

Temperance

Gladstone on Drunkenness.

An English woman who was brought up in Hawarden Castle Orphanage, is responsible for the following. It was learned by heart at Mr. Gladstone's request by every boy or girl who was trained at Hawarden Castle. The orphans were also often spoken to seriously about temperance by Mr. Gladstone himself:

On Drunkenness.

Drunkenness expels reason.
Drowns the memory.
Distempers the body.
Defaces beauty.
Diminishes strength.
Inflames the blood.
Causes internal, external, and incurable wounds.
It's a witch to the senses.
A devil to the soul.
A thief to the purse.
A beggar's companion.
A wife's woe, and children's sorrow.
It makes man become a beast and self-murderer.
He drinks to other's good health.
And robs himself of his own.

The Result of Drink.

A poster put up by French city governments to check the national decay that has led to the death rate of France exceeding its birth rate, leads in part as follows:

'The habit of drinking entails disaffection from the family, forgetfulness of all duties to society, distaste for work, misery, theft and crime. It leads at the last to the hospital, for alcohol engenders the most varied maladies; paralysis, lunacy, disease of the stomach and liver, dropsy. It is one of the most frequent causes of tuberculosis. Finally, it complicates and aggravates all acute maladies—typhoid fever, pneumonia, erysipelas, which would be mild in the case of a sober man, quickly carry off the alcoholic drinker.

The hygienic faults of parents fall upon their children. If the latter survive the first months, they are threatened with idiocy or epilepsy, or still, worse, they are carried off a little later by tuberculosis, meningitis or phthisis.

'For the health of the individual, for the existence of the family, for the future of the nation, alcohol is one of the most terrible scourges.'

An Appeal to Logic.

(By Edgar White, in the 'Home Herald.')

A crowd stood closely packed around a dark, ragged-looking object in the Burlington Railway yards in a Missouri town one morning in May. The 'thing' was hacked and jagged and bloody beyond language to describe.

'Drunk and laid down on the track last night.'

Those nine words told the whole pitiful and too common tragedy. Even the newspaper reporters spent scant time over the matter, because it would not yield over five lines at the most.

The coroner came and smelled of the empty whiskey flask, which by some curious chance was unbroken. Four or five deaths of the sort had occurred in the railway yards there the past twelve months, and in every instance the whiskey bottle had been unharmed, while the man who carried it was ground to pieces. It might have been the mute lesson of providence.

When a man gets drunk he will hunt the railway track. This man was only thirty-five. He had a wife and several small chil-

dren in the mining town of New Cardiff, and they were left penniless. They had done no wrong, but they were the sufferers.

'The man was drunk; there's no liability,' said the railroad attorney, as he turned away. The prosecuting attorney advised the coroner not to put the county to the expense of an inquest. 'It's too clear a case,' he said; 'the man was drinking. There's nobody but himself to blame, and the county board would object to a bill for taking evidence.'

The crowd turned away. The show was over. An undertaker picked up the bunch of clothes and bones and blood and put them into a cheap box. The railroad furnished free transportation to the destination. Next day the little tragedy was completed, and the widow and her children walked sorrowfully away from the hillside cemetery where the bread-winner lay. In the morning the woman consulted a lawyer. He listened sympathetically but not hopefully.

'I fear there's no liability,' he said. 'Your husband was intoxicated.'

The woman went home and her little ones huddled about her. She had no bread for them, but told them she would get some. She went to a saloonkeeper. He was so indignant that she should call on him that he refused to give a cent. 'My husband spent most of his money with you,' she said.

'Well, he got what he paid for, didn't he?' retorted the man of the white apron.

There was one friend left—her preacher. She had not been to church much of late, because women dislike to appear in public in tattered garments. This minister was a Western character. He stood high in the community because he was absolutely fearless and devoted to the cause of man. Big, brawny, clear-headed, true as the road to the cross, he never hesitated.

