

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

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

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1883.

THE TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.

3. THE I. O. G. T.

It is a little more than thirty years since the Independent Order of Good Templars was instituted. It was originated in the State of New York, has since spread over the whole civilized world, and now claims to be the largest Temperance Society in existence.

The I. O. G. T. is one of the secret societies. Admission to its membership is obtainable only by a regular form of proposal, ballot and initiation. All its members are bound by a solemn obligation to abstain from all intoxicating liquors, to work for the advancement of the temperance cause, to promote each other's welfare, and to keep secret the private signs and tokens by which they recognize each other. The objects of their efforts are, as stated in their ritual, "To lift up those who are sunk low in the scale of degradation, and restore them to friends and society, to save the young, pure and virtuous from ever falling into the snares of the tempter, and to hasten the hour when the means of intoxication shall be driven from our midst."

All business of the lodges is transacted according to the strictest parliamentary rules, devotional exercises open and close every meeting, time is set apart for social intercourse, literary and musi-

cal entertainment, &c., &c., and the whole proceedings of these weekly meetings are carefully planned, with a view to the moral, social and intellectual improvement of those who attend. Want of space will not permit us to give details of the Society's plan of organization, duties of the various officers, and other matters with which many of our readers are doubtless already familiar.

The Right Worthy Grand Lodge is the supreme head of the Order. It is composed of representatives elected from 78 Grand Lodges, and these in their turn represent upwards of 6,000 subordinate Lodges, with an aggregate membership of about 300,000, besides a large number of children who are receiving special temperance teaching in what are called Juvenile Lodges. Canada has 4 Grand Lodges, that for the Province of Ontario having jurisdiction over 250 subordinate lodges, with total membership of about 11,000. A list of these subordinate lodges will be found upon page 132 of this number of THE CANADA CITIZEN.

This order is specially strong in the United States. It is doing excellent work in England, Ireland, Scotland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Egypt, South Africa, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, the Sandwich Islands, the Bermudas, Jamaica, and other countries; even the high seas float prosperous lodges on board ships of both the British and United States navies, all working in one fraternity, under the same obligation, and with the same laws, customs and recognitions of membership. The ritual of its beautiful and impressive ceremonies is published in eight languages, and calls are being made for other translations, to supply still further extensions of its activity and usefulness. The I. O. G. T. seeks to confer its privileges upon all whom it can benefit. It puts women on an equal footing with men in eligibility to all the privileges and rights of membership and official position. All ranks and colors enjoy its benefits. It labors for the alleviation of sorrow, the suppression of wrong, and the better recognition by humanity of its cardinal teaching, "The Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

WANTED, WORKERS.

There is no lack of men who admit—who deplore—the evils of intemperance—who express the most fervent desires for better customs, better laws, the promotion of morality, and the suppression of the terrible cause of crime; but there is a sad lack of men who are willing to go to work in earnest for the attainment of these results. The Temperance cause is moving slowly along, hampered and delayed by apathy and indolence, when it ought to be marching rapidly towards speedy triumph, upborne by the inspiration of loyal and willing self-sacrifice.

Our workers do not object to criticism and advice, they earnestly solicit disinterested counsel, and will warmly appreciate it, but they grow tired sometimes of professed sympathy that expends so much energy in talk that it has none left for action; and they are heartily sick of those good people who seem to consider it their special mission to lecture others upon the mistakes they make in their laudable zeal, but who never run the risk of making any such mistakes themselves.

We believe in total prohibition as the right remedy for the evils that flow from the liquor traffic. For this we have earnestly and faithfully striven, this position we cannot relinquish at the first call from men who have never before proved themselves heart and soul in earnest to get rid of the terrible evils that afflict us. The following extract, from our esteemed co-temporary, *The Lever*, is well worthy of consideration in this connection.—

There is a class of men, christian men, temperance men, men who desire reform, who mourn over the ruin the liquor traffic everywhere brings, the desecration of the Sabbath, the destruction of dear friends who have fallen victims to the rum power, who have friends growing up under the deadly breath of the hell holes that

outnumber the churches, schools, temperance organizations, and all other forces for good as the sands of the sea outnumber the cottages by the shore, and yet who criticise the "methods" of those "who devote themselves body and soul to reform," while at the same time they neither investigate these methods nor suggest others.

It is the curse of every reform that it has to travel with men chained to its feet, who should take it by the hand and run with it. It would seem that the methods adopted by men who have labored long and earnestly in any reform, who have no other object but the accomplishing of a great good, might certainly be worthy of investigation, and that the men who have charged the enemy's stronghold until they are covered with scars, might possibly be the most competent to suggest methods for his final overthrow. In mechanics, in the arts, sciences, trades, professions, in all the callings of life, experience is acknowledged to make men expert. It is in reforms only that the methods of those who have labored longest, who have studied all the phases of the question closest, are considered fit matters for criticism by tyros and apprentices.

Friends, we are fighting a hard battle. Come into our ranks, sit by our council fire, examine our maps, consider our methods, and if they are faulty, help us to better ones. Our object is to stay the tide of drunkenness, with all its train of wrecked hearts and homes, of misery ruin and death. We believe the best way to do this is to shut the flood gates through which it passes. If you have a better plan we are ready to adopt it."

This is exactly our position. We are willing to join in any hopeful effort towards the mitigation of the evils that we yet hope to see abolished; but we want our friends to come out in earnest. Let there be more zeal and faith embodied in the practical form of actual support of the temperance cause. Let those professed sympathisers who stand aloof and accuse us of stinginess, show us the example of liberal contributions to our missionary funds. Let those who say we fail to reform drunkards, step forward and aid us in our endeavors to draw weaker brothers away from the dram-shop, and to drive the dram-shop away from the weaker brothers. Let those who say we ought to consolidate our political strength, come in and help us in the consolidation. Let Christian leaders assist as well as advise. We want more hands, heads, hearts, tongues, pens, purses, prayers and votes. We want workers. Oh, friends, if you believe we are in the right, "Come over and help us."

NARROW-MINDEDNESS.

We are frequently accused of narrow-mindedness and uncharitableness, because of the hatred with which we regard the liquor traffic, and because of the intolerance with which we speak of it. We do hate it. We detest it! We abhor it! But we deny the assertion that such detestation implies any want of charity on our part. Nay, it implies the very reverse. We are told that God hates sin, and while no doubt it is true that sin is abhorrent to Him because he is infinitely pure and holy, we must not forget that He is also infinitely loving and kind, and we are right in assuming that in this infinite benevolence He also hates sin because it is the cause of suffering and woe to the creatures whom he delights to happy and bless. We humbly strive to emulate this glorious attribute of divine nature, and we hate the liquor traffic because it brings suffering and woe to our fellow-men. And we claim that, not our uncharitableness, but our benevolence towards our fellows may be fairly measured by the intensity of our hatred towards that which militates against their well-being and happiness. How could such right and sacred feeling find better expression than in a prohibitory liquor law? Would not such an enactment bring peace and joy to many a now wretched habitation? Oh, if now the decree went forth that no more strong drink should ever be sold, how many a weary heart would bound with joy? how many a drink-cursed home would ring with gladness? It would be hailed with delighted acclamation, not only by those who have toiled long and hard in the cause of truth and right, but even by the bond-slaves of evil habit themselves. Let us work earnestly towards this blessed consummation, in fervent brotherly love and fervent hatred of wrong.

Selected Articles.

THE REFORM WILL GO ON.

Intemperance is not a mere local affair, but strikes at the very vitals of the nation. The liquor traffic is the fruitful source of woe, crime, misery, taxation, pauperism and death.

Bear me witness if I exaggerate when I say that this continent is rapidly becoming one vast grog-shop, to which half a million of its youth are yearly introduced, and over whose threshold sixty thousand are annually carted to a drunkard's grave. The streets of our cities echo to the shouts and oaths of drunken revellers, from whom society seeks protection through police regulations; and within hovel and mansion alike, not entirely smothered either by physical fear or social pride, is heard the sound of insane violence and wailing.

There are some who say the temperance movement is a sentimental affair, and that the reform will not go on. The reform will go on. Point me to a reform which ever stopped. Why, reform is motion, and motion ceaselessly acted upon by the impulse of acceleration; so is it with the temperance movement. From whatever standpoint you look at it, it is seen to be in exact harmony with the age; nay, it is part of the age itself. The great civil revolution is to be supplemented with a great social revolution. God has so written it down. He has blessed the efforts of its friends until it has already taken a strong hold on the popular heart. Its champions are not fanatics; they are not sentimentalists; only terribly in earnest. Back of them are memories which will not let them pause. Broken circles and ruined altars, and fallen roof-trees, and the sodden ashes of once genial fires, urge them on. No fear such men and women will falter, until you can take out of the human mind painful recollection; until you can make the children forget the follies and vices of the parents, over which they mounted to usefulness and to honor; until the memory will surrender from its custody the oaths of drunken blasphemy and the pains of brutal violence; until you can do these things, no man, no combination of men can stop this reform. Its cause lies deep as human feeling itself. It draws its current from sources imbedded in the very fastness of man's nature. The reform then, will go on. It will go on because its principles are correct and its progress beneficent. The wave which has been gathering force and volume for these fifty years will continue to roll, because the hand of the Lord is under and back of it, and the denunciations of its opponents, and the bribed eloquence of the unprincipled, cannot check, no, nor retard, the onward movement of its flow. Upon the white crest of it thousands will be lifted to virtue and honor, and thousands more who put themselves in front of it will be submerged and swept away. The crisis through which the reform is passing will do good. It will make known its friends and unmask its foes. The concussions above and around us will purify the atmosphere; and when the clouds have parted and melted away, we shall breathe purer air and behold sunnier skies.

