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TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

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.

WHOLESALE MURDER.

In one of the American papers not long ago, there appeared a cartoon which, to my mind, was very striking. Two characters were standing face to face. One was the "Unspeakable Turk." He was clothed in the garb of his countrymen—knives and pistols were sticking in his belt, and his hand grasped the well known ciner, which all the while dripped with blood. The other we would have known by his bloated face and fiendish smile to be that of the liquor dealer. In his hand was clasped a more dangerous weapon—a bottle with whiskey written across it—for did it not drip with the blood of souls? As he brandishes it in the air he says: "You have slain your thousands; but I my tens of thousands."

If we could bring together all who have been slain by strong drink since the creation of the world to the present time, what a numberless host would there be assembled. If they have been murdered someone must have murdered them; and our law says that he who is guilty of that crime must suffer death. We shall take this manslaughter, as we have him in the liquor dealer, and bring him to the gallows; so that he may expiate his crime with his own life. Shall we? Oh! no. He has paid for the privilege of killing. By a large sum of money he has purchased a document which reads: "licensed to kill."

Men speak, with horror, of a time when the so-called Christian church became so corrupt, that a person by paying a certain sum of money might purchase the right to do wrong. We can scarcely believe that the time existed. But wherein is there a difference between the case of the liquor dealer and those that were favored during the time I speak of? I tell you, sir, that the license system is the modern indulgence, cursed of God and of all right thinking men.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon said, at one time, that he was not a believer in special punishments for special sins; but he was a believer in national punishments for national crimes. We have only to look at history for confirmation of this truth. Look at Rome. For years she prospered until her eagle wings were spread over the greater part of the then civilized world, but she fell. It was because the true Roman had ceased to exist. She was "overcome of evil" and God punished her. Babylon, a city five times as large as London and corresponding strong, stood for many years the pride of the monarch. This was the city which brought forth the boast of the mighty ruler himself, when he said: "Is not this great Babylon which I have builded." We are familiar with the story of the fall. The historian gives the reason why: "The Babylonians were given much to wine and to the things which follow intoxication."

I lift up the warning voice. God has visited nations with His displeasure in the past, and unless we abandon the wholesale butchery, which is going on in our country, God will visit us. Remember it is done sanctioned by our law. If you are not a believer in God, then you may have it this way, you are "tempting fate."

But says someone none of mine have been murdered in this way. That is why you are not interested. You have heard the story of the poor colored boy who was drowned. No one seemed interested. No one seemed to know who he was. After a time a poor colored woman rushed up and said, "Was he about twelve years old?" Yes. Oh! the look of agony as the truth was forced upon her that the boy was her own. Gladly would I impress upon you, that every drunken boy is some poor mother's son. In the name of humanity, for the love which you have for your fellows, I plead with you, mothers and fathers, to awake from your slumbers and attempt to save; for we must wipe out this stain upon our national life. By so doing the "pearly gates of glory" shall be opened wide, and angelic hosts shall sing songs of victory, for then shall we be nearer, much nearer the time, "when the kingdom of the world shall become the kingdom of the Lord and His Christ."

"Pray while ye work and labor while ye pray; Brave hearts and hands keep struggling for the right, E'en now a rosy gleam breaks through the frowning night, The harbinger of dawn—of victory and day."

WHERE ARE YOU?

Let every man realize that there is no neutral ground for him to stand on in this great matter of reform. "Those that are not with us are against us." Those that are not helping us are hindering us; and let them not dare to make any professions of being on our side, for we know where they are. Grant and others—professing

to be temperance men—when speaking against prohibition use the same arguments that are used by the liquor party. Be not deceived we can locate them without difficulty. Sam Jones tells us a story of a young lady, (Christian?) who died on the dance floor. She was carried off by the devil. An Angel of light told him he must give her up, as she was a Christian. Perhaps she is, said the devil, but I found her on my ground. So it is with many another, they claim to be with the temperance party, but they are on the devil's ground. These are the men we have most to fear. When counting the forces arrayed against us, you will be safe in counting them.

E. M. S.

"AS DYING, AND, BEHOLD, WE LIVE."

