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Contributed by the I. O. G. T.

I hereby give notice that I have made satisfactory arrangements with the Editor of the QUEENS COUNTY GAZETTE by which this column will be devoted to the interests of the I. O. G. T. I make an appeal to all lodges throughout the county, and all persons interested in Temperance work, to do their part, so that the work may be a success from the beginning.

Address all communications to, ERNEST M. STRAIGHT, Lower Cambridge, N. B.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

You wondered to see at the banquet that cynical manner of mine, That while others were merrily drinking my lips were unmoistened by wine; They were all men of brain as you tell me, good fellows as ever were known, And how, 'mid wit flashes and laughter, could I sit as though carved of stone? Ah! you know not my pitiful story, the memories sombre and dread, The promise I made to the dying, the pledge that is held by the dead.

Born to riches was I, and an orphan, sole master of houses and gold— Bad servant is he and worse master, grown up with his will uncontrolled—

And I rattled along with my comrades, my wealth made me leader to them. Through the senseless and purposeless follies the older and wiser condemn; No worse than too many around me, but fast sliding downward, when came A glance from the eyes of May Norton, which kindled my bosom to flame.

Not her beauty it was that subdued me, though she was surpassingly fair, Though her eyes were the deepest of azure and sunny the tint of her hair; 'Twas a subtle infusion of spirit that left me no freedom of choice;

I was won by the grace of her motion, enslaved by the tone of her voice, Enhanced by her wonderful sweetness, the bloom and the flash of her youth, Her tenderness, frankness and virtue, her purity, honor and truth.

I seemed but a dull clod beside her, so high and so excellent she; But with wooing and worship I pressed her, till mine she consented to be, We stood side by side at the altar and solemnly bartered our troth; She swore to obey, love and honor, and faithfully clung to her oath; I swore to protect her and cherish, to love and to honor till death— Oh! hearts that are won are neglected, and the promise of man is but breath.

How happy the two years that followed— green spot in the desert of life! Home drew me all times to its pleasures—the magnates my child and my wife. Our little boy, Ronald, I kissed him and tossed him aloft in my glee.

Said he was just like his mother, she called him the image of me, Who dared to predict I'd neglect her, my darling, my beautiful May.

Leave her kisses for those of the wine cup, the kisses that were to betray? And yet, in less time than a twelvemonth, no need for the why and the how, I sank to be gamster and drunkard—the mode of it matters not now;

I gathered again my old comrades, I led in each brutal carouse, For creatures whose presence degraded abandoned my child and my spouse. You say that was certainly madness, I was not free agent, you think; The madness was one self-created, the terrible craving for drink.

Poor May! though her spirit was failing, her health breaking up with the strain, Never once with a harsh word reproached me nor showed either anger or pain. Her language was pleasant and loving, her accents were tender and kind,

Her smiles ever welcomed my coming— ah! brute that I was, deaf and blind! Our Ronald took sick. When they told me, "Let the doctor look to him," I said,

Then sought my carousing companions—I was drunk when my poor boy lay dead.

As I lay in a half drunken stupor, the doctor came into my room—"Mrs. Trevor, a blood vessel ruptured"—his words seemed the knelling of doom.

I sprang to my feet, shocked and sober; the chamber I found where she lay, Her face sunken, ashen and pallid, her life slowly passing away.

"'Tis painless," she tenderly whispered; "I've naught to forget or forgive; But promise me will you my darling, to drink no more wine while you live?"

With my promise forever before me, and memories grewsome and ghast, The sight of the wineglass arouses the terrible pang of the pang of the past. Every man, be he self in a hovel, or lord in a palace of pride,

A skeleton keeps in his closet he ever endeavors to hide; But I show to you frankly and truly this skeleton secret of mine,

And you know why I'm sad at a revel, and whence is my horror of wine.

"I'm the greatest hand for dreaming fish stories." "That's probably why you lie awake so much."

AN ATTRACTIVE COOK.

A Style of Dress That Will Add Relish to Any Dish.

To the Woman's Home Companion Sallie Joy White contributes a series of papers on "Cookery For Girls," advising the would-be cook to put on this neat and dainty costume: "Wear big aprons—regular pinafores that button in the back and have long sleeves, full bishop sleeves that will go on over any dress, and that are held around the wrists by elastic cord that may be slipped out when the apron is laundered. This pinafore is usually made of white or some pretty print, light colored, because it looks fresher and is just as easy to launder as a dark one. This cooking apron should be worn for no other purpose. You can see for yourself how much nicer it is to come to your work of preparing delicate dishes with an apron which you have not worn while sweeping or doing any other work that would mean getting dust particles in it, even with great care.

