

Temperance Talk

A Little Story from Real Life

Here is a little story from real life. It is a comparatively mild one, and devoid of the usual harrowing details.

The father of the family in question is an engineer, who earns about seventy-five or eighty dollars a month when he works. He drinks steadily, however, and finds it impossible to hold a position

for any length of time. He lives with his wife and daughter. He has three married sons, drinkers like himself, who contribute nothing to the support of their parents and sister. When out of work these sons and their wives live with their parents. The daughter adds eight dollars a week to the family income by working in a department store. She might have been earning a little higher

wages if her education had not been cut short at the sixth grade. The mother and daughter are refined, people and Christians. The daughter is good looking and of much charm of manner. Three or four years ago she met a college student at a church gathering, and in the course of time the two developed a considerable affection for each other. She invited him to dinner one day when, unluckily, the family skeleton was stalking around the house. It was too much

for the young man, and there the romance ended.

A couple of years ago the father was coming home one night on the street car, drunk, and in getting off the car he fell to the ground and was unable to rise. A crowd gathered, and a policeman came to the scene and sent in a call for the patrol wagon. The daughter had been to church that evening, and as she came near her home and saw the crowd gathered around, she was moved by the usual curiosity and wished to see what was going on. She was startled to find that her drunken father was the cause of the commotion, and that he was about to be taken to the police station. She pleaded with the policeman to let her take her father home, but to no avail. The officer insisted that, since he had rung up the patrol wagon, he would have to keep the man until the wagon arrived; otherwise it would go against his record at headquarters. She renewed her entreaties, and as a compromise he suggested that she might try to influence the officer in charge of the wagon when he came. And so this high-strung, fine-natured girl waited, and furnished a target for the remarks of the crowd until the wagon arrived. Then she had to go all through the process of expostulation again with the other officer, and finally she was allowed to take her drunken father home.

A few months ago the father had been drinking and got into a quarrel with a boy who worked in the same shop, and struck him with an iron bar. Thereupon the employer discharged the engineer, and ever since that time the family has been living upon the eight dollars a week earned by the department store girl. The furniture has been gradually disappearing from the home and now the vital problem is: How long will the landlord allow the family to occupy the house before he ejects them for the non-payment of rent?

Sticking to the strictly utilitarian, pleasure-pain view of political economy, who will dare to say that on that particular evening when the father fell from the street car his pleasure, the satisfaction of his wants through the use of alcohol, has not more than outweighed by the pain, the sense of dissatisfaction and discomfort on the part of the daughter? And who will dare to say that the satisfaction of this family, as a whole, in the course of a year, or in the course of a decade, is as great as it would be if no liquor had been consumed by any of its members?

Nor is this an extreme case of the suffering entailed upon the family of the heavy drinker. Rather it is a typical case. Here is a girl with sensibilities as keen, perhaps, as those of any of her more fortunate neighbors. She has as good a right to respect and love and the good things of life as any one has, and yet they are denied her through no fault of her own. And the shame of it all is that the case is not an extreme one, but rather is typical of the life of the heavy drinker's family. It is rather exceptional in that the girl has been able to hold the family together through these years. And yet there are people who will complain loudly when any suggestion is made which leads towards the placing of restrictions upon the liberty of the individual to consult his own judgment in the matter of what and how much he shall drink, forgetting that it is not the individual that is the unit in society, but the family, and that on any rational principle of satisfaction of wants, pleasure and pain should be distributed throughout the family instead of the pleasure being apportioned to one member and the pain to the others.—From "The Political Economy of Alcohol"—Frank O'Hara, Ph.D., in Catholic World.

For chronic constipation massage is often a great benefit; it should be done at some regular time every day, usually twice, but not directly after a meal. The mother's hand should be warm and with her fingertips she should make a series of circular movements pressing gently but quite deeply into the abdomen, beginning at the right groin and working up toward the ribs across the abdomen and then down to the left groin. This should be continued for from five to ten minutes at a time. A little olive-oil or cocoa-butter may be placed on the fingertips.

Production and Thrift

"CANADA from her abundance can help supply the Empire's needs, and this must be a comforting thought for those upon whom the heavy burden of directing the Empire's affairs has been laid. Gain or no gain the course before the farmers of Canada is as clear as it was last year—they must produce abundantly in order to meet the demands that may be made, and I believe this to be especially true in regard to live stock, the world's supply of which must be particularly affected in this vast struggle. Stress and strain may yet be in store for us all before this tragic conflict is over, but not one of us doubts the issue, and Canadians will do their duty in the highest sense of that great word."—HON. MARTIN BURRELL, Minister of Agriculture.

"MODERN war is made by resources, by money, by foodstuffs, as well as by men and by munitions. While war is our first business, it is the imperative duty of every man in Canada to produce all that he can, to work doubly hard while our soldiers are in the trenches, in order that the resources of the country may not only be conserved, but increased, for the great struggle that lies before us. 'Work and Save' is a good motto for War-time."—SIR THOMAS WHITE, Minister of Finance.

THE CALL OF EMPIRE COMES AGAIN IN 1916

TO CANADIAN FARMERS, DAIRYMEN, FRUIT GROWERS, GARDENERS

WHAT IS NEEDED? THESE IN PARTICULAR—

WHEAT, OATS, HAY,
BEEF, PORK, BACON,
CHEESE, EGGS, BUTTER, POULTRY,

CANNED FRUITS, FRUIT JAMS,
SUGAR, HONEY, WOOL, FLAX FIBRE,
BEANS, PEAS, DRIED VEGETABLES

We must feed ourselves, feed our soldiers, and help feed the Allies. The need is greater in 1916 than it was in 1915. The difficulties are greater, the task is heavier, the need is more urgent, the call to patriotism is louder—therefore be thrifty and produce to the limit.

"THE AGRICULTURAL WAR BOOK FOR 1916" is now in the press. To be had from The Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

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COAST TO COAST

