

## Science Department.

ERNEST HALL, L.R.C.P. EDINBURGH, ETC., EDITOR.

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We are so often met by the statement that alcohol is a natural product and therefore is "good," that it becomes us to look first to our chemistry and secondly to the logic of those who maintain that the term "good" means suitable for drinking. Alcohol does not fall within the class of *natural products*, but is included in the class of decompositions. It is never present in living, growing; not until the process of decomposition has commenced is this substance found. It is a creation of death, a product of disintegration, and is not formed until the substance has ceased to become fit for food, until decay has commenced. Not only is it a product of vegetable death, but the sum total of its effects and actions are towards those conditions which gave it birth—destruction and death, physical, mental and moral. Under the combined influence of heat and moisture, and by means of the action of minute bodies known as bacteria, the starch of certain vegetable structures "breaks up," as it is termed, and forms a substance known as grape sugar; a further decomposition ensues and carbonic acid gas and alcohol are the result.

In a lecture delivered before the Church of England Temperance Association at Liverpool, Canon Farrar said: "I ask you to remember that of this particular substance—alcohol—nature knows nothing whatever. It is elaborated out of a process of seething decomposition by art and by man's device. In all her gardens, in all her orchards, in all her bright vineyards, in all her myriad grasses, in all her innumerable forest trees, in all the depths of the ocean, and in all the azure space of air around us, there is not so much as the millionth part of a scruple of this element—alcohol—which causes in the world half of its sin and one-third of its disease. Nature does not know and does not produce it, nor has she anything to do with this particular substance—alcohol—except so far as it is obtained by man's interference with her processes of decay. And when you tell me that every creature of God is good, I, remembering that alcohol floods the world with pauperism, lunacy, crime and disease, and remembering also to what a frightful extent it has caused degradation and death, I shall call your identification of it as pre-eminently a good creation of God, at any rate a very remarkable

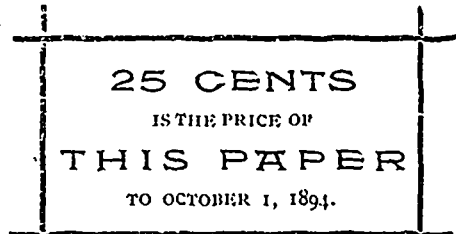
instance of futile misapplication." Alcohol—that which is born of death and leads to destruction.

### THE BALLOT.

The Lodge Deputy Competition was, so far, resulted as follows:—

W. Inkster	6
Lewis Hall	5
E. E. Greyell	12
E. V. Batstone	4
W. W. Forrester	37
W. F. Somers	3
R. J. Wilkinson	2
Wm. Duncan	2
H. B. Connacher	3
J. W. Flett	2
Rev. A. E. Green	39
Rev. W. Hicks	1
W. G. Gilchrist	1
A. R. Carrington	7
Rev. J. W. Winslow	1
R. G. Clark	1
D. J. Gillanders	1
J. B. Bryson	1
R. Semple	1
A. D. Clark	1
R. Grassie	1
J. A. Shearer	1
Mrs. E. J. Thompson	1
W. C. Pound	1
Johnson Woods	5
Total to April 1st	138

Who is to have the Regalia? See page 7 of this issue. Extra copies can be had by applying at this office. Twenty-five cents per dozen for voting purposes.



### PROHIBITION'S GRAND OLD MAN.

NEAL DOW, OF MAINE, NINETY YEARS OLD.

On Tuesday, March 20th, General Neal Dow, the "Father of Prohibition," the "Grand Old Man in the Temperance Cause," as Miss Willard calls him, completed his ninetieth year. The day was made one of rejoicing. It is the hope of the leaders of the temperance cause, says the *N. Y. Times* in a sketch of his career, that March 20th may come to be a day celebrated throughout the world by constantly increasing numbers of advocates of prohibition.

Neal Dow still lives in Portland, Me., in the comfortable mansion which he built and to which he took his wife in 1830. It is just across the street from the house in which he was born, in 1804. In spite of his ninety years he rises at 5 o'clock in the morning and walks three miles. In good weather he often drives twenty miles a day. He is in excellent health and is as active as many a man a quarter of a century younger. His

father lived to the age of ninety-five and his mother to over a hundred, so that it is not at all impossible that Gen. Dow may live to see the dawn of the twentieth century. He is slight of figure, but sinewy and straight as an arrow. He comes of good Quaker stock. His father was a tanner and one of the well known citizens of the bustling seaport town.

When Neal Dow was four years old the first regularly organized temperance society was formed at Saratoga, N. Y., the little company meeting in a log schoolhouse. Of that the little Quaker boy far away in Maine heard nothing, but the leaven was working, and in a few years the Rev. Justin Edward visited Portland in the course of his temperance missionary work among the churches. If this man did nothing else he succeeded in imbuing Neal Dow with a profound conviction of the essential wickedness of the saloon business. However, he grew up, learned the tanner's trade, and married before he felt a call to go into the wilderness and preach—not temperance, but abstinence; not regulation of the liquor traffic, but extermination.

He was drawn into the work accidentally. He received a note one day from a lady whom he knew expressing a wish to see him. Her husband was a graduate of Harvard and held an important office in the civil service. He was a dipsomaniac. His wife said that he went only to one shop for his drink. Mr. Dow went at once to the saloon and said: "Is Mr. Blank here?" "No," answered the rum-seller; but, hearing voices in a back room, Dow opened the door, and seeing Mr. Blank in the group of drinkers, pulled him out and stated the case to the proprietor, begging him to sell no more to this man, who, if he continued to drink, was certain to lose his place. The saloon keeper told young Dow to go about his business, that it was his business to sell rum, that he supported his family by selling it, and that he had a license to sell it.

"You have a license to sell rum, have you?" Mr. Dow replied. "You will sell it to any who can pay for it, will you? You support your family by destroying the families of others, do you? Heaven helping me I'll see if I cannot change all that."

This was in 1841, and he immediately set about exterminating the grogshop. He gave up his business and started on his missionary work. Winter and summer, hot or cold, wet or dry, he drove in his open buggy all over the state of Maine. It was the purpose of this work to lay before the people the true character of the liquor traffic as the direct and inevit-