

Temperance and Prohibition.

A Rumseller's Advertisement as it should be if Honest.

Here is a new form of the old liquor seller's advertisement. It is the work of Miss Myrial Daisy Weick, of Buffalo, N. Y. It is well written.

Friends and Neighbors,—Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of the "Essence of Perdition," I embrace this early opportunity of informing you that on Saturday next I shall commence the business of manufacturing drunkards, paupers and beggars, for the sober, industrious and respectable portion of the community to support. I shall deal in familiar spirits which will excite men to deeds of riot, robbery, and blood, and by so doing diminish the comforts, augment the expenses and endanger the welfare of the community.

I will undertake at short notice for a small sum and with great expedition to prepare victims for the asylums, the poor house, the prison and the gallows. I will furnish an article which will increase the amount of fatal accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those which are comparatively harmless malignant and incurable. I shall deal in drugs which will deprive some of life, many of reason, most of property and all of peace; which will cause husbands to become fiends, wives widows, children orphans, and all mendicants.

I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance and vice and prove a burden and nuisance to the community, the nation and the world. I will cause mothers to forget their infants, virgins their priceless innocence. I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the progress of gospel truth and righteousness, defile the purity of the church, and cause spiritual and temporal death, and if any should be so impertinent as to ask why I have the impudence, audacity and utter recklessness to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy people, my honest reply is money.

The traffic in drunkards' drink is lucrative, and some professing Christians (?) give it their cheerful countenance—I have a license, and if I do not bring these manifold evils upon you some one else will. I live in a land of liberty (?). I have purchased the legal power to demolish the character and reputation, destroy the health, shorten the lives, and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom. I pledge myself to do all I have herein promised, and those who wish any or all of the above specified evils and miseries brought upon themselves or their nearest and dearest friends, are requested to meet me at the bar of my Drunkery, where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of doing so to the fullest possible extent.

My Drunkery is admirably situated on Inebriation Street, near Rowdy Alley, and is but a short distance from the gambling hell, the jail, the insane asylum, the state prison and the gallows. Intoxicating liquors of all kinds kept constantly on hand and for sale, such as Hard Cider, Lager Beer, Champagne, Wine, Gin, Rum, Brandy, Whiskey, etc., all having alcohol for their basis, but are well rectified through arsenic, strychnine, vitriol, logwood and sundry

other drugs of like character, in order and in the end that the legitimate effects to be produced upon my victims by and through the use of intoxicating liquors as a miscalled beverage shall be more rapid, sure and certain.

My Drunkery is also one of the principal stations on the Great Central Railroad, leading directly to the City of Destruction, through populous towns of Vitiated Appetite, Physical Pollution, Moral Degradation, Social Corruption, Wilful Ignorance, Political Degeneracy, Vulgarity, Profanity, Obscenity and Crime. This road is in good repair and is under the immediate direction and supervision of the gentlemanly (?) superintendent, Mr. Moderate Drinker, who is authorized to guarantee to all passengers with their families (if any they have), character, reputation, health, prosperity, etc., a swift, sure and certain passage through all the down grades to the City of Destruction without change of cars, adroitly avoiding all collisions with the Temperance trains which are passing up the road toward the City of Sobriety, Respectability, Safety and Moral Elevation.

Mr. Distiller, the old and experienced engineer on the Lightning train running to the City of Destruction, can always be relied upon as being faithful in all rascalities peculiarly appertaining to this vocation, and Mr. Zephaniah Rumseller, the conductor on the same train, will always be found at his post, furnishing the passengers with all the means necessary to expedite their arrival to the place of their destruction within the shortest time possible. This road is universally known to be the shortest and most expeditious route leading to the City of Destruction, and the undersigned, being one of the regular constituted agents of Messrs. Diabolus, etc., who own and run the down trains on this road, and also being well prepared to furnish his victims with a suitable outfit to enable them to secure a passage thereon, most respectfully solicits the patronage of the public.

Parents who wish their children to take passage on this great thoroughfare early in life are respectfully requested to visit the bar of my Drunkery frequently and bring their children with them, their sons especially, in order that they may avail themselves of the advantages and peculiar facilities which my bar-room affords for the acquisition of a suitable and proper education preparatory to their taking passage in the downward trains. Full and ample lessons given at all times in my bar-room in gross profanity, obscenity and vulgar slang in all of their disgusting narratives, without extra expense. Also brawls, free, fights occasionally by way of amusements and for the special education of boys and young men, free of charge, except jail fees, etc.

