



Drink! (A Satire.)

(John Grey, in the 'Alliance News.')

Drink—for you help the already rich;
Live or die—it matters not which,
So long as all brewery shares hold good:
Drink and maintain them—as all men should.

Drink—never heed what your wife may say,
The brewers are great men—who great as
they?
So you cannot refrain from supporting them:
Drink—and what matter if children 'clem.'

Drink—for the public-house is fine,
It's far better furnished, friend, than thine.
Drink—and provide its light and its fire,
You can stay, while you pay, as you desire.

Drink—for you drown the voice within,
The voice which convicts you, oft, of sin;
Drink—for your clothes are old and rough,
But you will not care, when you're drunk
enough.

Drink—for your home is poor and bare,
No warm fire lit, no comfort there.
You have drunk the furniture all away,
And there's been no dinner, oh, many a day!

Drink—why care if you live or die?
You are helping 'The Trade' to still live high.
So drink—until your money is gone,
Then, 'out you go,' and the world wags on.

A Grecian Legend.

When Bacchus was a boy he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia; and, as the way was very long, he grew tired, and sat down upon a stone to rest.

As he sat there, with his eyes upon the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but as the sun was very hot he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it, and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird's skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton, with the plant in it, into the bone of the lion.

Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the lion's bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion; so he put it into the ass's bone, and thus he made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton and the lion's bone and the ass's bone; and, as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily, and bore, to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine, and gave it to men to drink.

But, behold a miracle! When men first drank of it, they sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became vigorous and gallant like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.—Selected.

Between the Boy and Public House.

A temperance lecturer illustrates his lectures sometimes with this story:

'A certain settler in the woods in a country largely unexplored let his young son, who wanted to go hunting, take a gun and trudge off alone into the woods through the deep snow. The lad was strictly bidden to return within a very short time, but when he did not come, the troubled father started out to search for the boy.

'He had not followed the trail far before to his anguish he saw the tracks of a panther mingling with the tracks of the lad. A murderous beast was following close on his son's footsteps. With pace redoubled, the father pressed on with an awful dread in his heart lest he should find his boy torn to pieces.

'Suddenly he noticed another trail in the snow crossing at right angles the trail he had been following. He knelt and examined it carefully. The tracks were those of his boy, but here there were no panther tracks. The keen sense of the woodsman read the story at once. The lad, confused and wandering, had circuted the adjacent hill and recrossed his own path, but the panther following behind had not yet completed the circuit.

'The father's task was easy then; he secreted himself near at hand, waited until the panther came and shot it dead; then hurried out along the new trail to overtake his son.'

The obvious application is this:

'We've got between the boy and the public-house now; let's shoot the public-house dead when it comes by on the trail.'—'Christian Age.'

Champlain Tercentenary Celebration AT QUEBEC.

The publishers of the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' have made extraordinary arrangements to give the best pictorial reproduction of what promises to be the greatest pageant the world has yet seen, at a price so low that single copies will be within the reach of all, and many will buy them by the dozen to send to friends at a distance. A special effort is being made to have every picture surpass even the high standard which the 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' has maintained since its first issue.

The Only Publication of the kind, giving the most expensive illustrations at a popular price.

The JULY Number will depict the stirring events and scenes of the centuries that are gone and the great fortress city of Canada as it was then and as it is to-day. It will also contain reproductions of famous paintings of Champlain, Wolfe, and Montcalm, and such momentous events as the death of Wolfe at the moment of victory amid the din and carnage of the battle of the Plains of Abraham. The July issue will also contain reproductions of advance drawings of the historic pageants to be enacted; drawings to which the publishers have secured access by special arrangement with Mr. Frank Lascelles, the great Master of Ceremonies,—who has had charge of every noted historic pageant held in England in recent years.

The Cover Design is a magnificent half-tone of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, said to be the finest picture of the kind ever printed in Canada.

This issue will make a souvenir of the greatest event of the year in Canada that will well be worth preserving, and that could not be obtained in any other way for a much larger price, the object of the publishers being to give PHENOMENAL VALUE.

No expense is being spared to insure pictures of the greatest interest and excellence. Headquarters in the finest location have been secured at Quebec for a corps of expert photographers.

'Canadian Pictorial,' July Number, 15 Cents

The price being raised to help cover the great additional cost involved in reproducing so many magnificent illustrations of the characters and groups that will enter into the great pageant.

By mail to any part of the world without extra postage.

While the edition will be a very large one, it will certainly be speedily absorbed; to prevent disappointment, therefore, orders should be booked at once through your News Agent or **THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING CO., 142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.**

N.B.—Yearly subscribers everywhere receive special numbers without extra charge. One dollar (\$1.00) remitted AT ONCE, will secure a year's subscription, starting with the July issue, or send 50 cents for the 'Pictorial' from July to December, 1908, inclusive. This period would include the Special Tercentenary issue (15 cents a copy), also Thanksgiving and Christmas numbers—A VERY BIG BARGAIN.