

Sunday Reading

A Study of the Parables.

Topic for February 18: "The Sin of Liquor Selling: How End It?"

"The just shall live by his faith."

The topic emphasizes a very important distinction pointed out and diligently and elaborately pressed in these columns many times heretofore, but still as needful as ever to be iterated—that liquor selling and "the sin of liquor selling" are, for purposes of Christian contemplation, distinct things. The whole land may reel and stagger with liquor selling without any sin at all, and without any ability or possibility of the authorities to find it, or to "end it." But the sin of liquor selling cannot be hid, and can be ended by a sinner as his will.

The unyieldable ghost of the debate on Prohibition is the formed and speaking vapor that out—Cassandras Cassandra, croaking. "You can't stop liquor selling," which is truism, but utterly irrelevant.

The strict laws of the federal government concerning the matter are honestly administered, but the "moonshiner" we have always with us; while it is notorious that the tumble-down tenements of Cherry Hill, in the shadow of the Brooklyn bridge in New York city, hide many a miniature distillery whose modest output finds the stage of action in its affiliated "barrel-house" nearby, at five cents a glass—near, ardent, raw, "east-side" whisky.

In municipal government of the liquor traffic, honesty is one of the lost arts, and enforcement of the prohibitory features of the law is employed solely in two interests—and in the order here following—black-mail for city officials and the deception of those private citizens who are virtuously inclined. Along the St. Lawrence river the smuggler still plies his contrabandage. But it is risky, and altogether, though it dies hard, and will not quite die for generations yet, the illicit liquor traffic, as against the general government, in the mountains, in the city cellars, at the boundaries and wherever the government, general or local, is honestly trying to kill it, is dying, as rapidly at least as any other of the more diffusive forms of crime.

But let the ghost walk! Let it be conceded that you can't stop liquor selling. This remains unquestioned and unquestionable: You can stop selling liquor, and the topic merely suggests a study of the ways and means of stopping, which is not only interesting but also most opportune; for it would seem that the ways of not stopping it had all been not only studied but actually tested by most brilliant experimentation. The museum of legal failures is full and very curious; license, positive comparative, and superlative option, local, sub-local, optional and sub optional; dispensaries, real, personal and mixed; Prohibition, Democratic, Populistic and Republican.

Of making many societies there has been no end. Rechabites, Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Templars of Honor, Washingtonians, Blue Ribboners, Red Ribboner, White Ribboners, Law and Order Committees, Anti-Saloon Leagues, etc. Time would fail to add the individual short reformers, "striped, ring-streaked and speckled," not to speak of the church, who has not ceased to thunder and lightning, lo! these many years. But up to the time of this writing, selling liquor is—vocation or avocation—the all but unanimous occupation of American citizens.

The way to end the sin of liquor-selling is to end it. That is all. But, you say, how? That depends upon what kind of a liquor-seller you are. You can't end another man's sin, and you don't have to; you can only teach him, exhort him, interrupt him. But you can end your own.

Probably no vulgar, hand-to-hand liquor dealer will read these comments, but some careless druggist may, or some physician whose "M. D." means not only "doctor of medicine," but also "maker of drunkards." I do not mean to say that alcoholic liquors ought never to be prescribed, but I do say that ANY physician who prescribes it without carefully finding out the facts about his patient's history—except, of course, in cases of pressing emergency—and considering what substitute, if any, might be given, is a dangerous man, if not a bad one. And for these all, the way to end the sin of liquor-selling is to stop selling it.

But the government is the great liquor seller. For every gallon of high wines it

Thin Babies

often develop into weak, delicate, backward children; undersized, nervous, feeble, adults. Lack of nourishment is the cause.

Scott's Emulsion

is the remedy. A little of it three or four times a day will do wonders. The pinched, sad faces become round and rosy; the wasted limbs plump and firm. If your baby is not doing well, try this great food-medicine.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.

gets a dollar and ten cents clear profit, and what we call the government is simply the agent of the people, who are the principals. For instance, William McKinley by the grace of the Republican party and the disgrace of the Methodist church President of the United States, autocrat of Philippine archipelago, Cuba and Porto Rico and commander-in-chief of the army is the agent of the people in the administrative branch. He has bebaunched his own soldiers and besotted his own flag in the islands by flying it over gin shops. If there is a "sin of liquor selling," he is the greatest individual sinner the accursed trade has yet produced.

