

Song of the Bar Room

(From Tom Watson's *Jeffersonian*.)

ALWAYS A WELCOME.

"See how men are drawn to me! My lights blize a brilliant welcome; I am never too hot or too cold. Mirrored Vanity smirks in my gilded reflectors, and no one is ill at ease in my Fresco-All Club. No shrewish wife can tongue-lash you here; no peevish child annoy you with its cries. Leave to them the ugliness of your haggard home, and come unto me for comfort. Theirs, the cold and the gloom and the squalor; yours the warmth and glow and social joy.

"Clink your glasses, men! Drink again 'Here's hoping.' 'Tis well to toast her here, where begins the trail to the grave of Hope. Be jolly; let the place ring with laughter; relate the newest story; the story that matches the nude picture on the wall.

"What's that? A dispute, angry cats, a violent quarrel, the crash of overturned chairs, the gleam of steel, the flash of guns, the stream of life-blood, the gurgle of dying men?"

"Oh, well, it might have happened anywhere. The hearts of mothers and fathers, I wrench with pain; the souls of wives, I darken in woe. I smite the mansion, and there are wounds that gold cannot salve; the hut I invade, and poverty sinks into deeper pits.

VICTORS VANQUISHED.

"What warriors have I not vanquished? What statesmen have I not laid low? How many a Burns and Poe have I not dragged to the down from ethereal heights? How many a Sidney Carton have I not made to weep for a wasted life? How many times have I caused the criminal to be drawn through the mud?"

"Strong I am—irresistibly strong.

"Samson-like, I strain at the foundations of character; and they come toppling down in irremediable ruin—while I escape. I am the cancer, beautiful to behold, and eating my remorseless way into the vitals of the world. I am the restlessness, sinking my victims to the cottage door and to the palace gate. No respecter of persons, I gloat over richly-garbed victim no more than over the man of the blouse.

"The Church—I empty it; the Jail, I fill it; the gallows, I feed it. From me and my blazing lights, run straight the dark roads to the slums, to the prisons, to the bread-lines, to the mad-house, to the Potter's Field.

THE ALLY OF SIN.

"I nudge the work of the School. I cut the ground from under Law and Order. I'm the seed-bed of Poverty, Vice, and Crime. I'm the Loper who buys toleration, and who has not to cry 'Unclean!' I'm the Licensed ally of Sin. I buy from the State the right to lay dynamite

under its foundations. For a price, they give me power to nullify the work of law-makers, magistrates and rulers. For a handful of gold, I am granted letters of marque to sail every human sea and prey upon its life-boats.

THOSE WHO SOLD THE RIGHT.

"Around that grief-bowed woman I threw the weeds of widowhood—but I paid for the chance to do it; and they who took my money knew that I would do it.

"To the lips of that desolate child, I bought the wall of the orphan—but I bought the right to do it; and they who sold me the right knew what would come of it.

"Yes! I inflamed the murderer; I maddened the suicide; I made a brute of the husband; I made a diabolical hag out of the once beautiful girl; I made a criminal out of the once promising boy; I replaced sobriety and comfort by drunkenness and pauperism—but don't blame ME; blame those from whom I purchased the legal right to do it."

WILL YOU VOTE TO HAVE THAT RIGHT CONTINUED?

"Prohibition Rot"

"It was New Year's Day when two brothers, whose homes were about 20 miles from Lloydminster, Sask., drove to town on business. They were cold, and stopped at the saloon and filled up on bad whiskey, until they felt comfortable. They forgot their business, and, taking an extra supply of the stuff that dulls the senses and steals the reason, started for home. One brother was so drunk that he fell from the sleigh, and the other brother was so drunk that he was both too stupid and drunk to know that his brother was missing, and if he had missed him he was physically unable to help him. He drove on, his brother lay where he had fallen in the snow and froze solid. 'Prohibition Rot!' the United Societies of Booze and Brewers tell us. 'Liberty!' How dare anyone interfere? Let them get drunk and freeze. Let the orphans cry because their father is brought home frozen to death. A man must have whiskey. The jury crowd of drinkers must not be interfered with. Anyway, it was only one brother that froze, and he had no right to get so drunk. The revenues must be provided for. A legitimate business must be protected.' 'Whoop 'em up! Let the widow and orphan children



AS STRONG DRINK ADVANCES PROSPERITY IS DESTROYED AND RUIN REMAINS.

Canada's Shame

Canada's consumption of liquor and tobacco shows a marked increase for the past fiscal year.

The per capita consumption of spirits was 3.89 gallons, against 3.15 gallons in 1910; that of beer was 5.434 gallons, as against 5.276 gallons; that of wine 104 gallons against .097 gallons; while the tobacco used grew from 2,940 pounds per capita to 3,011 pounds.

The total quantity of tobacco smoked was 18,903,322 pounds, as against 17,961,279 pounds in 1910, and 17,217,710 pounds in 1909.

The cigarettes smoked reach the enormous total of 585,935,370, against 451,055,138 in 1910, and 356,756,130 in 1909.

The cigars smoked numbered 227,585,692, as compared with 205,820,851 in 1910, and 192,105,366 in 1909.

scrape the frost from the window pane, and look in vain for a father that does not return because the saloon has claimed one more victim."—*J. H. Williams.*

AN OLD-TIME EXAMPLE.

Theytimus, on being told by his physician that except he did abstain from drunkenness and excess, he was like to lose his eyes, his heart was so desperately set upon his sin, that he said, "Vale lumen alicuius; farewell, sweet light, then; I must have my pleasure in that sin; I must drink though I drink out my eyes; then farewell eyes, and farewell light and all!"—*St. Ambrose.*