

Temperance and Prohibition.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

The bars are wide open in our little town,

And doing their best to succeed
In debauching our morals, and dragging us down

To serve the saloon-keeper's greed.

There are some who think

An occasional drink

Is a thing at which good people surely might wink;

Though their talk is all nonsense,
their reasoning lame,

The bar-rooms are open,

And

who

is to

blame?

And then there are others you will not find loath

Each argument, threadbare, to seize
To decry moral law—and affirm with an oath,

The right to do just as they please.

And such people will,

Of course, guzzle and swill,

And deposit their funds in the bar-keeper's till;

Unlimited license and freedom they claim;

The bar-rooms keep open,

And

who

is to

blame?

We have plenty of churches and good people too,

As respectable folk we are great;

In comparison drunkards and brawlers are few

To the many who keep themselves straight.

We have, by the way,

A Y. M. C. A.,

And devotional service at noon every day;

Yet the truth must be spoken with sorrow and shame,

The bars are still open.

And

who

is to

blame?

—Frank Beard, in *Ram's Horn*.

WHAT WHISKEY DOES.

"This Man Knows Whiskey" is the title of an article in the *Cleveland Post*. The article is in the form of a comment upon the statement made by a young man who was under arrest for killing his stepfather, a crime that he had committed under the circumstances of great provocation. Here is the article:

"I would not touch whiskey if it was to save my life. I have seen too much of its work. I have seen the misery it has made for my mother. I have seen, too, the brute it made of my step-father when he was under its influence. If it were not for whiskey, our trouble would never have happened and I would not be in jail. I never touched the stuff, and I've made a vow I never will."

These are not the words of an impassioned temperance theorist. They are the calm, deliberate utterance of a young man who killed his drunken step-father in defence of his mother

and was incarcerated in a Cleveland police station. A police lieutenant had pressed a glass of whiskey upon him, urging him that his weakened condition demanded it. But he knew whiskey and had no use for it.

Here is what might well be accepted as an expert opinion upon the effect of whiskey.

This young man has had experiences that have shown him what whiskey will do. He does not need to theorize. He speaks with positive information.

But for whiskey he would not have been in jail.

Decidedly true. And equally true it is that but for whiskey few other people ever would be in jail. It is not putting it too strongly to say that whiskey causes nine-tenths of the crimes that get people into jail.

This young man has seen the misery whiskey has made for his mother.

And who cannot call up from one's own recollection dozens of mothers whom whiskey has made miserable?

Scarcely a community or social circle but has several—often good, patient, uncomplaining heroines who have given up hope, and whose desolated hearts are left to feed on the agony of despair.

They bear the deprivation, the neglect, the abuse, the blows, and utter no moan, but in their hearts there is moaning always.

The earth has been salted with tears shed by mankind in sympathy with the brave women who send their husbands and sons to battle, sitting alone at home with their tears and fears; but such women are happy, proud, exalted, compared with the drunkards' wives, crouching with tears and fears and shame, while their husbands give their lives up to the devil, Drink.

The bright, sweet hopes of their bridal days have become a mockery. The vows upon which they staked their life happiness have proved light as air. The love that once bade fair to be a shelter in every storm has been beaten down and torn to ruin by whirlwinds of bestial passions.

There are millions of women like this.

"I have seen, too," says this young man, "the brute whiskey has made of my step-father when he was under its influence."

Yes, there is the truth. It makes a man a brute. He may be good and kind and tender, when he is sober; but whiskey makes him a brute. He may be provident and thrifty when he is himself, but, filled with whiskey, he becomes an entirely different class of being.

Sober, he may not be able to realize that he can be a brute when drunk. He may be the last one to know the misery that his drunkenness causes in his home. He cannot view himself in correct perspective.

But this young man who was sent to jail because of whiskey speaks the simple truth. He has seen how whiskey turned a good man into a brute, a happy wife into a miserable drudge, and a devoted son into an unwilling murderer.

And whiskey is no respecter of persons. What it does in one family it

will do in another. What it makes of one man it has made of millions. The woe of this one woman is a woe that ever goes crying and moaning throughout the earth.

DRINK DID IT.

Booked for her husband's murder on her return from that husband's burial, Mrs. Mary Flynn, 66 Larrabee Street, sunk her face in locked hands at the Chicago Avenue police station recently, and sobbed out the saddest, most forcible temperance sermon ever framed by human lips.

