



Proverbs about Drink.

'Wine, dice and deceit make wealth small and want great.'
 'A red nose makes a raggit back.'
 'Intemperance is the Doctor's Wet Nurse.'
 'Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices are hatched.'
 'Drunkenness is nothing but voluntary madness.'
 'When wine sinks words swim.'
 'The wise drunkard is a sober fool.'
 'Drink washes off the daub, and discovers the man.'
 'What soberness conceals drunkenness reveals.'
 'Wine turns a man inside outwards.'
 'A drunken night makes a cloudy morning.'
 'Thirst comes from drinking.'
 'Drunk at evening and dry in the morning.'
 'Wine has drowned more than the sea.'
 'Wine is a turncoat, first a friend, then an enemy.'
 'Drinking water never makes a man sick nor his wife a widow.'—'Australian Christian World.'

Wouldn't Use False Keys.

The notion that alcohol may do good because, for a moment, it seems to do good, was well answered by a physician's response (recorded in the 'Youth's Companion') to a man who was somewhat too much given to the pleasures of the table. This man had said to the doctor:

'What do you think of the influence of alcohol on the digestion, doctor?'

'I think that its influence is bad,' said the physician.

'But a little whiskey taken just before a meal is the only key that will open my appetite, doctor.'

'I don't believe in opening things with false keys, sir!' answered the other.

This response was particularly applicable, for a falsely-stimulated appetite is a sure prelude to indigestion.

Soldier's Moral Courage Rewarded.

During the American Civil War, on one occasion the officers of General Grant's staff were holding a party, and all drank wine with the exception of one. Some days later that officer received an order from the General to see him. 'I believe,' said Grant, 'you would not drink recently when you were asked to do so.' The soldier who had dared to do the right, acknowledged to the General his determination, and as a result he was placed in charge of the commissary department and served through the war holding that position.

'Prohibition Failures.'

Robert J. Burdette expresses his views upon the question of prohibition and the practicability of enforcing it in the following terse form:

The laws of the state against murder do not entirely prevent murder; but nevertheless, I am opposed to licensing one murderer to every so many thousand persons, even on petition of a majority of the property owners in the block, that we may have all the murder that is desirable in the community under wise regulations, with a little income for the municipality. I believe in the absolute prohibition of murder.

The laws of the country prohibiting stealing do not entirely prevent stealing. Nevertheless, I am opposed to a high license system of stealing, providing that all theft shall be restricted to certain authorized thieves, who shall steal only between the hours of say, 6 a.m. and 11.30 p.m., except Sunday, when no stealing shall be done except by stealth, en-

trance to be made in all cases on that day by the back door, and at the thief's risk. I believe in laws that absolutely forbid theft at any hour, on any day of the week.

And, on the same ground, and just as positively, do I believe in the prohibition of the liquor traffic. And I never said that I didn't. And I did say that I did. And I DO.

I do say that the best way to make a man a temperate man is to teach him not to drink. But a saloon is not a kindergarten of sobriety.—'Pioneer.'

The people of the United States spend annually for literature, including newspapers, periodicals and books, a total of \$174,965,625. The same people spend annually for malt and alcoholic liquors the enormous sum of \$1,074,225,928. Whiskey and beer cost annually five times as much as books, newspapers and magazines.

Tobacco Dulls the Brain.

Dr. Fiske, of the Northwestern University, says tobacco is one great cause of student failure. Dr. Fiske asserts that tobacco in any form has a tendency to dull the mind of the pupil, but added that the cigarette form was the most objectionable and most injurious.

He shows by reciting statistics taken at the University during the last nine years that the students addicted to the tobacco habit made a much lower average in their class percentages than those who were not given to the habit.

Not a single student using tobacco has even stood in the first rank this year, and this has been the case in the last nine years with one exception. It is a fact that as the scholarships lower the ratio of tobacco-users increases.

The 'Alliance News' prints the result of an inquiry as to the views of American insurance companies on the subject of teetotalism. The question, 'As a rule, other things being equal, do you consider the habitual user of intoxicating beverages as good an insurance "risk" as the total abstainer? If not, why not?' was propounded by the 'Insurance News' to forty-two insurance companies and orders. The consensus of opinion in favor of the abstainer is noteworthy. Forty pronounce emphatically in his favor, while two cautiously declare that it depends upon the amount used. One declares that drink reduces expectation of life nearly two-thirds, and another that according to its books the ratio of the death rate is about 26 percent in favor of the total abstainer.

