

Temperance and Prohibition.

YOUNG MAN, DON'T DRINK.

Under the above caption, the following appears in the editorial columns of the *Kansas City World*:

The young man who drinks strong liquor is like the commander of a fortified city who deliberately admits a known enemy within its walls.

Drink is more hostile and more deadly than any army. It has sent more men to destruction and death than have all the armies of the world.

There is nothing in it. You cannot gain by it; you may lose everything—health, position, reputation, self-respect, manhood, soul.

The first drink admits a demon that every successive drink strengthens, until some day it may be strong enough to dominate and glut its ravenous appetite with your brain and blood.

Don't deceive yourself about your strength. You know nothing about that until the test comes, and then it often is too late. You may never be sure you have the strength to resist until you have the asserted that strength by resistance.

To resist once, or twice, or a dozen times, does not prove strength to resist always. It can be proved only by constant and unflinching resistance. Any man can resist sometimes. The only man who can have absolute confidence in his power to resist is he who never drinks at all. If you have the strength use it. Assert it now. One drink more is too much. Be strong right now. It is your best chance.

Strong young man! If you can today mock at the assertion that one drink is too much, some day you may think the same of ten drinks, and later of twenty. And when that day comes the strength that could not resist one drink, before appetite was formed, will be but as a straw in a whirlwind.

If you have not the strength and sense to stop drinking right now, when will you have it? Will continued yielding give you added strength, or better sense?

When the ravelled nerves of a disordered stomach and the flaccid tissues of a softening brain demand whiskey, will you, who could not resist when strength and sense were whole and craving was unknown—will you be better able to resist then?

It is not an abstruse question of piety, or ethics, or morality; it is a simple question of common sense and health.

One does not need to become a drunkard in the gutter to be injured by whiskey. It is poison even in small quantities.

Few physicians prescribe it any longer for any purpose, except in hopeless cases to dull the senses at the approach of death. No physician of learning and honor administers it to the young in any case.

When impure, as most of the commercial whiskey is, it is full of unknown dangers. When pure it is more dangerous still.

It is sometimes given to pups to stunt their growth and turn them into "breaks." The young man hoping for the highest possible mental and physical development should think seriously of this when tempted to put himself in the place of the pup.

Young man don't drink.

Refuse the first drink, or, if you have taken that and more, assert your strength now and refuse to take another, and the spirits of all dearest to you on earth or in heaven will lean and listen and smile.

Take it, and devils will laugh and leer and mock.

WOMEN AND THE RUM SHOP.

A Denver saloonkeeper has asked the United States Supreme Court to issue an injunction to restrain the Municipal Government from enforcing an ordinance which would keep women from a wine room he has specially fitted up for them. He contends that he has just as much right to sell liquor to women as to men, and we are inclined to think he has—and no more. In other words, he has no right to sell to either. It is generally admitted that the effect of liquor upon highly sensitized woman brings a speedier downfall than with men. The diabolical nature of the liquor business would be seen in vivid colors were women to congregate in a public saloon, get drunk, indulge in coarse and unseemly talk, engage in drunken brawls, then reel home to curse and beat the cringing, terrified children. What would become of many a family were there no mother to shelter the little ones from a drunken father? Does any man dare to stand before the country and swear, "I have a unalienable right to debauch woman, to deaden her moral sense, to crush out the God-given instincts of a mother and in its place set the demon of drink. I have a right to debauch the babe at the breast, to damn it with a thirst that will turn its early footsteps through the open portals of my my saloon to a grave of shame. I have a right to blight the home, to put out the fire on the hearth, darken the light at the window, turn the children out of doors. I have the right to bereave the world of its white-haired grandmothers reflecting the light of Heaven in their faces. All this and more I have a right to do, because, by the laws of the land, I am given the right to debauch woman, and I claim an equal right to debauch woman." And who can help admit the logic of his position? If it is a matter of right, has not a woman just as much right to commit suicide as man? Just as much and no more—that is, none at all.

"HEAD US, SOMEBODY."

Young man, don't permit yourself to be yoked to an evil by habit or by strong prejudice. If you do, you may one day find yourself in the predicament the boy was in who had yoked himself to a stout calf. A dog ran out and frightened the calf, and it started down the road at a break-neck rate, the boy running his best to avoid being thrown and dragged, and, in desperation, shouting at the top of his voice: "Here we go like blamed fools! Head us, somebody!"