Made from apron a pretty little cap made from muslin or from a pocket handkerchief. This keeps the flying particles of flour from settling in the hair, and it also keeps the hair in place. Then pinned to one side is a small hand towel, and to the other a holder on a long tape.

You know how often the fingers need wiping while you are doing even the simplest bit of cookery. If you have to step to the towel rack every time, you take many unnecessary steps. Then you know what a habit unclean fingers have of getting mislaid, slipping out of sight just when they are needed. Sometimes you can't stop to hunt them up, and then you make shift with anything and perhaps burn your fingers. Well, if you have the towel and holder fastened to the belt of your apron, you don't have to cross the kitchen to use one, and the other can't get away from you.

Let me tell you something, girls—this dress is a very becoming one, and you needn't be afraid to let any one see you in the cooking cap and apron. My word for it, any dish you may cook will be relished when you wear this sort of costume in its preparation, for in itself it suggests neatness, daintiness and all the rest that goes to make dishes tempting and appetizing."

DANGEROUS DISEASES.

The Difference Between Allments That Are Contagious and Infections.

The terms contagious and infectious are not synonymous. A disease is contagious when it is transmitted from the sick to the well by personal communication or contact, more or less intimate, and all contagious diseases are infectious—i. e., they are due to the introduction into the body of a susceptible individual of a living germ. But all infectious diseases are not contagious. Thus smallpox, scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria, influenza, etc., are infectious diseases which are contagious, while malarial fevers, typhoid fever, yellow fever, cholera, pneumonia, peritonitis, etc., are infectious diseases which are not contagious—at least they are only contagious under very exceptional circumstances, and those in close communication with the sick as nurses, etc., do not contract these diseases as a result of such close association or contact.

The generalization that all infectious diseases are due to the introduction into the bodies of susceptible individuals of living germs capable of reproduction is based upon exact knowledge, gained chiefly during the past 20 years, as regards the specific infectious agents or germs of a considerable number of the diseases of this class. In some infectious diseases, however, no such positive demonstration has yet been made.

The investigations which have been made justify the statement that each infectious disease is due to a specific—i. e., distinct—micro organism. There are, however, certain infectious diseases which physicians formerly supposed to be distinct, and to which specific names are given which are now known to be due to one and the same infectious agent or germ. Thus pueral fever and erysipelas are now recognized as being caused by the same germ, the germ which is the usual cause of pneumonia is also the cause of a considerable proportion of the cases of cerebro spinal meningitis, etc.—Surgeon General George M. Sternberg in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

Moonshine.

A sailor on one of Uncle Sam's warships writes to a newspaper in his native city as follows:

"What our scientists say to the contrary, every sea captain knows that moonlight can twist a man's face out of shape if it shines on him while he sleeps. And that it will spoil food, too, much quicker than sunlight. One might as well tell me that a whale does not know when its trail is crossed, even when it is miles away. Whalers all know that, and if they can't explain it they are just as sure of it as they are that there is a rise and fall of tides.

"Moonlight will sour milk, too, a lot quicker than sunlight, and it will spoil fish or pork quicker too. Townfolk don't believe all this, but most farmers know it. "Every seafaring man has seen how moonlight acts. Down in the south, where I've been a good deal, they say that if the moon shines on a newborn baby it will have green eyes. They say the same thing in France, too."

Penalties of Being a Bachelor.

The ancient Romans were severe with their bachelors, who were made to pay heavy fines, and, worse than that, Camillus, after the siege of Veii, is recorded to have compelled them to marry the widows of the soldiers who had fallen in war. In the time of Augustus married men were preferred for public office. The Romans who had three children were exempted from personal taxes, and the bachelors had to pay them. Plato condemned single men to a fine, and at Sparta they were driven at certain times to the Temple of Hercules by the women, who castigated them in true military style. In the French settlements of Canada women were sent over after the men, and the single men, that they might be forced to marry, were subjected to a heavy tax and to restrictions on their business and their movements generally.—Exchange.

A Very Good Reason.

