions, the swords of these "champions for the right" have to be sheathed, their arms folded, and their eyes closed, just at the time when the use of their weapons would be of high service to parry the thrusts of the liquor dealers power, or to cut down

some fresh plants of that Upas tree, which they are ever so watchful to give growth to in our municipal or parliamentary fields of law. Hence the need of a paper that shall be untrammelled by any such considerations and that shall be free and ready in the interests of humanity, to propound and advocate the cardinal principles of Temperance—namely, Total Abstinence and Prohibition—regardless of whether such advocacy may imply flattery or frowning, sunshine or scathing, on the motives and actions of politicians of either side, or of shareholders, however interested in shielding the liquor traffic from the condemning onslaughts of truth and right.

There is not only an absolute need for such a paper, but its maintenance is the duty of the day and the hour, by every man who would be Conservative enough to hold on to what good influences and laws we have, and Radical enough to root out all the evil ones, prominent among which latter is that physical, social and national waster—the licensed liquor traffic.

W. H. R.

Toronto, July 10th, 1883.

Public Opinion.

TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

There are few phases of Temperance work more acceptable to the public, or more hopeful in their character, than the dissemination of correct information, and the inculcation of sound principles in relation to our movement, in the PUBLIC SCHOOLS. The true nature of alcoholic drinks, and their actual physiological effects are understood by but a small part of the great public that is now agitated by the problem of how to suppress the terrible evils of intemperance.

Good text books and faithful teachers will do better and more permanent work than any other agency that can be employed, for the removal of this obstacle to progress, and we hail with satisfaction any progress in the direction of securing their co-operation.

"If there be any one vice against which the teachers of our country should seek to warn the young, it is drunkenness. Our national reproach because of this one vice is a bitter one; our national loss and suffering appalling to a degree not realized by those who do not ponder the statistics of the subject. Our national weal depends largely on our casting off this loathsome evil. Intelligence and debauchery can not go long together, either in personal or national history. Drunkenness is a vice at which school training should level its heaviest blows. There are at present fearful odds against the teacher's hand here, more particularly in the midst of the poverty-stricken districts in our large cities, blighted by the baneful influence of strong drink. But if the teacher be observant as to opportunities, persistent in his plan, hearty in his utterances, and judicious in his avoidance of ridicule, he can do much in fixing unseen convictions, and may be aided, unconsciously to himself and the poor children, by the sad experience of the misery and brutality which a drunken life occasions. A steady moral influence quietly returning, as opportunity offers, to impress upon the mind the evils of drunkenness, and the value of temperance as a root of virtue, will help largely toward the training of a race strong in the self-control of a temperate life."—*Prof. Calderwood, of Edinburgh University.*

Extract from minutes of Nova Scotia Council of Public Instruction:—

"Ordered, That 'The Temperance Lesson-Book,' by B. W. Richardson, M.A., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., be placed on the list of books recommended for the use of teachers; that trustees of schools be requested, as far as practicable, to place a copy of this manual on the teacher's desk, with other books of reference, and that teachers be instructed to give their pupils orally, according to their age and capacity, the substance of the lessons contained therein."

We shall never control alcohol until we have taught the people, first, what alcohol is; second, what it will do to us if we drink it; and third, what it will make us do. I can see no way that this can be done but through the common schools.—*Dr. Willard Parker, of New York.*

In teaching children much may be accomplished by the aid of simple diagrams or pictures, if nothing more is done than the mere writing of the heads of an address on a blackboard, we shall be astonished at the impression that will be made on the memories of the youthful auditors. The heads of an address were simply written on a blackboard and the children made to repeat them some half-dozen times during the address, in six months' time many of the children were able to repeat the chief points of the address. Every Band of Hope should have a blackboard, if this cannot be obtained, a few sheets of carbonic paper will form an excellent substitute.—*Band of Hope Chronicle.*

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

Tales and Sketches.

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

At the dinner given in New York recently to Bayard Taylor, the subjoined poem was handed about by Pierrepont, who related that twenty two years since he was so impressed with its merit that he had it printed at the office of the *Evening Post*, to give to his friends :

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threat'ning, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsmen said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

Then lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong—
Their battle eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
Yet, as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the dark'ning ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How British love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained from the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Norah's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Ah, soldiers! to your honored rest
Your truth and valor bearing;
The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.

—Bayard Taylor.

HOW OLD BATTLES FOUGHT TO ESCAPE A DRUNK-
ARD'S GRAVE, AND CONQUERED.

"They call you Old Battles, don't they?" The surgeon addressed a large, brawny man, lying in the hospital.

"Yes."

"And they call you the bravest man in the regiment, too?"

"I believe so," was answered with the utmost indifference.

