

shoulders. She had given him four or five severe blows when Mr. Grant managed to get hold of the whip. Mrs. Wallace then seized him by the long hair and doubling him up, commenced pounding the table with his head. Sitting Magistrate Smith here called on Marshal Thibideau to stop the fight and that officer seized Mrs. Wallace, but she refused to relinquish her grip on Grant's hair.

The Marshall pulled.
Mrs. Wallace pulled.
Mr. Grant pulled—in an opposite direction of course.

The Marshall finally succeeded in parting them, Mrs. Wallace giving Mr. Grant a parting kick. Order had been partially restored when she went at him again, remarking that if there was no man in town with pluck enough to beat Mr. Grant she would do it. She also threatened to thump him the first time she caught him on the street. The witness having expended a large amount of her surplus muscle and wrath upon Mr. Grant, informed the court that she was willing to answer the question provided the commitment for contempt was removed. This was done and the witness said she did not remember. The case was then adjourned.

The incident created a considerable sensation and was the talk of the town. Mrs. Wallace is a powerfully built woman and probably a match for any ordinary man of Mr. Grant's size. It is said a number of Mrs. Wallace's admirers waited upon her last evening and presented her with a gold ring.

A late despatch to the St. John papers is as follows: David Grant, who received the horse-whipping from Mrs. Wallace on Monday afternoon, has retained Messrs. Hannington, Teed and Hewson, and will take action against her for assault at the next term of the circuit court. It is understood a writ was served on the defendant yesterday.

Drink in England.

The monster evil of England at this moment is still drink. It is, to use the phrase applied by Emerson to the far less universal and overwhelming evil of slavery: "An accursed mountain of sorrow." I know no subject on which the national conscience is so fatally seared as it were with a hot iron. I think that it would be impossible that the demand for searching and radical reform in our drink legislation could be opposed, as it is, by fatuous jokes and decrepit epigrams if those who so long successfully resisted the righteous demand of suffering multitudes could only see, as the parish clergyman, the prison chaplain and the hospital surgeon see, the hideous train of ruin, disease and unutterable wretchedness which the present condition of our liquor traffic entails. I can answer for it that in my own parish—which contains many of the poorest—there would be hardly any crime, or absolute destitution, or hopeless misery, if we could eliminate the curse of drink, fostered by multitudes of needless gin shops. We spend on drink £126,000,000 a year, and indirectly a sum almost inconceivable. In the "Judicial Statistics for 1866," page 20, I find that 165,139 persons were summarily proceeded against for being drunk and disorderly. In the London district about 30,000 are yearly arrested for drunkenness, and of these 15,600 are women. The numbers may mean nothing to some readers, to others they mean crimes of every degree of violence and infamy—the fiendish kicking and beating and maiming of wives, the brutal ill treatment of young children, the overlaying and slow murder and starvation of tens of thousands of infants, the impoisonment of blood in another generation of criminals and harlots. For the number of those arrested for drunkenness is known to be a very small fraction of the number of drunkards. The drink traffic is strong in the influence of wealthy capitalists, and brewers and gin distillers are freely elevated to the House of Lords. In defence of our present drink laws there is a banded union of the triple forces of ignorance, appetite, and interest. Nevertheless the fact remains that drink is the chief cause of our worst national disgraces as a nation; that we sin, and have been sinning for years with a high hand against God and man, by forcing our drink on the helpless childhood of the world; that we are decimating and demoralizing and even destroying the poor aboriginal

racess with which we come in contact; that from John o' Groat's house to Land's End we defile our country with the curse of ardent spirits, and that "intoxicating drink is the greatest factor of crime, pauperism, orphanhood, prostitution, insanity, and disease.—Archdeacon Farrar, in *Fortnightly Review*.

Communications.

Britannia Division.

DEAR SIR,—We are still living and trying to keep the fire of temperance burning in our midst. Since hearing from us we have had a small addition to our membership, which goes to show that the cause for which we are all working, is, in this place, holding its own. Although our influence seems very small it is encouraging to have one join our ranks now and again, as the party against which we fight has numbers far exceeding ours. Might is not always right, however, and the day will come when the tables shall turn and the power be on the side of temperance and right.

O. C.

Apoahqui, May 29th, 1888.

Clark's Corner Division.

DEAR SIR,—It is not often that I trouble you with communications more than once a quarter, but on an occasion of this kind I felt called upon to do so. The matrimonial fever has entered our Division and is making great havoc with our members. Not less than five have fallen victims in six or seven months, and last though not least our Worthy Patriarch and Worthy Associate were made one a few days ago. Can any other Division beat this; if so, let us hear from them.

