



What! Rob a Poor Man of His Beer?

What! rob a poor man of his beer
And give him good victuals instead?
Your heart's very hard, sir, I fear,
Or, at least, you are soft in the head.

What! rob a poor man of his mug
And give him good victuals alone?
With kitchen and parlor so snug?
'Tis enough to draw tears from a stone!

What! rob a poor man of his glass,
And teach him to read and to write?
What! save him from being an ass?
'Tis nothing but malice and spite!

What! rob a poor man of his ale
And prevent him from beating his wife,
From being locked up in a jail?
With penal employment for life?

What! rob a poor man of his beer
And keep him from starving his child?
It makes one feel dreadfully queer;
And I'll thank you to draw it more mild.
—National Advocate.

The Struggle With Appetite.

(John G. Woolley, in the 'National Advocate'.)

I shall never drink again, but one night in a New England train, and very ill, I met a stranger who pitied me and gave me a quick, powerful drug out of a small vial and my pain was gone in a minute or two, but alcohol was licking up my very blood with tongues of flame.

I should have gotten drunk that night, if I could. I thought of everything—of my two years of clean life; of the meeting I was going to, vouched for by my friend and brother, D. L. Moody, of the bright little home in New York; of Mary and the boys; I tried to pray, and my lips framed oaths. I reached up for God, and he was gone, and the fiercest fiend of hell had me by the throat, and shouted, 'Drink, Drink, Drink!' I said, 'But Mary—but the boys'; it said, 'To hell with Mary—come on, to the saloon!'

It was not yet daylight, Sunday morning, when I stood on the platform at Pawtucket, Rhode Island, alone. I flew from saloon to saloon, they were shut up, so were the drug stores and all that day, locked in my room at the hotel, I fought my fight and won it in the evening by the grace of God; but the people of Pawtucket never knew that the man who spoke to them that night had been in hell all day.

What would you take in cash to have that put into your life?

That is to be my portion until my dying day, but if merciful, patient time shall cauterize and heal the old, dishonorable wounds, and cover them with repulsive but impervious cicatrices, yet because I had those wounds, I am to be through my whole life considered a moral cliff-dweller, a creature of precipices, where one false step ends all; and so, denied full confidence of my fellow men—the highest grace of life to strive for, in this world; and I am told I have a Christian enemy or two who wait on tiptoe of expectancy and cheerfully prophesy the sure, near coming of my final plunge back into the Dea Sea of drink.

Several years ago, at another time, after a long lecture tour in the west, I telegraphed to my wife in Boston: 'I will arrive home to-night at eleven.' The train was late, and long after midnight I came under her window. The light was burning, and I knew that she was waiting for me. I let myself in; there were two flights of stairs, but twenty would have been nothing to me, my heart was hauling away, like a great balloon.

She stood in the middle of our room as pale and cold and motionless as a woman of snow,

and I knew at a glance that the sweet, brave life was in torture. 'What is it?' I cried, 'what is the matter?' and in my arms she sobbed out the everlasting tragedy of her wedded life: 'Nothing—at any rate, nothing ought to be the matter. I do believe in you; I knew you would come home; but I have listened for you so many years, that I seem to be just one great ear when you are beyond your time; I seem to have lost all sense but that of hearing when you are absent unexplained, and every sound on the street startles me, and every step on the stairs is a threat and a pain, and the stillness chokes me, and the darkness smothers me. And all the old, unhappy home-comings troop through my mind, without omitting one detail, and to-night I heard the children sighing in their sleep, and I thought I should die when I thought of you having to walk in your weariness, and in this midnight through Kneeland street alone.'

She thinks that I will never fall; and would deny to-day that she knows any fear, but yet, until the undertaker screws her sweet face out of my sight forever, that ghastly, unformed, nameless thing will walk the chambers of her heart whenever I am unaccounted for.

By the mercy of God, that has given to you the unshaken and unshakable confidence of her you love, I beseech you make a fight for the women who wait to-night until the saloon spews out their husbands and their sons and sends them maudlin, brutish, devilish, vomiting, stinking, to their arms.

And you, happy wives, whose hearts have never wavered nor had occasion to waver, and who, when your husbands fail to come on time, can go to bed without a fear and go to sleep with smiles upon your lips, and sleep the long night through too peacefully even to dream, by the mercy of God, that gives you that, I beseech you, band yourselves to help, at least to cheer, the wives, who, their whole lives through, must walk the rotten lava-crust of burnt-out confidence—their very love a terror and a pain.

And you good, calm, untempted men who never fell, never tasted death for any man and never mean to, I beseech you cast a vote the next time for the sake of the drunkard, and try to make the stations on life's highway safe for storm-tossed men to stop at any day or any night.

Porterhouse Steak or Liver.

Two colored barbers were together in a shop. One was a young man; the other was old. The young man took off his apron and started out of the door. 'Yo's gwine to get a drink, Jim?' asked the elder. 'Dat's what I's gwine to do.' 'Go and git yo' drink. I yoost ter do de same ting when I was young. When I wuz first married dah wuz a gin mill next to de shop wha' I wucked, and I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen do dollah an' a half I earned. Wal, one mawin I went into de butchah shop, and who shood cum in but de man wat kep' de likker shop. 'Gib me a ten-pound po'terhouse steak,' he said. He got it and went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had left. 'What do you wan?' said de butchah. 'Gib me ten cents' wuff of libber,' wuz my remark. It was all I could pay fur. Now you go and git yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man wat sells yo' de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de bar eats po'terhouse steak—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff fo' thirty years, and now I am eatin p'o'terhouse steak myself.'—National Advocate.

Treating.

'Only for the fear that I might be put down as insane by people who did not appreciate the situation,' said a man recently at a boys' club meeting, 'I would make places for my boys in the business which I have established conditional on their solemn promise not to "treat" and not to allow themselves to be "treated."'

If this man, who seems to have a horror for the treating system, is an American, he has probably seen the practice, which may have had its origin in good fellowship and hospitality, degenerate and result in bluster, intemperance and extravagance. If he is a European he may have been educated in a place

where men never think of paying for what other men eat or drink, and would resent as an insult the efforts of any man to pay for them.

Foreign or American, the man is far from being insane, and the fact that anti-treating societies have been in existence in many parts of this country and that an anti-treating campaign is now going on in New England shows that some people do 'appreciate the situation.' The grewsome statistics recently published which show the number of homicides committed in the United States in the last year, while giving 'drink' as the cause of many murders, say nothing as to how much the treating system is responsible. That the treating system is the chief factor is beyond doubt, and drunkenness, and crimes which follow in its wake will always be the results of the unreasonable system which causes some men to drink to excess and to spend money beyond their ability in order to 'get even' with other men.

Years before the organization of the boys' club to which the anti-treating discourse was delivered a popular clergyman who had devoted much time to the cause of temperance said, in drawing comparisons between the men who drink what they wish and pay for it and those who are forced to drink because of the treating practice: 'For one class the dangers of drink become less, and for the other they are incalculably greater.'

The 'sociable' and 'get even' system still flourishes, and it will continue so to do until anti-treating societies are looked upon seriously and men who advocate their formation cease to fear ridicule.

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