Old Battles was one of the boldest, most fearless, most terrible men in our ranks. He received his name from having been in so many battles. In the smoke and flash and fire, 'mid balls and shells and cannon, when the roar and strife and carnage were most fearful, he was in his element. The balls might fall like hail—might riddle him—he fought on while he could stand and load. He was a kind of army chronicle in person. Scarce a limb but had been wounded, and to each he had given the name of the battle in which it had been honored. He always called his right shoulder

"South Mountain;" one of his arms was "Gainesville;" a leg "Bull Run;" his breast "Antietam;" and one of his hips was "Fredericksburg."

Fierce and terrible in battle, he was still and meek in the hospital. The surgeon came again, tried to rally him; spoke to him of his bravery.

"I don't feel so very brave now."

"Why not? You'll be better soon. You'll soon shoulder your gun again."

"That may be, but I wa'n't thinkin' o' that. Surgeon, stop a minute."

The surgeon waited. "Sit down on the edge of my cot."

The surgeon sat down. "They call me 'Old Battles,' you know, but there's mo'n one kind o' fighting, and when I lie here I never feel brave, for I think then o' the battles that I am always beat in the battle with strong drink. Teach me to pray, surgeon."

"Pity me, O God! help me!" Let that be your first prayer."

"Oh, yes. 'Pity me, O God! help me!'" prayed the man of battles.

"Pity me, O God!" and he wept like a child.

The surgeon visited other wounded men; still "Old Battles" prayed, "Pity me, O God! Pity me, O God! Help me! Pity me, O God." And God heard and pitied, and sent help. When the well loved cup was offered him, he turned away with this upon his lips; he asked strength of God, and obtained it—strength to give a firm refusal. His comrades looked upon him with admiration, and thought him even braver in his resolution than he had shown himself before the foe. One more battle—the last—and again he lay in the hospital. His old friend, the surgeon, came.

"How now, Battles? You've another glorious scar."

"No, surgeon, this last wound will never heal into a scar."

"Don't say that! Keep up your heart! I expect yet to hear your name changed from 'Old Battles' to 'Old Victory.'"

"Now, surgeon, let me tell you, the best battle I ever fought was without sword or gun—I fought with that little prayer; that conquered in the fightings within, harder than any I ever had with the enemy without. That little prayer has made me conqueror over the worst of appetites—that for strong drink. I have conquered! I have conquered! God be praised, and that is enough."—*Amvil.*

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

"Let me put my name down first—I can't stay long!"

It was a blue ribbon meeting, and the man was a locomotive engineer, bronzed and strong, and having eyes full of deep determination. He signed his name in a bold, plain hand, tied a blue ribbon in his button hole, and as he left the hall he said:

"As the Lord looks down upon me, I'll never touch liquor again."

"Have you been a hard drinker?" queried a man who walked beside the engineer.

"No. I have never been drunk in my life. I've swallowed considerable whisky, but I never went far enough to get drunk. I shouldn't miss it, or be the worse off for an hour, if all the intoxicating drink in the world was drained into the ocean."

"But you seemed eager to sign the pledge."

"So I was, and I'll keep it through thick and thin, and talk temperance to every man on the road."

"You must have strong reasons?"

"Well, if you walk down to the depot, I'll tell you a story on the way. It hasn't been in the papers, and only a few of us know the facts. You know I run the night express on the B—— road. We always have at least two sleepers and a coach, and sometimes we had as many as two hundred passengers. It's a good road, level as a floor, and pretty straight, though there is a bad spot or two. The night express has the right o' way, and we make fast time. It is no rare thing to skim along at the rate of fifty miles an hour, for thirty or forty miles, and we rarely go below thirty. One night I pulled out of Detroit with two sleepers, two coaches and the baggage and mail cars. Nearly all the berths in both sleepers were full, and most of the seats of the coaches were occupied. It was a cold night, threatening all the time to rain, and a lonesome wind whistled around the cab as we left the city behind. We were seventeen minutes late, and that meant fast time all the way through.

Everything ran along all right up to midnight. The main track was kept clear for us, the engine was in good spirits, and ran into D—— as smooth as you please. The train coming east was to meet us fifteen miles west of D—— but the operator at the station had failed to receive his usual report below. That was strange, and yet it was not, and after a little consultation the conductor sent me ahead. We were to keep the main track, while the other trains would run in on the side track. Night after night our time had been so close that we did not keep them waiting over two minutes, and were generally in sight when they switched in.