Can you "end" his "sin of liquor selling"? No; nor can anybody but himself. What you can do, and what he and his grooms fully expect you will do, is to ratify his sin and make it your own next November on the ground that his near competitor for office is gin-wise no better and property-wise worse, than he. So then next November, the case of Candidate McKinley or McGinley will be up to you. What comes of it depends on nobody but you.

What you do by your agent you do by yourself. It will take a long time to abolish the licensing system, and a longer time after it has been abolished to suppress the traffic wholly; but, man by man, we can abolish the relation of principal and agent between ourselves and the business until enough of us are without sin concern, it to stone it to death. The individual voter is the unit of morality and power in the government. Clean up your unit. That is the need of the hour.

"The just shall live by his faith." It does not mean that he shall "make his living" by his faith—have faith good enough to make him proper but not too good for practical politics, but that he shall live his life upon the theory of downright loyalty to himself as a responsible and separated expression "of the Godhead bodily."

What Samantha Allen Says About War.

"I don't know how you feel, Josiah, but it looks bad to me to see the two great christian nations of the world engaged in all the horrors and bloody agony of war, and each one on 'em fighting agin a smaller nation, and middlin' peaceable ones so far as I know. If a great foe should rise against us, Josiah, and all efforts for peace should fail, then mebbey the Lord would be willin' for us to drive 'em from our borders at the edge of the sword, but to fight for conquest, or greed is different."

"I tell you, Samantha, you hain't got the right on't; America had to fight the Philippines to protect 'em and carry the gospel to 'em, and England had to see that them Outlandish men could vote, and they're bound to civilize Africa. The English do a good deal to advance the cause of religion; they're bound that this little nation of Boers shall be civilized and enjoy religion as they want 'em to."

"They trust in God, Josiah, it they are a little people, and if they should triumph over a giant foe as Israel did so many times helped by the God of battle, would it not help the world to hev faith in God? Sez I, Read their battle hymn:

"Our strength is in our God of hosts,
Our times are in His hand;
The wrath of man that idly boasts
We fear not in the Rand.
From farming dale, from soil and loam,
We're coming, God of Might,
The ramparts of our mountain home
To shield, guard thou the right."

"Well, sez he, 'all I meant wuz it hain't wimmen's spear (sphere) to talk about war."

"No, I know what wimmen's spear is in war time; it is to have her heart go to the front with them she loves; to suffer and die with 'em, only her'n is a livin' death, ten times worse to bear, to endure and suffer all the calamities that foller war."

To be taxed for money to carry on an undertakin' her soul loathes—I guess I know what wimmen's spear is in war."

Sez Josiah: "Wimmen can't understand such things, Samantha; their minds hain't built right."

S z I, sadly: "Mebby that's so, Josiah; mebbey my mind hain't built right to see the beauty of two great nations, pledged to peace and enlightenment, waging bloody wars six months after a Peace Conference. They say they believe the Bible and want to carry it to benighted nations of the globe. But how are the savages goin' to believe 'em when they preach that the religion of Jesus is peaceable, long suffering, forgiving, and then pitch at 'em with cannons and swords?"

Josiah got right up and sez he: "I'm going to bed; they hain't no used of argyin' with wimmen, they can't argy fair, it hain't in 'em." And he wound up the clock and went to bed.

Mrs. Kruger and the Birds.

Mr. Kruger, the ruler or president of the Boers in South Africa, has a wife who is very fond of animals. Some time ago the Boers wished to raise a statue of their president, and the sculptor who was to make it brought some drawings of her husband to Mrs. Kruger to see which she liked best. The pictures showed him in his every day clothes, with the tall hat which he always wears. When Mrs. Kruger saw this, she asked that the top of the crown of the hat should be made hollow, so that after rain the birds might be able to drink out of it. This was done, and now whenever a welcome shower has fallen a little cloud of birds may be seen fluttering round the top of the Kruger statue, drinking and bathing in the crown of the hat.—From Animal Friends, London, Engla: d.