We know not, indeed, what is ahead, what desertion of apparent friends may occur; what temporary defeat we may have to bear; nor against what intrigues we may be called upon to guard. For one, I count on the opposition of parties. I anticipate the double-dealing of political leaders. The cause more than once may be betrayed into the hands of its foes; more than once be deserted by those who owe to it whatever of prominence they have. But these reflections do not move me. They stir no ripple of fear on the surface of my hope. No good cause can ever be lost by the faithlessness of the unfaithful; no true principle of government overthrown by the opposition of its enemies; nor the progress of any reform, sanctioned by God and promotive of human weal, long retarded by any force or combination which can be marshalled against it. Over thrones and proud empires, the Gospel has marched, treading bayonets, and banners, and emblems of royalty proudly under its feet; and out of that Gospel no principle or tendency essential to the kingdom that is yet to be established on the earth can be selected so weak or so repugnant to fallen men as not to receive, ere the coming of that kingdom, its triumphant vindication. On this rock I plant my feet, and from its elevation contemplate the future, as a traveller gazes upon a landscape waving in golden-headed fruitfulness underneath the azure of a cloudless sky.—*National Temperance Orator.*

WHAT SHALL THE CHURCH DO ABOUT INTEMPERANCE?

Shall it do nothing? Shall it be silent on a subject like this? Shall the pulpit confine itself to the discussion of abstract questions of theology, or metaphysics, or disputations on science? Will anyone demand that no word shall be spoken against such a destroyer as the liquor system?

The Church of Jesus Christ is the friend of humanity. It must, therefore be the the enemy of man's enemies. Has mankind a more terrible enemy than alcohol? It unquestionably destroys from eighty to one hundred thousand lives annually in this country alone. It sends souls to hell in numbers too great to be estimated without sickness of heart. Doesn't Christ want this work stopped? If His Church feels no interest, who will come to the rescue? Infidels? The non-religious?

There is no such bold, defiant, successful enemy to the Church as strong drink. The saloons and bars have more patrons among the young than the Sunday School and Church. Here is one cause of small congregations in cities. The young who have become frequenters of such places conceive feelings of strong dislike for the Church. Those who breathe a beer-laden atmosphere through the week cannot endure the atmosphere of God's house on Sunday. The conversation of the dram shop creates a distaste for sermons, and Bacchanal songs are rivals to Zion's hymns. The drink habit makes men poor, and robs the treasury of the house of God.

The Church of Christ is his army of occupation. Must it still, surrounded by such enemies, witness the progress of measures which threaten its destruction, and which, if not arrested, will surely destroy it, and refuse to strike? Is it cowardice, or treason, or imbecility, that demands the adoption of such a plan, and rebukes the faintest demonstration of vigilance on the part of the Church?

Unless the Church trains its members as soldiers to fight against evil, and destroy the works of the devil, it will become a by-word among men. The boldest evils must receive the hardest blows. The greater the resistance the more determined must the attack be. That is a strange thing, of which we hear so much—"You can't put it down, and it is folly to try." We must try. If we do not put down the rum system, it will put the Church down. It is pressing forward to greater conquests. Our antagonism alone will prevent it from ruling the whole world. And its rule would be ruin.

Every preacher and every man and woman in Christ's Church should be on one side. No political affiliations should divide good men into parties, where moral issues are at stake. Let all thus unite, and announce it by significant acts, and, when possible, by votes, and a new day will dawn in which rum will be rebuked.—*Geo. K. Morris, D. D., in Washington Square Herald.*

CANNON FARRAR ON PROHIBITION.

If the government of the people ought to be by the people, and for the people, then it seems monstrous that the people should be prevented from having practically a voice in the determination of a matter which affects their present happiness, and even the eternal welfare of their own sons and their own daughters. If you want to have this power, and you have a right to have this power, then what I say to you is, get it. You have votes; use them. Use them in the right direction fearlessly and honestly, and you will have done your part to make your country more virtuous, more prosperous, and more happy. I would ask you not to be frightened by epigrams, whoever may have said them, which would try to persuade you that national sottishness is better than national restraint. Do not listen again to our old, timid, and cautious friends—you all know their names: one is Timorous, the other is Mistrust—who tell you that there is a lion in the way. If there is a lion in the way, take my word for it, the lion is chained; and whether he be chained or not, the coward's and the sluggard's lion shrinks into a mouse before the bold. Do not be terrified by the talk which will always be brought before you about practical difficulties. To the brave, the resolute and the strong, difficulties are only like those gossamer threads of the summer morning which our feet tear down by myriads when we walk through the dewy fields. We have been told that a wave of temperance feeling is passing over the country. What is it that makes a wave break upon rock or upon sand? It is the pressure of

the advancing tide. And what is it that makes the tide advance? It is because the mobile waters of the sea obey the laws of gravitation, and the influence of the moon's attraction. The wave could not advance were it not that the swing of the whole ocean is behind the harbor bar. Gentlemen, I trust that this wave of temperance feeling will be like that. Let the force of your moral suasion, with its legitimate machinery of public meetings, be like the moon's attraction steady, peaceful, continuous and irresistible, and let the ocean of public opinion be ever heaving forward the tide of beneficent legislation, until the tide has rolled from shore to shore, in Mistral floods of blessing, to bathe, to brighten, and to purify the world.

THE TOBACCO HABIT.

The New Jersey law, passed by the legislature, prohibiting the sale of cigarettes and tobaccos to minors under sixteen years of age, and measures of similar restrictive import under consideration by other legislative bodies, forces this question into the political arena for the first time since the days of the old colonial blue laws. The personally disgusting character of the use of tobacco in chewing and snuffing is so patent as to admit of neither denial nor defense; and smoking, while less repulsive to all ideas of personal delicacy, is a public nuisance of incomparable dimensions. Medical—or chemical—skill has also been evoked to define the operation and specify the effects of tobacco upon its devotees, and the verdict is that next to the use of intoxicating liquors the tobacco habit is the most prolific source of both mental and physical diseases. Tracts, essays, lectures and sermons have been and are being employed in the formation of a true and intelligent public sentiment respecting the use of the weed, and almost innumerable make-shifts have been suggested as temporary substitutes for those whose addiction to the habit has become too strong to be overcome by mere will force.

* * * * *

Whereas a few years ago it was the exception to find any sort of public conveyance, any manufactory, store, or business office where the habit of smoking was not indulged in with perfect freedom—to-day the reverse is the case. Railway trains have their smoking cars; street railways prohibit smoking, unless upon the platform. Neither stores nor grocery houses allow their employees to smoke, and in the majority of manufactories, business offices, and shops of the land the inhibition of smoking applies to workmen, clerks and visitors. And yet these are but initiatory steps toward a more general and efficient restriction of the habit, demanded alike by the comfort and safety of the community, no less than by the health and happiness of the indulgers. That this must come about through legislation seems a foregone conclusion, and this New Jersey statute, applying to minors of sixteen years and under, may be accepted as the initiatory step in the direction of legislative restriction. It is, of course, so partial and imperfect as almost to merit the title of an elemental lesson in contempt of law for the sharp youth of the state, but its failure should only operate to stimulate future law makers to the enactment of measures which can be enforced, and under the operation of which, in time, the filthy and injurious practice will, it is to be hoped, become entirely obsolete.—*Kansas Methodist.*

Tales and Sketches.

SHOULD A CHRISTIAN MINISTER USE WINE? AN INCIDENT.

At an ecclesiastical convention a discussion on temperance, brought up the wine question. A part of the clergy went for its entire disuse, and a part took the side of moderate use. At length an influential clergyman rose, and made a vehement argument in favor of wine drinking, denouncing the radical reformers for attempting to banish this custom.

When he had resumed his seat a layman, trembling with emotion, rose and asked if he might speak. Permission granted, he said: "Mr. Moderator, it is not my purpose to answer the learned argument you have just heard. I once knew a father in moderate circumstances, who was at much pain and sacrifice to educate a beloved son at college. Here his son became dissipated; but after he had graduated and returned to his home, the

influence of home, acting upon a generous nature, actually reformed him. The father, you may well suppose, was overjoyed with the prospect that the cherished hopes of other days were still to be realized. Years passed, when the young man had completed his professional study, and being about to leave home for the purpose of establishing himself in business was invited to dine with a neighboring clergyman, noted for his social qualities and his hospitality. At dinner wine was introduced and offered to the young man and refused; pressed upon him again and refused. This was repeated and the young man was laughed at for his ungallantry. He could withstand appetite, but he could not withstand ridicule. He drank and fell, and long since has gone to a drunkard's grave. Mr. Moderator," continued the old man, with streaming eyes, "I am that father, and it was at the table of the clergyman who has just spoken that that token of hospitality ruined my son."—*Tennessee Good Templar.*

HOW ALCOHOL AFFECTS THE HEART.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a simple experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "Ruddy Bumper," and saying he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him:

"Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so. I said: "Count it carefully: what does it say?"

"Your pulse says seventy four."

I then sat down in a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said: "Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then laid down on the lounge, and said: "Will you count it again?"

He replied: "Why, it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

I then said: "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by 60 and it is 600; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is 5,000 strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of 30,000 ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like 15,000 extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below. His wife acknowledged that this was perfectly true. He began to reckon up those figures, and found that it meant lifting up an ounce so many thousand times, and the result was, he became a total abstainer, with every benefit to his health and, as he admits, to his happiness. I would like those who take stimulants to give them rest, just to take the opposite side of the question into consideration and see how the two positions fit together."—*Selected.*

WHAT THE TOBACCO MONEY BOUGHT.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Between seventeen and twenty-three there are tens of thousands of young men damaging themselves irretrievably by tobacco. You either use very good tobacco or cheap tobacco. If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you why it is cheap. It is a mixture of burdock, lampblack, sawdust, colt's-foot, plantain-leaves, fullers' earth, lime, salt, alum and a little tobacco. You can't afford, my young brother, to take such a mess as that between your lips. If, on the other hand, you use costly tobacco, let me say I do not think you can afford it. You take that which you expend and will expend, if you keep the habit all your life, and put it aside, and it will buy you a house, and it will buy you a farm, to make you comfortable in the afternoon of life. A merchant of New York gave this testimony: "In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each; they averaged that. I thought to myself one day, 'I'll just put aside all the money I am consuming in cigars, and all I would consume if I kept on in the habit, and I will see what it will come to by compound interest.'" And he gives this tremendous statistic: "Last July completed thirty-nine years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the saving amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,102 03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children, who had learned something of the enjoyment of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents, longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale. The cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the Sound. Now, boys, you take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoking."—*From "The Plagues Alcoholic and Narcotic."*

COME, COME, BONNIE LASSIE.

