

EVICCTIONS ON THE ESTATES OF LORD ALCOHOL.

Lord Alcohol has many tenants. In Canada, or the United States or Great Britain, his tenants outnumber the Irish peasants and Scotch crofters ten to one. They may be counted by tens of thousands in almost any highly civilized country. You find them in all parts of Canada—in the cities, in the rural districts, in the new settlements, anywhere, everywhere you go you are sure to find some tenants of this most ignoble Lord.

Lord Alcohol is most cruel and tyrannical in his dealings with his tenantry. He has turned more families out on the road than all the landlords in Ireland and Scotland put together. He thinks nothing of turning a delicate, poorly clad, poorly fed wife out in the cold, or of driving barefooted children into the snow. He has done this very thing ten thousand times. He is doing it every day.

The most mysterious thing about Lord Alcohol is that notwithstanding his double cruelties he is popular with many of his tenants. Even the tenants that he has evicted like him. He drives them out of their homes, kicks them through debt, disgrace, disease and delirium into a dishonoured grave; and yet many of them stand by him to the last. It is said that when the poor Irish peasants are driven from their cabins they often unite in heaping curses upon those who have driven them out. Small wonder if they do. Lord Alcohol's tenants rarely curse at him. Some of them curse the Scott Act inspectors vigorously enough, but they are seldom, if ever, heard cursing at the ignoble Lord who evicts them. One point of difference between some evicted Irish peasants and some of Lord Alcohol's evicted tenants is this. The evicted Irish tenants swear *at* the landlord; the evicted tenant of Lord Alcohol sometimes swears *for* him in the police court.

Let us sketch two or three specimen cases of the evictions that are taking place on Lord Alcohol's estates every day.

Mr. Pusher got a good commercial education in the Old Country. Fired with a praiseworthy ambition to rise in the world, he came out to Canada, got a good situation, and by honesty, industry and good business ability soon won the confidence of his employer. Having saved a little money he went into business for himself. He was successful from the start. As the business grew, young Pusher began to think that it is not good for man to be alone.

Now let us introduce ourselves to Mrs. Pusher as she sits in her drawing room going through that peculiar process known in modern civilization as "receiving calls." She is rather handsome. She talks fairly well, but on light subjects. A very brief conversation starts the fear in your mind that she is

hardly the material out of which a solid, useful, influential woman—God's noblest work—can be made. But as you have seen several rather flighty girls round off into splendid women, you hope for the best, finish your call, and go home thinking that Mr. and Mrs. Pusher are a rather promising couple.

Pusher never was a total abstainer. He "took something" occasionally during his clerkship. When he kept bachelor's hall, after starting in business, he took a little more just to help on the business. Some of the customers liked a drink, and Pusher took a drink with them even in business hours. The commercial travellers often treated him, and soon found out that after two or three drinks he gave a larger order.

The question, "Shall we keep liquor in the house, put it on our table, and give it to our friends?" soon came up for solution in the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Pusher. Pusher voted "yea," and Mrs. Pusher, having very little character, was quite willing to do anything that would set her up in what she called "society." "Society" in Pushertown consisted of a few families that were noted chiefly for insolence and impecuniosity. They never paid anybody until sued, and never paid a tailor even then. It was easy enough to beat them in court, but a man who could beat them on an execution had to rise pretty early in the morning. After a place in this "set" Mrs. Pusher hankered considerably. One way, the one way that never fails, to get a place in a "set" of this kind is to give them plenty to eat and drink—especially drink. Mrs. Pusher was not highly endowed in an intellectual way. Nature had not dealt very generously with her when brains were being distributed, but, with woman's unerring intuition, she soon discovered that the way to Pushertown society lay through a champagne basket, and she had little trouble in coaxing her husband to get the champagne. About the same time, they suddenly discovered that they needed a larger house, more fashionable furniture, and a great many other things that cost money. They entertained freely. The champagne flowed. Mrs. Pusher danced with the dudes, and as Pusher could not dance in modern style, he played cards and drank. They were asked out quite frequently, and on the morning after a "swell" party was given by one of the noble army of the impecunious, said impecunious was always certain to call at the store, and borrow some money from Pusher—which he was equally certain never to pay. Pusher had been brought up a Presbyterian. Mrs. Pusher had been brought up in the go-as-you-please style. For some time after their marriage, they attended the Presbyterian Church, but latterly had not been going regularly. About this time Mrs. Pusher was seized with a strong liking for the Episcopalian form of service. She said she did "dearly love" that form, though she could not have found the place in the