"When we left D—— we went ahead at a rattling speed, fully believing that the other train would be on time. Nine miles from D—— is the little village of Porto. There was a telegraph office there, but the operator had no night work. He closed his office and went home at nine o'clock, and any messages on the wires were held above or below until next morning. When I sighted the station I saw a red lantern swinging between the rails. Greatly astonished I pulled up the heavy train and got a bit of news that almost lifted me out of my boots. It was God's mercy as plain as a "

depot. It was the operator who was swinging the lantern. He had been aroused from his sleep by the whistle of a locomotive when there wasn't one within ten miles of him. He heard the toot! toot! toot! while he was dressing, and all the way as he ran to the station, thinking he had been signalled. Lo! there was no train. Everything was as quiet as the grave. The man heard his instrument clicking away, and leaning his ear against the window, he caught the words as they passed through to D---: "Switch the eastern express off quick! Engineer of the western express crazy drunk, and running a mile a minute."

"The operator signalled us at once. We had left D--- nine miles away, and the message couldn't have caught us anywhere except at Porto. Six miles further down was the long switch. It was time we were there, lacking one minute. We lost two or three minutes in understanding our situation and in consulting, and had just got ready to switch in where we were when the head-light of the other train came in view. Great heavens! how that train was flying! The bell was ringing, sparks flying and the whistle screaming, and not a man could raise his hand. We stood there on the main track, spell bound, as it were. There wouldn't have been time anyhow, either to have switched or got the passengers out. It wasn't over sixty seconds before the train was upon us. I prayed to God for a breath or two, and then shut my eyes and waited, for I hadn't the strength to get out of the cab.

"Well, sir, God's mercy was revealed again. Forty rods above us the locomotive jumped the track, and was piled into the ditch in an awful mass. Some of the coaches were considerably smashed, and some of the people bruised, but no one was killed, and our train escaped entirely. The Almighty must have cared for Big Tom, the drunken engineer. He didn't get a bruise, but was up and across the fields like a deer, screaming and shrieking like a mad tiger. It took five men to hold him after he was run down, and to-day he is the worst lunatic in the State.

"Tom was a good fellow," continued the engineer after a pause, "and he used to take his glass pretty regularly. I never saw him drunk, but liquor kept working away at his nerves, till at last the tremens caught him when he had a hundred and fifty lives behind his engine. He broke out all of a sudden, the fireman was thrown out of the engine, all steam turned on, and then Tom danced and screamed, and carried on like a fiend. He'd have made awful work, sir, but for God's mercy. I'm trembling yet over the way he came down for us, and I never think of it without my heart jumping for my throat. Nobody asked me to sign the pledge, but I wanted my name there. One such night on the road has turned me against intoxicating drinks, and now I've got this blue ribbon on, I can talk to the boys with a better face. Tom is raving, as I told you, and the doctors say he'll never get his reason again. Good night, sir—my train goes in ten minutes."
—Occident.

Our Casket.

RUBIES.

A VOICE FROM THE FARM.

"You say that my life is a round of toil?"

The stalwart farmer said,

"That I scarce can wrest from the oft-tilled soil

My pittance of daily bread?

Well, what you tell me in part is true.

I'm seldom an idle man,

But I value the blessing of rest, as you,

Who have much of it never can.

"And, surely, I never have worked in vain,

From the spring to the golden fall;

The harvest has ever brought waving grain,

Enough and to spare for all.

And when in the evening, freed from care,

I see at my farm-house door

My wife and my little one waiting there,

Oh, what has the millionaire more!

"My children may never have hoarded wealth;

Their lives may at times be rough;

But if in their homes they have love and health,

They will find these riches enough.

The only land they will ever own

Is the land that the strong right arm

And the patient, fearless heart alone

Can till to a fertile farm.

"I have nothing beyond my simple wants

And a little for cloudy days;

But no grim spectre my homestead haunts;

Such as silver and gold might raise.

Around me are eyes that with sparkling mirth,

Or with placid contentment shine—
And no wealth-clogged lord upon all the earth
Has a lot more blessed than mine.

"Oh, yes, I'm laboring all day long,
With the mind and the muscle, too;
But I thank the Lord, who has made me strong,
And given me work to do.
For what, indeed, is the idle drone
But a vampire on the land,
Reaping fruit that by others was sown,
And not by his own right hand!"

—Clipper.

Soft is the breath of a maiden's Yes,
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;
But never a cable that holds so fast
Through all the battles of wave and blast.

—Holmes.

For the cause of holy freedom,
Fight the drink!
For the tyranny of fashion,
Fight the drink!
For the sorrow and the wrong,
For the weak against the strong,
For His sake, who hears our song,
Fight the drink!

OUR CHILDREN.

O Lord our God, we thank Thee
For little children dear,
Gleams of Thy mercy's rainbow
Which Thou dost send us here;
O! teach us how to make them
What Thou wouldst have them be,
Teach us to train our children
For heaven and for Thee.