Deception Practiced.

by Greedy and Profit-loving Merchants.

They Try to Foist Imitations Dyes On Their Customers When Diamond Dyes Are Asked For.

One of the Ladies Who Could Not be Deceived.

Wise women are never deceived by the untrue and deceptive statements of greedy and profit-loving merchants and dealers. When a storekeeper tells you that some other make of package dye is JUST AS GOOD as the "DIAMOND," he is surely trying to mislead and deceive you. Successful home dyeing depends upon the use of Diamond Dyes; the use of common dyes means spoiled materials every time.

Read the following letter sent to the proprietors of Diamond Dyes by Mrs. A. E. Parker, of Clarence, N. S.:

"Please find money enclosed for Fast Black Diamond Dyes for Cotton. I can't get it here, but I am offered something JUST AS GOOD. The JUST AS GOOD may do for some people, but I want the "Diamond Dyes" as they are the best made.

Lawton's Fatalism.

A Western orator recently attributed to General Lawton the dying speech of 'Bucky' O'Neil of the Rough Riders, who was struck in the mouth by a bullet at San Juan just after he had remarked that the bullet had not been made which could hit him.

A brother-officer of General Lawton in the Philippines corrects this report in this wise: "I had remarked, half jestingly, that he offered a very conspicuous target for a bullet, and he laughed and replied that the right bullet would always find its mark, no matter how small. Then he related an incident which occurred during the Civil



These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swelling of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anæmia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fog, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.



poorest and cheapest washing powders.

War. In one of the engagements of his command—I can't remember now whether or not he mentioned the place—a piece of shell hit the ground near where a soldier was standing, and scared him so badly that he jumped straight up into the air, like a rabbit. As he did so a minnie ball knocked off the crown of his head. "That was the one particular bullet intended to kill him," said General Lawton, "and he actually had to jump after it." He spoke in a light, offhand fashion, but there was an undertone of seriousness in his voice, and I inferred from the story that he was, like most veteran soldiers, a pronounced fatalist.

Ocean Depths.

That veteran man of science, Mr. John Murray, has in a recent number of the Royal Geographical Society's "Journal," published his presidential address to the geographical section of the British Association at Dover, and even to the ordinary non-scientific reader his wonderful resume of what has been done in the way of exploring the ocean's depth must be as entrancing as a fairy tale. The mere mention of such a chasm as that existing in the South Pacific between the Kermadec and the Friendly Islands, where a depth of 5,155 fathoms, or 580 feet more than five geographical miles, has been found, strikes the lay mind with awe. Mount Everest, that stupendous Himalayan peak, whose summit soars far above the utmost efforts of even the most devoted mountaineers, a virgin vastness mocking man's soaring ambition, if sunk in the ocean at the spot just mentioned, would disappear until its highest point was two thousand feet below the surface. Yet out of that abyss rises the volcanic mass of Sunday Island in the Kermadec, whose crater is probably two thousand feet above the sea-level. But in no less than forty three areas depths of over three thousand fathoms have been found, and their total area is estimated at 7,152,000 square miles, or about seven per cent of the total water surface of the globe. Within these depths are found many lower deeps, strangely enough, generally in comparatively close proximity to land.

In connection with these vast ocean depths it may be doubted whether a ship, foundering in mid-ocean, would ever reach the bottom of the sea at a depth of more than 2,000 fathoms, that is, about two and a quarter miles. It is believed that ships reaching that depth drift about and slowly disintegrate as they move in the undercurrents hither and thither. Kipling alludes to this condition in his "Song of the English"—

"The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar—
Down to the dark, the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.
There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the depths of the deep,
On the great level plains of ooze where the shell-buried cables creep."

Can It Be So?

A thoughtful observer, who took refuge one cold morning in the "smoker" rather than stand up for ten miles in a crowded car, reported a conversation between two half grown boys sitting in front of him.

It was a suburban train, and as the car gradually filled, the two boys began to look about them.

"Bob," said one of them, "wouldn't it be the polite thing for you or me to get up and let that old gentleman that's standing have a seat?"

"Maybe it would," replied 'Bob,' settling himself more comfortably in his seat, "but you don't have to be polite in a smoking-car."

