

## How Would Jesus Vote?

	YES.	NO.
Are you in favor of the passing of an Act prohibiting the importation, manufacture or sale of spirits, wine, ale, beer, cider and all other alcoholic liquors for use as beverages?	X	

Mark your ballot thus

If it would be better for one who caused a little one to offend that a great mill-stone should be hung about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depths of the sea, what of that community which licenses death-traps for the young at every corner? Those whom our Lord taught had only their personal responsibility to their neighbors; they had none for the government that was over them. We have in addition to our personal responsibility a responsibility for what we do as a community. The community should act towards its units and towards its children as the French law phrases it, 'En bon pere de famille,' as a good father of a family would. It should by all its acts make it easy to do right and hard to do wrong. A man with an intemperate son would not place liquor in his way. The community has, in the light of these repeated comminations against placing stumbling-blocks in the way of the weak to choose whether it will continue to do so or not. This is the question on which we have to vote on the twenty-ninth.

## Does It Pay?

Does it pay to have fifty workingmen poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper well dressed and flush with money?

Does it pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another sells him whiskey?

Does it pay to hang one citizen because another got him drunk and deadly?

Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds that one man may get a living by keeping a saloon?

Does it pay to receive \$200 for a saloon license, and then pay \$20,000 for trying a man for murder, induced by the goods the licensed saloon-keeper sold him?

Does it pay to have a thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled and turned into hells of misery, strife and want that some brewer may build up a great fortune?

Does it pay to have twenty mothers and their children dress in rags, live in hovels and daily famish, that one saloon-keeper's wife and children may have plenty?

Does it pay to have hundreds of thousands of men and women in almshouses, penitentiaries and hospitals, and thousands more in the asylums for idiotic and insane people, in order that a few heavy capitalists of the whiskey ring may profit by such atrocity?

Does it pay to tolerate a traffic which breeds crime, poverty, agony, idleness, shame and death wherever it is allowed?

Verily it doth not pay.—Pacific Ensign.

## A Touch of Hard Times.

The Holyoke Transcript tells us an instance which lets us into the secret of some of the causes of hard times:

'On a recent cold morning, the very smallest size of a boy went into a market and asked for five cents' worth of salt pork. It was portioned out, and then the child showed two cents more, and said it was for a soup bone. The bone was produced, and as the marketman handed it to the child, who was barefooted, though snow and ice were on the ground, he observed that he held in one hand a large pail, and inquired what he was intending to get in it. "Beer," said the small boy. To fill the pail with beer would cost fifteen cents, which was more than double the sum apportioned for the family's food for the day. This happens daily, and, of course, the father doesn't work, and, of

course, the saloon-keeper is flush, while the poor wife and children have hard times.'

## The First Drink Fatal.

Human lives turn on the pivot of single acts, which may not at the time seem important. I have in my possession a most pathetic letter written by a gentleman of good education—in an almshouse. He wrote to me: 'All the misery of my wretched life was caused by the first sherry cobbler that I ever drank. It was at the solicitation of a Mr. K. at a hotel, in Columbus, Ohio; and I drank it under protest. I am the embodiment of the fatal fruits of that one drink.' On the summit of a hill in that same State of Ohio, is a court-house so singularly situated that the raindrops that fall on one side of the roof descend into Lake Erie; those which trickle down on the other pass into the Ohio, the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico. A faint breath of wind determines the destiny of these raindrops for three thousand miles! So a single act determines often a human destiny for this world and the next. The writer of that pathetic letter had such an experience. A young man who had partially reformed from habits of dissipation was offered a glass of wine by an affectionate, but thoughtless, sister; in yielding he rekindled a thirst which swept him back into drunkenness. The hand that ought to have sustained him laid him low.—Dr. Cuyler.

## Alcohol and Health.

Health is that state of body in which all the functions of it go on without notice or observation, and in which existence is felt to be a pleasure—in which it is a kind of joy to see, to hear, to touch, to live. That is health. Now, that is a state which cannot be benefited by alcohol in any degree. Nay, it is a state which nine times out of ten, is injured by alcohol. It is a state which often bears alcohol without sensible injury, but I repeat to you, as the result of long-continued and careful thought, it is not one which can in any sense be benefited by alcohol. It can bear it sometimes without obvious injury, but be benefited by it—never. I go further than that. I venture to say that there is a certain state of joy of existence—a sense in which one feels what a pleasure it is to look out, for instance, upon the green fields, to hear pleasant sounds, to

touch pleasant hands, to know that life is a satisfaction—this, I say, is a state which in my experience, is always in some way or other injured by alcohol.' — Sir Andrew Clark, M.D.

## Reasons For Temperance.

During a temperance campaign a lawyer was discussing learnedly the clauses of the proposed temperance law. An old farmer who had been listening, shut his knife with a snap, and said:

'I don't know nothin' about the law, but I have seven good reasons fur votin' fur it.'

'What are they?' asked the lawyer:

'And the grim old farmer responded, 'Four sons and three daughters.'

## THE DRINK CURSE

may go on piling up woe in this country, but

## 'Not by My Vote.'

The beer barrel and whiskey barrel are the forerunners of poverty. More than three-fourths of wretched poverty can be traced to the drink curse. The drunkard makes his own 'hard times.' They last through every administration, and changes of tariff make no difference. The prisons and poor houses of the country are recruited from the army of drink. The economic aspect of the drink problem ought to make thoughtful men out-and-out teetotalers. This devil costs too much, both to those who follow him and those who tolerate him.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

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