

Temperance

The Nation's Foes.

(W. Maxwell, in 'Everybody's Magazine.')

Woe to them! they brand as evil
That which truth pronounces good;
Woe to them! they help the devil
When his kingdom is withstood;
They confound the sweet and bitter;
Light and darkness they reverse;
And, befuddled by sordid glitter,
Spurn the blessing—grasp the curse.

They demand for fiery liquor
Such vile freedom in its flow
That the licensed drunkard maker
Shall by outrage live and grow.
They declare it spoliation
To impugn his sordid right;
They would sacrifice the nation
To preserve its parasite.

They have nurtured and exploited
Their unwary neighbor's thirst,
Till his heart and home are blighted,
And his hopes as bubbles burst;
Yet, the rising generation
With allurements they assail,
And demand that legislation
Shall protect the fell entail!

They have piled their reeking plunder;
They have heaped their cankering gold;
Lo! the bones cry out thereunder
Of their victims young and old:
Surely righteous retribution
Shall have claimed but half its own
When their 'devil in solution'
Shall become a thing unknown.

Ha! ye brigands of the bottle,
With no vestige of remorse,
You the State would seize and throttle
For possession of her purse:
Think ye that her sons will fail her
While your strangling schemes are rife,
And as robbers ye assail her
With 'Your money or your life!'

The Oxygen Carriers and Scavengers.

(D. Wallace Smith, M.B., C.M., in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

A silent power has swept over the scene,
and with magic touch has transformed the dead wastes.

Far down into the deep gullies and ravines,
into the dark recesses of the forest glade,
and down into the noxious swamps and morasses
it has silently penetrated, conveying
the breath of life so essential to the human,
animal, and vegetable organisms.

A silent touch! A magic power!

The dead leaves and broken twigs—the
past relics of a former glory!—that lay
thickly around, rendering the paths obscure,
giving an appearance of solidity to the surface
of treacherous bogs and vitiating the air
with the effluvia of decay and putrescence,
have disappeared, and once more the scene
is one of gorgeous beauty and a glorious
reflection of the great Unseen, in the hollow
of whose hand lies a wonderful world.

Oxygen! but for thy silent, vivifying touch,
the earth would be a poisonous slough from
whose surface noxious miasms would arise,
limiting the physical and mental development
of man—if, indeed, life were even possible.

But for the oxygen-laden winds (and the
wind is simply the air in motion) disturbing
the masses of decay, and allowing the oxygen
to penetrate the depths to assist in the dis-
integration of the discarded mantles of tree
and flower, the woods would soon cease to
echo with the chorus of feathered songsters,
or the happy laughter of children.

How grand and awe-inspiring are the silent
activities of nature! Who hears the forest
grow? Who hears the rose-bud open? Who



Personal To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in Canada afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free A One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM**. I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot **coax** Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot **tesse** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **imagine** it out with mental science. **You must Drive it Out.** It is in the blood and you must **Go After it and Get it.** This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does so.** My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the dull, aching muscles, the hot, throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened, useless joints, and cures them quickly.

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU

If you will only let me do it. I will prove much **In One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real** Rheumatic Remedy will do. **Read our offer below and write to us immediately.**

A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!

We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay postage to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents to pay postage, mailing case and packing and this full-sized \$1.00 Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid and Duty Free.** There will be **nothing to pay on receipt or later.** Don't wait until your **Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who **send 25c for charges.** Address **KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. M. D. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO**

hears the unceasing struggle against disease of the corpuscles of the blood?

Have you watched by the bedside of someone sore stricken by disease? And, while you watched and prayed for the first faint sign of victory over the disease, have you realized the grim, silent struggle between life and death going on in the blood between the corpuscles and the poisonous products which sought to destroy the organism?

Just as oxygen is essential in the vegetable world for purifying and renewing, so is oxygen necessary for the vital functions of man. Let me tell you something about the silent workers in the human economy—the oxygen carriers and scavengers.