When a bad habit or a strong prejudice gets a firm grip on a man, it drives him off in the direction of evil and ruin at an express-train rate, despite all the efforts of his friends to "head" and save him. And this is true of nothing so much as it is of an appetite for strong drink and the habit of gambling. How many who started in these with the delusive belief, "I can take a drink or I

can let it alone," "There is no harm in a game of cards," are now going on to ruin at a break-neck rate, crying, "Head us, somebody!" But it is too late. They have yoked themselves to the stout calf of appetite and habit, and it dashes on, despite their cries, dragging them down to certain ruin.

Boys, be intensely careful not to yoke yourselves to that wild, stout calf. Heed the timely admonitions of your parents, your pastor, your Sunday school teacher, and especially of God's Word, which says, "Look not upon the wine when it is red. * * * At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder;" and "The drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty."

MAKING MEN SOBER.

"Much is said about the impossibility of making men sober by law, and of the impropriety of attempting it. This kind of argument is supposed to have much force. But we submit that it is exactly the wrong way of putting this case. It is not a question of making men sober by law, but of making them drunkards by law; and that is a very different proposition. Men are sober; they are born sober. Except those who inherit a taste for strong drink from drunken parents, they all incline to temperance. It takes the tempter and the dram-shop to make drunkards. Without the dram-shop there would be few drunkards. It is the drunkard maker. When it is established by law, then it is the making of people drunkards by law that is to be considered, and not the making of men sober by law."

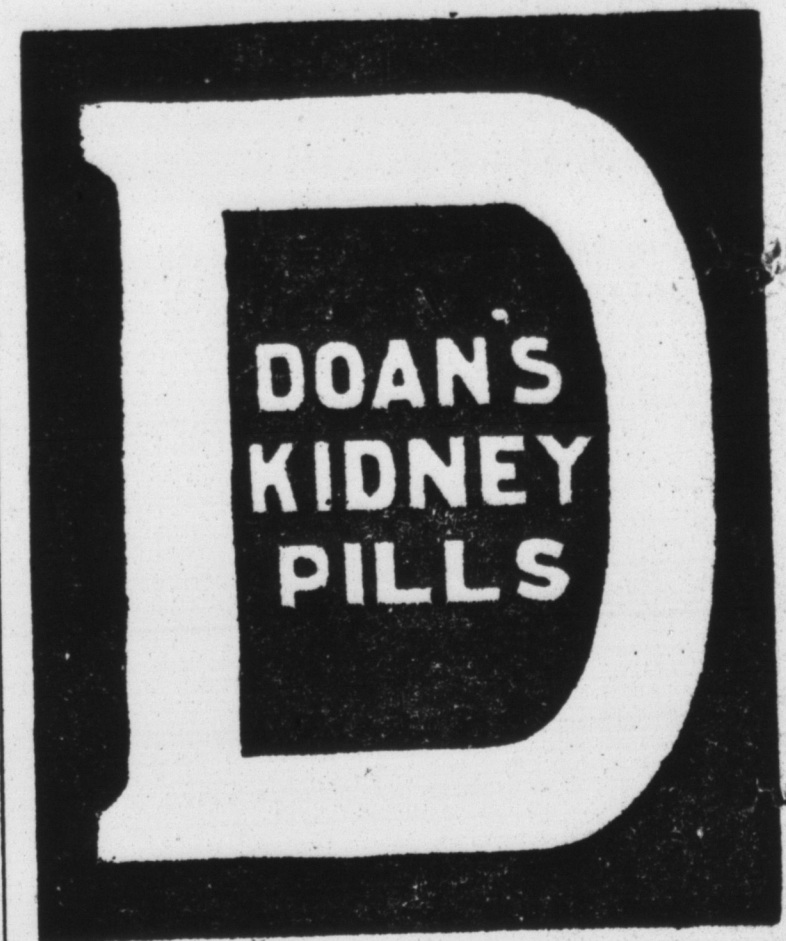
The duty of the state is to remove its sanction from all evil. The true object of legislation is to prevent not to protect evil.

