

PROHIBITION FIGHT THE WORLD OVER

The Editor's Views and Other News on
This Great Movement

LOCAL OPTION OUTLOOK

The local option campaign in Ontario is now fairly under way, and it appears that about seventy municipalities are going to find out whether their electors are wedded to the bar-room or not. That there will be a vigorous campaign seems beyond doubt. As local option extends its boundaries the troubles of the anti increase, and the sentiment against the bar-room grows bolder and more confident. It seems probable that in this year's contests the percentage of victories will be as large, or even larger, than ever. There are this year in the province 106 places in which local option has been in force three years or more, and where it would be possible to try a repeal vote; but it is doubtful if there will be repeal contests brought on in more than 25 or 30 of these places, and the percentage of those which will carry repeal is likely to be very small. The progress of local option in Ontario is all too slow to suit many of us, but we rather expect that some day we will wake up and bestir ourselves in such a fashion that the traffic will be swept out of existence as by a tidal wave.—Christian Guardian.

MODERATE DRINKING INEXPEDIENT

President Eliot of Harvard, who is also the Honorary President of the Boston No-License League, has been giving the members of the latter organization his views on the only part of the drinking question which remains open to discussion—the effect of a temperate indulgence in intoxicants.

All his life, he told them, he has been what is called a moderate drinker—that is, he has used beer and wine on occasion, though never habitually. He has never been conscious of any ill-effects from this degree of indulgence, and he recognizes the truth of the Biblical saying that "wine maketh glad the heart of man." Of late years, however, he has been paying careful attention to the experiments made in the physiological laboratories of Germany and America, and he has now changed his views as to the innocuousness of alcohol, even when used as he has used it. He doubts the desirability of the sort of cheer that wine produces, and his present conclusion is that even moderate drinking is "inexpedient."

The word is mild—so mild that it will prove highly irritating to the more vehement foes of the demon. It is, perhaps, in its implication that moderate drinking does no harm, milder than the experiments to which Dr. Eliot referred will justify, since all the positive evidence they offer tends to prove that alcohol, in no matter how small quantity, injuriously affects the efficiency of mind or body. This is not to deny its value as a medicine, an employment to which many poisons readily lend themselves. Still, "inexpedient," in the sense of doing no good, is correct enough, since the bad effects of alcohol in minute doses can only be measured by very delicate instruments and are of theoretical rather than practical importance for men engaged in occupations that do not make special demands on judgement and observation.—New York Times.

WET DRUG-STORES

"Good-by, little bar-room, don't cry; you'll be drug-stores by and by," is the legend on a postcard widely circulated in "dry" States that recently caught the eye of Mr. Harry B. Mason, editor of The Bulletin of Pharmacy (Detroit). It marks a development of the drug store in prohibition territory that is not only a disgrace to the trade, in Mr. Mason's opinion, but one that is likely to call down upon the druggists restrictive legislation that will make the innocent suffer with the guilty and injure a legitimate part of the business.

Two-thirds of the area of the country is now under prohibition, with a population of from 26,000,000 to 28,000,000 people. So the magnitude of the drug-store problem can be imagined. "I have been appalled," declares Mr. Mason, "at the extent to which the name of pharmacy is being dragged in the dust; all over the United States druggists and pseudo-druggists are being prosecuted, and in some instances jailed, for the illegitimate sale of liquor."

Mr. Mason made a strong speech on this subject at the recent meeting of the American Pharmaceutical Association at Hot Springs, and as a result the Association adopted resolutions declaring that any druggist who goes into the illegitimate sale of liquor "is a disgrace to the profession and should be ostracized by it," and calling upon the local authorities to "assist in exposing and penalizing those druggists who abuse their privileges and who thus drag the name of pharmacy into the mire of infamy and degradation." Similar resolutions were also adopted at the annual meeting of the National Association of Retail Druggists.—Literary Digest.

