

It does, the same as if it were any other alcoholic drink.

What other mischief comes from the free recommendation of beer by physicians

It makes the people believe that beer is wholesome.

Are not alcoholic drinks desirable as medicines?

Both doctors and people are losing faith in them and using other remedies in their place.

The London Temperance Hospital, opened in 1875, has been very successful in the treatment of all sorts of disease without alcoholic drinks of any kinds, and many doctors, both in England and America, are now treating their patients without alcohol.

Tobacco.

(Dr. J. H. Hanaford in 'Anti-Tobacco Gem.')

That tobacco is a virulent poison, no scientist, if booked on this point and who is not a user of the vile weed, will deny. And yet it is used extensively at the present time, while it is feared that its use is on the increase, particularly among the boys, who seem to think that it is 'smart' to be seen with a cigarette, or a cigar in their mouth, in public places. This is one of the most lamentable facts in modern times, showing that, in one respect at least, we are fast retrograding, becoming a nation of slaves to a morbid appetite. It is too often true that most of these boys are so young that the use of this poison is far more harmful than it would be at a later time in life, when the powers of the physical structure are more consolidated, the effects always being sufficiently harmful. It is fortunate, however, that the girls, the future mothers of the race, are not equally foolish, since these mothers have a great influence in transmitting weaknesses and morbid habits and tendencies to future generations. It is more than probable that a large percent of the sudden and premature deaths are caused, directly and indirectly, by the use—not abuse, as the use is always abuse—as it retards digestion, excites the brain and diminishes all of the powers of the being, and so increases the action of the heart as to diminish the term of human life. Is this not suicide, so far as one understands the uniform effects of its use?

Good Reasons.

During a temperance campaign in a Missouri county a lawyer was discussing learnedly the constitutionality of the proposed temperance law. After he had concluded, an old farmer, who has been listening attentively, shut his jackknife with a snap and said, 'I don't know nuthin' about the constitutionality or the unconstitutionality of the law, but I've got seven good reasons fur votin' fur it.'

'What are they?' asked the lawyer.

And the grim old farmer responded, 'Four sons and three daughters.'

Here's A Laddie.

Here's a laddie, bright and fair,
And his heart is free from care.
Will he ever, do you think,
Learn to smoke, and chew, and drink?
Make a furnace of his throat,
And a 'chimney of his nose,'
In his pocket not a groat,
Elbows out and ragged toes?

Here's a laddie, full of glee,
And his step is light and free;
Will he ever, do you think,
Mad with thirst, and crazed with drink,
Stagger wildly down the street,
Wallow in the mire and sleet,
Hug the lamp-post, and declare
Snakes are writhing in his hair?

Not an ill this laddie knows,
And his breath is like the rose:
Will he ever, do you think,
Poisoned by the cursed drink,
Fever burning in his veins,
Soul and body racked with pains,
Sink into a drunkard's grave,
Few to pity—none to save?

No; this laddie, honor bright,
Swears to love the true and right,
Keeps his body pure and sweet,
For an angel's dwelling meet,
Never, never will he sup
Horrors from the drunkard's cup;
Never in the 'flowing bowl'
Will he drown his angel-soul.

—Julia M. Thayer in 'Adviser.'

Correspondence

Will 'Clara,' of Olive, Manitoba, and 'Stanley S,' of Gunter, and 'Annie,' aged 10, of London, please send their full names and addresses to the 'Messenger,' as they have been awarded prizes for January.

Chesley, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken much pleasure in reading the correspondence carried on in your paper, and thought we would also send a letter. We received a number of very nice Christmas presents. We skate on a branch of the Saugeen river, which runs through our village.

IRENE AND GERTRUDE.

Wyandott, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a dear little baby brother. I like reading the 'Messenger' very much. My grandma sends it to us. My uncle gave me a pair of skates for a Christmas present, and I like skating. This is the first letter I ever wrote.

DAVID McL. (aged 8).

Harvey Station, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day. I live on a farm near the schoolhouse. I have two sisters and one brother. We have a little dog.

MAUD B. (aged 8).

Newington, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the letters in the 'Messenger' and the little folks' page. I have a baby brother. I live on a farm.

LAURA (aged 13).

Balgonie, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I go to school in summer, but it is too cold in winter. We had a concert at the school this fall, and the teacher gave each one of the children a book for a present. I had a pigeon called Polly, but a cat killed her and we miss her very much. I live on a farm. My father bought another farm, and we expect to move there after a while.

JOHN S. R. (aged 11).

Artemesia, Ont.

Dear Editor,—The Montreal 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' have been a welcome guest in our house for some years. I like the 'Messenger' immensely, and take a very special interest in the young people's letters. My grandma lives in Flesherton, a very pretty village about three or four miles from here. She has taken the 'Messenger' a great many years. We live on a farm, and are very comfortable. We have a senior and junior league, also a prayer meeting every week.