He went over to the county seat and got the names of the men and women who had signed the petition for the saloon where the dead man got most of his whiskey. Then he took the woman and her children along. Arriving at the store of the first merchant, he said:

'Mr. —, I see your name here on the Crystal Palace petition. That's where this woman's husband got the whiskey that killed him. The law has let the railroad company and the saloonkeeper out, and the woman is penniless. Now, it's up to you. Shall she and her little brood go to the poorhouse, or will you do your duty? You see, she's driven to the source for redress. Legally she can't collect a cent from you. But that man's blood—'

'That's enough,' said the merchant; 'here's twenty-five dollars.'

Some got mad at the parson for 'butting in,' but the majority saw the terrible logic of his argument and paid what he asked. It was the first time the issue had been brought squarely before their eyes, and, being good men for the most part, it was a startling realization. The 'chickens had come home to roost,' and they didn't look good.

The preacher wasn't rough and peremptory about it; he was just very grave and earnest. He was pleading at the court of last resort, and every man knew in his heart of hearts that the woman's friend was operating in the proper jurisdiction. There was no escape from it. The woman got enough to tide over the trouble until she could obtain employment.

When the time came to renew his license, the saloonkeeper started around with his petition and a box of cigars. He was smiling genially, because it was only a matter of form.

'Excuse me, Bill,' said Smith, the big merchant, handing the paper back, 'I'd rather not.'

'W-h-a-t?'

'I'm not going to sign any more saloon petitions.'

'You're joking.'

'Well, have it your way. I don't sign.'

'After all the goods I have bought of you?'

'I appreciate your patronage,' said the merchant.

'I won't buy another nickel's worth from you.'

'All right.'

The saloonkeeper went out noisily. He was

less sanguine when he approached the next man, but more diplomatic. But his luck was the same. The man didn't sign. When he returned to his saloon he had three names on his paper, and those were of men to whom he rented houses. Next month there was a sign on the saloon door:

THIS BUILDING FOR RENT.
WILL BE FITTED
FOR DRUG, GROCERY OR
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
STORE.

'Just Because.'

Some drink to make them keep awake,

Some drink to make them sleep,
Some drink because they merry be,
And some because they weep.

Some take a drink because they're hot,
And some because they're cold;
Some because that they are young,
And some because they're old.

Some drink to give them appetite,
And some to aid digestion;
Some for—'Doctors say it's right,'
And some without a question.

Some drink because they bargain make,
And some because of loss;
Some drink when they their pleasures take,
And others when they're cross.

Some drink for sake of company,
While others are quite sly;
And many drink but never think
To find a reason why.

—'Temperance Leader.'

A Soldier's Testimony.

Prince Leopold, shortly before his lamented death, said that 'drink was the only enemy England had to fear.' Lord Wolseley, only a few years ago, put upon record the following weighty utterance:—'There are yet some great battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy at present is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also.'—'Christian Age.'



To Live
For One's
Country.

In days of old the motto was, 'It is sweet and right to die for one's country.' The same truth is in that sentiment still, but happily our more peaceful times make it not often necessary to die for one's country. There is, however, greater need than ever to live for one's country. And it is the mothers of the land who can do so much, almost more than anyone else, to implant and foster high ideals of the individual's relation to the state; to foster that love of one's own land and that proper pride in its history, its present prosperity, its future possibilities and responsibilities, which shall draw out the highest endeavor of our boys and girls as they grow up to take their places as citizens.

Concrete teaching is even more forcible than abstract, the 'eye-gate' is a most important one; and so the possession and right use of a good flag comes to be a very powerful adjunct in all patriotic teaching. Every home should seek to have one. Often when it has seemed impossible to purchase one, willing hands have grudging no pains in making one of such materials as were available, and such effort brought its own reward.

It was to help every Canadian home and every Canadian school to have a flag that the 'Witness' Flag offer was made, now some three years back—and many schools throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, and many homes now proudly hoist the fine flag they secured in this way.

The offer is still open, of fine bunting flags without a cent of outlay, and correspondence is invited. (See advt. elsewhere in this issue.)

If your children are already interested in getting a flag for their school, help them in it by your sympathy and encouragement; and let them see that you want them to be patriots in the highest, best sense of the term.