

SAND.

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yards one day. It was waiting in the round-house, where the locomotives stay; it was panting for the journey, it was coaled and fully manned, and it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives can not always get a grip on their slender iron pavement, cause their wheels are apt to slip; and when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command, and to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about this way with travel along life's slippery track, if your load is rather heavy and you're always sliding back; so, if a common locomotive you completely understand, you'll supply yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade, and if those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made, if you ever reach the summit of the upper table-land, you'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather, and discover to your cost, that you're liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost, then some prompt, decided action will be called into demand, and you'll slip way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen, if there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine, and you'll reach a place called Flushtown at a rate of speed that's grand, if for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

—Richmond (Ind.) Register.

LET US SAVE OUR COUNTRY.

BY REV. J. M. SCANLAN,

Second Vice-President C. T. A. U. of America.

Intemperance is Undoubtedly a Destructive Element in Our Social Life.

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Whatever tends to brutalize a man; whatever robs him of his intelligence, and dethrones the reason which should guide him in the paths of rectitude, unfits him for the duties of citizenship. The intemperate man is a curse to the state; he is a cancer on the social body; he not only consigns to destruction his own God-given prerogatives, but he casts aside every kindly feeling, and destroys the home that was destined to be the sanctuary of virtue. He crushes the heart and dries up the well-springs of human kindness in the breast of the mother who must be the inspiration of patriotism to future American citizens. He impoverishes and brutalizes his children, and by the force of his example and neglect drives them into the haunts of crime, where laws are set at defiance. Every citizen has certain duties to the state that endows him with the prerogatives of citizenship and guarantees him protection for his life and property. Pre-eminent amongst these duties is that of obedience to the laws by which the state is governed; not the sullen, ungenerous obedience such as the spaniel pays to the master who has whipped him, but the ready, intelligent obedience of one holding the most vital interest in the maintenance of the state which governs and protects him. For the proper discharge of this duty to the State

THE INTELLIGENCE MUST BE BROUGHT INTO ACTION.

But when the intelligence is destroyed or benumbed, when reason is dethroned, passion assumes control over man, and law becomes a meaningless thing to be trampled under foot lest it should stand in the way of license which the brutalized man proclaims. This is the condition to which the drunkard wantonly and deliberately reduces himself. He drowns in the poisonous cup the intelligence and the reason which make it possible for him to be a good citizen. By his own wilful act he becomes incapable of rendering an intelligent obedience to law. He forswears not only his allegiance, but even the possibility of his allegiance, to the state, and becomes the subject of the most despotic tyrant, his own passions. If the drunkard's treason to his country were to end here; if he were treated as a criminal, and condemned to prison until he had the proper conception of his duties as a citizen; or

if his intemperance were looked upon as a contagious disease and he were isolated from all communication with the general public, there might then be little injury to society from intemperance.

BUT THE DRUNKARD DOES NOT USUALLY LIVE ALONE;

he is surrounded by a family whose circumstances are necessarily affected by his. He is, perhaps, a son on whom the affections of a life-time are centred, and to whom aged and feeble parents must look for support and comfort in their declining years; or, it may be, he is a father of a family, who, to satisfy his own accursed appetite, takes the bread from the mouth of the starving mother and brings consequent starvation and death to the suckling infant. He has children whom he should teach to be God-fearing, honest, many members of society; yet not a single kindly word do they hear from the lips of the monster who is their father, not a single lesson can they learn from his words or example; only curses and blasphemy and rend their tender ears, and the gentle, filial affection implanted in their little hearts by nature's God is supplanted by a crouching fear in his presence, and an unnatural hatred for the man who heaps cruelties and indignities on their affectionate mother, to whom only the wretched little ones can look for comfort and support. The ferocious beasts that roam the wild forests of Africa never neglect their young. They provide abundant food for them, and often at the risk of their own lives protect their offspring. It remains for man alone to practise cruelty on his own flesh and blood after intemperance reduces him below the level of the brute.

THE HOME, WHICH IS THE FOUNDATION OF THE WHOLE SOCIAL FABRIC,

the sanctuary from which society must draw its virtue, is converted into a veritable hell where peace, happiness, or contentment is never known. It becomes only a place of cruel memories for the boy who is driven in rags from it into the world of sin and crime, where every circumstance of his surroundings contributes to make him a criminal. Instead of being the foundation on which the order and peace of the state should rest, instead of being the nursery wherein loyalty, patriotism, and moral courage are tenderly fostered, the drunkard's home becomes the hotbed of discontent, disorder, and crime.

INTEMPERANCE IS A MENACE TO THE STATE BECAUSE IT IS A FRUITFUL SOURCE OF CRIME.

It stirs up the animal passions in man, breaks down all the moral barriers, silences the teachings of religion and the voice of conscience, destroys all the nobler and excises all the baser elements in the human heart, so that crime becomes its natural consequence. Our reformatories, jails and penitentiaries are kept constantly filled and an alarming number of cases continually fill the dockets of our criminal courts; two-thirds of all the crime of the country are traceable directly or indirectly to intemperance.

The political economists of the day are at their wits, and to discover a means of settling the

GREAT CONFLICT BETWEEN CAPITAL AND LABOR.