ANNIE G. R. (aged 13).

Hillside Cottage, Burrough's Falls.

Dear Editor,—My grandfather's place is on the shore of Burrough's Falls. It is a grand fall. I climbed it with Leonard Fish, a school-mate, this winter. My grandfather has 3 cows, 1 horse and 2 cats.

IRVING (aged 13).

Lunenburg, Mass.

Dear Editor,—I live in the country with my grandma, and I have a mile to go to school. I have two pets, a cat and a bird. My cat's name is Mica, and my bird's name is Dandy. I go to the Methodist church, and have a paper called the 'Advocate.' I take music lessons. My day-school teacher is very nice. I have no brothers or sisters. In the summer I sometimes go to Boston. I think the letters Pearl E. V. B. writes are very interesting.

MABEL F. E.

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Witness' and 'Messenger' for a good many years, and like them very much. I would like very much if some of the girls and boys of my own age would write to me, as I cannot go to school, and find it very lonely at home. I cannot walk, so I have to ride a tricycle. I go to church and to Sunday-school every Sunday. Brantford is a very pretty place, especially in summer. We have Mohawk Park to picnic in in the summer, and the lake to row on. We have many pretty residences here. I like to see children take an interest in homes and city.

MINA MYIERS (aged 14).

119 Eagle avenue.

Listowel, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Last Monday I started off with the sleigh-ropes over my arm for the morning's coasting, because my mother did not need my assistance and also because school had closed to give us our Christmas holidays. We always go out about half-a-mile, and there we find a large hill on one side of the road and the frozen river on the other. We climb this hill and go down across the road and on to the ice of the river and, if we have enough speed, we sometimes turn and go down the river. Sometimes, too, our sleighs do the turning in spite of our efforts to keep them going straight. Ned Williams and Roy Blair were already there, and I could hear their merry laughter plainly before I had reached the top of the hill. They welcomed me with delight, and Ned suggested that we should 'hitch.' Now, this means to arrange the sleighs together by passing the ropes under the preceding one, so that they go down like one sleigh. We soon did this, and then finished mounting the hill. Just as we reached the top we saw George James preparing for a descent. We shouted to him to wait, but he didn't seem to hear, and he started to go down as fast as could be expected. We wheeled our sleighs into position, and immediately gave chase. Down we went like the wind. 'Never had such a good start before' said Ned in my ear, and almost before we could speak again we reached the road and in another instant we ran smash into George James's sleigh. The next moment we were thrown 'helter-skelter' in the soft snow by the roadside. We recovered our feet, and there was George's sleigh broken in two places. If we had been business men we would have immediately written out a cheque on the top of the sleigh; but as it was, we each promised to help defray the repairing expenses. Our sleighs had shot on ahead, and were standing on the ice.

'Let us unhitch,' said I.

'All right,' said they.

By this time Ned Williams and Roy Blair had fallen into a dispute about their sleighs. We hurriedly ascended the hill, and George suggested that they should race for it.

'All right,' said they, 'you start us off and let Fred here go down and see who wins.' George agreed, and so did I, after saying that I would race the winner. I jumped upon my trusty old sleigh that had done most of the mischief in the accident, as it was in front, and in an instant I was hid from their sight by the cloud of snow that rose above me.

I reached my destination, and drew my sleigh upon the bank at the far side of the river, and, putting my hands to my mouth, shouted 'Ready.' My strained ears caught the words 'One, two, three, go!' and down came the two like an avalanche. From two small dots on the top of the hill they quickly grew in my sight to natural sizes. They kept together until they reached the bottom of the hill, when Roy got ahead. Roy was just in the act of turning down the ice when Ned ran into him and gave him a neat upset, while he shot into the snow-bank at my feet.

'Ned Williams won,' I shouted back, and after hastily telling Roy to judge the next, I dragged my sleigh up the hill with Ned Williams by my side.

This time I heard the 'One, two, three, go!' plainer, and I took the advice contained in the last word so well, that I found myself buried in the snow-bank on the far side of the river just one second before Ned landed at my side. Soon we all decided to go home, and I seized a steaming dinner as my prize when I got there.

FRED.

Belwood.

Dear Editor,—I have two brothers and two sisters. I have two pets, a calf and a colt, and I can drive the colt, and I have harness for it; I can hitch it to a hand-sleigh and it will draw me on the sleigh. My grandpa takes the 'Witness' and my aunt Annie takes the 'Messenger,' and grandpa says the 'Witness' has come to his house for about thirty-five years.

E. L. (aged 9).

Moss Lake Farm,

Mt. Albion, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I see all the writers in the 'Northern Messenger' have dogs and cats, but we have none. I have ten brothers and five sisters, and have lots of company to play with. We had a pair of wild geese, but they flew away, and one of them got shot, but we got the other; they would eat out of our hands.

THEA J.