The following address was presented on their entering the Division for the first time after marriage:
The Worthy Patriarch and Worthy Associate of Clark's Corner Division.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER,—We the officers and members of this Division, present to you, our hearty congratulations, and best wishes for your happiness. We think it is a very rare occurrence, when the Worthy Patriarch secures the Worthy Associate for a life long partner; and we compliment you dear Sir upon the good taste and judgment you have displayed in winning so fair an associate. No doubt you will tell us though, 'pursuit' is pleasant—'possession' is pleasanter; and judging from the signs of the times, there are many others of our brothers and sisters of the same opinion. We have great pleasure in presenting you with a dozen goblets; and trust you will always use in them, the pure, cold, sparkling water, brewed by the great Giver above, in the silence of the eternal mountains. We see it dashing down the hillside, sparkling in the dew drops, smiling on the river; an emblem of the pure water flowing from the throne of God. How great in contrast is that vile poison, brewed by man, to cause so much misery and suffering to his fellow beings. We earnestly hope and pray that the day is not far distant when the ruby wine that sparkles in the glasses; but 'at last stingeth like an adder', down to the foulest of it, may every drop be banished from our earth. Dear Brother and Sister, may Heaven's choicest blessings rest upon you. May prosperity, health and happiness be yours, and at last when Earth's joys and sorrows have passed away,

May we meet in that land, that is fairer than day,
To dwell in the presence, of the great Patriarch above,
Where all is Fidelity, Purity and Love.

Committee. } H. Douglas Hunter,
 } J. S. Carle.
Clark's Corner Division, May 24, '88.

THE W. P.'S REPLY.

Officers and Members:—I thank you very much for the kind address and for the gift you have presented to the W. A. and myself. Not so much for their value do we prize them, as for the respect and good will you have thrown in; coming as they do from a Division that we are both interested in, it will be our aim to keep them free from everything but the pure sparkling water that cannot intoxicate. Again, I thank you kindly for this unexpected gift and your good wishes.

Official Cor.

Drinking a Cause of "Offence."

The Rev. Prebendary Grier, of Rugeley, has just published a sermon entitled 'An Offence,' which he has quaintly dedicated, 'without leave and without apology, but with a deep respect and sincere good wishes, to good Christian people who imagine that they use strong drink without abusing.' It is a vigorous plea in behalf of total abstinence. We give the following extracts:—

'In the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland it is calculated that out of more than a half a million of drunkards no less than sixty thousand die of strong drink every year. How comes it that their places are no sooner vacant than they are filled? That others come forward to court the terrible death to which their fellows have succumbed? No one deliberately sets out with the intention of dying a drunkard. All, or almost all, who perish, are gradually, slowly, insensibly, silently, drawn into the vortex of destruction. It is the characteristic of the vice, which first binds and then murders their body and soul, to approach with noiseless steps. The earliest touch of the cords which it throws around them is too light to be felt, and the only absolutely certain way of escaping it is to keep out of its reach; in other words, to abstain from the drug without which drunkenness would be impossible. This and this alone would infallibly prevent it. Who, then can deny that those who, with the experience of mankind before them, refuse to promote the adoption of the only known method of ridding the world of a terrible curse, even though they themselves are quite unscathed by it, are responsible for the consequences of their refusal? What are these? Do you doubt that a man who takes alcohol as a beverage teaches others by his example that it is well to take it? He strengthens an opinion which is ruining mankind, and he is very probably, though it may be quite unconsciously, helping to mislead even those who are nearest and dearest to him.

'Within the space of a brief eighteen months, I followed to their last earthly resting place, first a father and then a mother, whose grey hairs were brought down with sorrow to the grave by the drunkenness of a much loved and only son. As a child he had learned to drink beer and wine, and little by little he became intemperate. At length he threw away all the advantages which considerable wealth and a first-rate education had placed within his reach. He had many good qualities: he had all the graces which go to make a man popular abroad and a favorite at home. He was handsome, amiable, well-mannered. He was not without some religious feelings, but he became a drunkard. Do you think that it would have been no consolation to his parents, when at length his misconduct had broken their hearts, if he had not learned the use which ruined him at their table, from their example. It is a terrible thought that what parents do, without any consciousness of sin, is often a sore offence to the little ones whom the Lord has given them.'

YOUR ASSOCIATES.

Be careful, boys, with whom you associate. Are you to "fall in love" with the first young man you meet? We hope not. This is race week. What would you think of a young man who would go to the park and make an associate out of one of the jockey riders whom he had never seen before, or even heard of? There have been hundreds of cases where pure young men have made their associates out of such fellows. They would not have done so had they taken time to think. But they have been enticed at the moment to join the company, and they go. How many young men have done just that thing? They did not stop to think. They wanted to have a good time, and didn't stop to think of what it would bring them to.

The *Amateur* says: "The young man or boy who has not courage enough to do what he knows is right for fear of being ridiculed, is indeed a weak mortal." Yes, indeed, but there are thousands of such mortals. Mortals who would rather do what they know will ruin them for eternity than to be ridiculed and scoffed at by their fellow-men or associates. Weak indeed!