Must have Prohibition

In view of the fact that license reduction is to be an important issue in the coming municipal campaign in Ontario the following enunciation of the policy of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in regard to temperance matters is of interest. In a pamphlet entitled "Policy on Temperance Reform," which it is understood is to be circulated in Toronto soon, the following resolution by the general Assembly at Winnipeg this year is quoted:—"The Assembly would reaffirm the deliverance of former Assemblies that nothing short of the prohibition of the traffic in intoxicants for beverage purposes can satisfy as the goal in temperance reform, and would recommend our people in those Provinces where there is no immediate prospect of carrying and enforcing prohibition to unite with others in working toward this end, by: (a) The curtailment of the traffic by local veto; (b) the abolition of the barroom and the public treating system associated therewith, and (c) the prohibition of the residue of the traffic, with this proviso, that where in cities or towns the said sale is demanded by a majority of the qualified municipal electors, such sale shall be conducted under such conditions as will eliminate the element of private gain." The pamphlet then enters into a discussion of the many reasons for the attitude.

THE APOSTATE

A Child Labor Problem

BY JACK LONDON

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CONCLUDED

She threw her apron over her head and sat down suddenly and wept. He waited patiently.

"I might a-know'n it," she was sobbing.

"Where?" she finally asked, removing the apron from her head and gazing up at him with a stricken face in which there was little curiosity.

"I don't know anywhere."

PLAYING HAVOC WITH PATENT MEDICINES

An Old-fashioned, Home-Made Mixture which Cures Kidney and Liver Troubles.

A prominent local druggist states that since the celebrated prescription of a distinguished specialist has become more or less known it is interfering with the sale of secret medicines, especially the patent or advertised kidney pills. The prescription, which first appeared in a leading health journal, is reproduced here, just exactly as originally written:—

Fluid Extract Cascara..... ½ oz.
Carrhiana Compound..... 1 oz.
Syrup Sarsaparilla..... 6 oz.

Directions: One teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime. Any good druggist can dispense this, or, even better, a person can buy the items separately and mix them at home by shaking them well together in a bottle. It is stated that the ingredients being vegetable, are harmless and simple. It has a gentle and natural action, and gradually tones up the eliminative tissues, leaving the kidneys in a perfectly healthy condition.

A merchant well known in public affairs states that this recipe cured his rheumatism. Save the prescription.

As he spoke the tree across the street appeared with dazzling brightness on his inner vision. It seemed to lurk just under his eye-lids, and he could see it whenever he wished.

"An' your job?" she quavered.

"I ain't never goin' to work again."

"My God, Johnny!" she wailed, "don't say that!"

What he had said was blasphemy to her. As a mother who hears her child deny God, was Johnny's mother shocked by his words.

"What's got into you, anyway?" she demanded, with a lame attempt at imperativeness.

"Figures," he answered. "Jes' figures. I've ben doin' a lot of figurin' this week, an' it's most surprisin'."

"I don't see what that's got to do with it," she sniffled.

Johnny smiled patiently and his mother was aware of a distinct shock at the persistent absence of his peevishness and irritability.

"I'll show you," he said. "I'm plum tired out. What make's me tired? Moves. I've ben movin' ever since I was born. I'm tired of movin', an' I ain't goin' to move any more. Remember when I worked in the glass house? I used to do three hundred dozen a day. Now I reckon I made about ten different moves to each bottle. That's thirty-six thousand moves a day. Ten days, three hundred an' sixty thousand moves. One month, one million, an' eighty thousand moves—Chuck out the eighty thousand—"

he spoke with the complacent beneficence of a philanthropist—"chuck out the eighty thousand," that leaves a million moves a month—twelve million moves a year.

"At the looms I'm movin' twic'st as much. That makes twenty-five million moves a year, an' it seems to me I've ben a-movin' that way 'most a million years."

"Now this week I ain't moved at all. I ain't made one move in hours an' hours. I tell you it was swell, jes' settin' there hours an' hours, an' doin' nothin'."

I ain't never ben happy before. I never had any time. I've ben movin' all the time. That ain't no way to be happy. An' I ain't goin' to do it any more. I'm jes' goin' to set, an' set, an' rest, an' rest, an' then rest some more."