The air we breathe passes by means of the nose (where the air is filtered and warmed) down into a fine network of very small tubes called the lungs. At one side of these thin tubes is the air; at the other side is the blood. The oxygen from the air passes through the thin walls of these air-passages into the blood, and there it is seized by the oxygen carriers and distributed in every direction. So it is. To understand the action of alcohol on the blood, we must have at least some elementary knowledge of the composition of the blood. If a drop of blood is examined under the microscope, it is seen to consist of a number of minute bodies or corpuscles floating in a clear fluid. On more minute examination it is found that these corpuscles are of two kinds. The one, greatly preponderating over the other in point of numbers, is called a red corpuscle; the other, fewer in number, is called a colorless corpuscle. The red corpuscles are called 'oxygen carriers,' and the colorless corpuscles are the 'police and scavengers' of the blood.

Alcohol has a very demoralizing effect upon the red corpuscles, or 'oxygen carriers.' It shrinks the red corpuscle by depriving it of water; it renders the corpuscle less capable of carrying oxygen; it lessens the red coloring matter produced; and not only is less oxygen (so necessary for vital function) carried in, but less carbonic acid gas (a waste product) is carried out.

The blood, therefore, becomes debilitated through lack of oxygen (like a coal fire deprived of the oxygen of the air), and is loaded with waste matters that should be removed (like ashes left in a stove). There is discoloration of the blood by retention of carbonic acid gas and other waste products.

Alcohol acts quite as injuriously on the colorless corpuscles—the 'police and scavengers'—of the blood.

These colorless corpuscles remove waste products and poisonous materials from the blood, and so keep the blood pure. They have the power of altering their shape so that if they cannot expel the foreign intruder from the blood, they can completely surround the undesirable and gobble it up. Can one think what our streets would be like if our policemen lay lazily on the pavement and our scavengers struck work?

When the blood has alcohol in it—and we must always remember alcohol is a deadly poison—these colorless corpuscles ('police and scavengers') are not so active. They lie it lazily at the side of the blood stream; they adhere to the blood-vessel walls like a drunk man to the railings; they adhere to each other like drunk men trying to steady each other.

With such inactive 'police and scavengers' waste products and poisonous matters are allowed to float past in the blood, when they ought to be seized and devoured, or expelled from the blood.

With debilitated and shrunken oxygen carriers, and lazy 'police and scavengers,' no wonder that those who take alcohol have lowered vitality, predisposition to disease, prolonged convalescence, greater risk of complications, and greater mortality.

To most persons a sense of obligation is insupportable. Beware upon whom you inflict it.

—THE— "Canadian Pictorial" —FOR— OCTOBER

"The King—God bless him!" is the title of the cover picture of the October 'Canadian Pictorial.' The photograph, a copyright one, was sent to the editor with the statement that it had never yet been published. It is an intimate picture of His Majesty, whose birthday will be celebrated next month, and will be treasured in many a home as giving a new idea of what 'Edward the Peacemaker' really looks like. In view of the approaching elections full page pictures of the two great leaders, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. R. L. Borden, better than any previously published, will be timely and interesting. The place of honor at the beginning is occupied by a portrait, specially taken by a 'Canadian Pictorial' photographer, of the Premier of Quebec, who was knighted during the visit of the Prince of Wales. The meeting of the General Synod of the Church of England at Ottawa and the sudden death of Bishop Carmichael, have attached special significance to a page of the dignitaries of the Church. The growth of the west is illustrated with a page of pictures of the coming city, Prince Rupert, the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific. While Canadian events receive first attention, important events in other countries are not ignored—How Jerusalem Received the News of a Constitution for Turkey, The New Sultan of Morocco, Rebuilding Historic Blackfriars Bridge, A July Snow-storm in New Zealand, are some of the notable pictures. There are some more of the photographic studies for which the periodical is famous, and the Woman's pages contain, in addition to the usual departments, a specially illustrated article on the new fall hats.

The announcement is made that next issue—the Thanksgiving number—will be increased in size and several departures will be made that readers will appreciate. Ten Cents a Copy. One Dollar a year, including postage to all parts of the world, and all special numbers. The Pictorial Publishing Co., 142 St Peter street, Montreal.