

The result of the sofa was new furniture for the whole room. Thus all legitimate trades are linked together, and are friends and not enemies. A man going into a grocer's shop is not made a bad customer for other trades, but a man going into the drink-shop is made a bad customer for everybody. So here is commerce injured, and I want to see this drink done away with because it is your enemy as well as mine. See also how this affects society itself. It turns citizens into criminals; the taxpayer into the tax-receiver. It is said that a drunkard is nobody's enemy but his own. Yes he is. He is the nation's enemy. He ought to be one of the pillars to bear the national burden, but he becomes a weight for others to bear. I was at the Liverpool Police Court-very recently, on a Monday, and saw that excellent and Christian magistrate, Mr. Aspinall, adjudicate on 140 cases of drunkenness. The offenders were from 91 years of age to 13. One was a little boy whose head just came above the dock, and whose father, a respectable man, was weeping like a child. A husband was fined 5s. and costs, and looking round the court with glaring eyes, he said, "Where's my missus?" "Ah," said Mr. Aspinall, "that is the way: you spend your wife's money week after week, the money which should be hers to keep the house open and the children fed, you get drunk, and then look out for your ill-used 'missus.' If you had not good wives, I don't know what would become of many of you." A woman, 40 years of age, was placed in the dock. "How many times have you been here?" "Sixty-six, sir!" Then there was a young girl of 16. "Oh, Agnes," said the kind magistrate, "you here again—you, who should be the joy of some home, again in this plight?" Agnes bent her face in her hands. "How many times?" "Thirteen, sir." "Oh, Agnes, what can I do to reclaim you? Character gone, home lost, I can do no better for you than to send you to gaol for three months." Ah,