It was her own story, surcharged with grief and remorse, the story of two lives wrecked by twin passions for liquor, the story of a blind, insensate battle to the death, the story of three childish lives over which whiskey has cast the blight of crime and shame.

"As God is my judge, I don't know just how it happened, or what I hit him with, or what happened afterwards. I was drunk, God forgive me, and Jim was drunk, too, or he wouldn't have hit me.

"I'm not fit to talk about the sorrow and the trouble that lies in drink.

"I don't want to preach. If I did, God knows, there's no better word I could give my children and other people than to warn them away from whiskey.

"It put me here in prison. It put my husband in his winter grave. It has spoiled my children's lives.

"It's been a curse to me and mine, and it will be sorrow and misfortune and disgrace to every one who touches it.

"God knows I was not a drunkard," Mrs. Flynn took up her story when she had mastered her choking voice.

"My mother brought me up to be a good woman, and it was not till after I had married Jim that I took to drink. It was the housework and the children and the need of something to strengthen me that started it. Then we drank together, Jim and me, and after a while we had to have liquor almost every day.

"We were both mad with drink on January 25, the Sunday this awful thing happened. Jim kicked me on the leg—the place is black and blue yet.

"He hit me a couple of times, and when I broke away from him he threw a plate and the sugar bowl at me. I emptied the kettle on him, and then when he started at me with a poker or something like it, I caught up a hammer or hatchet and struck him."—*Chicago American*.

WHAT ONE DRINK COST HIM.

A press despatch, dated Kingston, Ont., March 22nd, says: "Elmer Biddle, at the police court, on Saturday, pleaded guilty to stealing two coats and a hat from Melville Revington, and carrying a loaded revolver. Biddle pleaded for a suspended sentence. For nearly two years he had worked faithfully and tried to lead a better life. He came back to the city yesterday, got drunk, and committed this crime. Had he been sober he would not have done it. He asked the magistrate to be lenient, to give him a suspended sentence, and he would leave the city, never again to return. The magistrate regretted that he could not do as the prisoner desired. He sentenced Biddle to three years

Allen's Lung Balsam

The best Cough Medicine.

ABSOLUTE SAFETY

should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon its safety depends one's life. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM contains no opium in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of Croup, Colds, deep-seated Coughs. Try it now, and be convinced.

WOULD HAVE TO STOP HER WORK AND SIT DOWN.



HOW MANY WOMEN HAVE TO DO THIS FROM DAY TO DAY?

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS are a blessing to women in this condition. They cure Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Faint and Dizzy Spells, Weakness, Listlessness, and all troubles peculiar to the female sex.

Mrs. James Taylor, Salisbury, N.B., in recommending them says: "About eight months ago I was very badly run down, was troubled greatly with palpitation of the heart and would get so dizzy I would have to leave my work and sit down. I seemed to be getting worse all the time, until a friend advised me to try MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS. I can truthfully say that they do all you claim for them, and I can recommend them to all run-down women.

Price 50c. per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25; all dealers, or The Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PROBABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BELLS HAVE FURNISHED 25,000 DRUMS, SORBLES & OTHER PUREST BEST WEST-TROY N.Y. GENUINE CHIEF. E. & Co. CATALOGUE & PRIC

in the Kingston Penitentiary, and refused the prisoner's request to send him to the Central Prison.

HOW KIPLING WAS CURED.

In his "American Notes," page 121, Rudyard Kipling, whose stories and poems are read by all the English-speaking world, tells how, in a concert hall in the city of Buffalo, he saw two young men get two girls drunk and then lead them down a dark street. Mr. Kipling has not been a total abstainer, nor have his writings commended temperance, but of that scene he writes:

"Then, recanting previous opinions, I became a prohibitionist. Better it is that man should go without his beer in public places, and content himself with swearing at the narrow-mindedness of the majority; better it is to poison the inside with very vile temperance drinks, and to buy lager furtively at back doors, than to bring temptation to the lips of young fools, such as the four I had seen. I understand now why the preachers rage against drink. I have said: 'There is no harm in it, taken moderately,' and yet my own demand for beer helped directly to send these two girls reeling down the street—God alone knows what end. If liquor is worth drinking, it is worth taking a little trouble to come at—such as a man will undergo to compass his own desires. It is not good that we should let it lie before the eyes of children, and I have been a fool in writing to the contrary."