The simple love of goodness,
The fear to do a sin,
The life that through temptation
Keeps innocence within,
The strength to win the battle,
The knowledge that is might,
Are what we need to teach them,
That they may learn aright.

Oh, fill our hearts with wisdom,
With love, and tenderness,
And in all Christ-like patience
Let us our souls possess;
So shall the overflowing
Of hearts that own Thy grace,
Reflect on little children
Their heavenly Father's face.—Genevieve Irons.

CRYSTALS.

Our drink shall be water,
All sparkling with glee;
The gift of our God
And the drink of the free.

LOOK OVER IT.—It is said that John Wesley was once walking along a road with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking. "Do you know," said Wesley, "why the cow looks over that wall?" "No," replied the man in trouble. "I will tell you," said Wesley, "because she cannot look through it; and that is what you must do with your troubles; look over and above them." Depend upon it in the midst of all the science about the world and all its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist or theologian.—Geo. Macdonald.

Henry Ward Beecher, writing to a journal in Portland, Oregon, says:—"I am glad to hear that your townspeople have resolved

upon a high license as the first step toward prohibition. It is time that we gave every man to understand that when he impoverishes body and soul he is a criminal. I have seen whole families raked with this infernal chain shot of alcohol, and I have learned to hate it. It is good sometimes to hate things and let the indignation out."

A WOMAN'S SUNNY TEMPER.—What a blessing to a household is a merry cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity! Such a woman in the darkest hour brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles, the electrical brightness of her looks and movements affect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved and her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people worry him, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest."

DIAMONDS.

"Don't you think Parson Brown is a man of considerable ardor?" inquired a friend of Mr. Jollie. "No," was the reply; "on the contrary, I inferred from the exhibit made at dinner the last time he invited me to dine with him that he was a man of very little larder."

I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes, and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman always takes a joke from a friend."

A country merchant visited the city a few days ago, and purchased from a dollar store a table caster, and after putting a tag on it marked \$14, made a present of it to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentleman took the package home, opened it and examined its contents. The next day he took the caster (with the tag attached) back to the grocery man and said to him: "I am too poor to afford to display so valuable a caster on my table, and if you have no objection, I should like to return it and take \$14 worth of groceries in its stead." The merchant could no nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A WITHERING REBUKE.—Rev. Mr. Ellis, a Methodist minister, who some years ago preached for a short time in Minnesota, was not just like anyone else. Among other peculiarities was a decided aptness for story telling. Most of the incidents related happened down in Indiana. While traveling the Beaver circuit, in Winona county, there was some complaint that he drove rather too fine a rig for a poor Methodist itinerant. It came to his ears. One Sabbath morning he opened the service by saying: Some of the people in a certain church down in Indiana complained that their pastor drove too fine a rig. One Sabbath he found upon the pulpit a notice something like this: 'The prayers of the church are requested that our pastor may be kept from worldliness, and that he may remember how Christ rode into Jerusalem.' He read the note aloud, and said, 'If the brother who wrote that will present himself at the door of the church at the close of the service saddled and bridled, I'll try to ride him home. It need hardly be added that Mr. Ellis was henceforth permitted to drive his flyers in peace.—*Christian Friend.*

SCOTCH PEBBLES.

A little boy, amusing himself one day, was astonished in seeing a railway train for the first time passing down the Glasgow line. Running to his father he exclaimed in an excited manner, "Eh! feyther, cum awa' an' see this—there's a smiddy rin aff an' a raw o' hooses wi't!"

"Ye're unco short the day, Saunders, surely," said an undersized student to an Edinburgh bookseller, one day, when the latter was in an irritable mood. "Od, man," was the retort, "ye may haud yer tongue, ye're no sac lang yersel."

Lord Braxfield once said to an eloquent culprit in the dock, "You're a verra clever chiel, mon, but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin."

SANDY.—I'm sair fashed wi' a ringing in ma head, John.

JOHN.—Eh mon, an' do ye nae ken the reason o' that? Its because its empty.

SANDY.—Aye mon, that's queer; an' are ye ne'er fashed wi' a ringin' in yer ain heid?

JOHN.—Na, na, I ne'er foun' myself wi' siccan a thing.

SANDY.—An' do ye ken the reason o' that? Its because its crackit.

BITS OF TINSEL.

The hired girl with the dust rag is the chair-rub of the family.

Why are seven days like a spell of sickness?—Because they make one week.

A smart young man picked up a flower in a ball-room after all the girls had gone, and sang pathetically, "'Tis the last rose of some her."

A six-year-old Trojan has advanced ideas. He has a doll which he calls his wife. Recently he was telling his "wife" his future plans and remarked: "By and by I shall become a Mason and then you won't see me until 12 o'clock at night."