His First Patient.

(J. H. Hanmer Quail, in the 'Alliance News'.)

(Concluded.)

How reposeful everything was in that great ward of the hospital. The pleasant sound of the flames in the huge fire-places was the only sound which broke the stillness, as Gerald and a nurse stood by the bed on which the boy lay who had been brought in, run over. A pale and thin face was turned upwards. Two blue eyes, soft and appealing, met those of the young doctor.

'Well, boy, what is it?' asked Gerald, very sympathetically.

'Please, sir, was it you that helped me when I was run over?' asked the boy, in a weak and thin voice.

'Yes, I fancy it was. Why?'

'You put your coat under me and made me right, and helped them lift me out of the road?'

'Yes, I did.'

The boy's arms moved beneath the bed clothes as if he were feeling for something. For fully a minute the clothes moved as if he could not find what he wanted. Then they saw his eyes become more bright.

Slowly his right arm was withdrawn from under the bed clothes. When his hand was bared they saw that he held in it some paper, closely folded up.

'Please, sir, you must have dropped the papers that are in this paper when you leaned over me when I was on the road. They were

inside my jacket when they got me to the hospital. I wrapped them in the paper to take care of them. Please give me the paper back.'

Gerald took the tiny packet from the boy's hand. The outer paper was a printed form of some kind. He unfolded it, and then his heart gave a tremendous bound. The paper which had been so carefully wrapped up was bank note paper. Gerald opened the white sheets. Was it reality, or was he dreaming? There, in his hand, were two ten-pound Bank of England notes.

It was neither dream nor fancy. Two real ten-pound bank notes were there. Without doubt, they were the two notes which his uncle had sent him. The boy's story made it all clear. The notes had simply worked out of his own breast pocket as he bent down to help the boy when he lay on the road or on the sidewalk.

Gerald looked at the paper which the notes were wrapped in, and read the words which were printed on it. They were:

'I promise, by God's help, to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors of all kinds as beverage, and to discontinue their use by others—George Whitmarsh'

'Is this your name—George Whitmarsh?'

Gerald asked, a new spring of interest suddenly bursting forth within him.

'Yes, sir.'

'What does this mean?'

'Father used to be very bad with drink, sir. We were all done up. The "Army" got him, and he signed the pledge. Mother and my sisters signed, and so did I and Nat, that's my brother, so that we could help father.'

'Did you help him?'

'Oh, yes, sir. He's been all right for nearly two years. We got the home back. He gets good work now.'

Gerald looked at the boy and then at the pledge. His lips became set. A conflict was going on in his mind.

'Where can I get one of these?' he asked, at length.

'Oh, anywhere, sir. I'll get Nat to send you one, if you want one.'

'Do. Ask him to let me have it soon.'

'Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, for helping me.'

'That is all right. Hurry up and get all right again.'

The day but one after, Gerald Chesterton received a similar form by post to that which he had seen at the hospital. Laying the form on the table he stood with eyes fixed on the words which it bore for some minutes. Then, taking up a pen, he very deliberately added his name:—

GERALD CHESTERTON.

He had signed the pledge.

Gerald kept the pledge loyally and bravely. From the moment of signing it, his fortunes changed. On learning the true story, his uncle softened and yielded, and once more became a good friend to his struggling nephew. In the district it soon became known that young Dr. Chesterton was altered; and as it was also known that he was clever, patients sought his aid, and he found himself with a steadily growing practice.

'I owe it all to that boy, Whitmarsh. He was my first patient when I was a wreck and the last spark of hope had gone. It was a bad hurt for him, but it meant life to me. That boy and his pledge did it,' Gerald has confessed many times.

George Whitmarsh slowly recovered from the severe injuries caused by that painful accident. When, at last, he left the hospital, it was to find that he had a new friend in the young doctor who had been the first to help him, on that memorable night, when he lay with broken limbs in the roadway. And rarely has there been a friendship more warm and more lasting than that, which, from that time, existed between Gerald Chesterton and George Whitmarsh.

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