

"Can't a feller be sociable without a woman raising a rumpus? Say, what's the matter, anyhow?"

"Oh Jack!" she cried, and then buried her face in her hands and sobbed with a wild and unrestrained passion that seemed almost beyond the endurance of her delicate form.

I stood like a thing of wood. What consolation could I offer? What word of pity could I speak? The mischief was done—how could I undo it?

She saw my perplexity and understood it. "It's too late," she said. "Nothing can undo it. It's too late. Leave me with him alone, please."

I crept out, feeling myself the most powerless and insignificant thing in the world.

The next day I learned the whole story. Some fiend in human shape had induced him to taste the quality of a little flask of French brandy. He yielded. Like a roaring and ravenous wild beast, the old appetite aroused itself and insisted on being gratified, and before ten o'clock that night Jack Wentworth was drunk as ever he had been.

Most of the next day he lay in a drunken stupor, but towards night, when nearly sobered, he roused himself and sneaked out of the back door. He was fearfully humiliated. He dare not look his sweet wife in the face; he dared not ask forgiveness, though he knew it might be had for the asking, and even without it; but while he hung his head in shame the old appetite clamored for appeasal. Again it was his master; again he yielded, and again he came along home drunk.

As he went in at the door his little girl ran screaming from his presence. Angered by her fear of him, he ran after her and caught her just as she reached the head of the stairs, but staggered uncertainly, and father and child fell with a deafening crash to the hall below. The father rose to his feet sobered in an instant, but his child lay motionless, a pitiful little white heap, before him. The poor mother had heard the noise from her work in the kitchen, and in an instant was kneeling beside her little girl, calling to her to speak, and on God for mercy. She looked up into the face of her husband with dry eyes, too crushed to weep. "You have killed her!" she said very slowly, as one dazed and unconscious of what she was saying. "You have killed my darling! You have killed my darling!" And picking the little one up in her arms she hurried to the adjoining bedroom and laid her on the bed. Then, throwing herself down beside the child, she wept.

It was all too true. Never more the little feet would run on love's errand, nor the merry voice make sweet music. The feet were quiet for ever, and the music of her voice was still in death.

For a moment the father stood stupefied, then going to the old secretary in the sitting room he took from the bottom drawer a revolver that had not been used for years. Examining it carefully to see if it was loaded, he put it into his pocket and walked out of the house. The next morning, as the milkman was coming into town he found the body of poor Jack Wentworth lying in a clump of bushes, on the Salem road, with a bullet hole in his temple.

For three or four years after that I heard nothing of Mrs. Wentworth.

She moved away from Lynn, and I lost trace of her until six months or more ago I began to hear of a wonderful woman temperance agitator, who carried her listeners by storm, and was making a mighty revival of "no license" through many Massachusetts communities. Tonight I have heard her for the first time. Her power is past all belief. No wonder that men are curious to know the secret of her intensity and passionate fervor of her eloquence; but she keeps her secret well. Never, in any of her public utterances, has she spoken of the cruel past that has driven her out into this public work, diffident and timid though she still is; but I know, and I do not wonder. God bless her with more power!—*Zion's Herald.*

ROUGH ON SALOONS.

Rats are a ratiacious nuisance, and the best remedy for them is rough on rats.

Saloons are a pestiferous plague, and the most powerful exterminator of them is Prohibition.

Saloons are a greater curse to society than bugs are to potatoes.

They have been rough on society for a long time, and now it is time for society to retaliate and be rough on them.

Extirpate them and peace and plenty will reign in the land.

They are nasty places, and a rendezvous for nasty people. Drunkards visit them as naturally as a hog does a mud hole. Decent folks, who have any respect for themselves, keep out.

They are foul, vile, corrupt, like a nest of unclean birds.

They are no more ornamental in our cities than warts on our noses.

They are more noxious than weeds, more subtle than serpents, and more voracious than grasshoppers.

They are great absorbers, like the bogs of Ireland. Time, money, health and reputation invested in them is lost.

They are Satan's mousetraps, by which he catches many thousands every year.

Keep out of them as you would out of a crocodile's mouth, for the best and safest side of a saloon is the outside.—*James A. Stolbert.*

CONSCIENCE.

The conscience of a guilty man is like the great clock of St. Paul's, in London. At midday, in the roar of business, few hear it; but when the work of the day is over, and silence reigns, it may be heard for miles. In the whirl of excitement conscience is not heard, but the time will come when it will sound and bring misery to the soul. Bessus, a native of Greece, being one day seen by his neighbors pulling down bird's nests and passionately destroying their young, was severely reprov'd for his cruelty. He replied that their notes were to him insufferable, as they never ceased twitting him of the murder of his father.—*Arvine.*

For Acute and Chronic Rheumatism.