"Where are your kids?" a society man asked, looking at the bare hands of a poor but deserving merchant at a fashionable party. "At home in bed," was the indignant reply; 'do you suppose I'd bring my children to a party like this.'

An Arkansaw boy, writing from college in reply to his father's letter, said: "So you think that I am wasting my time in writing little stories for the local papers, and cite Johnston's saying that the man who writes except for money is a fool. I shall act upon Dr. Johnston's suggestion and write for money. Send me \$50.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

A comical correspondent constructs this curious contribution:—Character, capacity, capital, chances, connecting circumstances, concomitant considerations collectively considered, clearly constitute commercial credit claims.

We answer.—CANADA CITIZEN carefully criticising, completely concurs.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Canada), Dec. 15th, 1887.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the amoeba are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients, which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business manager Mr. A. H. DIXON, 307 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment of Catarrh.

OAKLANDS, ONT., CANADA, March 17, 1883.

MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON,

DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

"I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages and I thought I would require the three treatments but feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you.

"You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers.

Yours with many thanks,

(REV.) E. B. STEVENSON.

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

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

For Girls and Boys.

AN ECHO FROM THE KINDERGARTEN.

BY MRS. MARY DYE.

It is premised that our readers know something of the practical play-lessons which are given to the kindergarten children daily, and which inculcate moral and religious thought, while affording great pleasure and amusement to the little waifs.

This day, the practical play-lesson is barrel-making; standing in a close circle the children represent the staves, their encircling arms the hoops, and timing his blows by the little song notes, the wee cooper, using a chubby fist for hammer, drives the hoops into position with great show of muscular effort. How they do love to play things that are real.

When the suppositious barrel is finished, the teacher remarks:

"Well, Johnny, now that all is ready, what are you going to put into your barrel?"

The answer comes with great promptness, "Whisky!"—(sensation among the visitors, some of them ladies from the W. C. T. U.)

The teacher, blind to the startled looks about her—wise little woman—says quickly: "Oh! Johnnie, wouldn't it be better to put something into your barrel that we all like, for you know you want to divide with us, and some of us don't like whisky. I don't like it one bit, so you couldn't give me any." "Well, I'd just as leave put—apples—in the barrel, if you'd rather," pipes the happy little voice, all innocent of the shocking nature of the first proposition, but very willing to oblige.

Another childish voice exclaims, "Teacher, Johnny's papa keeps a saloon," and in the chill hush which follows the child learns first of the dishonor which attaches to "whisky in barrels," and "keeping a saloon;" he knows now that this means disgrace, and the probable loss of love his hungering heart has received in this school home.

With face and voice all quivering he seeks the teacher's side: "Don't you love me any more 'cause my papa keeps—a—saloon—" breaking into sobs which shook the delicate frame.

Very tenderly the teacher draws the weeping child closer, and says, "Yes, dear, we do love you ever so much, but teacher is sorry papa keeps such a place as that."

Not many weeks after the above scene, the following occurred:

At the close of a temperance meeting a man made his way up to the speaker's desk, and asked for a pledge to sign; his request was gladly met, and the friends near by fell into talk with the new brother. In answer to the inquiry what has led you to take this important step, he said, "I'm agoin' to put the credit where it belongs. Yer see I've bin keepin' a saloon fer some time. I'd had mighty bad luck fer years, and seein' other men makin' money easy, sellin' beer and whisky, I just locked up my conscience and opened a whisky shop. Mind ye, I never liked the business, but there's no tellin' when I'd a quit it, if it hadn't been for them 'ere free kindergarten schools and my little chap, who was allers a comin' home and talkin' about the things he learned from them teachers that he nigh about worshipped. T'other day he got hold of my hand, and lookin' up into my face with his great blue eyes—just like his dear dead mother's afore she'd cried the shine all out of 'em—he says, sort o' fraid like, "Papa, won't you please take the whi-ky out of your barrels, and put sunthin' in 'em that won't do nobody no hurt? Apples is good. Besides," said he, gittin' a fresh grip on his courage, "I don't want the other boys a sayin' that my papa keeps a saloon—it hurts me so here." And I'm blamed if the little critter didn't put his hand on his heart, and the tears just a streamin' down his face. That fetched me, and the upshot is I've gin up the miserable bizness, and am bound to earn an honest livin' or die a tryin', you just bet," and the great burly man's eyes were not the only dim ones, as friendly hands grasped his, and earnest voices promised helpful effort in his behalf.

Verily, "a little child shall lead them."—*Union Signal*.

A DROP OF OIL.

