

Temperance and Prohibition.

THE SALOON MUST GO.

The saloon must go,
With its crime and woe,
And all of its evils that burden us so.
The careless church member—
Who fails to remember
That duty should spurn him to master
the foe—
His actions say not;
But yet it will go.

The saloon must go,
Though the drunkard says no,
For blear-eyed and wretched he hugs
his worst foe.
While for a short season,
Bereft of his reason,
The poor hardened sinner his "wild
oats" will sow.
But oh, the sad reaping,
The wailing, the weeping!
The saloon must go,
Though drunkards say no.

The saloon must go,
Though brewers say no,
For profits unrighteous from beer
barrels flow.
They find their chief pleasure,
In heaping up treasure
That's wrung from hearts broken
with sorrow and woe.
Though the brewers say no,
The saloon must go.

The saloon must go,
Though the barkeepers say no,
While each year more hardened and
shameful they grow,
They ruin the lives
Of the children and wives,
They cause all the sorrow, the hun-
ger and woe,
That evermore come
To the victims of rum,
Barkeepers say no;
But still it must go.

The saloon must go,
Though the devil shouts no!
While viewing the heartaches, the
ruin and woe.
The brewer and the vender,
In spite of their splendor,
Must shoulder; though for it they
heaven forego.
The saloon must go,
Though the devil shouts no!

Awake! Face the foe!
Fan the ember aglow,
That still in the conscience are slum-
bering low.
While the victims are weeping,
Can Christians lie sleeping!
For God and His cause strike the
death-dealing blow.
The saloon must go,
For God's word says so.

—Ram's Horn.

The Making of a Temperance Fanatic.

BY GEORGE EDWARD DAY.

I have just returned from the most remarkable temperance meeting I ever attended. I have just listened to the most remarkable temperance address ever delivered. The speaker was a woman that I knew five years or more ago as a frail, diffident creature, but with a jolly spirit and a passionate earnestness. In fact, it was just five years ago tonight that I sat with

her in her modest sitting room in East Lynn, when the great tragedy of her life reached its climax. That was before she was known as Mrs. Wentworth, the temperance fanatic. That was before she moved strong men at will by her peerless logic and her wonderfully sad-sweet voice.

I remember well the scene in her sitting room that early autumn evening. Two beautiful children, a boy and a girl, clung to her side, as she sat in a low, willow rocker, and entertained me with her bright talk, while a happy light played on her face. She had married rather young—at twenty—Jack Wentworth, a free-hearted, careless fellow two years older. Somehow, she never discovered until after they were married that Jack was fond of his glass occasionally; and when she did discover it, though it gave her a little pang of regret, she set about bravely to remedy the matter, with never a fear but what she could keep her young husband from his growing habit.

But, like many another woman, she failed. Jack did not care, as he once did, to do a thing simply because it pleased her; he wanted his own way now, and he had it. Frequently he came home in a half-dazed, half-ugly condition, and the poor little wife begged and pleaded in vain for reform. Then their first child was born—a boy—and for a time Jack seemed more like the old Jack, and his little wife thought the victory was won. Not so. After a while he returned to his old ways again, only with this change—his fits of intoxication became more frequent and more gross. This continued for two years more, and then with the coming of another little stranger—a girl this time—his wife hoped again to win him from his intemperate ways. But all in vain. The new little angel in the house brought no change to the wretched father, but he kept on in sin and sank deeper and deeper in the mire.

The little home, once so happy, showed traces of the pinching fingers of poverty. Often there was very little to eat, and in the cold days of winter sometimes no fuel for the kitchen stove. Poor Jack was drinking heavily. He never was really brutal to his family, but he seldom came home sober, and often in a surly mood. But the poor man was not the only one to blame. He had inherited a weak will, and he was sorely tempted and as sorely fell.