Are equally influenced by the almost magical pain-subduing power of Nerviline—equal in medicinal value to five times the quantity of any other Rheumatic remedy. Penetrates at once through the tissues, reaches the source of the disease and drives it out. Nerviline is undoubtedly the king of pain, for it is unequalled by any remedy in the world. Your money back if you do not find it so. Druggists sell it.

"DID NAE KNOW."

A pathetic little incident is related of the celebrated Scotch author, John Stuart Blackie. At one time, while teaching a new class, Professor Blackie was annoyed to see a student rise to read a paragraph with his book in his right hand.

"Sir," thundered the irritated professor, "hold your book in your left hand!"

The student did not change the book, but started to reply.

"No words, sir," interrupted Blackie. "No words; your left hand, I say."

At this the student held up his left arm, which ended piteously at the wrist.

"Sir, I hae nae left hand," he said.

Before the professor could say a word such a storm of hisses arose from the students as one must go to Edinburg to hear. Then Blackie left his chair, went down to the student whom he had unwittingly hurt, and, putting his arm about him, said in a low voice, but one which was perfectly audible in the hush of the room:

"My laddie, you'll forgive me for being over rough? I did nae know! I'm sorry I did nae know!" Then turning to the other students he continued: "I am glad to see that I am teaching a class of gentlemen!"

Blackie found that Scotch students could cheer as well as hiss, and the class-room rang with applause.—*The Lutheran.*

DISCREDITABLE METHODS.

The prohibitory law in Prince Edward Island is being vigorously enforced in the city of Charlottetown, which is the only part of the Province that it effects. The efforts of local temperance workers are, however, somewhat interfered with by the action of the Provincial Government in releasing persons who have been committed to jail for violation of the law. The Charlottetown *Guardian* describes the method by which this result is obtained as follows:

The mode of operation appears to have been similar in all, or at least most, of the cases so far as the *Guardian* can learn. First the prisoner becomes ill, thinks himself ill, or shams illness, and has a doctor called to whom he states his case in the most unfavorable light. The doctor becomes convinced and certifies to the illness and necessity for release. Then a petition to the Lieutenant-Governor is prepared asking for the prisoner's liberation on the ground of illness, or the needs of his family or dependents, or for several reasons combined, which petition is circulated for signature. On the representations made respectable and sober citizens as well as others are induced to sign. Executive action is taken upon the petition and doctor's certificate, whether by the Lieutenant-Governor alone or by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-council (we are not informed fully on this point) and the prisoner is liberated.

We sincerely hope that this serious charge will be thoroughly investigated and that if it is found to be sustained by facts, the prohibitionists of Prince Edward Island will lose no time in giving the Government to understand that this unjust method of frustrating the will of the people is not to be tolerated or condoned.

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes!

Pond's Extract

Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

CAUTION!—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which easily sour and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

"WANTED, A BARTENDER."

The other day I picked up a newspaper, and glancing over the advertisements for help, read as follows:

"WANTED—A Bartender. Must be a total abstainer. Apply," etc.

Is not that a curious advertisement? What should we think of such an advertisement in any other line of business? How would an advertisement like this look?

"WANTED—A Barber, who never has had his hair cut. Apply at the barber shop on the corner."

Or this?

"WANTED—A salesman in a shoe store. He must go barefoot while on duty. Apply at Blank's Shoe store."

What other business finds it necessary or desirable to advertise for help pledged to make no use of the goods sold? Can it be that the liquor traffic finds it has wrought so great demoralization among its followers that it is forced to draw upon temperance, or total abstinence fanatics in order to continue its business?

For some years many of the great railroads, banks, and other corporations have insisted upon partial abstinence from intoxicating liquor by their employees, and now liquor dealers themselves are advertising for total abstainers to sell their product, thereby confessing the demoralization wrought by it; and yet we are told that the United States army cannot be maintained, and that discipline among the soldiers is at an end unless liquor saloons are maintained by the government.

What a humbug the liquor traffic is!—*The Safeguard.*

Poison—

In the Blood brings Humors and Boils, Salt Rheum, Eczema and Scrofula,

WEAVER'S SYRUP

Will cure them permanently by purifying the

Blood.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.,
MONTREAL, PROPRIETORS, NEW YORK.