The sewing-machine went hard. Brother Will came over and looked over Amy's shoulder and knit his brow, as was his custom when in a puzzle. At last, turning back the machine, he glanced over the works, and said:

"Do you oil it here, Amy?"

"Why, no, I never thought of that."

A drop of oil was supplied, and in another minute the slender needle was flying through the work like a fairy. It was easy now

to turn the wheel. That drop of oil on a dry spot in the machinery made all right.

There are many other places where a drop of oil works just as great wonders. For cold mornings, when tempers are apt to get frosted as well as toes and finger tips, there is no magic like a few sweet cheery words. So when one is angry and ready to do or say rash things, just give them a "soft answer," and you can see how it will cheer and brighten the way for yourself and all about you.—*Young Reaper*.

THE ECHO-BOY.

A little boy went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went out into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother.

"Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' And I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said 'Show yourself?' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' And he said, 'I will punch your head!'"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you say to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now, Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man, whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And his mother took him to that old text in the scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

A LITTLE SUFFERER.

BY ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

I'm taking out my Claribel
This morning for an airing;
She has been sick so very long,
We bofe have found it wearing.

She's had the measles and the mumps,
And all since last December,
'Sides several ovver sicknesses
Whose names I can't wemember.

I've had her wac-ci-na-ted, too,
And oh! the scar it's leaving!
But all these fings are nuffin to
The time when she was teeving.

I sat up all night long wis her;
She grew worse fast and faster:
I gave her pollygolic, and
Put on a mustard plaster.

She's been so patient and so sweet,
I love to kiss and pet her.
Poor child, she's suffered ev'ryfing!
But now the darling's better.

I hope the air will do her good;
"Dear, don't kick off your cover."
I've been so anxious, no one knows
Or feels it like a mover!

In Dresden many years ago a large palace was burned to the ground. It was winter; the wells were frozen and people dreaded the intense cold. Spectators they were many, but few were willing to help in extinguishing the fire. Among the crowd stood a stout gentleman well wrapped in furs, and watching the grand sight with enjoyment.

"Come, sir," cried a voice from the ranks of the water-carriers, "just lend us a hand, will you?"

"I am Councillor X," answered the man in the fur coat.

"And I am Duke of Z.," retorted the water-carrier; and so saying, he emptied the bucket over the head of the idler.—*Ex.*

MIKE DONOVAN'S LOOKING-GLASS.

Mike Donovan was what I have sometimes heard my Irish friends call "A broth of a boy," which I suppose means a kind-hearted, healthy, HONEST lad. When Mike began the world he had, as most people would say, everything against him, for he was a little orphan lad, indebted for the bite and the sup to the village people, who had known his father and mother.

But little merry bare-footed Mike was soon able to work a bit for himself. So it was a capital thing for him that Larry Owen's cows had a habit of straying, and needed some one to watch them, and maybe tramp after them. Singing a favourite song which he had learned from a Clonmel pedlar, that began with—

"Oh weary's on money, and weary's on wealth,
And sure we don't want them while we have our health."

little bare-footed Mike trudged merrily over the broad heath and up the mountain-side after his cattle.

Everybody's heart warmed to the boy, and in particular that of the same old pedlar who taught Mike the song. Some of this man's saying's took firm hold of the boy's mind. Once Mike was taking a drink of butter-milk at a cottage door, when the pedlar was selling to the mistress a little slip of a looking-glass to show her how her Sunday cap set, and he said, as he put the price of it in his pocket, "Now, ma'am, let me tell you that it's in the power of you, and your good man, both of ye, to see the finest sight in the world every day of your life." "How so?" says she. "Why, ma'am, if you can both say when you look in that glass, I see an *honest face!* Sure didn't a famous poet say :

"'An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Mike drank up more than the butter-milk just then, for his mind drank in that saying.

Now there was a sweet cool spot that on blazing summer days Mike dearly loved. Rising among flags in a nook in the mountain side was a clear bright spring of the purest water. Often and often the boy went there, and dipping in his face, took a drink and a cooler at the same time, and he would shake off the sparkling drops from his shining cheeks and clustering hair as the skylark scatters the dew from its fluttering wings. Looking into this clear deep well Mike could see his face, and the pedlar's words came to his mind about an HONEST face; and the wish grew strong in his heart that whatever his lot in life might be, he might be honest and true, and never ashamed to see his own face in that beautiful pool—God's hill-side mirror.

It was a good wish, and it came to pass. Not by merely wishing though, as I have known some foolish maidens think when they have gone to what they call wishing wells,* and come back no wiser than they went.

Mike strove to be honest; to do his duty *kindly* by Larry Owen's cattle, and to be steady at all times, as well as ready, as *every* other "Band of Hope Boy" should try to be.

