

# THE ENORMOUS SUMS SPENT ON DRINK.

BY R. J. LOUIS CUDDIHY.

Among the many evils which afflict the world at large to-day, none stand out with such a bold front as drink. In whatever light we view the subject we can only arrive at one conclusion, namely, that the drink habit is increasing day after day, and causing misery and want in thousands of homes, filling church yards with pauper's graves, and leaving families penniless. There is an old and true saying: "War has slain its thousands, but drink its tens of thousands." The workingman's hard earnings go to support the saloon or the rum shop, while his family has to do without the necessities of life. The question naturally arises: Why should a person be so foolish to toil and drag, give his life's blood away for six long days in the week, and when he receives a few dollars for that hard toil, sacrifice every cent of it in a few hours in a saloon? Habit and the unsatisfied thirst for the liquor habit makes him forget everything. Such a man, no doubt, is foolish, and his foolishness carries him to the bitter end—misery and destruction.

"In 1899," says a magazine, speaking of the drink bill of the workingman, "of the £154,480,934 spent on intoxicants in the United Kingdom, roughly £2 out of every £3 (or a total sum of £100,000,000 sterling) came from the working classes, whose wages are expressed in so many shillings a week, and whose families are usually as large as their means of supporting them are small. It is estimated that every working class family in Great Britain and Ireland spend no less than £16 13s 4d on an average on intoxicants each year. They consumed in beer, spirits and wine the total earnings of nine weeks of labor, and poured into the coffers of publicans as much gold as would, a very few years ago, have met our national expenditure in a year. Every second two weeks' income of an average working class family disappeared in drink. Every minute they swallowed over £190, or two years' income of a skilful artisan, and every day they drank the weight in gold of eight working class families, while every month they drank as much as would have kept them in nourishing food for a week. Of every four gallons of beer drunk in the United Kingdom that year, the workingman and his family drank three of every four gallons of spirits consumed, he was also responsible for three; and he drank one gallon out of every ten gallons of wine." Such a statement is appalling, yet it is true.

Let us glance for a moment at the quantity of beer which the working classes of our Dominion find necessary to satisfy their craving, and to quench their thirst yearly. They drink at a rough estimation no less than 12,000,000 gallons, at an average

cost to each family of \$3, or roughly 25c a month. With this beer we could make a river equal to some of our greatest here, and that river would be able to hold (or to float them) the thousands of our people, on the beer they consume each year, a man on the bed of which nearly all the males of our Dominion could find standing room, and we might go further and make a colossal cistern into which we might drop a very large building, indeed.

If a brewer were to undertake to supply the working classes with a single hour's beer (distributing the thirst equally over all the twenty-four hours of the day) he would require 38 one-horse drays, forming a close procession of one-ninth of a mile long, and conveying a weight of liquid (exclusive of barrels) of 43 tons. All the people of one of our towns would find it impossible to carry an hour's supply of working class beer.

In beer alone the workingman swallows \$7 every night and every day. But beer by no means satisfies his craving for intoxicants. He requires in addition 500,000 gallons of spirits, which when diluted would swell to at least 1,500,000 gallons, or sufficient to make a stream of diluted spirits. For his spirits he pays nearly \$350,000 every month. Of wine he consumes 20,000 gallons, for which he pays roughly \$70,000.

An amazing feature of this annual outlay is the proportion it bears to income. Take the case of a man on a weekly income of \$9 with a wife and three children. The average rent by such a man is \$2 a week; food say \$4 a week. If we add to these items \$2, the average sum spent weekly on drink, and 25c for tobacco, we have the magnificent sum of 75c left for clothing, fires, light, medical expenses and the hundred and one demands of family life.

Reader, such information would make the blood boil in your veins, but I ask you if you are one of the unfortunate ones, are you still going to continue such a miserable and shocking way of living? Take issue with yourself, strive manfully to overcome the awful habit. The reason why that so many are still hovering around the liquor habit is because they don't strive hard enough to get rid of it. Remember the night of your life is fast approaching, and you, like too many others, may fill a drunkard's grave.