In the glory of October, I stood and mused a space:

Fair year, thou art but dying, for all thy stately grace;

Brief is thy day of splendor, cold Winter comes apace.

O leafless, wailing wood! what life can be for thee?

O bee-forsaken garden! hast aught but misery?

Sad heart! Death here is master, as he shall master thee.

Then sang there for my comfort a linnet, voiced like May;

And straight mine eyes were opened, and gone my dear dismay,

For lo! beneath the falling leaf the bud of springtime lay.

O Life! even in our dying, how strong thy pulses beat,

O Death! thou art not master, but bound beneath our feet.

—Laura A. Skinner.

Useful to Know.

Mutton suet is one of the simple remedies which should have an honored place in every family's medicine closet. For chapped hands and lips, or for cuts and bruises it is always useful. The suet may be procured at the butcher's and tried out at home, and while still warm, poured into little jars or moulds to cool. Turn out and wrap in tinfoil. Camphor ice may also be made by melting a small piece of camphor gum with the suet.

Dairy and Creamery.

It is a good plan to milk into a pail whose top has a brass netting strainer fitted into it, one that can be removed at pleasure. This catches the coarsest of the particles that will fall into milk in spite of all precautions. But after this preliminary straining the milk should again be strained, the second time through three thicknesses of cheesecloth.

Three thicknesses of cheesecloth makes the best milk strainer. Do not use a flannel cloth. Flannel is an animal fabric, and such is not nice to strain milk through.

Humorous.

What Would She Have!—Teacher—"You are painfully slow with your figures, Tommy. Come, now, speak up quickly. If your father gave your mother a fifty-dollar bill and a twenty-dollar bill, what would she have?" Tommy—"A fit."—Harper's Bazar.

Indignant Constituent—"The people are getting roused, sir! Your day is coming! If you'll look, sir, you can see the handwriting on the wall!"

Boodle Alderman—"I don't give a darn for no handwritin' on walls. De fellies dat's pullin' fur me don't read."—Chicago Tribune.

Mattie—"What has become of your anti-slang society that you took so much interest in a few months ago?" Helen—"Oh, it's in the consummation. The president got nutty and imagined she was the only dent in the pan, so we gave her the willies and the dinkyink association shot the chutes."—Chicago News.

Apparently—"I don't think the Cubans are anxious for autonomy." "No. The demand for autonomy does not seem equal to the supply."—Puck.

No Money in It.—Miss Van Rocks—"So you asked father, did you? And did he talk business?" Lord De Liverus—"No; he said all he could give was his consent."—Puck.

Both Had Their Merits.—"Uncle, which breed of chickens is the best?" "Well, sah, de white ones is de easiest found, an' de dahk ones is de easiest hid attar yo' gits 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

Probably the Last.—"Is this the last edition of the paper?" inquired the severe looking old lady of the keen-eyed newsboy. "Yes'm," he replied, "I guess it is. Th' Sheriff was just closin' up th' office as I come out."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"When a man starts out ter live on 'is wits," said Uncle Eben, "dat very puccedint' rouses suspicion dat he hab a mighty small capital."—Washington Star.

Bookkeeper—This man has always paid cash, and now wants to open an account. Shall I accommodate him?

Manager—Certainly not.

Bookkeeper—And this man has had an account and now pays cash.

Manager—Never trust him again.—Brooklyn Life.

A MAN WITHOUT FEAR

INTERESTING SKETCH OF THE BOER PRESIDENT AS A MAN.

Anecdotes Which Illustrate His Personality as no Estimate of Another Can Do His Persistence Under Pain and in Very Trying Moments.

Kruger's Christianity is not one which he reserves for the pulpit—far from it. He carries his religion about with him, and there are plenty of well-authenticated stories about him to show that his life was a fair reflection of his faith. For instance, he once saw a Kaffir struggling in the river, while other Kaffirs stood on shore as spectators. At once he jumped in for the purpose of saving his life. But the black man lost his head, and grappled with such violence as to render it more than probable that both would drown together. Kruger was a splendid swimmer, and was able to remain a very long time under water. On this occasion he could only rid himself of the frantic black by total immersion, and so he remained under water for a period of time which thoroughly alarmed those who witnessed the performance, but at last he emerged upon the surface—without the Kaffir.