"By-and-by when Mike was about fifteen, and had saved up four shillings, he began to think of bettering himself. So he left Larry Owen's service, giving and taking a blessing and a good character. Mike bought a little stock of haberdashery, worked harder than ever, and soon he managed to have a full pack, and drive a smart trade.

One morning he came to pay £2, and to have a fresh stock. A young man in the wholesale shop had just been to the bank to fetch £300. Seeing Mike in haste to be served, the shopman laid down his money, and forgot it. When Mike's parcel was packed, the notes somehow got mixed up with his goods. Away went Mike at his smartest pace with his pack on his back, and never stopped till he had gone twenty miles. Then being at a populous village, he began to open and look over his stock. Lo and behold there was the three hundred pounds! Mike had never seen more than two or three one-pound notes in his lifetime. It was a strong temptation; but Mike's love for honesty, like a good angel, did battle with the evil one, and he thought of the mountain spring, and said, "Shall I be ashamed to look myself in the face? God helping me, never!"

Up he got and away—twenty miles honest tramp. Foot-sore, yet light of heart, he entered the store. "Why, Mike, what brings you here again so soon? I thought you had made all your market yesterday," said the owner, as he looked at him. "True, sir, but I'm come to ask, did you not lose some money yesterday?"

Yes, the young man was suffering bitterly for his carelessness. He was that day to have been examined about the matter. Even if he had not been proved guilty, he would certainly have lost his place and character. Mike opened his pack, and at once restored

*Some lovely springs in different parts of Ireland are so called.

the money.

Was that all Mike's history? No. The owner of the shop was so pleased that he offered, if Mike knew any town in his walk where a shop in his trade was wanted, to put Mike into it, and stock it for him. There was a place Mike knew of where there was a good opening. With all speed a house was taken, a shop opened, and Mike was established. The blessing was on him, and he prospered. There came a time when Mike could buy a farm, not in America, but in his native land—the very spot on which he had worked as a herd-boy, and where the clear bright well was that had in former days served Mike for a looking-glass, and given him, as we have seen, more than one good reflection. Was it not a joy that when he called it his own, and looked into its clear crystal depths once more, instead of being ashamed to see his face therein, he could remember without a blush his friend the pedlar's words: "An honest man's the noblest work of God." — *Band of Hope Rev. &c.*

ALPHABETICAL FARMING.

There is a farmer who is Y's
Enough to take his E's,
And study Nature with his I's
And think of what he C's.

He hears the chatter of the J's
As they each other T's,
And C's that when a tree D K's
It makes a home for B's.

A pair of oxen he will U's
With many haws and G's,
And their mistakes he will X Q's
While ploughing for his P's.

In raising crops he all X L's,
And therefore little O's,
And when he hoes his soil by spells
He also soils his hose.—*Ex.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE FROG.

Published, perhaps first, in the *Wheeling Intelligencer*, 1852-54.]

Of all the funny things I've seen
In woodland, lake or bog,
That crawls the earth or flies the air
The funniest is the frog.

The frog's the scientificest
Of nature's handiwork:
The frog, that neither walks nor runs,
But goes it with a jerk.

When he sits down he's standing up,
As Paddy O'Flynn once said,
And for convenience sake, he wears
His eyes on *top* his head.

With coat and pants all bottle green,
And yellow fancy vest,
He jumps into the mud and mire
In all his Sunday best.

You see him sitting on a log
Above the vasty deep,
And feel inclined to say, "Old chap!
Best look before you leap."

You raise your cane to hit him on
His ugly looking mug,
But ere your arm is half way up,
A-down he goes, ker chug!

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied; "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. "You've eaten eight. I've been a-countin'."

THE
"CITIZEN" PUBLISHING CO.

The first annual meeting of the shareholders of this Company was held, for the purpose of organization, at Bengough's Shorthand Bureau office, on the 28th day of April. Mr. T. Bengough was appointed Chairman. Reports of progress and plans for future action were submitted by the Provisional Directors, and some by-laws for the government of the Company were adopted. The financial statement showed that about \$3,000 had been subscribed, of the \$10,000 provided for in the Letters Patent. Strong hopes were expressed of the Company's future, and permanent organization completed by the election of the following Board of Directors:—

THOS. BENGOUGH,	ARTHUR FARLEY,
ROBERT RAE,	MRS. J. McEWEN,
W. H. RODDEN,	F. S. SPENCE,
JOSEPH TAIT,	MRS. S. A. CURZON,
MRS. ADAM MILLER.	