But one night there was a change, and Jack came home sober. He had been to a new place. About 9 o'clock, as he was going up Union street, he heard singing in the St. Paul's Methodist Church, and staggered up to the door. An evangelist was holding a special meeting. The sermon was over, and the congregation were singing a hymn. As Jack reached the door, he heard them sing:

"Just as I am and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse
each spot
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

"I want to come in," said Jack.
"No, you can't come in; you're

drunk," said the young fellow at the door, trying to block his passage.

"Oh, let him come in," said an older man, "let him come in."

"You're a gentleman," said Jack, with an uncertain accent and a lurch against the door, as he endeavored to shake hands with the man who had befriended him. "You're a gentleman! Have something on me."

Up in front the evangelist and the pastor were urging the gospel invitation without apparent success.

"If you're a sinner and need a Saviour, Jesus Christ can save you tonight. Will you come?" pleaded the evangelist.

"I'll come!" shouted Jack, and marched down the aisle to the platform. There was a buzz and a rustle all over the church. Some thoughtless girls giggled, and an old Phari-see frowned, but the men of God on the platform climbed down to greet the prodigal.

"Could he save me, mister?" asked Jack, in a saner tone and manner. "Do you think he could save me, sure?"

"Sure," said the evangelist. "He came into the world to seek and save the lost."

"That's me, I guess," said Jack. "I want him to save me if he can do it right off now. I can't wait. I'm in a hurry. I've got to get home."

The evangelist laid one arm across the poor fellow's shoulder and spoke to him earnestly in a low tone. In a moment or two they were kneeling side by side and one was pouring out his heart to God for his wayward brother, and Jack himself was sober enough to sob like a child and to call on God for mercy.

That was the biggining of a new life. He went into church that night pitifully drunk, but he came out sober, and with a strength and a will beyond his own, he persevered until there was sunshine again in the little home, and Annie and the children had a husband and a father worthy of the name.

"Jack Wentworth is surely converted," everybody said. And how he did work! He got hold of his old companions as no one else could, and won them away from drink to soberness. You rarely heard him speak of his conversion—he was too modest for that; but he knew in his heart that there had been worked a miracle on his behalf by that same Jesus that met Saul on his journey toward Damascus.

A few months after his conversion the "no-license" vote of the previous December went into effect, and for once in Lynn the law was pretty well enforced. There were no really open saloons, and so no flaring temptations. Under the circumstances Jack found it easier to resist his old appetite which, even now, occasionally asserted itself. But the city liked so well no open saloons that she voted "no" for two more years. In an evil day, however, the city elected a mayor about whose temperance convictions very little was known, and under his administration and that of his appointee, the city marshal, rum was sold freely and almost openly. This disgusted the voters, and the old, foolish, wicked cry, "If it's going to be sold any way, let's have the license money," was raised and carried the day.

Mrs. Wentworth had a secret dread of the coming of the first day of May when the saloons were to be opened,

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but she said nothing and kept up a stout heart. But Jack never wavered. He stood by his guns like a good soldier, and so the spring slipped into summer, and summer into autumn, and love and reason were still upon the throne.

As I sat with the mother in the cosy little sitting room that night, and saw the two lovely children, happy and well cared for, I realized, as never before, how much difference it made to have the father sober and industrious.

"I have almost forgotten what fear is," she said, with a happy light in her eyes. "I used to worry a great deal at first, and especially last May, when the saloons were open again. If men could only know how some other men are tempted by an open saloon, no amount of money would hire them to vote 'yes.'"

The two little heads at her knee were drowsy with sleep, and the mother put them to bed, returning presently to finish our conversation.

"Jack is the best of husbands," she went on. "He seems to be trying to atone for those few years of unhappiness he gave me. But I forgave him long ago. I love him too well." She paused with a sudden start and a look of fright swept over her face. Some one was coming up the stairs with the shuffling, uncertain blundering of a drunken man. My heart stood still as Mrs. Wentworth went to the door and opened it with feverish terror. "My God! my God! It's my Jack! it's my Jack! Oh Jack! Jack! Jack! what shall I do?"

She sank into a chair dazed, stupefied, overcome. Jack staggered into the room. "Well, what's the row?" he stammered, with a drunken leer,