Down trains constantly leaving my saloon at all hours of the day and night, Sundays not excepted. Through tickets can be had at my bar-room for a few cents. Ticket office open at all hours day and night. Rowdies furnished with the very best stimulants in the world to excite them to deeds of riot, rowdyism, and crime of all kinds at all times on the shortest notice. Packages of this stimuli (the Essence of Perdition) made up either by the barrel, half bar-

rel, gallon, jug, bottle, glass, or drink, to suit purchaser.

Orders respectfully solicited.

DIABOLUS RUMSELLER,

Whiskeyville.

State of Moral Depravity.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

"I have labored over that boy for his father's sake. I can't get ideas into him nor good service out of him. He is out nights so much that when he comes to work in the morning he actually falls asleep. He has no ambition, doesn't care, can't be trusted to do even the simplest things, and spends much of his working time watching the clock." "Oh, my poor boy," the mother sobbed.

The latter urged. "Do give him one more trial.

"No, his discharge is final. And let me add to you, his parents, whom I have known so long and intimately," added the manufacturer kindly, "that as long as this boy has a home to be babied in, a mother to dote on him, and a father still easier, who won't even make him get up in the morning, his case is hopeless. Is this condition all his own fault? Aren't you somewhat to blame?"

The couple left with guilty feelings, and later sought my advice. A few questions proved how utterly foolish had been the home influence upon the boy, how incompetent his parents; yet they rank as fine people in society and business. I sent for the boy, and after a while got right at him until he confessed that his employer was right, "but I don't seem to have any power to do better," he said, almost breaking down.

"Don't be a sissy, young man. Go and earn a living for yourself. I will send you to a farmer who will treat you well as long as you serve him faithfully, but Lord help you if you 'sojer' on him. Learn what hard work is—acquire self-reliance, know the value of the time you have been wasting and of the dollars you now squander."

Then we had some more talk, the boy and I. He went off to the country. That was two years ago. At first his mother wanted to "visit poor Charley," and his father pompously said, "My son ought to have his usual allowance," but as they had agreed to follow my plan with the boy (since their own had failed), they let him alone.

The boy came back in the fall for the first time. He didn't say much as he firmly grasped my hand and looked me squarely in the eye, but I knew instinctively that this bronzed and strong young man was all right. He had improved his opportunity. He is transformed into a youth of character and determination. He has learned in the stern school of experience the lessons he needed, and without which he would have gone straight to perdition. He has developed an aptitude for mechanics, and has begun at the bottom in a large manufacturing shop.

He will make his mark one of these days. He is getting the "education" he needs.

How many such parents will read these lines? How many are spoiling their boys through loving indulgence, inefficiency, laziness or ignorance? The number is surprisingly large. Daughters are similarly spoiled, waited on, babied. "My children shall have an easier time than I had," is the heartfelt resolve of many intelligent parents. All wrong—it's heart, not common sense, that leads parents into such errors.

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated
**COUGHS,
COLDS,
CROUP.**

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.
A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.
A \$1.00. Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.
Sold by all Druggists.



MILBURN'S
HEART
AND
NERVE PILLS

FOR
WEAK
PEOPLE

Are a True Heart Tonic.
Nerve Food and Blood Purifier. They build up and renew all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body, and restore perfect health and vigor to the entire system.
Nervousness, Spontaneous Nervous Prostration, Brain Fag, Lack of Vitality, After Effects of La Grippe, Anæmia, Weak and Dizzy Spells, Loss of Memory, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Energy, Shortness of Breath, etc., can all be cured by using
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.
Price 50c. a box or \$1.25. All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

To fit our sons and daughters to leave us!
This is one of the chief duties of parents, and for most of us the hardest to learn.—*Canadian Good House-Keeping.*

Energy and success accomplish more than genius. To force one's way through irksome drudgery and dry detail is to move onward and upward in every station in life. A young man may be very much what he pleases, provided he forms a strong resolution and holds it. To believe, thoroughly, that we are able, is almost to be able. To determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. It is pluck, tenacity, and determined perseverance that wins battles. The timid and hesitating find everything impossible, chiefly because it seems so. Nothing that is of real worth can be achieved without courageous working.

The D.L. Emulsion

Trade-mark.

Extensively used in Hospitals
The most palatable Emulsion made
Very easy to digest
Gives strength to the body
Increases the weight largely
The best Remedy for
General Debility,
La Grippe, Anæmia,
Consumption.