Subsequently the Board elected Mr. Tait to the position of President, and appointed Mr. Spence to act as Manager and Editor of THE CANADA CITIZEN

Mr. Wm. Burgess, late Editor of THE CITIZEN, has resigned that position, and entered into partnership with Mr. J. H. McMullen. The new firm of

McMULLEN & BURGESS

is engaged in General Estate Agency Business, and also acting as Accountants and Auctioneers. Their office is at

No. 36 King Street East, - Toronto.

Temperance Directory.

The Dominion Alliance.

For the total suppression of the liquor traffic. President, Hon. Alexander Vidal, Senator, Sarnia-Ont. Secretary, Rev. Thomas Gales, Montreal.

ONTARIO BRANCH.

President, Hon. S. H. Blake; Secretary, W. G. Fee, Toronto.

There are Branches in all the provinces of the Dominion. Officers will oblige by forwarding their addresses.

Women's Christian Temperance Union of Canada

President, Mrs. R. Tilton, Ottawa.

Women's Christian Temperance Union of Ontario

President, Mrs. D. B. Chisholm, Hamilton. Secretary, Miss M. Philp, St. Catharines.

I. O. of Good Templars.

R. W. G. LODGE.

R. W. G. Templar, George B. Katzenstein, Sacramento, California. R. W. G. Secretary, G. Keens, Kearney, Nebraska.

GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

G. W. C. T.—J. H. Flagg, Mitchell.
G. W. Sec.—T. W. Casey, Napanee

GRAND LODGE OF QUEBEC.

G. W. C. T.—W. H. Lambly, Inverness.
G. W. S.—S. A. Lehouvreau, Montreal

GRAND LODGE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

G. W. C. T.—P. J. Chisholm, Truro.
G. W. S.—I. J. Highy, Oxford.

Sons of Temperance.

NATIONAL DIVISION.

M. W. P.—Benjamin R. Jewell, Boston.
M. W. S.—H. S. McCollum, St. Catharines, Ont.

Next session at Ocean Grove, N. J., second Wednesday of July, 1883.

GRAND DIVISIONS.

ONTARIO.

G. W. P.—John McMillan, Toronto.
G. S.—Thomas Webster, Paris.

QUEBEC.

G. W. P.—Robert Craig, Quebec.
G. S.—John S. Hall, Montreal.

NOVA SCOTIA.

G. W. P.—Joseph Burrel, Yarmouth.
G. S.—Rev. R. A. Temple, Halifax.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

G. W. P.—W. J. Robinson, Moncton.
G. S.—S. B. Paterson, St. John.

P. E. ISLAND.

G. W. P.—C. W. Bently, M. P. P., Kensington.
G. S.—J. J. Chappell, Charlottetown.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

G. W. P.—James S. Winter, St. Johns.
G. S.—Donald Morrison, St. Johns.

Royal Templars of Temperance.

Incorporated by Act of Parliament. A total abstinence mutual benefit society.

Grand Councillor of Ontario, Rev. John Kay, Thorold.

G. Sec.—Raymond Walker, Hamilton.

Loyal Good Templars.

R. W. G. LODGE.

R. W. G. T.—Joseph Malins, England.
R. W. G. Sec.—William W. Turnbull, Scotland.

GRAND LODGE OF NOVA SCOTIA.

G. W. C. T.—P. J. Chisholm, Truro.
G. W. Sec.—I. J. Hingley, Oxford.

Toronto Band of Hope Union:

President, Wm Burgess.
Secretary-Treasurer, Robert Rae

OBJECTS. The furtherance and co-operation with Bands of Hope throughout the City of Toronto, and its vicinity.

The Committee invite correspondence regarding the work, and will make arrangements for speakers for special meetings, and for delegates to Conferences, to assist in extending Band of Hope work in Toronto and vicinity. Communications should be addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, 115 Spadina Street.

LOCAL ORGANIZATIONS.

GALLI.

Tuesday evening, Star Lodge, I. O. G. T.
Thursday, Gali Division, S. of T.

HAMILTON:—I. O. G. T.

Monday, Excelsior Lodge.
Monday, Ambitious City Lodge.
Wednesday, Reliance Lodge.
Wednesday, Concord Lodge.
Thursday, Rescue Lodge.

S. OF T.

Wednesday, Hamilton Division.
Thursday, Advance Division.

HALIFAX, N. S.—W. C. T. UNION.

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

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

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

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

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

HUMBERSTONE.

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

RAMA.

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

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TORONTO.

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WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.—Meets every Monday at 3 p. m., at Shaftesbury Hall. Mrs. Cowan, Pres.; Mrs. Martin, Sec., 34 Bellevue Avenue.

WEST END CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—Meetings Occident Hall, Saturday, 8 p. m.; Sunday at 3 p. m. and 8.30 p. m. Pres., Arthur Farley; Sec., G. Ward.

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