

RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

THEY GO TOGETHER IN POLITICS—ARE YOU AN HONEST CITIZEN OR A "DEAD BEAT?"

Henry Maxom is a writer who takes a sensible view of a citizen's duties. In a forcible article, recently published, he discusses the relationship of intemperance to citizenship, and also the responsibility that rests upon every man to exercise his political rights. He says:

The time is past when it is necessary to prove that the drunken man is not as good a citizen as the sober man. It is no longer necessary to prove that alcohol is injurious to nerve and tissue. Nor is it necessary to prove that alcohol in the home threatens the safety of the home, and all who frequent the home.

These facts have been conceded and acceded to. I do not propose to talk upon the educational or the reformative branch of temperance work. I want to deal with the simple, broad question: What is it best for the Government to do with the liquor traffic?

A man came to me once and said, "What have I to do with this question? I don't drink, nor am I affected in any way by intemperance." I have had the same query put to me again and again. Let me submit a statement: Every political privilege takes with it a corresponding political obligation.

Don't misunderstand me when I say political. Webster defines politics as the science of government. The mean sense of the word, he says, is the science of parties. I do not intend to discuss the mean sense. Political rights are the rights of the citizen, they are not party rights.

The citizen's rights are the right to life, liberty, action and protection of life, family, and property. Every right takes with it a duty. Our duties will just about balance our rights.

A man said to me not long ago: "I haven't voted once in twelve years."

I replied: "Well, I wouldn't advertise myself as a political dead beat."

He said: "What?"

"I repeated: 'I wouldn't advertise myself as a political dead beat.'"

"What do you mean?"

"Well," said I, "you were born a free man."

"Yes."

"You have all the rights of a free citizen?"

"Yes."

"Your person, your family, and your property have been protected."

"Yes."

"Well, what have you given the government for all this service to you?"

It is your duty to investigate all public questions, and give the government the benefit of your public opinion on those questions. How is that opinion given? By your ballot. What is a man's ballot? An honest, conscientious opinion of men and measures.

It is the duty of every honest man to investigate every question of government, and give the government the benefit of the investigation. No man can shirk that responsibility and call himself either honest, loyal, or law-abiding.

Gentlemen, you who pay your debts and call yourself honest, your failure, through negligence, to vote, is a swindle upon the government—swindling it out of the service rightly due to it! Such failures are turning the government over into the hands of the rascal and bum-mer.

Such negligent men are a set of po-

litical poltroons, absorbing the benefits of the government and giving nothing in return. "Eternal vigilance," it has been said, "is the price of liberty." That is, eternal vigilance on the part of those who have power over their own liberties.

HIGH LICENSE A FAILURE.

This is proven by the liquor dealers' own testimony.

The *Brewers' Journal* says: "High license reforms nothing, and wherever it has been given a fair trial it has been to the liquor dealers eminently satisfactory from a financial point of view."

The *Bar*, the official liquor organ of Chicago, says: "A good high license to help pay the tax of the temperance fanatics will pacify their conscience."

A Boston liquor dealer believes in high license because it puts his business on a more respectable foundation, and he says: "The State offers me something which protects me in my business."

Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, referring to the Brooks law, says: "Increase of the license fee in Pennsylvania from \$500 to \$1,000 will be the best investment the liquor interests ever made."

The *Wine and Spirit Gazette* says: It must be admitted that the Philadelphia liquor sellers, whose stores are at present bonanzas, favor the increase of the annual license fee to \$2,000. The higher their fee the better their chance of crowding the little fellows out of the business, and creating a monopoly by which a few will make large fortunes.

The president of the Liquor Dealers' Protective League says:

The true policy for the trade to pursue is to advocate as high a license as they can in justice afford to pay, because the money thus raised tends to relieve all owners of property from taxation, and keeps the treasuries of the towns and cities pretty well filled. This catches the ordinary taxpayer.

Mr. Peter Her, the leading distiller of Nebraska, after several years' experience of the high license system, in a letter written for the guidance of liquor dealers in another State, says:

High license does not hurt our business, but, on the contrary, has been a great benefit to it. * * * I believe somewhat that high license acts as a bar against prohibition. * * * I do not think high license lessens the quantity of liquors used. * * * I would be in favor of high license rather than trust to the non-enforcement of law under prohibition.