(AIR: "SANDY AND JENNY.")

"Come, come, bonnie lassie," said Sandy, "tis wrang
That you should be keeping me waiting sae lang;
You're the queen o' my heart, and there's nought in the way,
And so, my dear Jenny, do just fix the day."

"Oh, no, bonnie laddie," she answered with speed,
"I canna do that—no, I canna, indeed;
For I'm no' so sure you mean what you say,
And so, my dear, Sandy, I'll no' fix the day."

"But why, then, misdoubt me, dear lassie? 'Tis true
I never went wooing to any one but you.
I ken o' a house, and I work for fair pay,
And so, my dear Jenny, why not fix the day?"

"Not yet, bonnie laddie, my mither oft says,
Ye may marry in haste and repent a' your days,
Like Peggy McCullum and Isabel Gray;
Puir souls, they maun rue that they e'er fixed the day."

"Ah! lassie, I own that the comfort is sma'
When husbands earn little, and swallow 'maist a';
But that I was e'er fou, there's naeboddy can say,
Though I like a wee drappie just ance in the day."

"Weel, Sandy, indeed, if ye find it of use,
What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose.
Ye'll may be allow me a short pipe o' clay,
And a drappie o' whiskey just ance in the day."

"Oh, Jenny, dear Jenny, ye maun be in joke,
It wadna, look weel for a lassie to smoke;
And—it's no that I grudge you—but yet there's na doubt,
That as to the whisky, ye're better without."

"Aye, laddie, I think so, but canna you see,
It is no good for you, if it's no good for me?
But sling for my sake pipe and whisky away,
And then, may dear Sandy, we'll think o' the day."

"Aweel, bonnie lassie, then if it is so,
The pipe and the whisky may baith o' them go.
The pleasure's a' selfish, whate'er folks may say,
And now, my dear Jenny, ye'll just fix the day."

HOW HANS JOINED THE G. T.

Mr Hans Vandersplyken was asked to make a few remarks. He rose rather timidly and said:

Mine frents, I vas not an shpeker but I dries to dell you vat kooms to me, mit ke demperenz. Von year ago, I vas all der dimes mit der beer sloon, und I trinks efery day so much lager vot I koon buy, mit mine vages oof mine karpinter trade. Der sloon und der lager vas better as all oder dings for me. Boot I vaz all der dimes so dry as von limekill; de more lager I drinks, de more I vaz drier. Und ven I puts mine hand on mine hed, it vas all sveld oop, shoost so pig az von balloon, vot goes in the shky oop; and dare vaz always pain dare.

I puts mine hand on mine pody, und it is all sveld oop too; it is some panes dare too all der dimes, und I dakes more lager for der pain. Ipoots mine hand in mine pokkit; it is not sveld oop; dare is nottings dare.

Mine vife Katrina dells me, "Hans you is von droonken Dicheman, und you is goot fur nottings at all." Mine shildern he roons away und hides, bekoz dey is afraid, ven I in der house kooms. Der naburs voz kollid me, old troonken Hans; and der Yankee boys kollid me old shvill-tub und old shvellhed.

Von day dare kooms von of der Gute Demplars, und he says mine gute vrent, koom mit me, und see der temperenz. I voz very dry und I goes bekoz he kollid me "gute vrent" und don't say nottings about shvellhed.

Und ven I hears der people talk, und sees der men wot jined mid ter demperance, I jines mit der demperance too. Mine hed voz ferry big next day und I vants lager ferry pad, poot I don't go near der beer sloon.

Vell I shtays mid der demperance peoples. Und pooty soon ven I puts mine hand on mine hed, it is not shveld oop, und dare is no pane dare. Den I puts mine hand on mine pody, it iz not shveld oop too, und dare is no pane dare. Den I puts mine hand in mine pokkit und—ha—it iz shveld oop—ha—I vinds twenty dollar dare—I puts mine hand in mine oder pokkit—ha—it is shveld oop too—Dare iz ten-tollar I vinds in dat.

Und ven I dells my Katrina, she kries for glad, und she trows her arms roun mine neck und says; "Hans, I loofs you now shoost so much az vot I never did." Und mine shildren iz no more fraid and no more hides. Und de nabors shakes hans mid me and sez, How de doo, Mister Vandershplyken. End ve all has goot cloze and plenty to eats, und Katrina, mine wife iz younger more as 20 years now—Und so I shtays mid der demperance—you bet.—*Rescue.*

"LOCK WHISKY UP."

On the 18th of February, 1883, the writer and a brother Good Templar were,—by invitation of the Chaplain, I. H. De Bruin—were present at the Ohio Penitentiary Sunday School.

The title of the lesson for the day was "Christian Courage." One of the convicts asked Brother George D. Earle what was meant by "Christian Courage"—was there any difference between that and any other kind of courage?—George promptly responded "Yes! 'Christian Courage' means to have courage to say NO to everything that is wrong, and YES to what is right, no matter what your inclination may be. For instance;—When you get out of this, probably your old comrades will say, 'Come let's take a drink.' Now you exert 'Christian Courage' and say 'No!'"

The man looked up quickly and said: "You're a temperance man aren't you?" "Yes."

"I thought so! You see these men here," pointing to the hundreds of convicts gathered in that large chapel, "YOU LOCK THESE MEN UP AND LET WHISKY GO FREE—BUT YOU DON'T LOCK WHISKY UP AND LET US GO FREE BECAUSE YOR HAVEN'T CHRISTIAN COURAGE."

He told the truth, and while we do not propose to offer any apology for men undergoing sentence there, we assert that hundreds of them, there to day, would be at their homes, useful members of society, if we professing Christian and temperance people would exert "Christian Courage" and lock up the whisky.—*Ohio Good Templar.*

A GOOD STORY.

Even ministers are sometimes merely human, and are subject to the same passions which make common people do ridiculous things. A good story is told of Dr. Newman Hall, of London, which we do not remember to have seen in print. It has had quite an extensive private circulation, having gone from mouth to mouth in a quiet way, and has excited merriment wherever told. Dr. Hall is, as is well known in religious circles, the author of the tract entitled "Come to Jesus," the circulation of which, by the Tract Society, has been simply enormous, the copies printed running up beyond the hundreds of thousands into the six ciphers. Some very severe criticisms had been passed upon him on account of his words or conduct, and he became greatly excited over them and replied, or rather wrote a reply, replete with sarcasm and bitterness, and carried it to Dr. Binney, of London, (since dead), for suggestion and approval. Dr. Hall read it, bringing out the bitter things with peculiar emphasis, and when he had finished he said, "Well, Dr. Binney, how do you like it?" "Oh," was the reply, "I think it is remarkably well written, and there are many sharp and bitter things in it. By the way, Hall, have you fixed upon a title for it as yet?" "No, I have not," replied Dr. Hall, "perhaps you can assist me in that matter." Then Dr. Binney said slowly and deliberately:—"While you were reading some of those hard hits it occurred to me that this would be a good title, 'Go to the Devil,' by the author of 'Come to Jesus.'" It is needless to say that the hot tempered manuscript was never printed—indeed the story goes that it was torn up in Dr. Binney's study.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Temperance News.

TORONTO is well supplied with temperance restaurants. We specially urge their claim upon our friends who visit the exhibition. The Toronto Coffee House Association has a fine one close to the cathedral on King street, and another on the ground floor of Shaftesbury Hall. James Cox and Son have a well equipped and managed Luncheon Parlor at 83 Yonge street, close to King street. Others are kept by George Coleman, 111 King street west, W. T. Eccleston, 121 Yonge street, and G. S. McConkey, corner Richmond and Yonge. On the exhibition grounds are the dining hall, under the management of the Coffee House Association, and a refreshment and lunch room conducted by E. Lawson. There is a good temperance hotel, the Robinson House, under the proprietorship, James Matthews, at 109 Bay street.

INTEMPERANCE has steadily decreased in the state since the first enactment of the prohibitory law. Until now it can be said with truth that there is no equal number of people in the Angle-Saxon world among whom so small an amount of intoxicating liquor is consumed as among the six hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants of Maine.—*James G. Blaine.*

The temperance party in Brooklyn is gradually extending the sphere of its operations, and is now preparing to enter the arena of politics and take an active part in the coming campaign. About two weeks ago the initial steps were taken towards organizing "Reform Clubs" in all the wards of Brooklyn, and a declaration of principles for the guidance of these clubs was drawn up. Those who sign the "declaration" pledge themselves to insist that only sober men shall be entrusted with the responsible duties of making, interpreting, and enforcing the laws, refuse to cast a ballot for any manufacturer of or dealer in intoxicating liquors of any kind for any office; demand that no political caucus, convention, or pooling booth shall be held or opened in any place where intoxicating liquors are sold as beverages, and that all elective officers shall enforce the laws upon the statute books, as they may apply to their several offices, or resign their places.—*Globe.*

MRS. J. ELLEN FOSTER is making the circuit of about twenty-five camp-meetings in western New York, where she finds large audiences awaiting her, who listen to her appeals for constitutional prohibition even under umbrellas, as the season grows rainy as it nears its close, in the beautiful Genesee valley.