The wisest and most conservative of our statesmen realize that this conflict must soon become a dreadful crisis if some means are not devised whereby labor may be guaranteed its just rights, and the growing spirit of socialism and anarchy be far ever crushed out. The best friends of labor must admit that much of the poverty and discontent amongst the laboring classes is due to drink. Some of the greatest strikes of the country, which threw thousands of men out of employment and involved millions of dollars, took place because the wages of the laborers were cut down a few cents a day; and yet thousands of these same laborers willingly hand over every day a far larger sum to the

THE MOST INHUMAN OF CAPITALISTS, THE SALOON-KEEPER,

for the privilege of ruining themselves and impoverish their families. Would to God that these hardy, honest sons of toil, the pride and hope of our country, were made to realize that *intemperance is a greater enemy than capital!* Then there would be less discontent amongst working-men, and the agents of socialism and anarchy who batch their damnable scheme in the saloons, could no longer get the clear-headed, sober working-man

to disgrace the records of labor by criminal actions. No man has a keener realization of the danger to labor from intemperance than the fearless leader of the Knights of Mr. Powderly. "When I know," he says, "that if free from the shackles of intemperance the working-men of America would hew out for themselves a name and a place in the world which was never dreamed of in past centuries, it makes my heart sick that one of them should ever raise to his mouth the glass that damns both body and soul." The sooner the working-men realize the danger to labor interests arising from intemperance, the sooner will they be in a position to assert calmly and temperately their just rights and the sooner will the public regard the movements of the working classes without suspicion. There are thousands who cry aloud for preservation of our Republic, but they stand idly and raise neither hand nor voice in protest when they see the

BULWARK OF OUR LIBERTIES TRAMPLED ON BY THE SALOON ELEMENT.

The political state is made up in the saloon, the caucus is held around the saloon counter, and there before the bar of intemperance the successful candidate gets the assurances of nomination. Liquor men are political bosses in both city and State; they hesitate not to send to the polls men whose brains are confused by the tree liquor that drowned their political conscience and purchased their miserable ballot. There is a sacred trust in the hands of the American people, and if ever the Republic fail, it will be principally because that trust has been betrayed; it will be because the sovereignty of the ballot has been debased; because the political conscience is destroyed by intemperance. It is high time that the honest, noble-minded men of our country should rise up and forcibly protest against

THIS ABUSE OF THE SOVEREIGN POWER OF OUR CITIZENS.

Common decency and self-protection demand that our public affairs should be transacted in sober, thoughtful deliberation by sober, clear headed men. If we would entertain hopes for the future prosperity of the country, politics must be elevated beyond the reach of the saloon. Candidates for public office should be warned in no uncertain tones that the saloon is an unfit place for the headquarters of one who seeks the suffrages of the people.

THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE MOVEMENT

is part and parcel of the grand old Church that has always striven for the elevation and betterment of the human race. It has the blessing and approval of the powers that always spurned both men and measures, however great, that were not calculated to educate men to a higher conception of the duty to God, their country, and truth. Our movement has no political doctrines except those that religion and morality proclaim, and self-preservation and public good demand.

Every good, self-respecting Catholic who loves God and his country—and a good Catholic must be a good citizen—should stand shoulder to shoulder with the forces of morality, and see to it that our religion is no longer banished with the reputations of men whose only religion is self-love, and whose only patriotism is greed for political power. The future progress of Catholicity will largely depend on the high moral tone of the Catholic laity, and the banishment from their midst of the imported drinking customs of European nations.

We do not need so much men who are ready to lay down their lives for religion and country. Brute courage is all that is necessary for that spirit of patriotism. But we do want men of moral courage, men who can calmly sacrifice their own interests for the common good; men who by their lives and example will edify their fellow-men, bring honor on religion and respect to the state.

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The healthy body throws off the germs of cholera, therefore, wisdom counsels the use of Burdock Blood Bitters this spring to purify the blood, regulate the system, and fortify the body against cholera or other epidemics.



Mr. Geo. W. Turner

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Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was simply awful! Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, ten dollars! Just think of what a return I got for that investment! A thousand per cent! Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores. I

Work all the Time.

Before, I could do no work. I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

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- 9:30 a.m.—For Toronto, Chicago, &c.
- *8:00 p.m.—" " " "
- 10:35 p.m.—" " " " (limited) for Toronto, (9 hours) Chicago, (23 hours), &c.
- 9:00 a.m.—For Ottawa and C.A. Ry. points.
- 4:45 p.m.—" " " "
- 5:00 p.m.—For Cornwall.

EAST.

- 7:55 a.m.—For Portland, Point Levi, (Quebec), St. John and Halifax.
- 3:55 p.m.—For Sherbrooke and Island Pond.
- 5:35 p.m.—For St. Hyacinthe.
- 10:15 p.m.—For Portland and Point Levi, (Quebec).

SOUTH.

- 7:00 a.m.—For New York via St. Lawrence & Adirondack Ry.
- 8:25 a.m.—For Boston, New York via Central Vermont Ry.
- 8:40 a.m.—For New York via Delaware & Hudson Ry.
- 3:45 p.m.—For Hemmingford, Massena Springs and Valleyfield.
- *1:55 p.m.—For New York via St. Lawrence & Adirondack Ry.
- *5:30 p.m.—For New York & Boston via Central Vermont Ry.
- *5:40 p.m.—For New York via Delaware & Hudson Ry.
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