Utah has set a worthy example to her sister states in the passage of a law making it an offense punishable with a fine of \$5 or five days' imprisonment, for any one under eighteen years of age to be found in possession of cigarette, cigars, tobacco or opium. The evil of these things is bad enough among older people, who are old enough and have enough experience in life to realize the harm of indulgence, but among the youth the use of them is disastrous to both body and mind, and almost inevitably destroys their prospect for future usefulness.

An Irishman was brought before the magistrates for stealing a piece of meat. In defense, he said: "Your worship, the last piece of meat I had since I landed in England was a roast potato, boiled hard, which I ate three days ago; and, if you don't believe me, I have it in my pocket. I can show it to you."—*Ram's Horn*.

BOY'S COMPOSITION ON PARENTS.

Parents are things most boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of Pas and Mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's Mas that make you mind.

Sometimes it is different tho. Once a boy came home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm always has to be done early in the morning. This boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls:

"Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning. Rise and list to the lark."

The boy didn't say anything. Then Ma calls:

"William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is growing cold."

The boy kept right on, not saying anything. Then his Pa puts his head in the stairway, and says he:

"Bill!"

"Coming, sir!" says the boy.

I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't tell them so 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me:

"Parents are a nuisance; they aren't what they're cracked up to be."

Says I to him:

"Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of 'em and I hope good boys will continue to have 'em."

TOO BUSY TO GET OLD.

"You don't seem changed a bit," said an old acquaintance, half wonderingly, half enviously, to one whom she had not met for years. "You look as young as you did ten years ago." Young? repeated the other, as if reflecting upon the word for the first time. "Bless you! I haven't had time to grow old; I have been too busy even to think about it," she answered, with a cheery laugh. It was true; her heart and hands had been full. An invalid had looked to her for all the brightness and comfort that came to his sick room. A sister's orphan children had been left to her care, and the task of managing a limited income so that it would provide for all had kept her very busy. Besides, she had really mothered the flock. Her heart had kept warm and young with interest in all their interests. How could she grow old? To keep close to Christ in a spirit of helpfulness is to be always imbued with his courage and good cheer.

MIXED THE BABIES.

A strange lawsuit has just been heard in the court at Amsterdam, growing out of the use of a baby incubator to rear a delicate child.

At the hospital a receipt was taken for the baby boy, and he was put into one of the incubators. Some weeks passed, and the parents received notice that their child was well enough to be taken away. Imagine the father's surprise when he went to fetch his son to have a girl baby thrust into his arms!

The hospital nurse declared some mistake had been made by the parents. The parents, nurse, and other witnesses declared that the mistake was on the part of the hospital authorities. The baby girl was not wanted by the parents of the missing baby boy, and nobody else owned her.

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.

The father took proceedings against the mayor of the city and claimed \$240 damages for his lost son. During the time the child was in the incubator the outside of the machine was painted, and according to the plaintiff's advocate, the cards on which are written the particulars regarding the inmates were mixed up.

OLD SALTS CANNOT SWIM.

In a recent English inquest the Coroner commented on the circumstance of so few men who earn their living afloat being able to swim, and a man of an inquiring mind took a census of the fishermen of Robin Hood's Bay, and found that of 150 families living there who spend their lives on the sea, not one person could swim.

American naval officers often speak of this peculiarity as possessed by the sailors on a man-of-war, but a storm-bound old salt on the Battery looked off down New York harbor to the cruel blue sea as he explained to a miscellaneous little group for whom he had been spinning yarns that it is a world-wide creed of fisherfolk and sailormen that they must not learn to swim for fear of shipwreck.

"If a man has got to drown," he said, with terse philosophy, "the sooner it's over the better!"

The safest way to clean a plaster cast is to cover it with Fuller's earth and fine dry whiting, wrap it in a cloth and leave it for several days, when the powder should be brushed away.

If your window glass is lacking in brilliancy, clean it with liquid paste, made of alcohol and whiting. This mixture will remove specks and impart a high lustre to the glass.

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