



What Eminent Physicians Say

The great physicians have spoken, and that with no uncertain voice, and they have told us that alcohol is not a food, but a poison—a poison that, taken continually, even in small doses, works mischief only.

Take the leading physicians of recent years. Listen to Sir William Gull: 'I should say, from experience, that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country. There is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wine and other kinds of alcohol in their various shapes, even in moderate quantities. I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol. A very large number of people in society are dying day after day, poisoned by alcohol, not supposed to be poisoned by it.'

And thus it is that Sir Andrew Clarke speaks:

'As I looked at the hospital wards today and saw that seven out of ten owed their disease to alcohol, I could but lament that the teaching upon this question was not more direct, more decisive, more home-thrusting than ever it has been. Can I say to you any words stronger than these terrible facts of the abuse of alcohol? It is when I myself think of all this that I am disposed to give up my profession, to give up everything, and to go forth upon a holy crusade, preaching to all men, "Beware of this enemy of the race."'

Dr. James Adams says: 'During forty years' practice in medical life in London, wherever I have found a man who has abstained from alcoholic beverage, that man was strong. If I were to ask any of you to reckon on your fingers twenty young men and women who have been brought up in families in which a moderate use of alcohol was made, you would find that at least one of them had gone wrong owing to drink.'

Said Dr. Richardson, 'If by any miracle England was made sober, the average length of life of the people would be increased one-third.'—'The Living Epistle.'

Oh! The Shame of It

It happened on the corner of Madison and State streets.

It was twelve o'clock, the hour when thousands of folks who work in the big and little shops fare forth to join the hosts on the street—everybody on a rush purpose of one kind and another.

In the midst of this crushing multitude at the north-west intersection of the two streets a young girl and a woman stood—the latter wildly gesticulating and speaking blasphemous words, while the former shrunk away from the hands that madly beat upon the air, and from the maledictions.

The woman's face was red with cruel passion and her bleary eyes were inflamed with the fever of the debauch in her veins swollen with purpling blood—a debased and debasing woman, frenzied with her own fury and the alcohol that ruled as a fiend in her brain.

The girl?—on her face was the red color of shame and in her eyes was the gloom of humiliation—a girl struck into a fright of silence by profane threats and ominous blows upon the noon atmosphere.

The girl's silence the more infuriated the woman gone mad with the lust of rum seething in her body and soul. This woman, loathsome to look upon and to hear, flung her hands with brutal intention toward the girl, and with curses as a prelude and finish, shrieked:

'Money—give me money—or I will beat

you so that you will never again stand up and refuse to speak.'

What might have happened as well not to predict, had not an officer of municipal law caught the woman's uplifted hand in a strong grip while he brusquely said:

'See here!—come away from this—you are creating a disturbance—come away from here.'

Of course the woman resisted the policeman's sturdy interference—she cursed and raved—and still the girl stood silent while the great crowd stared and listened.

Losing patience the officer grasped the woman, not at all gently, and began to drag her away—the crowd making a way for the struggling pair.

The girl suddenly started out of her quivering crouch of despair—she put her hand on the officer's arm—and then she spoke:

'Don't run her in—don't!—she's my mother—and she thinks she has a right to make me give her some money. But I haven't any. I gave her the last cent I had last night. Don't run her in—for she hasn't been stealing—she's—'

Then the girl shrunk away from the officer and again was silent and the edge of the crowd murmured:

'Drunk.'

The red color of shame deepened on the girl's face—into her eyes flared a hunger for flight from disgrace—but she was trapped, hemmed in for the crowd to gaze upon—the prey of public curiosity.

The officer did not loosen his grasp on the struggling woman—but he managed to say with a ring of gentleness in his voice:

'No, I won't run her in—now run away, little girl, and get out of her sight—and she'll quiet down and go home—run away, little girl.'

Again, the girl didn't speak.

But in her eyes was a glow of gratitude in a mist of tears.

She turned away from the cause of her dishonor in the public gaze—the crowd gave her a path of escape, and she went back to the work that is, perhaps, the kindest friend she has on earth.

