

Temperance

'Are We Downhearted? No!'

A Temperance Song.

(H. A. Beavan, in the 'Alliance News.')

I sing a song of hope to-day,
A song to cheer a stormy way,
A song of drinkdom's overthrow,
For God is mightier than our foe!

Our veterans fall who nobly fought;
The ranks fill up, their spirit caught.
With newer tactics 'gainst drink's sin,
We rush the field and fight to win!

We load our guns with speech and song,
Recount the story of drink's wrong;
Bid every brother deal his blow
'Are we downhearted? No, no, no!'

A race with hands from drink's stain clean
Shall in the coming years be seen.
Its evolution sure, if slow;
'Are we downhearted? No, no, no!'

A Temperance Story.

(Rev. Frank A. Hardin, D.D., in the 'N. C. Advocate.')

I was but six years old when I received my first temperance lesson, which made me a teetotaler and a Prohibitionist for the rest of my life. It was an object lesson in the person of my first school-teacher. He was a man of comely figure and commanding presence, erect, and had an eye of surpassing brightness and intelligence, such a person as would draw childhood to him. While he maintained the strictest discipline, I never knew him to punish one of the children. We applied ourselves to study, not from fear, but for love's sake, and made rapid progress, so he became popular with the patrons of the school. As I remember, he had but one fault. I cannot say whether it was fastened upon him by heredity or the force of example. Be that as it may, that one fault made his life a tragedy. He had an appetite for strong drink, but he had so many excellent qualities that no one thought of displacing him. He was what men call a periodical drinker, and would go on an occasional spree. I never knew him, however, to attempt to hear recitations when under the influence of liquor. We came to know when his spasm of drink was on by his peculiar garb. He had served in the War of 1812, and held the rank of major. I do not know whether in his contact with the patrons of the school he reserved the right to take a day off or not, but the children became familiar with his habits and knew about when to expect a holiday. As he appeared a little late for school to begin, clothed in his regimentals, he was greeted with applause. The martial spirit took hold of us and we lined up for a drill after the form and manner of our fathers. We had both a drummer and a fifer in two of the older scholars and the school was provided with a flag. As the old man appeared with true military bearing he would order the long roll beaten and, with the air of a commander, order us to rally to the colors; and for a longer or shorter time, according to his caprice, we would march and countermarch around the public square, greatly to the amusement of the bystanders, of whom we usually had a large number. If at times he saw weariness among the smaller children he would allow them to drop out of the ranks. He always brought us out on the parade ground in order and, bidding us stand at parade rest, would call the roll and was careful that each should have his credit marks. This being done with the precision characteristic of him in the schoolroom he would order us to fire a volley, at which signal every mouth, big and little, would explode, and we would then break ranks and



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scatter to our homes returning the next morning so as to be ready when our commander returned to take up the line of study where we left off before adjournment. This state of things continued without protest as far as I can remember, until we were shocked by the news of the old man's death. It happened on that day I was earlier than usual. Seeing a group of men standing over a prostrate form, I hastened to the spot and was horrified. There lay my first schoolmaster, dead. Late in the night he had started for his home and, having fallen face forward, had smothered in a little pool of water. For a time all were silent. Just at that moment the man who sold him the liquor came up to inquire the cause. One of the company spoke and said: 'You are the cause of this man's death.' The liquor seller turned away without a word and left the crowd. At that moment I purposed in my heart to lead a life of total abstinence from all intoxicants, and that I would for all future time wage war against traffic in intoxicants. Now, after seventy years, I am proud to remain both a teetotaler and a Prohibitionist.

The Cigaretist.

'Cigarette smokers are often active, alert, competent men. They are quick to see an opportunity, quick to take advantage of it, appreciative, sympathetic, kind. But when you see such a one he is in his prime, at his best; his star is at zenith, not on the horizon, or at madir. Never again will he be as much of a man as he is now. His future lies behind. He is not growing into a better man. He is not in the line of evolution. If you want a man who will train on, flee the cigarette as you would a pestilence. He will surely disappoint you. And the better and brighter your young man, the faster will be his descent to Avernus.'

'The cigarette smoker is not a degenerate because he smokes cigarettes. Quite often he is a cigarette smoker because he is a degenerate. In preparing a culture bed for vice

germs do not omit cigarettes. Cigarettes stupefy the conscience, deaden the brain, place the affections in abeyance, and bring the beast to the surface.'

'I am aware that cigarette smokers often make fine distinctions between the factory prepared article and those they roll with their weak, nervous fingers in our presence. But after a long and careful study of the subject, I can find no reason to suppose that there is any real choice in cigarette-paper, cigarettes, or cigarette-tobacco. The burning of the tobacco and paper together in proximity to the saliva distills a subtle, chemical poison that has its sure effect even upon the strongest constitution.'

'Cigarette smoking begins with an effort to be smart.'—Irish League Journal.

Look After the Children.

(Lady Henry Somerset, in the 'Temperance Leader.')

How well I remember the case of a drunken mother who turned on her own sickly little child, and said, 'I hate you!'

The child turned its wan, pale face to its mother, and said, 'Mother, I did not ask you to born me.'

Some years ago I was passing along a great thoroughfare at the hour of midnight, and I saw a little boy sitting on the kerb and anxiously looking at the illuminated clock at the end of the street. I asked him what he was waiting for.

'I am waiting to bring mother home,' said he.

Every night that little boy, eight years of age, went there and waited for his drunken mother to come out of the public-house, so that he could conduct her to the place they called home.

We must look after these children. or England will disappear with that great crowd of nations which have passed away in disgrace and ruin.—'Temperance Leader.'

PRIZES AWARDED.

That our alert young 'Pictorial' agents appreciate the chance of getting a good prize at the end of three months, in addition to the handsome premiums or liberal cash commissions they earn steadily by selling the 'Canadian Pictorial,' is well shown in this first competition for 1908.

The competition was to cover the aggregate sales of the first three months of the year; and so that country boys should be at no disadvantage by ranking with boys in the cities and large towns, two separate classes were made, but results show that the country boys this time are away ahead, taking a lead by thirty 'Pictorials.' Ontario is the banner province, capturing both city and country prizes. After the two first prizes had been awarded, the boy making the largest sales in each province was to receive a book prize.

The boy who comes out first of all this time hails from a small railway town in Western Ontario. In last competition, for the flag, he came out second, but a good way behind; this time he comes first with a splendid lead, having sold 156 copies in all of the three issues.

In the city class the first place is taken by one of our steadiest and best agents, who sold 122, exactly the same as was sold by the head boy of British Columbia—another country boy.

The successful boys are as follows:

Country Prize

HAROLD McADIE,
S——, Ont.

City Prize

WALLACE McDONALD,
T——, Ont.

These two boys will each receive a handsome Waterman 'Ideal' Fountain Pen, Safety Clip and all—a pen for a lifetime. They will please write us at once, naming the style of nib they prefer, fine, medium, or stub.

Provincial Prizes

DOUGLAS A. WRIGHT, B.C.
A. BARLOW WHITESIDE, Alta.
W. FRASER MCGIBBON, Sask.
DELFORED SCHELL, Man.
DAVID BROWN, Ont.

WILLIE CARSON, Que.
SAMUEL McLEOD, P.E.I.
MARVIN EDGAR, N.B.
WALDO DAVIDSON, N.S.

The above will receive a book prize as having sold the largest number in their respective provinces. The boys who have not won prizes, but who have in many cases done fine work, must make a special effort this time and see if they cannot carry off honors in July.

Any boy interested in our plan should write at once for a package of 'Pictorials' to start on with full instructions and premium list.
Address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'