

What are You doing?



READER, what are you doing to stay the tide of Intemperance that is sweeping over our land, and wrecking in its onward rushing course the fondest hopes of many a heart, burying beneath its relentless waves the poor and the rich, the ignorant and the learned, men of genius and of influence, and leaving its wake strewn with degradation and misery, heart-broken widows and wailing orphans? Are you sitting with folded hands looking idly on, and in effect saying, What is that to me? Ah, it is much to you. It may seem as nothing to-day, but on the morrow that tide, rising higher and higher, may cross the threshold of your home, and the dearest idol of your heart, swept beyond your controlling influence, be wrecked body and soul. Why then sit ye there idle? Up and be doing. There is a great work for you to do. Will you not commence at once? Oh! that some voice coming from a heart warmed and filled with true charity, with pity for the tempted and fallen, could awaken you from this lethargy, could rouse you to a true sense of your responsibility, and make you realize that an all wise Judge will call you to an account, and ask what you did to save your tempted, fallen fellow-beings from the terrible curse of Intemperance.

The First Glass.



None of our colleges, several years ago, was a young man possessed of fine mind, excellent attainments, and pleasing manners—the life of the social circle and the favorite of all. He was not only a pleasant but a safe companion, for he was free from the vices with which some of the young men who frequent college-halls are familiar. The intoxicating cup had never passed his lips.

But there came a time when the snare of the tempter was thrown around him, and he had not the power to break away.

At an evening party wine formed part of the entertainment, and the sparkling cup was offered him by a gay young lady. Surely he could not refuse to drink just one glass with her? There could be no harm in that.

Thus the young lady pleaded, and thus the young man reasoned. He had never tasted wine, but when once the cup had passed his lips, a thirst was created which clamored for indulgence. That first glass, pressed to his lips by a young and thoughtless lady, and accepted through fear of appearing singular, was the beginning of a downward course. His studious habits were abandoned. He sought the company of revellers, rapidly, madly, he rushed to ruin, and in a few short months was laid in a drunkard's grave.

So young, so gifted! Another victim laid on the altar of intemperance. By his fall many fond hopes were blighted and hearts almost crushed.

His companions in college had to heart the lessons taught by his fearful fall. Standing around his grave, they made a solemn pledge never to taste the deadly poison, never to deal in it, never to offer it to others, or in any way to encourage its use.

Some of this number still live, zealous advocates of the cause of temperance. And the young lady through whose enticing words the first glass passed his lips, can she meet at the judgment the soul of her victim? She knew not what she did, or hand and tongue would have palsied as she held before him the sparkling cup, but it is never safe to trifle with a deadly poison.

Young lady, as you value the souls of those whom you may influence, shun the social glass. Let no one be influenced by your example to take the first step in the downward way.

A Young Man's History IN BRIEF.



FIRST saw him in a social party; he took but one glass of wine, and that at the urgent solicitation of a young lady to whom he had been introduced.

I next saw him, when he supposed he was unseen, taking a glass to satisfy a slight desire. He mocked at the thought of danger.

I next saw him, late in the evening in the street, unable to walk home. I assisted him thither, and we parted.

I next saw him reeling out of a low groggery, a confused stare was on his countenance, and words of blasphemy were on his tongue, and shame was gone.

I saw him once more, he was cold and motionless, and was carried by his friends to his last resting-place. In the small procession that followed every head was cast down. His father's grey hairs were going to the grave with sorrow, his mother wept that she had given birth to such a child.

I returned home, musing on his future state. I opened the Bible, and read, "Be not deceived; drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God."

This is a sad story. Alas! that it should be true. When a boy, our poor friend was as happy and bright as any of us. More than once, when students together, did he sneer at my totalism.

When I urged him to sign the pledge, he laughed at me, and scoffed at the bare suggestion of danger. Poor Fred! his father had the glass on the table, and there the appetite was formed. Young men, beware of the first glass. Fathers, banish the glass from your tables, if you would not bury your sons as drunkards.

THE MUNICIPAL REVENUE.