Then a woman in the crowd said:

'Dear Lord—dear Lord!—a drunken father is blight enough—but a drunken mother!—dear Lord!—dear Lord!'

There was a great sigh of sympathy—the crowd broke into groups and scattered.

A mere incident in the day of a great city was past and gone.—Chicago 'Journal.'

Correspondence

Peterboro, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My birthday comes on Nov. 16. I always read the correspondence in the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I am very fond of reading, and I have read a number of interesting books, namely, 'The Bonnie Jean,' 'Gypsy's Cousin Joy,' also the 'Elsie and the Mildred Books.' I am very fond of arithmetic, physiology and grammar. I am in the Senior III. Class. I have to walk about a quarter of a mile to the school daily. There are four rooms and four teachers, and about two hundred boys and girls in attendance.

HAZEL B. (age 10).

Reading, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Northern Messenger.' A very dear friend of my mamma's sends it to me. My mamma died when I was about a year old. I have a kind aunt who takes care of me. I have a little sister ten years old. I am a little more than a year older than she. I came away from Canada about three years ago. I go to school and learn very fast. This is the first letter I ever wrote to the 'Messenger.' Thank you for printing such a nice paper.

J. R. H.

Hartford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have not written to you before, and I like the 'Messenger' very much. I get the 'Messenger' every Sun-

day. I am eight years old. I feed the chickens and hunt for eggs, and go to school every day, and to Sunday-school on Sunday. We have ten little pigs and seven cows and four horses, and also a good dog. I play with this dog every night. I have a train of cars; my aunt sent them to me. My birthday is on Nov. 5.

BERNARD.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, and like it very much; much better than I would a town or city, because it is healthier. Riding on horseback and playing ball are my favorite sports. I have taken the 'Messenger' since last April, and I think it is a fine paper; I think it is the best paper there is printed for the price.

I enjoy reading the letters in the 'Messenger' very much. The 'Messenger' is just the paper for me, because I like reading short stories; it takes so long to read long ones. I am twelve years old, and I am five feet 5 inches tall. Can any reader of the 'Messenger' beat that?

BILL.

Ulverton, Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I live on the bank of the St. Francis River, a few miles below Ulverton. I am sending for the 'Messenger' so as to have it to read when school is over Sunday night. We have had a big snow storm. Good-bye, from your little friend,

GLADYS.

L'Orignal, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. I have been taking it for four years. My grandfather got it for me then. I started school for the first time this fall, and am in the fourth grade. My father taught me for three years at home. I live on the bank of the Ottawa River, about sixty miles from Ottawa. We go in bathing in the summer, and we have quite a lot of boating, as I can row, and I am very fond of the water. We have had one snowstorm, but it did not amount to anything. I have a little dog named Trixie, and two canaries. We also have a large St. Bernard dog named Bruce. I wish the 'Messenger' every success.

MABEL E. M. (age 11).

Grimston, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have written two letters to the 'Messenger' before, and was so fortunate as to have both published. My sister belongs to the 'Maple Leaf Club,' and thinks it is a very nice club. She wrote one letter, which was published. We get the 'Messenger' at Sunday-school, and could not do without it. I like reading it, especially the correspondence, and I think there are a great many interesting letters. I saw the Northern Lights last night, and they were magnificent, for they covered the whole northern sky. My brother and sister and one of our friends, her brother and myself watched it from a hill-top. I go to school every day that I can possibly go. I like going to school very much, and I am in the senior third class. We are going to lose our teacher at Christmas, and I will be very sorry, as we like her very much.

GERTRUDE T.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I have read the letters in the 'Messenger' with great interest, and as I have not noticed any from Newfoundland for some time, I think I will send you a line. I am a member of one of the Methodist schools of St. John's, and receive a copy of the 'Messenger' every Sunday. Our school consists of about six hundred scholars and about ninety officers and teachers. I have several brothers and sisters who attend this school also. I have two sisters married, and as I am quite a young girl, enjoy the honor of being called 'aunt.' We live in the country during the summer months, which we look forward to every year. We quite enjoy berry-picking, hay-making, and picking the flowers and ferns which we press and keep for decorating at Christmas time. As this is my first letter, I hope I shall see it in print.

FLORENCE W.