Another instance of Kruger's readiness to suffer in the place of another occurred during the troubles with the Orange Free State. Its President, Boschoff, had made prisoner some Transvaal burghers, who had been under his (Kruger's) orders. In the language of Kruger's friend, who was present: "When hearing this, the President at once saddled his horse and rode to the Orange Free State as quickly as possible, informing Mr. Boschoff that he ought to set those men free and hold him (Kruger) instead; that those men had merely carried out the orders given by himself as sub-commandant of Pretorius. This was about 1857." It certainly is not common in modern war for an officer to offer himself as a ransom for the men who have been taken prisoners while acting under orders.

The President has a violent temper, and his old friends think that of late years he has had increasing difficulty in restraining it. But quickly as he is roused, so quickly does his passion cool again; and no man more frankly asks forgiveness for a wrong committed. One day in 1884 Kruger and his Minister of State, Dr. Leyds, had a sharp altercation. Strong language was used, for the minister too is a man of emotion. At length matters came to such a pitch of passion that Kruger burst out with these words: "One of us must get out." Of course Leyds said, "Then of course, I am the one to make way," with which he took his hat and went home, supposing that his career in the Transvaal was at an end.

In the middle of the night came a rap at the door of Dr. Leyds, and in walked the President. He had saddled his horse and come over by himself, explaining that he had been unable to sleep, and had come to say that he had been in the wrong and to ask Dr. Leyds that what had passed might be completely buried. This story Dr. Leyds told me to illustrate the President's generous nature, and, above all, his mastery of himself.

Kruger is a strict member of the Independent Congregational Church. But he is not on that account intolerant. When Dr. Leyds was first asked to become Secretary of State he declined on the ground that he was not of the same religious faith as the President, but Kruger at once disposed of this idea. "If you are an honorable and able public servant, I shall never ask you what your religious views are." This was a very strong concession for a man of Kruger's convictions. This generosity of Kruger is notable in his political life. He fights heart and soul for the success of his measures, but when the majority has decided he loyally abides by its decision, and works with it as though it were his own. In this way Kruger has steadily increased the volume of political followers, and commanded respect from even his enemies.

Kruger was shooting one day when his gun exploded and blew away part of his thumb. The surgeon to whom Kruger finally submitted the case found that the flesh had begun to mortify, and advised amputating the arm half-way up. But Kruger said he could not afford to lose his arm, for he would no longer be able to handle his rifle. Then the doctor said that Kruger should at least allow him to cut off his left hand. But even this was too much for Kruger. The surgeon thereupon told Kruger that he would have nothing whatever to do with the case, and left. Kruger then got his jack-knife and sharpened it carefully, so that it became as sharp as a razor. He then laid his thumb upon a stone and himself cut off its extreme joint. But, to his great chagrin, the flesh would not heal at that point, as putrefaction had gone already too far. Again he laid his hand upon the stone, and this time carefully cut away all the flesh about and above the second joint of the thumb, and this time the flesh healed and his hand was spared. He now uses his left index finger as a thumb, and seizes small objects between the first two fingers of that hand.

Dr. Leyds almost capped this anecdote by telling me that while in Lisbon Kruger had a toothache, and paced up and down the room, seeking relief in vain. At last he quietly pulled out his penknife and cut the tooth out of his jaw by patience and persistence. What can such a man know of fear?—what can be to him such things as nerves? He is a gruffly recalling now that of all the stories I have heard about the Transvaal President, not one indicates that he is cruel or vindictive or untruthful. Men of all political opinions unite in acknowledging his courage, his good sense, his honesty, his patience, and a host of other estimable qualities. If some member of his family had collected but a tithe of the good things he has said, I have no doubt we should have to-day a volume of table-talk replete with rough wit and homely wisdom—another Marlin Luther.—From "White Man's Africa," by Poultney Bigelow, in Harper's Magazine for December.

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