"Write it on the school boy's slate, Write it on the prison gate, Where there's drink, there's danger."

Write it on your copy-book, For the old and young to look, Where there's drink, there's danger.

Write it on the graveyard mound, Where the drunkard's grave is found, Where there's drink, there's danger."

## FADS FOR PRESERVING HEALTH.

Most people know how to get sick, but few know how to keep well, remarks a contributor to the New York "Post." Health is an art to be learned like any other art that is, by study, observation, experiment, and the analysis of the reasons which make a given result possible. The hit-or-miss style of living establishes a hit-or-miss constitution. And some attention to the art of preserving health is imperatively demanded by the frightful prevalence of what physicians call Neurasthenia. I suppose the English of the Greek symbol would come pretty close to describing the nervous exhaustion, affecting directly or indirectly every vital organ, cuts off gifted lives. Secretary Windom fell dead while making a notable speech at the Board of Trade banquet; Henry George died from overwork at the fulness of his powers; Castlemeyr expired while his audience was thrilled with his last song; Remenyi, wizard of the bow, dropped in his tracks long before his normal span was reached; Dr. William M. Taylor was built to last beyond three-score and ten and perished some milestones this side the threshold; George E. Waring, during the whelming mental strain and was lost to the cause he glorified before his depths of usefulness were sounded. And so it goes.

Now, at twenty years of age a temperate person is supposed to have a chance of living for forty-four years. Should the same person, still living a temperate life (and herein lies the crux), arrive at the age of sixty-six, the chances are that he will exist fourteen years longer. With the intemperate, whether from drink or nerve-wear, chances diminish perhaps forty per cent. although I have not the exact figures at hand. Every body well understands that work alone, tempered by judicious exercise, prolongs existence. A lazy brain or a sluggish body invites disease. A man may keep going heartily and cheerfully, and to surprising age limits, when the machine of his physical being is lubricated with the oil of common sense and invigorated by proper rest. Every barber will tell you that a razor edge grows keen by occasional disuse. The edge of the mind regains its temper by the same method. But what one may do to maintain the play impulse at equilibrium with the work impulse another may not do. Temperaments vary. When the Russian, Marcial Kutnomoff desired a good night's sleep he removed his spurs! I believe he did not die young. Other men would die young if they sought to sleep with spurs on their feet.

It will thus be seen that the art of keeping well is one that each must learn for himself. And if, as Schiller

writes, "All art is dedicated to joy," joy and health are synonymous terms. It is worth while to study this connection with sedulous care to reap the fruits of a rounded age, replete with usefulness and vigor. Of fads for preserving strength and vigor there is a dismal sufficiency. But recently people drank piping hot water as a cure-all. Others went bare-footed in the cold dews of morning. Some try electric hair-brushes. Going without breakfast has broken a possible corner in Porterhouse steaks. One man declares he owes his recuperation to hot milk and taffy. Milton Rathbun, who fasted for thirty-five days, says, "I feel better, I think clearer." And of all these various fads for keeping well I am bound to say that the quasi-starvation method appears not unreasonable. According to a theory advanced by a physician in an Eastern State, the brain, being the great dynamo of the body, exerts curative powers over the body when not made to take up other work such as the assimilation of food through the stomach. I suppose he must go on the assumption of the Irish officials who when distributing bread during the famine, proceeded on the theory that there could be no actual suffering as long as there was a noticeable calf on the leg! At all events, the people who eat too much and play too little are as the sands of the sea for multitude. Cut down the food consumption one-half, and extend the play time one-quarter, and the instances of neurasthenia would not be so startling or so numerous.

