

THE CANADA CITIZEN

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

Freedom for the Right means Suppression of the Wrong.

VOL. 4.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 2nd, 1884.

NO. 44

The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

A Journal devoted to the advocacy of Prohibition, and the promotion of social progress and moral Reform.

Published Every Friday by the

CITIZEN PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Office, 8 King Street East, Toronto.

Subscription, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, strictly in advance.

CLUB RATES.

The Canada Citizen is published at an exceedingly low figure, but as some of our friends have asked for Special Club Rates, we make the following offer:—We will supply

5 copies	one year for \$4 00.
12 "	" " 9 00.
20 "	" " 14 00.

Subscribers will oblige by informing us at once of any irregularities in delivery.

Subscriptions may commence at any time. Back numbers of the present volume can be supplied.

Agents Wanted Everywhere.

All communications should be addressed to

F. S. SPENCE. - - - MANAGER.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 2nd, 1884.

THE RED LIGHT.

I.

Have you seen the red light,
So glaringly bright,
That is hung every night
At the door of the rum-seller's den?
There's a leer in its glow
Like the smile of the foe
From the regions below,
As he gloats o'er the ruin of men.

II.

On the darkness it streams
With its death luring beams,
And its evil eyed gleams,
Tempting, betraying the wills
Of your brother and mine,
With an evil design,
To drink of the wine
That curses, and ruins, and kills.

III.

We've always heard said,
The light that is red
Means there's danger ahead—
So this beacon they properly place
At the entrance to sin,
Where they gather their in,
Their money to win—
In this low haunt of crime and disgrace.

IV.

Still the drink victims weep,
And our citizens sleep,
While rum-sellers sweep
In their gold and their ill-gotten gains;
And the red light still glares
At the doors of their lairs,
Till our work and our prayers,
Shall-crush out its soul-killing flames.

—Belfast Record, March, 1884.

WHY I WANT PROHIBITION.

BY GEORGE R. SCOTT.

A few weeks ago I visited the Brooklyn Hospital for the purpose of seeing a man whose father was a great friend of mine about the time of the breaking out of the civil war. On arriving there I found the young man sitting on a cot, surrounded by his wife, child, and some friends. He was just recovering from the effects of a terrible wound in the head, received from a fall while intoxicated. Naturally smart, for the past few years he had been able to make an unusual amount of money per week considering his early opportunities. His sufferings had been fearful, and, with tears in his eyes, he said: "This has been a lesson." Hereafter, for the sake of his family, his friends and himself, he said he would never touch another drop of liquor. Just prior to going to Connecticut he called to see me and reiterated his pledge. Arriving home, the first news I heard was that the young man alluded to was on a terrible drunken spree. *He must be protected by Prohibition.* What do you think?

It is Tuesday night, and seated in a city car, a newsboy opens the door, shouting "Union, two cents!" I buy a copy; and the following is a part of a display-head that attracts my attention. "A Heart-broken Mother's Denunciation of Drink." The story in brief is that the body of a respectably-dressed young man was found at the foot of the cellar-steps of 298 South-fourth street, Brooklyn. In his pocket was a card with his written address, "28 Spencer Place." Word was sent, and in reply an elderly lady appeared an hour after. Pale and trembling, she was led to the spot where the body had been laid, and viewing it, immediately exclaimed; "Oh, it is as I feared! It is my poor son! It is cursed, cursed drink that has done this!" *He should have been protected by Prohibition.* What do you think?

This morning I bought a New York Times (anti-Prohibition) and the first article that attracted my attention was headed "Dancing on her Mother's Grave." If you want to read it, here it is:

When an undertaker was putting the body of Catherine Malone, who died during a spree yesterday, into a coffin, he asked the daughter of the dead woman, Mrs Grey, if she desired to have the corpse re-dressed. Mrs Grey said: "No; chuck her in the way she is." When the lid was screwed on she leaped upon the coffin and danced like a maniac and only ceased her antics when compelled to by the constable. The whole family were intoxicated.

That whole family need Prohibition. What do you think?

The people of America need Prohibition. And now, reader, I ask you, WHAT DO YOU PROPOSE TO DO ABOUT IT?—N Y. Witness.

SELF-MADE POVERTY.

I would not say hard words against poverty; wherever it comes it is bitter to all; but you will mark, as you notice carefully, that while a few are poor because of unavoidable circumstances, a very large mass of the poverty of London is the sheer and clear result of profuseness, want of forethought, idleness, and worst of all, drunkenness. Ah, that drunkenness! that is the master evil. If drink could be got rid of we