

# Temperance

## Strikes.

Strikes are quite proper, only strike right;  
Strike to some purpose, but not for a fight;  
Strike for your manhood, for honor and fame;  
Strike right and left till you win a good name;  
Strike for your freedom from all that is vile;  
Strike off companions who often beguile;  
Strike with the hammer, the sledge and the ax;  
Strike off bad habits with troublesome tax;  
Strike out unaided, depend on no lodge;  
Strike without gloves, and with never a dodge;  
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride;  
Strike where 'tis best, but let wisdom decide;  
Strike a good blow while the iron is hot;  
Strike, and keep striking, till you hit the right spot.

—'National Advocate.'

## The Can and the Cannon.

At a farewell banquet given to a company of our soldier boys just before they left to fight in the Philippines, this true incident was related by a veteran of the Civil War. He was carrying a great can, full of whisky to be used as daily rations by the sailors, and was pulling away in his little boat when from the deck of the 'Black Hawk' high overhead came a voice.—'Young man!' He thus tells the story:

'I looked up. There, gazing down at me, with rebuke in his eyes, stood the commander of the fleet, Commodore Foote. I saluted.

'Young man, what have you got in that can?'

'Whisky, sir.'

'I thought so'; then, after a pause, 'Young man!'

'I saluted again.

'Look up here.' I looked.

'What do you see?'

'A cannon, sir.'

'What does that cannon mean?'

'Now this questioning made me decidedly uncomfortable, and I scarcely knew what to reply, but those eyes demanded an answer.

'It means death and destruction, sir,' I ventured.

'He bent down over the guard rail and stretched out one forefinger toward the can in my boat as if he were taking aim at it, while the other he pointed directly to the cannon's mouth directly over my head.

'Young man, this cannon here does mean death and destruction. It discharges a shot that weighs 64 pounds. Yet you, in that can of whisky there, are carrying more death and destruction to our soldier boys than this big gun will ever carry to anybody.'

'I waited.

'That's all,' said the commodore; 'remember it.'—'Endeavor World.'

## Tobacco and Nervousness.

The following strong indictment of the tobacco habit appeared recently in 'Physical Culture':

There are more nervous men in America at present than at any time in the history of our country. It is the American disease—this nervousness. Every physician has on his books, as patients, dozens of middle-aged men who are "run down," who cannot sleep, whose stomachs refuse to assimilate the food taken into them. The diagnosis in nine cases out of ten is "nervousness," and they attribute the disturbance to having kept the nervous tension "too tight" for a period of years.

But this is not the cause.

Not one in a hundred of the nervous breakdown reported touch any save the users of tobacco.

Walk along the avenues of the city. The tobacco stores are as numerous as the liquor stores.

Both are the great enemies of superb manhood.

'Drink has claimed its thousands, but tobacco has claimed its tens of thousands for weakness, misery and early death. The cup is sedulously kept from the lips of the immature boy by the law; but the infant may secure cigarettes and blast his physical powers with little hindrance.

If the history of all the nervous breakdowns were traced, there would be a strain of nicotine through every one of them.

'Do you use tobacco? Is your appetite more to you than strong nerves, superb manhood, clear brain? If not, give it up.

There are six great curses of this age: The corset curse that weakens womanhood; the curse of sexual ignorance that degrades humanity beneath the level of brutishness; the curse of muscular inactivity that causes many to droop and wither before their time; the curse of overeating that gives pain to so many and puts fees into the pockets of doctors; the alcohol curse that robs so many men of reason and all the qualities of manhood; and tobacco—vehicle of the great demon Nicotine, who has his shrines so thick along every city thoroughfare, its leaves spreading over so many thousands of fertile acres, more baneful than the cursed poppy that brings the languorous sleep more awful than death.

If you are growing up, don't let this curse fasten itself upon you. If you are in its clutches, strike boldly for freedom and manhood!

## How are we to Suppress Intemperance.

Many means have been tried and failed. These have palliated the evil, but they have not cured it. Personal abstinence we believe to be the only thorough cure and efficient remedy. It possesses a threefold power—Prevention, Reformation, and Preservation. If the omnipotence and value of Prevention were realized and acted upon, much misery, sorrow, wretchedness, and degradation would be unknown. Let those, then, who are untouched by the enemy hold fast their antipathy to drinking, and withstand all alliance with the drinking customs, and they will be through life practical illustrations of the power of Temperance as a preventive of drunkenness. Temperance is also a reforming power. Many know this in their experience. When, by the vice of intemperance, they were a shame to themselves and a disgrace to their relatives, by a word of sympathy and kindly persuasion they have been influenced to try personal abstinence. By acting on Temperance principles, by becoming members of a Temperance society, by associating with Temperance reformers, by working in the Temperance enterprise earnestly, actively, and prayerfully, they have resuscitated those gifts of mind with which they were endowed, and exerted them nobly for the benefit of others. It is also a work of Reformation. It is to be lamented when one falls out of the ranks by his own action. The resolution formed and the practice adopted has been departed from. The appetite for drink, self-created, is never eradicated. It may be silenced, it may be hid, but as certain as the man lives it is there. Give him intoxicating drink and it will again burst forth with irresistible force and power. He who has been addicted to intemperance and gives it up must touch not, taste not, handle not. How can the reclaimed find safety but in an abstaining community? We appeal, then, to all as Christians, philanthropists, patriots, and citizens to join our ranks, so that by abstinence for the individual and prohibition for the State we may secure the extinction of drunkenness and promote those moral and social conditions in society which can alone give to the individual and the community that felicity and peace which make life here a pleasure and a fitting preparation for the life to come.—'Temperance Leader.'

## Old Men and Women Do Bless Him.

Thousands of people come or send every year to Dr. D. M. Bye for his Balm Oil to cure them of cancer and other malignant diseases. Out of this number a great many very old people, whose ages range from seventy to one hundred years, on account of distance and infirmities of age, send for home treatment. A free book is sent, telling what they say of the treatment. Address DR. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 106, Dept. 418, Indianapolis, Ind. (If not afflicted, cut this out and send it to some suffering one.) (7)

# HOUSEHOLD.

## An Evening Thought.

Softly, as when a mother's hand  
Tucks in her little ones at night,  
The darkness folds the drowsy land,  
And fades and fades the lingering light.  
On velvet slope and glimmering fell  
The tender shadows rest like love,  
And wheresoe'er God's children dwell  
His peace is shed their lives above.

God's children! Bird upon the bough,  
And lambkin lying on the hill,  
And wild goat on the mountain's brow,  
And eagle where the great winds thrill,  
And all the wayward, wandering ones,  
The tribes of men, or near, or far—  
God keep the whole; 'neath stars or suns  
Where life is found God's children are.

If precious be the rocking nest,  
And guard he hath for hidden lair,  
Are we not yet more truly blest  
And closer in His sleepless care?  
So may we shut our eyes and sleep;  
So may we have no tryst with fear.  
The dear Christ stoops our souls to keep;  
As Christ's own life, our souls are dear.

Lo! through the dusk I seem to see  
The lifting of an awesome cross,  
Where once He hung for you and me,  
His ransom paying for our dress.  
Lo! through the dusk I hear the song  
That never ceases where they stand,  
The countless, glorious white-robed throng,  
Who praise Him in Immanuel's land.

—Margaret E. Sangster, in 'Interior.'

## An Idyl of Travel.

(Effie Kelly Price, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

'I don't mind the days so much, for I can look at the people, and they keep my mind off thinking of him. But the nights are hard, for I can't keep from thinking,' a woman's

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