"But what's goin' to come of Will an' the children?" she asked despairing.

"That's it Will an' the children," he repeated.

But there was no bitterness in his voice. He had long known his mother's ambition for the younger boy, but the thought of it no longer rankled. Nothing mattered any more. Not even that.

"I know, ma, what you've ben plannin' fer Will—keepin' him in school to make a bookkeeper out of him. But it ain't no use. I've quit. He's got to go to work."

"An' after I have brung you up the way I have," she wept, starting to cover her head with her apron and changing her mind.

"You never brung me up," he answered with sad kindness. "I brung myself up, ma, an' I brung up Will. He's bigger'n me, an' heavier an' taller. When I was a kid I reckon I didn't git enough to eat. When he come along an' was a kid, I was workin' an' earnin' grub for him, too. But that's done with. Will can go to work same as me, or he can go to hell. I don't care which. I'm tired. I'm goin' now. Ain't you goin' to say good-bye?"

She made no reply. The apron had gone over her head and she was crying. He paused a moment in the doorway.

"I'm sure I done the best I knew how," she was sobbing.

He passed out of the house and down the street. A wan delight came into his face at the sight of the lone tree.

"Jes' ain't goin' to do nothin'," he said to himself, half aloud, in a crooning tone. He glanced wistfully up at the sky, but the bright sun dazzled and blinded him.

It was a long walk he took, and he did not walk fast. It took him past the juke-mill. The muffled roar of the loom-room came to his ears, and he smiled. It was a gentle, placid smile. He hated no one, not even the pounding shrieking machines. There was no bitterness in him, nothing but an inordinate hunger for rest.

The houses and factories thinned out and the open spaces increased as he approached the country. At last the city was left behind him, and he was walking down a leafy lane beside the railroad track. He did not walk like a man. He did not look like a man. He was a travesty of the human. It was a twisted and stunted and nameless piece of life that shambled like a sickly ape, arms loose-hanging, stoop-shouldered, narrow chested, grotesque, terrible.

He passed by a small railway station and lay down in the grass under a tree. All afternoon he lay there. Sometimes

he dozed with muscles that twitched in his sleep. When awake he lay without movement, watching the birds or looking up at the sky through the branches of the tree above him. Once or twice he laughed aloud, but with relevance to anything he had seen or felt.

After twilight had gone, in the first darkness of the night, a freight train rumbled into the station. While the engine was switching cars onto the side-track, Johnny crept along the side of the train. He pulled open the side door of an empty box-car and awkwardly and laboriously climbed in. He closed the door. The engine whistled, Johnny was lying down, and in the darkness he smiled.

THE END

The chief priests and rulers cry:

"O Lord and Master, not ours the guilt,

We build but as our fathers built;

Behold thine images how they stand

Sovereign and sole through all our land.

"Our task is hard—with sword and flame,

To hold thine earth forever the same,

And with sharp crooks of steel to keep

Still as thou leftest them, thy sheep."

Then Christ sought out an artisan,

A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,

And a motherless girl whose fingers

Crushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set he in the midst of them,

And as they drew back their garment

hem

For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said he,

"The images ye have made of me."

—James Russell Lowell

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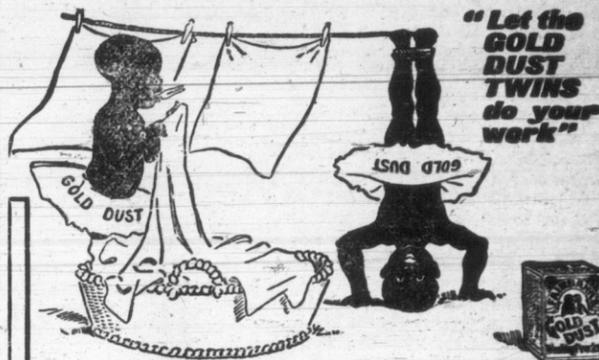
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