

turned in another direction, would have made them successful in any other calling; and they hate themselves when they think of the lost opportunities, and they almost hate the wealth that has come to them through the mouth of a whiskey bottle. A man who keeps a successful saloon and makes money, does not realize what a mean business it is, until he has a family of nice children grown up. He has money, furnishes them with a nice home, educates them, and knows that his girls are as beautiful and accomplished as those of the best citizens of the community, and knows that they are worthy to marry the best men of the State or County. The first that he notices is that the young ladies of his household are ashamed of themselves. They try to show it to the father who has been so kind to them, but they cannot always disguise the fact that they did not receive attention from desirable acquaintances.

They are qualified by nature and education to go into the best of society, but the sign over the door of the father's place of business is what is the matter. If such a girl is invited into the best society, she is liable to have her heart broken by some one asking who the beautiful girl is, and hearing the answer, "Why, her father keeps a saloon down town somewhere." The father may be square and honest, and have friends among the best men of the city, and he may think he is happy, but when he sees that his beautiful daughter is being snubbed on account of the business he is engaged in, he gets to hate himself. If a bartender should aspire to the hand of the daughter, the father would be indignant. If a gambler that frequents his saloon should want to marry the girl he would kick terribly. If a rich young drunkard and spendthrift should ask for her hand he would be sorry, and those three are the classes that would be most liable to look for an alliance with the saloon-keeper's daughter, while she would be worthy of the hand of a governor. It is when these things come up before the eyes of a successful saloon-keeper that he would give every dollar he has acquired if he had entered almost any other business on earth. There is nothing redeeming about the business, except that many saloon-keepers are open-hearted, generous, humane, charitable, and good friends to their friends. They are so because it is natural, and in any other business they would be the same or more so.

No, young man, if there is any wood to saw in your vicinity, if there is a crop of peanuts that can be baked, and sold, a job to be secured driving a pair of blind mules hauling the dirtiest load that can be found, if you can control the capital to buy a box of blacking and a brush, go into the peanut trade, drive the mules, or black boots, or anything, for a start, but don't for God's sake, at the age of seventeen open a saloon, and confine the talent God has given you, to the base use of pulling a squeak cork out of a bottle of rum, because every squeak of the cork is the wail of a human soul that has been drowned in drink, every gurgle of the liquid as it goes from the bottle to the glass, is the throbbing of a poor brain that has been crazed by the hellish stuff, and every stroke of the dirty dish-cloth on the bar, to wipe away the stains of the spilled hell-fire, is an emblem of attempts to wipe the sins from the soul of the man who kills his brother by making him a drunkard. You, a seventeen year-old boy, "I think I am capable of running my own affairs," against the advice of the father and mother who bore you, is one evidence that you are an ass, but your coming to the *Sun* for advice, may do you good, and if so send us a postal card. Also, if you do not take the advice, and do go into the saloon business, send a notice of your funeral two years hence, when you die of delirium tremens, when some customer of yours, who is drunk with rum, as you are now drunk with egotism, brains you with a hung starter when you tell him he has had enough liquor, and who thinks *he* is capable of running *his* own affairs. That will do, boy, you can step down and make room for the next."—*Peck's Sun*.

A THOUGHTLESS BOY PUNISHED.

"I shall never forget," remarked a friend of ours once, "an incident of childhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school children were playing by the road-side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage-coach drove up to the neighboring tavern and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly gentleman with a cane, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with the most curious contortions. His feet turned one way, his knees ano-

ther, and his whole body looked as though the different members were independent of each other, and every one was making motions to suit itself.

"I unthinkingly shouted, 'Look at old Rattle Bones!' while the poor man turned his head, with an expression of pain which I can never forget. Just then, to my surprise and extreme horror, my father came around the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook hands warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a short distance.

"I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hidden myself, but I knew it would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting-room. To my great relief, the stranger did not recognize me, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me:

"Such a fine boy is surely worth the saving!"

"How the words cut me to the quick! My father had often told me the story of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me, as I was drowning when an infant, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by inflammatory rheumatism; and this was the man I had made a butt of ridicule, and a laughing stock for my companions!

"I tell you, boys and girls, I would give many dollars to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good comes of sport whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a life time."—*Selected*.

Facts and Opinions.

NO RIGHT TO DO WRONG.—While we are willing to admit there is room for argument on both sides of this question, we must confess we were not prepared to see the following advanced as an argument on the Anti-Scott side in the *Bruce Herald* of last week. "A man has a perfect right to drink whatever he likes. He has a perfect right to get drunk. If he gets disorderly or breaks the peace whilst drunk, he is committing a crime against equal freedom (whatever that means), and we have a right to stop him, but we in turn, would be committing a crime against equal freedom if we attempted to forcibly stop him from getting drunk."

We would remind our contemporary that there is a law on the statute making it a misdemeanor and punishable, for a man to attempt to take his own life, you will observe that the man in this act *interferes with no other person*, yet the law says he must be prevented if possible, and punished on conviction. If the *Herald's* reasoning is sound to this quotation referred to, then this Act must be an unjust one. We think this one illustration amply sufficient to demonstrate the absurdity of the position assumed, and the sophistry by which it is attempted to be sustained. There are arguments on the Anti-Scott side but that is not one of them—try again John.—*Bruce Telescope*.

THE LEGAL RIGHT OF PROHIBITION.—There are some people who think that we prohibitionists should walk very gingerly lest we tread on some poor oppressed rum-seller's toes. "Are you sure," they say, "that you have any right to interfere with the liquor traffic?" Here is a fugitive scrap that answers the question better than we can do. "The right of a man to drink liquor under his own roof, may be undisputed; at any rate prohibition does not touch that right. Prohibition only says, when you throw open that door and invite the passer-by to drink, and when 200 years of experience proves that by so doing you double my taxes and make it dangerous for my child to tread on those streets, I have a right to say whether you shall open the door or not. I don't care whether you sell poison or food; I don't care whether you sell alcohol or roast beef—it does not matter; all I know is that if you undertake to sell something that doubles my taxes, and that makes my passage through the streets more dangerous, you at once invest me with the right to interfere; and if any grog-seller can stand here, and show, in the face of an intelligent people, that he is right, under an idea of democratic government, to filch from my pocket and make my passage through the street unsafe, in order that he may coin other men's sins into his gold, let him try it."—*Catholic Temperance Advocate*.