We hear frequently the assertion, that if the Scott Act be carried, or if, by any means, prohibition should become the law of our communities, there would be serious difficulty experienced by our municipal councils in meeting the deficit in their annual income that would be caused by the withdrawal of the present revenue from license fees. In order that our electors may fully understand this matter, we here place before them a few facts in relation to the present revenue and its probable diminution under the Scott Act system.

As a matter of fact the total amount paid over from the license fund to all municipalities in the province of Ontario during the year 1882-3 was \$284,379.79, and this was the net revenue derived in this province by all our municipal treasuries from the license system.

There were issued during the year named 4,104 tavern and shop licenses. Let us assume that the business done by these places amounted to an average of only \$12 each per day. Let us assume that none of the dealers sell on Sundays or other days upon which sale is prohibited, there will remain about 310 selling days in the year, 4,104 liquor shops, each selling liquor daily to the amount of \$12 for 310 days would abstract from the pockets of the people of this province the sum of \$15,266,880.00. This estimate is moderate, falling really somewhat short of Ontario's fair proportion of the annual drink expenditure of Canada.

Out of this large sum of money taken by our liquor-sellers there was paid into our municipal treasuries only the comparatively small amount named, so that the account stands as follows:—

Amount collected by the liquor-sellers.....	\$15,266,880.00
Paid over to municipal treasuries.....	284,379.79

Cost of collecting.....\$14,982,500.21

The folly of the policy of paying out over \$150 for the sake of securing a revenue of less than \$3 is too patent to need comment. Will not a people richer by over \$15,000,000 be able to pay the extra \$300,000 and still be vastly better off.

If the enormous sum of money thus absorbed by the liquor business remained in the hands of the taxpayers of the community it would no doubt be found in the shape of taxable property, and there would thus be added to our aggregate assessment an amount that would at once furnish the whole revenue now derived from the liquor system, by a taxation rate less than what Toronto at present pays. This result, it must be noticed, would be attained even if there were no material progress in the community as the results of the more temperate and industrious habits that would inevitably follow the abolition of the drink system.

If we closed up all our liquor shops to-day, we would have in one year a community so much richer, that the increased wealth would more than make up for the lost municipal revenue at the present rate of taxation.

The choice between prohibition and license is, to this province, simply the choice between paying annually in hard cash fifteen millions of dollars, or only paying taxes upon property of that value and keeping the property still in our possession, earning for us probably five times as much as we pay.

We have examined carefully the accounts of many municipalities in the province of Ontario, and almost invariably found the following to be the exact state of affairs:—If the local pauper and police expenses, be added to the municipality's proportion of county criminal and indigent expenses, the sum will be more than double the revenue received by the municipality from the license fund. If we assume that only one half of our criminal and poor expenses are

fairly chargeable to the liquor traffic, it will still be seen that we are losing from the very start, in our license system; even if we ignore the whole line of argument already gone over, and assume that we get the revenue as a clear income from the liquor traffic.

It is sometimes argued that taking away the license from hotel property would diminish the value of such property, that the assessment of such property would be reduced and other property would have to be taxed at a higher rate to level up. A careful examination of a number of assessment rolls, and information given directly by assessment commissioners and assessors show that in no case is a license considered as enhancing the actual value of a piece of hotel property. Nor could it be fairly so considered. It is merely a temporary affair, must terminate in a few months, and consequently could have none of the qualifications of permanent worth entitling it to be treated as either having or imparting any assessable value. Further careful examination shows that from hotels, on account of the comparatively small amount of personal property contained, are paid proportionally less taxes than are paid from any other equally valuable places of business. Still further, the contiguity of a tavern or a saloon always depreciates the market value of other real estate, specially of such as may be used for private residences. No respectable person wants to live next door to a bar-room. The real state of the case is that a license to sell liquor is an injury to all property in its neighborhood. Less taxes are paid, insurance is higher, adjoining property is depreciated and the business instincts of the public, as well as the common sense of all thoughtful people, and the moral sentiment of those who have the best interests of their fellow-men at heart denounce the whole thing as **UTTERLY BAD**

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