A FRIEND in Ottawa, Kansas, writes that there are a dozen men, confirmed drunkards, who came there because of the prohibition which prohibited, and have succeeded in reforming because the temptation of the saloon did not exist.—*Levee.*

Two new temperance societies have been organized in the United States—the Patrons of Temperance, a secret society with three degrees, working for prohibition; and the Golden Cross, a mutual benefit, total abstinence society.

ACCORDING to the *Medical Times and Gazette* there are 34 or 35 total abstinence men in the British House of Commons. The fact is referred to as "remarkable."

THE London Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross has 145,000 members in the metropolis, and 32 branches throughout the kingdom.

DENMARK has new laws for the prevention of drunkenness. No woman is to be allowed to serve customers in any public or other place of drinking. Selling intoxicants to either sex under eighteen is strictly prohibited. A drunken person unable to walk is to be taken in a covered carriage at the expense of the house where the drunkenness developed. The number of public houses in Copenhagen is reduced from 1,350 to 300.—*Elizabeth Temperance Union.*

KING OSCAR II., of Sweden, was recently interviewed by delegates from the Stockholm Labourers' Union, with whom he discussed the temperance movement among the Swedish workmen. The Labourers' Union in question is fighting only the consumption of "schnapps" among labourers, and shows how great an amount of "schnapps" is drunk in the city of Stockholm alone, which has not more than 150,000 inhabitants. The amount of "schnapps" sold at the Stockholm saloons, that are patronized by workingmen, from October 1, 1881, to October 1, 1882, amounted to 806,000 jugs at 3½ crowns (92¾ cents). The workingmen, therefore, paid out 2,821,000 crowns, or \$747,565, without considering that of the 644,000 jugs of the second quality that were sold at 2 2-5 crowns (63 6-10 cents) in wine cellars, at least two-thirds was sold to workmen, who paid 1,030,000 crowns (\$273,000). The amount paid by workmen for brandy alone was 3,850,000 crowns, or \$1,020,250. In answer to a workingman, the King, after deprecating the waste of time and money by the labourers in saloons, said:—"Yes, my friends, you may say to your comrades and Stockholm's workingmen, that I am greatly interested in this movement, as far as it relates to temperance, economy, and good order, and as long as it remains within legal bounds you may ever depend upon my moral support.—*Globe.*

Intemperance News.

The directors of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association have carried out their drink-selling project, and a great array of beer-selling bars disgraces our otherwise magnificent Show. We trust that this is the last time that they will be permitted to evade law and defy public sentiment; that our legislature at its next session will so amend the License Act, that its intent will be enforceable in such cases as that of which to-day we have so much cause to be ashamed.

Rev. D. L. Brethour, of Milton, is one of our most enthusiastic workers in the cause of moral reform. To his persistent efforts the county of Halton owes a great deal of its success in enforcing prohibitory law. His enemies have recently attempted to annoy him by the paltry rowdy trick of setting up near his church some non-descript thing, purporting to be an effigy of the object of their spite. Such feeble demonstrations of malice are utterly harmless to our cause, but it is saddening to be compelled to recognize the malevolence that prompts them.

Young men will do well to remember that indulging in but one 5-cent glass of lager a day, if continued twenty years, will cost them \$1,222.75, or more than the price of a fairly improved and stocked Western farm.

A son of Judge Taylor, of Chillicothe, O., who has squandered an inheritance of \$40,000, died a tramp the other day in Cincinnati after drinking two pints of whisky.

Annual mineral product of the United States \$76,000,000, annual liquor bill 78,000,000. More money spent for tobacco than for flour in the United States.

There was not a protestant meeting in town last Sunday, although there are six churches here. We saw a number of saloons open, however. The devil keeps right on about his business, whether the churches do or not. One would think he would enjoy a vacation of a week or two at some fresh water lake resort, but there is no evidence that he has ever taken one since he was kicked over the battlements thousands of years ago.—*Dansville Advertiser*.

Dr. Reynolds, the eminent Temperance evangelist, says the hardest men he has to deal with are those under twenty-five, who drink beer and have no realization of the terrible appetite they are cultivating.

Mrs. Emma. Molloy, of Elgin Ill., an able platform speaker, taking an active part in the Ohio campaign, in a late speech stated that the saloons of the country, if thirty feet were allowed for each one, placed side by side in one long avenue, would form a street 265 miles in length, eighty-seven and a half miles of which would be made out of drinking places in Ohio. From this avenue issued every year a column of 5,000,000 moderate drinkers and 530,000 confirmed drunkards. She told of one man who at the death-bed of his little daughter swore never to touch another drop, an oath he meant to keep, but he was forced to pass by seventeen licensed places on his way to business and he gave in to the great temptation. It is not much wonder that Ohio is crying out for reform.

In an equal number of abstainers and of moderate drinkers between 15 and 20 years of age, 18 of the latter die for 10 of the former. Between 20 and 30 years 31 to 10, and between 30 and 40 years of age 40 to 10 is the proportion of moderate drinkers and abstainers who die. In this mathematical statement drunkards are not included. At 20 years of age and abstainer has an average life of 44 years longer, a moderate drinker 15½ years.

General News.

CANADIAN.

The Toronto Exhibition is fairly under way, and is proving all that its managers anticipated. Owing to the unfavorable weather the show of agricultural products is not up to the average, but other things are far ahead of any previous year's exhibit. The Governor-General formally opened the Exhibition on Tuesday. He is now paying his farewell visit to this city, and is accompanied by the Princess Louise and Prince George of Wales.

The details of the Methodist Union are being rapidly worked out by the Conference still in session at Belleville. Rev. Dr. Rice and Rev. Dr. Carman have been elected General Superintendents. The name of the new organization is "The Methodist Church."

A large factory for the production of mechanical rubber goods is about to be erected in Parkdale.

The London Junction Railway is vigorously at work completing plans for the working out of the enterprise it has undertaken. It is expected that the road will be built very soon.

The work-shops of the Canada Pacific Railway at Montreal are now in operation and employing a large number of operatives.

Both the Grand Trunk and C. P. R. railways are endeavoring to get hold of the Kingston and Pembroke line.

The Ontario and Quebec railway is now finished as far as Sharbot Lake.

The Arthabaska, the first steamer belonging to the Canadian Pacific directors, for Lake Superior traffic, is now on her passage from Glasgow. She is built of steel, and will carry 2,000 tons of wheat.

The new Governor-General is expected at Ottawa on the 22nd inst., the day of his departure from Liverpool being the 11th inst. Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise will leave for England by the first Allan steamer after the arrival of Lord Lansdowne.

A saline spring with most valuable curative properties has been discovered on the North Shore road, twenty-six miles from Montreal.

During the past week several disastrous fires occurred. At Meaford, Kerr & Cook's large steam grist mill was completely destroy-

ed, as were also Goodfellow's mills at Aylmer and the Riley House and stables with an adjoining screw-factory storehouse at Dundas.

Heavy frosts occurred all over Ontario on last Saturday and Sunday nights. Ice was formed half-an-inch thick in some places, and late crops severely injured.

A man named John Cahill, employed on the barge *Dashing Wave*, was drowned at Port Dalhousie last week. It is supposed he stepped off the pier, as the night was very dark. He was about thirty years of age, married, and had a family of three children.

Another drowning accident occurred at the Humber near Toronto, the victim being Thomas Johnston a hostler at Mr. Duck's hotel.

A colored man named Alexander Venables, was drowned off the steamer C. H. Merritt near Cnatham on Monday afternoon. He was engaged in loading the boat with wood, and he slipped off the deck of the vessel.

Private dispatches received from Winnipeg say that ex-Lieut.-Governor Cauchon is dangerously ill there and has received the last rites of the church.

Daniel Lyman was killed near Komoka on Sunday by being thrown from a wagon.

An insane school teacher, named Thomas Davis, who was staying at McDiarmid's hotel, Thamesford, made a desperate attempt at suicide on Sunday by cutting his throat.

The schooner-yacht *Explorer*, with all hands, was lost on Greenough Shoal during the gale of last week. She was loaded with salt, and bound from Gode-ich to Cove Island. She was owned by E. N. Lewis, of Goderich. No insurance. The names of those lost are, Capt. Chas. Woods, John McDonald, Mr. Heale, and Walter Crane (son of Albert Crane of Chicago), who was on a pleasure trip.

Sir Henry Maxse, Governor of Newfoundland, died at St. John's at one o'clock Saturday morning. He was one of the gallant 600 of the light brigade who made the memorable charge of Balaclava.

Reports from Newfoundland show that the loss of life, from the violent storms in August, was very great. Capt. Stephen's vessel with five men was swamped near Point Lance reefs. Morelli's schooner was wrecked and all hands perished near Cape St. Mary's. Captain Dunphi's craft sank with the crew near the Bull and Cow rocks. Two wrecked vessels passed off Cape St. Mary's. There are no tidings of either crews. Four men were lost from the schooner *Hyperion*; they were natives of Canada, and their names were Norman McLeod, Thos. King, Isaac Deroche, and Dominick Perry, all hailing from Cape Breton. The latest from Trepassey states that the *Canima* mails were all lost. Nothing was saved. The passengers were dragged ashore at Gull Island by ropes. The ship struck at three o'clock in the morning during a dense fog, a heavy rainfall, and high wind and sea. The forward part of the vessel was smashed, and the cargo floated around. At Seramney, Labrador, a fishing vessel capsized. Captain Whelan and crew were drowned.

UNITED STATES.

President Arthur has returned to Washington.

The ceremony of driving the golden spike which completed the Northern Pacific Railway took place at Gold Spike, Montana, last Saturday afternoon.

Chief-Justice Coleridge is being greatly lionized and banquetted in the various places he is visiting.

A wealthy syndicate which has purchased a large tract of land surrounding the great Shoshone Falls of the Snake River, Idaho, surrounded by the grandest scenery in the world, will build a mammoth hotel, put a steamer on the river, and make it the Niagara of the West.