But, after all, I am inclined to think the art of keeping well lies, in large measure, in what some would consider a very insignificant cause: I refer to the absolute cessation of the everlasting "fussing" which is the bane of so many lives. Let us look at this hobby more closely. One barbed arrow is but a pin-prick to the bull. But a shower of barbed arrows persistently hurting against his hide diminishes the power of resistance to the final thrust of the maul. One nibble from a tree-destroying insect makes but a pin-hole in leaf or bark. But a thousand insects feeding for days and weeks denude that tree of leaves and scalp away the bark. So it is with the needless worries of mankind. They dig straight to the core of the most exuberant vitality when persisted in. A mother "fusses" once for fear her boy will not be in at dark. That will not shape a wrinkle in her brow. But the habit formed, and carried over into daily counsel of a thousand needless fears, will raise a network of wrinkles and wear the nerves to ribbons. I knew of a young woman who could never drive in summer time unless a pair of green goggles

protected her eyes, a veil her face, a shawl must be taken for fear of sudden cold, and a whole arsenal of protective agencies loaded into the vehicle. That young woman, on account of her silly "fussing," doubtless will be older at thirty than she should be at forty. Or take the "fussy" traveler. He exhausts himself and every one else in the final stages of the journey, and arrives at home more of a wreck than when he left it. Now consider the whole ensemble of the worrying chorus, the "fussing" chorus in its effect upon life. It yields a crop of irritants more baneful in undermining the constitution than myriad other causes for which the doctor gravely prescribes medicine in the form of drugs. It becomes a steady patter of stinging drops upon the most impervious stone of health, and is it surprising that the stone is worn away? Had I space to develop the thought, I could show by scientific and mathematical demonstration that such is the case. As it is, I can only suggest that the answer to the question, How to keep well, is by no means remote from the problem of such absolute self-control as will reduce worry and "fussing" to a minimum.

## CATHOLICITY IN MEXICO.

Stanley E. Bowdler, a Protestant, in a letter from the city of Mexico, says:

"Religion is the most important fact about a man or a nation of men. This was Carlyle's notion, and as strikingly true as its expression is characteristically awkward. If it was spoken concerning the Mexicans its truth is demonstrable, for the religious spirit among them is as omnipresent as the Omnipotent. Every city and villa has its impressive churches which show the lamp of sacrifice undimmed by the lapse of centuries.

"I will not give unto the Lord of the dead, which cost me nothing," seems to have been the sentiment of these Mexicans as truly as it was David's. Every temple seems to say: "Our builders gave the best they had of thought, of toil, material and wealth."

When Cortez reached the capital of Anahuac, the building that first arrested his attention was the temple of the Sun—and well it might. There at the city's centre was an architectural enigma, that seemed to belong to the weird age of pyramid and hieroglyph, diabolism. Its top was the scene of Druidical rites, the bloodiest that wretched paganism could devise. More than 5,000 men were annually sacrificed there to appease the gods who sent the Montezumas maize and victory.

In this Rome of the Aztec's world and in the court of this very temple the good Father Olmado celebrated the first Mass witnessed in Guatmozin's capital. The God who delights not in burnt offerings and sacrifices, but in a contrite heart, stood in paganism's most holy place that November morning of 1518, whilst the last victims were being offered to the Aztec's non-resident gods. The contrast stirred Cortez, and he vowed that of that temple not one stone should remain upon another which should not be pulled down; and he reared upon its foundations a temple worthy the God who for a little time deigns to dwell in temples made with hands. Cortez obliterated the Aztec's temple to the sun and commenced to build the Cathedral, to be finished by his successors, and of which we now speak briefly.

The Cathedral of Mexico city is unquestionably the most historic ecclesiastical structure in the Western world. In age in momentousness, of events happening in and about it, in the terrible temple that it supplanted, in the sacrifice of wealth it represents—stupendous for the generation that built it—this Cathedral is the most venerated, historic and storied edifice of this hemisphere. In the aristocracy of churches it is without peer. Every stone invites reflection, and every chapel within its walls solemnly. From the moment of entrance a hush is upon you, and you find yourself unconsciously tipping to the American century and more before the American century hour; its walls saw the investment of Spain's avaricious viceroys; the crowning of the valiant, misguided Iturbide, the young Emperor, and heard the welcoming Te Deums to Maximilian. Its peaceful, majestic towers looked down upon the bloodiest revolutions of any event that have occurred in this or any other world, and saw Mexico's last convulsion and humiliation, when 10,000 victorious Americans under General Scott were drawn up on the "Zocalo," which the Cathedral fronts, terminating an unjust war criminally levied against an almost defenseless people. In all the pomp and circumstance of historic ecclesiastical greatness this church is first among the churches of the two Americas. Centuries have added to its dignity, age has brought power and not debility; and its solemn, prayer-inspiring spires seem to point with almost youthful vigor to the house not made with hands eternal in the heavens.