We wish to relate that which is really true, and no made-up story: A young man attended a grand dinner, at which wine was served. He had never tasted it, and when the waiter placed it by his plate, noticing the eyes of his friends fixed upon him, he raised the glass and said: "Friends, I do not drink wine!" At this sudden exclamation they laughed, but he refused to drink it. Ten years since that day. A few months ago he was called to the bed-side of a college-mate. As the poor fellow was nearing his end, he looked up and said: "Say,——, it was that glass of wine I drank at that dinner ten years ago which ruined me. If I had only followed your example, I would be all right now." If he had. If he had not taken the first glass. One glass only calls for another. Boys, don't have to say "if," say "I will let it alone."—*The Youth.*

What It Costs.

The *Belleville Intelligencer* says:—Few drinking men appreciate the amount they expend annually. On Saturday night last a carpenter was complaining of hard times. Being a moderate drinker, he was asked if he had any idea what liquor and tobacco cost him annually, to which he replied that he had no idea, but it did not cost him much, as he was a moderate drinker. Being pinned down to the sum paid by him during the past week, he replied that, having been working, the week was lighter than usual. On Monday he expended 15 cents in tobacco. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday he did not drink. On Thursday he expended 25 cents. Friday 30 cents, and on Saturday 50 cents in liquor, laying in another 15 cent supply of tobacco. A computation on the above basis shows that the money thus uselessly spent would, if saved, purchase at the end of the year: 3 barrels of flour, 100 pounds sugar, 10 pounds tea, 1 box raisins, 13 pounds currants, 50 pounds oatmeal, 5 gallons syrup, 40 bars soap, 10 pounds starch, 4 boxes of biscuit, 1 bushel dried apples, 25 pounds prunes (best), 1 jar mustard, 4 pounds assorted spices, baking powder and cream of tartar, 50 pounds granulated sugar, 5 bags potatoes, 1 barrel of apples, 2 quarters beef, 1 ham, 2 pounds coffee. Besides which, he could treat his family to a daily paper every day in the year, and have 85 cents left with which to purchase candies for the children.

The Business of the Brewer.

The curse has been forced by the brewers everywhere. There is not a corner in the country that the brewers have not invaded, not a place where they have not set their traps and baited them. They deliberately set about making the fair haired boy of to-day the bear-eyed ruffian of two years hence. It is their business to convert the Sunday school scholars of to-day into the ruffianly hoodlum of five years hence, and later, the hoodlum to the jail-bird. It is their business to debauch humanity, and they do not wait for material to work upon to come to them, but they go out to seek it. The business has progressed from a mere passive nuisance to a bold and aggressive evil. There is not a bold aggressive evil. There is not a father or mother in the land who has not a right to demand the extirpation of this monster evil that threatens the very existence of their homes. They have a right to say whether a "business" shall exist, the chief profit in which is ruin of husbands and fathers, and the debauching of the power of law does not commence with the commission of crime. Communities have not only the right to punish the criminal, but the right to prevent criminality.—*Toledo Blade.*

Resolution of Condolence.

At the regular weekly meeting of St. Dunstan's T. A. Society, held on Tuesday evening, June 5th, the following resolutions were passed:
Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to take from amongst us our respected and beloved fellow member, Lawrence F. Murphy, who departed this life on May 29th, 1888.
Therefore be it Resolved, That in his death we recognize and humbly bow to the Divine will of Him who doeth all things well, and we lament that in his death, St. Dunstan's T. A. Society has lost a member who, by his uniform kind-

ness and friendly bearing has endeared himself to all our members; and further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the sorrowing mother and brothers of the deceased, to whom we render our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in their bereavement, and that a copy of these resolutions be inserted in the records of the society.

The *Southern Journal* says:

The city of Louisville receives for license from grocery, bar-rooms, saloons and distilleries less than \$88,000, and spends to prosecute and imprison criminals made by the traffic, over \$200,000. You nor I could do business long if we did it at such a loss. And there is spent for liquor here every year over \$10,000,000 at retail (wage-workers spend the most of it), enough to buy 29,000 houses at \$500 apiece; which, if put alongside each other would make a solid street, twenty-five feet to each lot, ninety-four miles long. If space for streets are allowed you can add thirty-one miles more—quite a nice town for one year's drunk, ain't it? Or, it would give 16,000 men work 313 days of a year at \$2 per day each, the year around; or make a wall of flour, seventy-two barrels high, around the river front of the city—thirteen miles. The barrels, placed end to end, would extend from Louisville, Ky., 945 miles.

It is true that the Scott Act has been repealed in seven counties, and from this fact some people will infer that in those counties the Scott Act was not appreciated. But no theorizing, no speculation, no manipulation of figures can get over the solid facts contained in the report of the Provincial Secretary, laid before the Ontario Legislation at its last session. The report shows that in all these counties which have gone back from license to Scott Act, there were during their last year of license one hundred and sixty commitments to jail for drunkenness; while during the last year of the Scott Act enforcement there were only thirty-six.—*Canada Citizen.*

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