Near Belmont, on the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railway, is New Boston Lake, which covers seventy-five acres. The farmers whose places adjoin the lake were astonished to find dead fish floating in shorewards by thousands of bushels. On the shores and out in the water for two or three feet there is a deep border of dead fish averaging from a quarter of a pound to ten pounds in weight. It is thought that a poisonous spring has broken forth at the bottom of the lake.

Great floods have occurred in Texas, much damage has been done to property and many cattle destroyed.

In all the States west of the Great Lakes, much damage was done to crops by heavy frosts last Saturday and Sunday nights.

A stream of pure water has been found at a depth of 34 feet at Carthage, Dakota. It flows at the rate of four miles an hour, and in volume twice the size of the Redstone river.

Fifty-two drivers on the Metropolitan street car line, in Washington, struck because five men were discharged on account of their connection with the Knights of Labor. Nearly all the cars have been manned by substitutes.

The Secretary of State in his report for September estimates the wheat crop of Michigan at 23,600,000 bushels, nearly 600,000 bushels less than the July estimate. The oat crop is estimated at 29.4 bushels per acre in the southern four tiers of counties, and 30.17 bushels in the northern counties. The corn crop is nearly ruined, except on the high sandy soil. The crop of winter apples will be only 20 to 49 per cent. of an average; peaches, 19 to 49 per cent., clover seed, 103 per cent.

Gordon W. Leggett, of Windsor, Ont., was brought to Bellevue Hospital, New York, on Saturday night, from Earles' hotel, suffering from dementia. He is 57 years old, and is said to be a Judge of the Essex County Court, of Ontario.

There have been ten great fires in as many different places during the past week, and five persons have thereby lost their lives.

Wm. Bailey, at Ypsilanti, Mich., Thos. Ryan, at Buffalo, N.Y., and Charles Simpson, at Erie, Pa., were killed by railway accidents.

Mrs. Julie P. Smith, the well-known novelist, was killed at her summer residence, near Hartford. Her horse took fright and ran away.

While Wm. Beedell was duck hunting at Quanissas, he was accidentally drowned. He was twenty years old. His widowed mother lives at Port Rowan, Ont.

Maggie Ballentine, of Portsmouth, Va., aged 17, while lighting a pipe she was smoking, accidentally set her clothes afire and was burned to death.

Wm. P. Morris, aged 15, died on Sunday, at Brooklyn. The doctors decided that the smoking of cigarettes and chewing of tobacco caused his death.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Queen Victoria has entrusted the writing of her biography to Miss Keddie, a Scotch lady.

L'Hoste, the French aeronaut, after several ineffectual attempts, has crossed from France to England in a balloon.

The British barque *Carnatic*, from Tai Wan Foo, May 21st, for New York, for Montreal, has foundered. The crew arrived at St. Helena.

A Liverpool despatch says the wet weather is greatly hindering the harvest work. Much grain is uncut, and the position of the ungathered crops is daily becoming more critical.

The joint exhibit of the Dominion Government and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, at the North Lancashire Agricultural Show at Diverpool, was awarded a silver medal.

The British man-of-war *Swift* has arrived from Batavia. The Commander reports the great channel of the Straits of Sunda is probably unchanged. Anker light has disappeared, but the lighthouse at Java Head is undamaged. The Dutch authorities are taking every precaution to prevent damage to vessels.

A Vienna despatch says the hearty reception accorded King Alfonso is considered confirmatory of the alliance between Spain and Austria.

The Crown Prince of Portugal has arrived at Berlin. He received great honor. The visit is an indication of another adhesion to the Austro-German alliance.

The Suez Canal Company has reduced the heavy charges that it formerly levied upon vessels.

The death-rate from cholera in Egypt is now reduced to four per day.

Cattle disease is still raging in Russia.

Serious riots against Europeans have broken out at Canton.

Shocks of Earthquake are again alarming the inhabitants of Ischia.

Ladies' Department.

TORONTO WOMEN'S MEDICAL SCHOOL.

Toronto merits no little praise for her enterprise in establishing the first medical school for ladies in this country. The movement here has been kept so very quiet by those who interested themselves in the institution of the school that not a few people supposed the scheme, together with the proposition to establish a similar school in another Canadian city, had fallen through for lack of support. However it may be with the proposed school in the second city, the institution has become an established fact in Toronto, and will open on the first of October with a very fair sized class of students who have declared their intention of commencing the course then. When the scheme was first hinted those who were in favour of it were not very sanguine of the success it would meet with, and decided that it would not be well to make their efforts public until all arrangements had been completed for opening the school. It was on this account that but little has been heard so far about the institution. All through the summer, however, the friends of the school have been working in its interest, and now its

SUCCESS IS ASSURED.

Sufficient money has been subscribed for the school to carry it on independent of the returns for the first year or two, and a commodious building has been secured in Sumach street where every arrangement for the comfort of the students has been made. The faculty consider themselves specially fortunate in securing a desirable building so near the Hospital, and the convenience that will result to the students thereby is evident. The incorporation of the college was applied for by the following:—Dr. Barrett, Dr. George Wright, Dr. Cameron, Dr. Adam Wright, and Mesdames Jas. Gooderham, John Harvie, Jessie McEwan, and E. Blake. With the high standing in the profession of the medical gentlemen named, and the positions in society of the ladies mentioned, it was hardly to be expected that the scheme to establish the school would fall through, even if it had not stood on its merits, as it did. The act of incorporation of the college provides that there shall be nine managing officers of the society who shall be styled trustees, of whom not fewer than three shall always be women, provided as many as three women shall always be members of the society. The first trustees of the school are Dr. Barrett, Dr. George Wright, Dr. Adam H. Wright, Dr. Cameron, and Mrs. McEwan. The election of trustees shall take place annually, and nine shall be appointed, of whom four shall always be selected by the members of the faculty of the College from amongst themselves, and five shall be elected by the subscribers from amongst themselves.

COURTESY TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Each subscriber who shall have paid a subscription to the funds of the Society since the next previous meeting shall be entitled to one vote at the election for every sum of \$10 so paid. Every subscriber who shall in any one year pay towards the funds of the College a subscription of \$100 or upwards shall have a right to vote at all annual meetings, according to the scale already mentioned, except that he shall not after the first vote be entitled to more than ten votes at any election. The Board of Trustees shall also by by-law from time to time fix the fees to be paid by students and the salaries to be paid to professors and teachers. Matters touching the conduct and management of the school and the teaching therein shall be arranged by the members of the faculty.

THE FACULTY.

The faculty is as follows:—Michael Barrett, M. A., M. D.; George Wright, M. A., M. B.; Irving H. Cameron, M. B.; Adam H. Wright, B. A., M. B., M. R. S., Eng.; A. McPhedran, M. B.; J. T. Duncan, M. B.; R. A. Reeve, B. A., M. D.; R. B. Nevitt, B. A., M. D.; F. Krauss, M. D.; Augusta S. Gullen, M. D., and A. R. Pync. The members of the faculty shall be professors of the following subjects:—Institutes of Medicine, Practice of Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, Materia Medica and Botany, Anatomy and Microscopy, Diseases of the Eye and Ear, Sanitary Science, Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology and Chemistry, together with the demonstration of Anatomy, and of such other professors or teachers as may be added by the Board of Trustees. The power of appointing professors and teachers (including the power to dismiss) shall be in a joint meeting of the Board of Trustees and of the members of the faculty who are not trustees.—*Globe*.

WOMEN'S WAGES.

I oftentimes think what a noble work for humanity our working girls is doing. The next generation of working women will bless them for their patient pioneer work. Only within the last half century have women pushed themselves into the various avocations which had before been monopolized by our brothers, who, having both the capital and experience, gave to their sisters only the menial places, with hard work and little pay. With the meek submission characteristic of the women of fifty years ago, they accepted the lowly position, and worked long, and hard, and well, only to find that the miserable pittance paid them would barely support life.

But the day is fast approaching when sex will no longer determine wages. Woman is pushing herself forward in every avenue of business life. She has risen from the poor shop-girl into the proprietor of dry-goods and millinery stores. Instead of being only the copyist of tiresome law papers, she has risen to the dignity and commands the fees of the first-class lawyer. Instead of the ridiculed and scorned medical student, she practises among our best families, and instructs by her papers and books even the superior sex in her profession. From the humble, ill-paid school-teacher of a half century since, we see her rising to the important position of county and city superintendent, and she is compelling, by her patient labour so faithfully performed, a larger compensation. And in every other department where women are labouring, by their faithful devotion to their employers' interests, by their work, which even employers themselves acknowledge could not be better done, they are compelling respect and admiration. Their worth as workmen is becoming proverbial, and their wages are advancing. Oh! my sisters! you patient, humble toilers, despair not. A brighter day is dawning. Your painstaking work has not been in vain. Already—although your work of fifty years has had to bear comparison with masculine work perfected by long generations of the accumulated wisdom of fathers and sons—the world of employers acknowledges your eminent fitness and worth in all the avocations in which you are labouring. Your reputation once established, the corresponding wages must follow.—*Woman's Journal*.

IS IT FAIR?

"I have known in manufacturing towns, where I have resided all my life—I have known many cases of honest women having drunken and worthless husbands, who neglected their work, neglected the feeding and clothing of their families, neglected their families' education, and who by their vices had considerably shortened their own lives. I have known those men die; and I have seen their widows left with a number of small children, and not one of them possibly able to work; I have seen those women, I will not say manfully, but heroically facing their distressed circumstances, working hard for their children, gradually clothing them, gradually bringing beds and fresh furniture into the houses, for in many cases the furniture in their former homes had been taken away to gratify the vices of their husbands. I have seen them pay their husbands' debts, keep the roofs over the heads of themselves and families, educate their children, pay the rent regularly, and yet, because these persons are women, and incomparably superior in every respect to the worthless husbands they had lost a short while before, they are not allowed to give a vote, while the worthless husbands had been allowed that privilege. Will any person venture to tell me that if anyone should have been deprived of the vote, it should not have been the man who so neglected his family and duties, but the woman? Surely, under such circumstances, instead of being deprived of the vote, the woman who had proved herself fully competent to discharge all the duties of citizenship should have all the rights of a citizen conferred on her."—*Mr. Hugh Mason, in the British House of Commons, Friday, July 6.*

The first trial of female suffrage occurred at Battle Creek, Mich., on the 3rd inst. Under the new State law empowering women to vote at school elections who either own property or who have children above five years, over 100 women voted almost unanimously for the temperance candidate.