"Why did the boy stand on the burning deck?" asked an Alleghany girl. "If that's a conundrum," replied her friend, "I'll give it up, for I never guess conundrums. Why did the boy stand on the burning deck?" "Because it was too hot for him to sit down."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Great Aim.

"It was the aim of my life," said the big man with a satisfied sigh. "What's that?" "Brought down four ducks and a sand crane at one shot."—Detroit Free Press.

Minister, to irate colored woman who has been complaining that her husband neglected and abused her—Have you tried coals of fire on his head. No, Massa, but I've done tried hot water outen de kettle.

An Egg Joke Rolling

At a small social gathering the other night somebody started the eggs joke a-rolling.

"Did you ever hear the story of a hard boiled egg?" he solemnly enquired of some one across the table.

"No," was the innocent answer. "It's hard to beat," said the joker with much gravity.

You can't help smiling at these things, and after the laugh died down somebody else sprung up: "Did anybody hear about the egg in the coffee?"

"No," said an obliging somebody. "That settles it," remarked the funny man blandly.

Of course there was another laugh and then a brief silence. It looked as if the egg jokes had been exhausted.

But presently a little woman at one end of the table enquired in a high soprano voice if anybody present had heard the story of the three eggs.

The guests shook their heads, and one man said "No."

"The little woman smiled. "Two bad," she said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. Brimby—"No, marriage is not what single persons think it is. I used to think that Brimby and I were made for one another; but we are sadly mis-matched." Mrs. Ferson—"Why you surprise me!" Mrs. Brimby—"Alas! it is too true. He tell me I talk in my sleep, and I'm sure that he often sleeps in my talk."

First patient—"Go on! You have wheels in your head." Second patient—"Of course, I have, and they're endless chains at that."

Wise.

"Fish, sir? Caught within the half hour; not been lying in the boat all day in the sun. Fresh from the water, sir!"

We stopped to look at his fish, but quite as much for a look at his fine frame, which had attracted our attention as he strode through the water, carrying with ease upon one shoulder a weight of yard and sailcloth under which most men would have bent and staggered. His eye was quick and bright and his complexion of that clear red and white showing through the sun tan which comes only by rapture on fresh air, sunshine and wholesome food. What a royal heritage! a sound body, accompanied by a sound mind.

"Your mates do not appear to be as strong as you are," I remarked, looking at the two who were bringing more of the day's catch from the fishing-smack anchored a little distance from the shore.

"Well, no, sir, they're not; and it's their own faults, more's the pity! You see, they're old neighbors, and I hire them by the day because very few others will; but they won't either of 'em be good for work much longer if they don't mend their ways a bit."

"You are the master of the fishing-vessel, then?" "Yes, sir; master and owner too, thanks to my father being a wise man."

"I'd like to hear something of that wisdom of his, if you don't mind telling me," I said.

"Not a bit, sir. Always feel as if it was a testimony, as you learned folk call it, to him, now he's gone."

The fisherman laid his load down on the wharf and sat on a barrel end as he went on:

"When I was a young boy there was a great deal of beer drinking going on all about me. My father fell in with the custom, too, in a moderate sort of a way; but as time went on things seemed to get worse and worse. For I've always noticed, sir, that when the devil gets a good hold on a neighborhood he's never a bit inclined to let up on it, but gets a tighter and tighter hold on it unless the Lord sends His own power to throw him, which He always seems to do sooner or later.

"Well, my father had the good sense to see that it wouldn't do for his boys; so when the temperance movement came our way he took hold with all his might and didn't begin by saying to us boys, 'You do thus and so,' but he did it himself. Yes, sir, his name went down among the very first that signed the pledge, and then he says to us, 'Now, boys, if you'll pledge yourselves never to touch a drop of liquor till you're twenty-five I'll pay you your beer money every week' for there were plenty of boys about the neighborhood that expected their beer money as regular as a man and got it and drank it up, too. You see my father thought that if we could be kept from it until we were twenty-five we'd have sense enough to know what was good for us, if ever we had it.

"We put our money into the savings-bank, where it brought interest. And we put all our earnings we could spare beside it. I think the having a bit there already made us more likely to save what the other boys thought nothing of spending, and you'd be astonished to see how a little money grows if you only give it a good chance.

"When I was twenty-five I took out my money and bought that boat. My brothers have stuck to the pledge the same as I have, and they are both in good business of their own, calling no one master except One"—the fisherman looked reverently upward—"and He makes a good Master, sir."

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