Were the boys shrewd observers of smoking-car manners? Does the tobacco habit tend to blunt the finer sensibilities, when gregariously followed? Or is the average smoker merely "that kind of man?" Or was Bob mistaken? Who shall say?

Uncle Eli's Fables.

As two jackals and a fox were travelling in company they came upon a dead chicken lying on the ground, and at once there was a quarrel between the jackals as to which should have the prize. They finally settled it by dividing the chicken between them, leaving the fox entirely out of the affair. An owl who had observed the proceedings asked the fox:

"But where do you come into this thing, Mr. Reynard?"

"Oh, I take my share in natural philoso-

"The best guarantee

of the future is the experience of the past." (PATRICK HENRY). When you look back on Pearlina's twenty years' experience, how can you think that any less-tried washing-powder will give the same security against harm? And Pearlina costs only a trifle more than the

Millions of Pearlina

phy," replied the fox. "Firstly, that chicken was killed and placed here for an object. Secondly, the body was poisoned, and thirdly, there go those jackals tumbling about and making their last kicks."

MORAL:

"And I may say further," observed Reynard, as he scratched his ear with his paw, "that when you are offered something for nothing it's a good idea to let somebody else sample it first."

A woodman who was passing through the forest came upon a bear who was rolling over and over on the ground and uttering the most dismal complaints. Bruin had one eye closed, and was covered from head to heels with lumps and knobs and knots.

"What cheer?" gayly cried the woodman as he drew nearer.

"Bees," moaned the bear.

"But nature gave you a coat of fur to protect you from the stings of bees."

"So she did," answered the bear, "but she also made me fool enough to want honey just the same when I was shedding my coat, and every sting would lift me a foot high."

MORAL:

None of us is ever satisfied with a good thing.

SCIENCE AT FAULT.

Hospitals Said to be Incapable of Curing Bright's Disease.

Gave up Wm. Brownley, of 91 Cathedral St., Montreal, as Hopeless—He Fell Back on Dodd's Kidney Pills as a Last Resort—Eleven Boxes Cured Him Completely.

MONTREAL, Feb. 12.—One is reminded how far medical science is from a complete mastery of disease by a case, which has come to light in connection with the hospitals both of this country and of the United States. Mr. William Brownley had Bright's Disease and found that there was no way of curing this disease except by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. Brownley had suffered with Bright's Disease for twenty years. During most of that time he was constantly trying to effect a cure. He asserts that never did he find anything until he used Dodd's Kidney Pills that gave him any more than mere temporary relief. Doctor after doctor had given him up; Bright's Disease was incurable. In search of relief Mr. Brownley states that he tried all the best hospitals in Canada and the United States in vain. The hospitals also considered Bright's Disease incurable. The hospital physicians were as helpless as the others.

But there is a cure for Bright's Disease, and Mr. Brownley discovered it at last. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure Bright's Disease. This is an absolute and undeniable fact. There are thousands of people in Canada to prove it. There have been hundreds of signed statements to that effect published by those whom Dodd's Kidney Pills have cured.

Mr. Brownley of Montreal was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took eleven boxes to cure him perfectly. It took twenty years for the hospitals and doctors to declare him incurable. There is a significant lesson to learn from this case of Mr. William Brownley of Montreal.

True Wisdom.

We should feel sorrow, but not sink under its oppression; the heart of a wise man should resemble a mirror, which reflects every object without being sullied by any. The wheel of fortune turns incessantly around, and who can say within himself, I shall today be uppermost? We should hold the immutable mean that lies between insensibility and anguish; our attempts should not be to extinguish nature, but to repress it; not to stand unmoved at disaster, but endeavor to turn every disaster to our own advantage. Our greatest glory is, not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Goldsmith.

THE JAPS DID IT.—They supplied us with the menthol contained in that wonderful D. & L. Menthol Plaster, which relieves instantly back ache, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism and sciatica. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Lim.

Forced Retrenchment.

"I understand that Spencer married an extremely economical wife."

"Yes; and she's teaching him that two can't live as expensively as one."

THE D. & L. EMULSION benefits most those having Lung troubles with tendency to hemorrhages. A few bottles taken regularly make a wonderful improvement. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Lim.