The Association for the advancement of Women, of which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe is president, will hold its eleventh annual congress in Chicago, on October, 17, 18 and 19. Mrs. Howe has issued a call for the congress in which she says:—"We are glad to feel that the movement and progress of ideas are calling into existence and action many associations whose aim, like our own, is the advance-

ment of woman, considered as essential to the advancement of the human race. Throughout the length and breadth of the land we are constantly called upon to take note of groups of workers who are united in the belief that women are bound by sacred obligations to be foremost helpers of their own sex."

Mrs. Lydia Post, having gone through a regular examination, has been admitted as a lawyer to the bar of Torino, Italy, with eight votes to four. After her admission to the bar two members of the Council, Mr. Spantigut, M.P., and Mr. Chiaves, resigned.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Gloucester, who died in Brooklyn, N.Y., last week, was the wealthiest coloured woman in the United States, and it was all acquired by her own endeavors. Born of freed parents during the era of slavery, she was brought up in a family of Philadelphia Quakers, who taught her lessons of economy and thrift, which stood her in good stead later in life. She exhibited marked energy and shrewdness in investing her earnings. Mrs. Gloucester was an intimate friend of John Brown's, and it was to her when she feared he would lose his life in his work, that he spoke those memorable words:—"If I fall, I'll open a ball in this country which will never stop until every slave is free!"

MRS. MATILDA CHAPLIN AYRTON, M. D.—We record with much sorrow the death of this accomplished and amiable lady, which took place in Sloane-street, London, England, on July 19th. As Miss Chaplin she was one of the pioneers who fought the battle of medical education for women at Edinburgh. She took her degree as M. D. in the University of Paris, and obtained the diploma which entitled her to practice in this country, from the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland. She married Professor Ayrton, and her death causes much regret in scientific circles. Although she took no specially active part in the suffrage movement, she was a warm supporter and helper of the cause. She took part in the proceedings of the annual meeting of the Central Committee in July last year, and she died on the day when the meeting was held this year.—*Women's Suffrage Journal*.

Miss Arabella Kenealy, second daughter of the late Dr. Kenealy, the famous lawyer of the Trelborne claimant, has obtained the license of the King and Queen's College of Physicians, Ireland, and special license in midwifery. There were forty male candidates, and Miss Kenealy's papers were adjudged the best.—*Ex.*

The following are taken from the *Woman's Herald of Industry*:—

Tiffin, Ohio, has three female lawyers, the latest addition to the list being Miss Edith Sams, who has formed a partnership with Miss Florence Cronise, under the firm name of "Cronise & Sams, attorneys-at-law."

The Standard Oil Company of Cleveland, Ohio, employs only ladies as telegraphers in its offices, and has done so since 1876. Miss Delia B. H. Howard is at present manager of its office at headquarters, and is assisted by five ladies.

Several New York shoe dealers are employing girl clerks to wait on lady customers. This innovation merits imitation generally. All modest ladies would prefer to be fitted by their own sex, and the occupation is well suited to women.

A whole acre of space is to be given up to the woman's department in the coming mechanics' fair at Boston. Some of the woman's industries which are to be represented are floriculture, bee culture, raisin culture, the making of dresses and children's clothes, carpets, wall-paper designs, art needlework and botanical collections.

Over one hundred ladies voted at the school election in Falls City, Neb., last Thursday, and elected two of their number as members of the board. The ladies of Lincoln were also out in full force and came within a few votes of electing their candidate.

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 beneficial effects upon their customers troubled with Liver Complaint, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Impurity of the Blood, and other physical infirmities. It has accomplished remarkable cures.

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

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

Our Casket.

JEWELS.

Up, men of reason, manly men!
This is no slumbering age;
Sink creed and party, crime condemn,
And for the right engage.

One cannot always be a hero, but one can always be a man.—
Goethe.

Archdeacon Farrar says: "Man's liberty ends, and it ought to end, when that liberty becomes the curse of his neighbors."

Relieve misfortune quickly. A man is like an egg—the longer he is kept in hot water, the harder he is when taken out.

It is our duty not only to scatter benefits, but even to strew flowers for the sake of our fellow-travellers in the pathways of this wretched world.

Men are sometimes accused of pride because their accusers would be proud themselves if they were in their place.

If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause?

The silent influences of life are by far the greatest. We do not know at what moment we are stamping the character and coloring the whole future life of our associates by our voiceless example or our most unpremeditated words.

Many persons fancy themselves friendly when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you should become wise as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

Work and relaxation are both means to the same great end—the perfection of individual happiness and national welfare. We cannot afford to neglect either, nor to emphasize one at the expense of the other. Both are duties, and should be treated as such; both should be pleasures, and will be so when their proportions are duly regarded and the claims of each faithfully fulfilled.

When the State writes "Criminal" over the door-way of the most elegant drinking-saloons, as well as over the lowest grog-shops; when it places at the bar of justice the tempter by the side of his victim, and when it stamps every package of liquor as a dangerous beverage, meriting destruction as a public nuisance, it has done much to warn the young and unwary, and to turn their feet aside from the downward path.—*Judge Pitman.*

TRINKETS.

KNOTTY.

Said bachelor Fred unto bachelor Harry,
"I've partially made up my mind to marry
And settle down; for I'm quite worn out
With all this galivanting about.

"A fellow thinks he has lived in clover,
Till the bills come in when the season's over,
And then he finds to his cost, alas!
He's positively turned out to grass.

"A wife, you know, with a wealthy father,
Would be a pleasant incumbrance—rather;
And a sweetheart nowadays seems to be
A very expensive luxury.

"Yet whether to marry or not to marry
Is a question that puzzles me sorely, Harry.
What would you advise?" "Well, I'll tell you what,"
Said Harry; "I think you had better—knot!"

—*Josephine Pollard in Continent.*

A punster challenged a sick man's vote at a city's election, on the ground that he was an ill-legal voter.

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

An old lady in Iowa was asked what she would do with all the corn if it could not be made into whisky. She replied, "I would have it made into starch to stiffen the backbone of many of the temperance people."

An inveterate bachelor, being asked by a sentimental miss why he did not secure some fond one's company in his voyage on the

ocean of life, "I would if I were sure such an ocean would be *Pacific.*"

A medical certificate is among the treasures of the London General Post-office, worded as follows: "This is to certify that I attended Mrs. — in her last illness, and that she died in consequence thereof."

A young lady resembles ammunition, because the powder is needed before the ball.

A preacher remarked last Sunday that it was said that liberalism is creeping into all the churches. "If this is so," he continued, "I hope it will soon strike the contribution boxes."

A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question: "Can a man see without eyes?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "How, sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes? Pray, sir, how do you make that out?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth. And the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

She sang "I want to be an angel," and he declared that she was one already. To this she blushing demurred. Then he married her. Demurrer sustained.

DOUBTFUL IDENTITY.—"As I was goin' over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly!' says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.' So with that we looked at aich other again, an' sure enough it was nayther of us."

RATHER OBSCURE COMPLIMENT.—The church official in expressing his humble apology to the very dignified clergyman who had come to conduct the services for the day in an obscure, unimportant place, said, "he was sorry to have asked *him* to their small town and little church, as less of a gentleman and a poorer preacher might have done them, if they had only known where to find one."

For Girls and Boys.

SHE WILL NEED THEM NO MORE.

Some days since a man noticed a ragged little bootblack culling some bright blossoms from a bruised and faded bouquet which a chambermaid had thrown from a window into the alley.

"What are you doing with that bouquet, my lad?" asked the man.

"Nothing," was the lad's reply, as he kept on at his work.

"But do you love flowers so well that you are willing to pick them out of the mud?"

"That's hardly your business," was the somewhat impudent reply.

"Oh, certainly not; but you surely cannot expect to sell those faded flowers?"

"Sell 'em! who wants to sell 'em? I'm going to take 'em to Lil."

"O, Lil is your sweetheart, I see."

"No, Lil is not my sweetheart! she's my sick sister," said the boy, as his eyes flashed and his dirty chin quivered. Lil's been sick for a long time, and lately she talks of nothing but flowers and birds, but mother told me this morning that Lil would die b-b-before the flowers and birds came back."

The boy burst into tears.

"Come with me to the florist's," said the gentleman, "and your sister shall have a nice bouquet."

The little fellow was soon bounding home with his treasure. Next day he appeared, and said:

"I came to thank you, sir, for Lil. The bouquet did her so much good; she hugged and hugged it till she set herself a coughing again. She says she'll come by and by and work for you, soon's she gets well."

An order was sent to the florist to give the boy every alternate day a bouquet for "Lil."

It was only day before yesterday that the bootblack appeared again. He stepped inside the office door and said:

"Thank you, sir; but Lil—Lil (tears were streaming from his eyes) won't—need—the flowers any more."

He went quickly away, but his brief words had told the story. "Lil" won't need the flowers any more, for she has gone where they are always blooming, and even on earth they will grow about her mouldering form, and the birds will sing around her grave.—
Morning and Day of Reform.

TEMPERANCE AND INTEMPERANCE.

DON'T DRINK.

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

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

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

Ella Wheeler.

"APRIL FOOL."

BY EARNEST GILMOUR.

"To-day is Monday, and Wednesday will be April fool. Let's have some *fun* this year; let's *fool* everybody along this street."