God never instituted a government on earth with a view to its throwing a protecting shield over vice and immorality. He has never commissioned men to sit in high places to accomplish any such work. The end of government, so far as it bears on that point at all, is to suppress crime, to punish wrong-doers, to remove iniquity, to promote that which is just and true. And any government legalizing wrong for the sake of revenue is one with which the throne of God can have no fellowship.

DENOUNCING AN EVIL.

Mr. William Allen White, the well-known writer, who cannot be charged with being a "Prohibition crank" in an article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, thus describes the saloon:

"The saloon is an evil. It may be deemed a necessary evil by those who feel bound to apologize for it; but it can have no defenders. Even where it is licensed, protected by law, under restrictions which narrow its iniquities to moderate and expedient vice, the saloon personified by its devotees, may be characterized by no adjective more flattering than miscreant. At its highest estate it is an outlaw, and the greatest legal distinction the saloon, personified by its devotees, has achieved after a century of fighting for statutory recognition is to be branded generically by the United States Supreme Court as a nuisance. Its purposes are all venal. It is in business to promote violence and crime; to injure the public health; to dissipate the public wealth in taxes that support the criminal courts; to burden our charities; to corrupt the civic morals. The saloon is incarnate

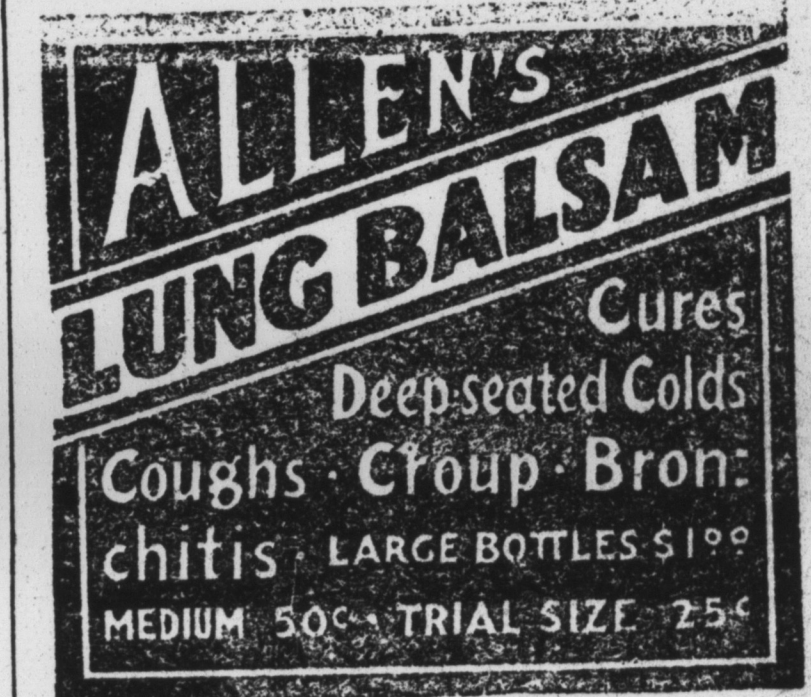


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calamity. Because its work is slow and indirect, people often fail to see how it kills and maims men and tortures women like a malicious spirit.

Drunkards in Germany will in the future be sternly looked after by the State. Each town must keep a record of all the hard drinkers, and the city medical men are bound to report those who habitually imbibe to excess, so that the authorities may subject them to a strict course of treatment.

Nerviline Cures Every Pain.

This is the testimony of sufferers in every part of the Dominion. Mr. Benjamin Dillon, of Leeds, Ont., states, "I am not in the habit of puffing up proprietary medicines, but I feel it my duty to add to the testimony as to the marvellous value of Nerviline as a remedy for pain. Nothing I think equals it as a universal remedy, and householders ought to feel it as much a necessity as bread itself." Sold by dealers in medicine everywhere.

My subject this month is ants. There is 2 kinds of ants, namely, insects and lady uncles. They live in little hills of sand and with their married sisters. 2 stay with us. They crawl in the sugar hole. This is all I know about ants.

JOHNNY GREEN.

—St. Nicholas.

A Liniment for the Logger.—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises cannot be altogether avoided in preparing timber for the drive and in river work, where wet and cold combined are of daily experience, coughs and colds, and muscular pains cannot but ensue. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil when applied to the injured or administered to the ailing, works wonders.