I attended Mass there Easter morning, 1899. As I approached the Cathedral court the rays of the always welcome Mexican sun were stealing between the snowy tops of the two great volcanoes, whose old-time spires are as dead as the Aztec's gods. The conspicuous place of the court were already filled with a great number of pitiable, chilly, aim-praying invalids. It was a duplicate of the court of the temple called beautiful, lacking Peter and John only.

At least three thousand Mexicans were kneeling within the Cathedral—an impressive sight anywhere, but in this setting of majesty, solemnity and historic association, a picture of touching eloquence. And they knelt throughout the service, for Mexican churches are without seats. Their

combreros were carefully placed in an angle made by their kneeling limbs, and their serapes folded over their shoulders.

I stood in the shade of a pillar to render my Protestantism less conspicuous, yet I fancy I could not have been seen had I stood beside the main altar, for there was a stolid fixity about these people, a single-mindedness of religious purpose that makes intruding Protestants irrelevant, and that made this temple possible.

There was no rustle of skirts, no vain, studied stride, no looking about to see the milliner's creations worn by neighbors. There were no unctuous ushers to escort thoroughly belated parishites to high seats. It was one tremendous democracy of Mexican sinners—the rich, the poor, kneeling side by side, each class oblivious to the other's presence and each face showing an intensity of purpose that seemed to say: "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner."

To these kneeling worshippers dyed with sins, which only the hyssop of God's grace could cleanse, the service was as impressive as the first vision of the pillar of fire by night to the Israelites. The thousand masses that they had attended had brought no callousness. Time had intensified the august mystery of the Mass. To them it was a veritable mount of transfiguration, for they seemed to see no one save Jesus only.

I left the church with this pensive crowd, over whose faces a happy change had come because of the deposit of their sins with the sleepless saints. The morning chill had gone, and the capital of the Montezumas was again bathed in dazing sunlight.

The power of the cross impressed us as we turned for a last look into the grandest Cathedral of the Western hemisphere standing on the foundations of the greatest and most terrible temple of paganism.

## STRANGE NOTES FROM AMERICAN JOURNALS.

**FUEL OF RIVER MUD.**—Fuel from Chicago river mud is Sanitary Trustee Alexander Jones' latest project. Capping President Boldenweck's famous discovery that the opening of the big ditch to Joliet had given Cook county a Mackinac summer, Mr. Jones has adapted the idea of the London capitalists who propose to scoop inflammable briquettes out of the bottom of the Thames, and stands authority for the statement that a company is forming in Chicago to deepen the river for what there is in it.

"Bubbly creek briquettes," according to Mr. Jones, are destined to topple Youghiogheny and Indiana block coal from their proud pedestals as the standard steam and hot-air producers. "And then the sanitary district could arrange to have briquettes for the Bridgeport pumps ground out as they were needed."

Mr. Jones announced, rapturously, that he could do away with any chances of future coal scandals. "When Indians come into the agency they usually take their meals at the hotel, sometimes fifty or sixty a day, but the landlord says there is no money in feeding them, because they eat so much. He has to pay 15 and 17 cents a pound for meats, and every Indian will eat a pound or more at a meal. They are passionately fond of ice cream, and nearly every day several call at the hotel to inquire if it is to be served at dinner. If so they stay. If not they come again."

husband, Joseph Eckel, to whom she was last married about three years ago. This is the third time Mrs. Eckel has sought separation from the same husband. She is about 60 years of age, while her husband is about 26. Mrs. Eckel was the widow of Mayor O. R. Winston of East St. Louis, who died about twelve years ago. He left her a fortune in East St. Louis, real estate valued at \$500,000. Mrs. Eckel charges her husband with desertion.

**GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.**—For the last week Kalamazoo and vicinity have suffered from a pest of grasshoppers which is said to be the worst ever known here. Houses and stores are swarmed with the insects, and there seems to be no way to get rid of them. In one restaurant to-day the serving of meals was discontinued until a large swarm of hoppers could be driven out. On account of the plague the city has not burned its electric lights for the last few nights and all stores have closed at six o'clock. The insects filled up the are-lamp globes and put the lights out. Some of the hoppers are nearly three inches long, and they sing like locusts. In the celery fields their music is deafening.

One afternoon between Cressy and Delton a train was stopped by an army of hoppers which extended for several rods and completely covered the track for several inches. The crushed bodies of the hoppers acted like oil on the rails, the drive-wheels of the engine refusing to work until the insects had been shoveled away by the trainmen.

**DIET AND GLUTTONY.**—President Harper, of the Chicago University, denies that he will experiment with living on a diet not to cost beyond 15 cents a day, says a correspondent of a Catholic weekly. Quite a hullabaloo has been started in the papers on this subject, and the old truth that millions of human beings live on less than 15 cents a day and thrive, along with the other ancient truth that men and women "dig their graves with their teeth"—by gluttony—make interesting reading.

The ration of Southern negroes are said to be about 8 cents per diem, and yet the colored people in the country despite the vices of freedom, are strong in body. It is currently asserted among the expert in such matters, that hundreds of millions of human beings who, individually are compelled to live on less than 15 cents a day, enjoy life more and are healthier and happier than the gross feeders. I have no doubt that, with a pure water supply and simple wholesome, inexpensive diet, in all countries, as a common practice, many doctors would lose their trade and one-half the hospitals would be closed up. William E. Curtis, in one of his letters, tells us that the Grey Indians are dying of "civilized" diseases and gluttony. They are not intemperate in strong drink, but hogwash in food consumption, on the

agency they usually take their meals at the hotel, sometimes fifty or sixty a day, but the landlord says there is no money in feeding them, because they eat so much. He has to pay 15 and 17 cents a pound for meats, and every Indian will eat a pound or more at a meal. They are passionately fond of ice cream, and nearly every day several call at the hotel to inquire if it is to be served at dinner. If so they stay. If not they come again."

Chief Engineer Isham Randolph of the sanitary district admitted yesterday that he had been asked for an expert opinion in the matter of turning the river bottom into food for the franchise. "I'll back Bubbly creek against the world for pure richness. The project is the biggest thing Chicago has ever undertaken."

**LAND SINKS TEN FEET.**—A despatch from Santa Fe, N.M., August 17, says:—A Pintada ranchman was in the city to-day and reports a phenomena at Agua Negra, Guadalupe county. On Tuesday night the inhabitants were awakened by a rumbling noise like that of an earthquake. Subsequent investigation revealed that several hundred acres of prairie had sunk about ten feet, and the cavity had filled with water, although there had been no rainfall. In a few days the water had seeped through the ground and a subterranean river was discovered 500 feet below the surface.

**A THIRD DIVORCE.**—In the Circuit Court, Belleville, Ill., Mrs. Bencia V. Eckel brought suit against her

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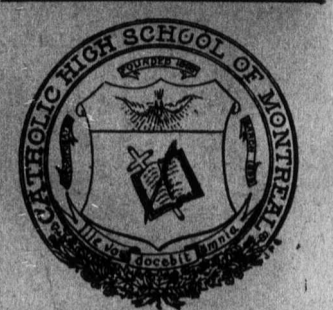
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## The Catholic School Commission of Montreal.

The re-opening of the Classes of the Catholic Commercial Academy, and all the other Schools under the control of the Commission, will take place on Monday, September 3rd. For all particulars apply to the Principal or Director of each School. 7-5

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