It was roguish little Tom Dunn talking so earnestly, and Willie Emmet answered in a tone equally earnest and mischievous:

"Oh! that'll be just jolly. Let's ring every bell all along from here to old Deb Miller's; and we might tie a basket of rotten eggs to old Deb's door—tie it high up, and fix it so as it would give him a bath such as he's never had before when he opens the door."

"That would be *mean*—like kicking a man when he's down," said Robbie Lawson decidedly. "Besides, supposin' Deb's poor little lame Sadie would limp to the door or brave little Tim; they deserve something more than rotten eggs, even if old Deb don't."

A heaven-born thought came into Tom Dunn's eyes just then; his merry eyes grew sober, for he was tender-hearted in spite of his roguishness.

"Tell, you what," he said, with a sort of a suspicious choke in his voice, "I don't believe, after all, we'd have much fun ringing folk's door-bells; we'd only provoke them, and get called some horrid names, like *scamps* or *loafers* or *rascally good-for-nothings*. I believe we'd have more fun April-fooling Sadie and Tim Miller."

"How?" asked Willie.

"By *doing them some kindness*. Don't you think that would *fool* them?" he asked, his eyes growing merry again.

"'Twould surprise them, no doubt, for us to do them a kindness; but I say *let's do it*." And Robbie reached out his hand and clasped Tom's heartily, upon which Willie, not to be outdone in sentiment, turned a somersault and said.

"Count me number *three* on that *committee of kindness*, now, will you?"

Monday passed away, Tuesday too had nearly run its course, and in the darkness of the evening Sadie Miller waited for her brother Tim—brave little Tim, only eleven, and yet working like a man, day after day, in a factory. She could not imagine why he did not come; he had been gone long enough to do his errands thrice over, his errands simply being to buy a loaf of bread, a couple of mackerel, and some kerosene oil for the poor little empty lamp. Nine o'clock and still no Tim. Where could he be? Sadie was hungry, and anxious too. Besides she felt *afraid* to stay there without Tim; her father was liable to come stumbling home any moment, and if he should come who was to protect her from his cruelty? Her forebodings finally reached a climax, and she sobbed aloud, three boys in the open shed attached to the old house hearing her. These boys, as you may have guessed, were Tom, Willie, and Robbie, the "committee of kindness." They were just consulting in whispers whether it was best to go in and try to comfort Sadie or not when they heard Tim coming, walking rapidly.

Crouching down in a dark corner, the boys waited until Tim opened the door and went in. He did not close the door immediately, so while they were waiting for him to do so they saw enough and heard enough to make their warm hearts ache. The room was comfortless, the children poorly clothed, and with weary, pale faces; besides, they heard Tim say sorrowfully, "You thought I was gone a good while, and so I was, and I'll tell you why. I thought maybe I could get you a little straw hat with a wreath of daisies around it like Mollie Bird's. I looked into half a dozen shops and found the hats in all of 'em, but they all cost a dollar and a quarter, and you know I haven't got that; but Sadie, don't cry any more 'cause you can't go to Sunday-school. I'll get the money for it, the pretty daisy-hat, before the May blossoms come."

That is all the three boys heard, and then the door was shut and they went home, meeting old Deb Miller stumbling along home.

Wednesday morning dawned. Just as Tim arose from his wretched bed to build a fire in the old stove there came a loud knock at the door, and then followed a sound of scampering feet. "Some boys tryin' to April-fool us," he thought bitterly; "seems to me they might let us drunkard's children alone."

He opened the door carefully, as if in fear of something, and there stood a square wooden dry-goods box, with a slip of paper nailed to it. A strange expression shone upon his face as he read that note. It was as follows:

"DEAR TIM: You're a *brave, good* fellow, if you are ole Deb Miller's boy, an' so we're goin' to *April fool* you. In the corner of the shed you'll find some things you'll like *if you're like the rest of boys*. In the box there are some books we heard you were tryin' to buy, and some nice things for that dear little sister of yours; among 'em is a hat all trimmed with daisies; *won't she like that?* You needn't worry about where we got the things; we bought 'em with our own *earned* money. Yours,

"TOM, WILLIE, ROBBIE."

Was it true? Were there *really* things in that box, or only stones? Tim opened it nervously, half hoping, half fearing, and then, with glistening eyes, called Sadie and put on her yellow hair the daisy hat. She laughed and cried, and just as Tim threw over her shoulders a pretty little cape that had been Robbie's sister's old Deb Miller awoke. He raised upon one arm and watched his children's changed faces. He comprehended the whole thing, the kindly gifts, the thoughtful givers, and the appreciation of his two neglected children. A great pity crept into his awakened heart and the scenes that followed made even the angels rejoice.—*The Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A TALK ABOUT WORDS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO BOYS.

ALBERT sits looking over a book when BENJAMIN enters.

Benjamin. Halloo, Al! At your books, as usual. What a book-worm you are to be sure! But what have you learned lately?

Al *ert.* I have been looking up words to see what they are derived from. Have you noticed how much can sometimes be learned by taking every-day words and looking into the meaning of them?

B. Sometimes I have. Were you thinking of any in particular?

A. I was thinking about some that show the danger of drinking.

B. What are they?

A. One is the word Alcohol.

B. What does it mean?

A. It is an Arabic word, meaning the Evil Spirit.

B. And well it deserves it. When was the word coined?

A. It was coined long ago, when the alchemists were trying to find out the elixir of life and something that would turn everything into gold. It was then they discovered how to distil alcohol.

B. What! when searching for the elixir of life?

A. Yes.

B. Then they found the elixir of death and degradation instead.

A. That's true. In seeking for something that would turn any metal into gold they found a thing that can turn a man into a beast.

B. I suppose that is why they called it "Alcohol, or the Spirit of Evil."

A. That no doubt, was the reason.

B. There is another word I would like to know the derivation of.

A. What word is that?

B. "Intoxicate." What does it come from?

A. It comes from a Greek word meaning a poisoned arrow.

B. Ah! and a very good derivation, too. For intoxicating drink is an arrow that not only pierces the brain, but poisons the happiness, destroys the health, and blasts the hope of life.

A. True enough, Ben; I'm glad we're both pledged against it.

B. I have just been thinking that, though I don't know Greek or Arabic, I could give some meanings just as good as these.

A. What are some of them?

B. Take the word "Champagne."

A. Well, what does it mean?

B. *Champagne* means a thing that when people drink much of it, gives them *real* pain.

A. Not so bad! And what is Ale?

B. Ale is a drink that causes ailments.

A. And Wine, what is it?

B. A drink that gives people gout. They begin with wines and end with *whines*.

A. And what is Beer?

B. Beer is a drink that brings many people to their *bier*.

A. And Gin, what is it?

B. *Gin* is a trap that tangles the feet and brings the souls of men into the snare of the fowler.

A. And what is Whisky?

B. A drink that *whisks* away a man's character, a man's money and his brains, if he ever had any.

A. And Porter, what is it?

B. Porter is a drink that swells and bloats a man till he becomes a "porter"—carrying about the load of his own fat. And when a woman begins to sup porter she is in danger by-and-bye of needing her friends (laughing) to *sup-port* her.

A. Stop, stop! I think you've done first-rate, and what you say is all true.—*Temperance Record*.

THE NARROW CROSSING.

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

"You never signed the pledge, did you, Uncle John?"

Uncle John was Harry's ideal of a great and noble man. And it was not a mistaken ideal. Uncle John's hair was white with the passing of over eighty winters, but his eye was bright, his step firm, and his voice earnest and kindly as ever. His life had been one of uprightness as well as one of what the world calls success.

"I never signed a pledge on my own account: I presume I have signed several as an example or aid to others," replied Uncle John.

"Casper Firmstone is all the time teasing me to sign," said Harry, "but I know I can drink a gill of cider and not want any more, or let it alone if I do want it. And I can take one sip of the best wine Mr. Fraser has and not take the second. So I don't see any use in hampering a fellow with a piece of paper."

"Don't be too sure about what you can do, Harry. I've seen a good many 'sure' people in my life, as well as a good many 'cautious' people, and I've always noticed in the long that the 'cautious' people were the safest. I'll tell you where I first learned that lesson, if you'd like to know."

"I should," said Harry, always ready at the first hint of a story.

"When I was a boy, a good deal smaller than you, I lived in a small town in Vermont. There was a large creek by the village, and at a place called 'The Mills,' there was a beautiful fall of water, of ten or twelve feet, pitching off from an even-edged, flat rock. Reaching quite across the creek, a distance of twenty feet, over this fall of water, was a bridge spanning the stream.

"The sides of this bridge were boarded up some four feet high. These side pieces were capped by a flat railing of boards of from four to six inches wide. Some of the more daring school-children used to walk on this narrow capping-board when crossing the bridge, and there was more than one fall and serious injury happened there.

"There was one thing that saved me from getting hurt or killed by the dangerous crossing. You would like to know what

it was? The easiest thing in the world. It happened from the small circumstance that I never had either the courage or disposition to walk there at all! In other words, I wasn't 'sure' of my head, and I was safe on the broad, open bridge.

"I can think of a great many places that boys and men try to pass safely which are quite as dangerous, and where multitudes fall and ruin themselves, and perhaps perish, both soul and body, forever. The safest way is never to take the first step on a dangerous path."—*Temperance Record*.

TOM'S GOLD-DUST.

"That boy knows how to take care of his gold-dust," said Tom's uncle often to himself, and sometimes aloud.

Tom went to college, and every account they heard of him he was going ahead, laying a solid foundation for the future.

"Certainly," said his uncle, "certainly; that boy, I tell you, knows how to take care of his gold-dust."

"Gold-dust!" Where did Tom get his gold-dust? He was a poor boy. He had not been to California. He never was a miner. When did he get his gold-dust? Ah! he has seconds and minutes, and these are the gold-dust of time—specks and particles of time, which boys and girls and grown-up people are apt to waste and throw away. Tom knew their value. His father, our minister, had taught him that every speck and particle of time was worth its weight in gold, and his son took care of them as if they were. Take care of your gold-dust!—*Temperance Record*.

A little fellow, three years old, who had never eaten frosted cake, asked at the table for a piece of "that cake with plaster on it."

Wee Fannie bit her tongue one day and came in crying bitterly. "Oh mamma!" she sobbed, "my tooth stepped on my tongue!"

"What can I do for you to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a mamma of her five year old boy. "You can let me sit up a little longer was the youngster's reply.

"When was Rome built?" asked a school teacher of the first-class in ancient history. "In the night," answered a bright little girl. "In the night," exclaimed the astonished teacher. "How do you make that out?" "Why, I thought everybody knew that 'Rome wasn't built in a day!'" replied the child.

A four-year-old, visiting a neighbor, was asked if she would have bread and butter. "No, thank you," she said, "mamma said I must not take bread and butter when from home;" suddenly brightening up, "but she said nothing about cookies."

A bevy of children were telling what they got at school. The eldest got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what did you get, little one?" asked the father to a rosy checked little fellow, who at the same time was driving a tenpenny nail into the door-panel "Me? I gets readin', spellin', and spankin'."

TEMPERANCE NURSERY RHYMES.

Sing a song of Temperance,
A pocket full of gold,
Four and twenty bank notes
In the cupboard rolled.
When the door is opened,
Out the notes we bring,
Tell me where's the drinking man
Can show you such a thing.

The brewer's in the counting-house,
Counting out his money,
His wife is in the parlor
Eating bread and honey.
The drunkard's in the taproom,
Dressed in ragged clothes,
Soon may he be made to see
The cause of all his woes.

—Fox Hardy, in *Temperance Record*.

Good Templars' Page.

THE GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

The I. O. G. T. is still doing noble work for the temperance cause, as will be seen in the following statement of what has been accomplished since the last meeting of the Grand Lodge:

1. Bro. Rodden has organized a promising Lodge at Newmarket, to be known as Star of Newmarket, No. 743.
2. The same indefatigable worker has resuscitated the Lone Star at Barrie.
3. At Inwood, Bro. Geo. Raines has instituted Forest Home, No. 738.
4. Bro. E. E. Parrott has started Zion, No. 742, at Tupperville.
5. In the N. W. Territory, Bro. T. B. Winnett has planted our standard by the institution of Moose Jaw Lodge.
6. In Toronto, Bro. E. A. Macdonald, has added another, Aggression, to the nine Lodges previously working there.
7. The dormant Lodge, Hiawatha, No. 136, at the Indian settlement of Hiawatha, on Rice Lake, has been revived and put into working shape by Bro. George Spence.
8. Bro. T. W. Casey, G. W. S., has instituted Beacon No. 686, at Ingersoll.

These are new fields of labor—fresh openings for the prosecution of the earnest efforts for moral reform, in which our 250 Lodges are engaged. We clip the following from *Truth*, our official organ:

"It is encouraging to know that the indications of progress, reported at the late Grand Lodge session, still continue. The books show that returns have been received from twenty more lodges during August than for the corresponding month last year, and the increase in membership is also healthy. There are good reasons to hope that this year will be one of encouraging success all along the line.

GOOD ADVICE.

Every member of a lodge is in a measure responsible for its success or its failure.

The lodge that rests at its ease waiting for the people to come and join it, might as well trade its regalia for a winding sheet and appoint its funeral; the corpse will soon be ready. Good Templary is nothing if not aggressive.

The old Washingtonians, 40 years ago, used to close their meetings by announcing the next, and saying: "Every man in his place, and every man bring another.—Good advice—try it in your lodge—you can do it if you want to.

Don't wait for the W. C. T. or anybody else to give you something to do in the lodge-room. Pitch in on your own hook and say something for the good of the Order and the advancement of the cause. It is as much your lodge as anybody else's, and it is both your privilege and your duty to take such part in its proceedings as you think will add to its interest and increase its usefulness.

"Wall pictures may look nice, but are of very little use in a lodge room. We need workers.—*Ohio Good Templar.*

The R. W. G. L. of the so-called Malinite order of Good Templars held its session at Halifax in June. As is very well

known this is a branch of the true order that is being led by ambitious men on an issue that never existed. We do not care, however, to go into a discussion of that question, and refer to the order only to call attention to its strength and thereby the strength of the whole order if united as it ought to be. Its membership, according to its Secretary's report at the session referred to, was 277,000. Our own membership, as reported at Chicago, was 291,000, a total of 568,000. It is a shame and a disgrace that we are not working under one common head. Let the truth be known. There are no differences between us to-day. Let us clasp hands in a closer union and march on to final victory!—*Official Organ, N. Y.*

THE I. O. G. T. IN GERMANY.—Advices are received of the institution of Pioneer Lodge, No. 1, I. O. G. T. at Hedersleben, Germany, July 13, with 15 charter members, which number was increased to forty members at the first succeeding meeting. The Order was carried to and established in Germany by D. R. W. G. T., F. De Rou, who will continue his labors until a Grand Lodge is established for the German Empire. The work and ritual of the order is being translated, and active measures will be instituted to secure the assistance and co-operation in the work of our Order, of German speaking people everywhere.—*Rescue.*

SWEDEN.—During the Agricultural Show held in July, at Orebro, Sweden, a deputation from one of the Orebro lodges had an audience with King Oscar, when his Majesty spoke as follows concerning Good Templarism:—"I honor your cause, for it is good, and you have a noble object in view. I have spoken to many of your brethren, among them my friend and your chief, whom I greatly esteem, C. O. Berg, M.P., of the Upper House, through whom I know that you are not of any particular political party, and I am informed from many parts of the kingdom, and from the military exercising places, that the people are beginning to be sober. You are fighting a noble cause, and you can rest assured that I will do all that I can for your Order and its cause."—*Alliance News.*

FALSE ECONOMY.—The most artistic cook in the world can't get up a first-class dinner of five courses for six people, with only a fancy cook book, 25 cents worth of cabbage and a pepper box, as a base of operations. But that is the problem which our R. W. G. L. and various State jurisdictions have been assiduously wrestling with for years—how to educate the masses, to prohibit and abolish the whisky trade, with an outlay of a few cents a year on the part of a membership, which is everywhere willing to furnish the necessary expenses to carry on an active, vigorous, persistent war and to drive the enemy to the wall in short order.—*Rescue.*

The Good Templar Lodges in Maine are taking up penny collections at their meetings, to be devoted to building up the weaker lodges.

The Good Templars of the Bahama Islands invoked the aid of the Queen to prevent the passage of a bill by the legislature of Bahama, to override the local-option act

of the people and open a public bar. And the Queen granted their request, and "no license" remains the law of the realm.

GRAND SUCCESS.—A letter from Brother W. S. Williams informs us that Col. J. J. Hickman has been meeting with grand success in connection with his work of propagating Good Templary in the Province of Prince Edward Island. Within a few weeks he has succeeded in organizing ten new lodges with an aggregate charter membership of 669. They are located as follows:—Charlottetown, 40 charter members; Summerside, 62; Brodalbom, 24; St. Peters' Bay, 50; Souris, 75; Bay Fortune, 52; Montague Bridge, 92; Mount Stewart, 50; Pownall, 70; Bedford, 92. The order in that province has become previously so low that the Grand Lodge charter had been given up; but a new Grand Lodge for the Island will be organized this week. Col. Hickman is noted for his brilliant success as an organizer.—*Truth.*

DIRECTORY.

RIGHT WORTHY GRAND LODGE.

- R. W. G. T., GEORGE B. KATZENSTEIN, SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.
- R. W. G. S., F. G. KEENS, KEARNEY, NEBRASKA.

GRAND LODGE OF CANADA.

- G. W. C. T. J. H. Flagg Mitchell.
- G. W. C. Edward Storr Ottawa.
- G. W. V. Miss L. A. Newman Paris.
- G. W. S. T. W. Casey Napanee.
- G. W. T. James B. Nixon Toronto.
- G. W. C. Rev. E. Fessant Centralia.
- G. W. M. J. J. Mason Essex Centre.
- G. D. M. Miss Henderson Toronto.
- G. W. G. Miss D. Veille Toronto.
- G. W. Sen W. H. Gribble Woodstock.
- S. J. Templars T. W. Casey Napanee.
- P. G. W. C. T. Rev. John Shaw Peterboro'.

AUDITORS.

- E. BURRITT, Mitchell. W. H. RODDEN, Toronto

REPRESENTATIVES TO R. W. G. LODGE.

- J. H. FLAGG, Mitchell. DANIEL ROSE, Toronto.
- E. S. CUMMER, Hamilton. W. S. WILLIAMS, Napanee.

ALTERNATES.

- REV. M. L. PEARSON, Napanee. W. H. RODDEN, Toronto

Next Annual Session to be held at Toronto, commencing the Fourth Tuesday in June, 1884.

LIST OF SUBORDINATE LODGES

WITH NIGHT AND PLACES OF MEETING, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY AS REGARDS POST OFFICES.

NAME OF LODGE.	DEPUTY.	ADDRESS.	NIGHT OF MEETING.
ALGOMA DISTRICT.			
Forest	F. Leighfield.....	Thessalon.....	Tu
BRANT COUNTY.			
Paris... ..	Robt. Armstrong..	Paris.....	F
BRUCE COUNTY.			
Cape Croker.....	D. Craddock.....	Cape Croker.....	F
Chippewa.....	Rev. T. Culbert..	Chippewa Hill...W	
Conqueror.....	J. S. Sheffield...	Hope Ness	Tu
Pine River.....	Edward Dawson..	Lurgan.....	F
Water Lily....	Francis McDonald..	Ripley	W
Star of Peace..	James H. Lee.....	Mar	Th