



Alcohol Catechism.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER XIII.—EFFECT OF ALCOHOL UPON THE TEMPERATURE AND STRENGTH.

1. Q.—Do any of the alcoholic drinks increase the warmth of the body?
A.—They do not.
2. Q.—Why is there a feeling of warmth when alcoholic liquor is first taken?
A.—The warm blood is sent rapidly to the surface, but no fresh heat is produced.
3. Q.—What follows?
A.—The bringing of the blood to the surface causes it to cool faster in the cold air outside and a chilly feeling follows.
4. Q.—Why are men who drink more liable to get frost-bitten?
A.—Because they do not feel the cold while it is doing its freezing work.
5. Q.—What does Dr. Hayes, the great Arctic explorer say about alcohol?
A.—That fat is an absolute necessity to the people of the Arctic region, but alcohol is useless and positively injurious.
6. Q.—What else does he say?
A.—That he has known strong, able-bodied men unable to resist cold on account of using alcoholic drinks.
7. Q.—What did Dr. McRea, another Arctic explorer, say at the meeting of the American Association for the advancement of Science?
A.—If men drank alcoholic liquors in that cold climate, they could not work.
8. Q.—Can a man who drinks, bear hot weather as well as a man who does not?
A.—No; drinking men suffer more in hot weather, and are more liable to sun-stroke.
9. Q.—Why?
A.—Because sun-stroke affects the brain, which in drunkards is always congested.

(To be Continued.)

Beer and Farm Work.

(‘Union Gospel News.’)

The ‘Practical Farmer’ gives one man’s account of how he went through the harvest without beer, as follows:

‘Oh, Fred,’ said my wife one day, just before harvest, ‘if you will do without beer the coming harvest I will wait on you like a king, and the money saved will help us to buy a cow, which I have so longed to own these many years.’ ‘Agreed,’ said I. So on the following Monday I settled with Farmer Jones what I was to receive per acre for cutting, binding and stacking his grain. Before I left him I said ‘I am going to try to do without beer this harvest, and I thought perhaps you would allow me a trifle in place of it.’

‘Do without beer!’ said he, sharply. ‘What then is to become of the barrel of beer I have purchased for my workmen?’

‘I suppose the others will make away with that,’ I replied.

‘I don’t like your new-fangled ideas and think you will regret your decision long before harvest is over; but desiring to know how it will work, I will, as an experiment, allow you five dollars in place of beer, but mind you, no slighting of your work, Fred.’

It was with a heavy heart I started to reap the grain on June 1. This day was especially hot and sultry, and I was afraid I would break down before evening, but such was not the case.

As I always left my employer to make up the accounts, merely looking through them afterwards, I believe I can best describe my experience by relating my talk with him when he paid me the last evening. On my entering his kitchen he addressed me as follows, his face expressing great satisfaction:

‘Why, Fred, you have earned a third more than either of my other men. How is it?’

I replied, ‘Yes, sir; and I have never found harvesting as easy before, and it certainly has not been on account of favorable weather, for we never had a hotter time.’

‘That is true,’ he replied, as he handed

me my wages, and then added: ‘I never paid any one with a better heart than I pay you this. I looked very closely after your work and found it equal to any on my farm, but how you have managed to do without beer is a mystery to me.’

‘Why,’ I answered, ‘my wife is one of those W.C.T.U. women and she has often asked me to quit beer drinking. So just before harvest commenced I made a promise to her and she a promise to me, so during harvest she has constantly brought me plenty of hot coffee, cocoa and tea, as I needed it.’

‘I have perspired far less through not taking beer, and felt much stronger and better able to work. The temptation to remain long at meals has been less and my health has much improved. Why, when several of your hands were knocked out the first week, it was more on account of the beer than the heat.’

My employer made me a hearty reply and I left him feeling well pleased with the impression that a teetotaler can do his work as well, or better, than the beer-drinker: at the same time his workman can buy himself and wife a good cow with the extra money earned and saved during harvest.

Correspondence

Cape Wolfe, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am finding the texts of the ‘Find-the-Place Almanac,’ and intend doing so throughout the year. I would like my name on the ‘Messenger’ Honor Roll of Bible Searchers. You ask what we do with our ‘Messengers’ after reading them. I send mine to a cousin in New Brunswick.

A. GLADYS C., aged 16.

Alma, Lot 3, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am thirteen years old on the eighth of next month (May). I go to school every day. We have a mile and a quarter to go. I am in the fifth reader. I have two pigeons. The hawk took one, and two days after the male pigeon flew away and got another mate, and now she has her nest built. I have two brothers and one sister.

F., aged 13.

Granville Ferry, Annapolis Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live in a small village on the Annapolis river, which in summer is very pretty. My father is a retail dry goods merchant, and I like to be in the store. I am in the eighth grade. Our teacher’s name is Mr. A. H. Armstrong. I like him very well. I have no pets, but have a good time playing ball and so on. ‘Black Rock’ is a lovely story. There are three Churches here, the Church of England, Methodist and Baptist. I go to the Methodist.

A. W. A., age 11 and a half years.

Midlothian, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sabbath-school and get the ‘Messenger.’ I like the stories in it very much. I live on a farm. I have a dog and cat, three sheep and three calves. I am in the Part II. book. When the snow has a hard crust on it, my little friend, Florence, and I go coasting down the hills. I enjoy it very much.

E. C., aged 7.

Triby, P.E.I.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. We live six miles from Charlottetown. I went there twice with my mother. It is a nice city. I have two sisters and four brothers. My oldest sister’s name is Fannie, and my other sister’s name is Mattie. I am in the second reader. We have two teachers in our school. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Henderson. We are quite near the school. I live on a farm and have lots of horses and cows, pigs and hens, and I am never lonesome.

N. H. H., aged 7.

Carman, Man.

Dear Editor,—Papa and mamma and I went to St. Paul for Christmas and New Year. I have an uncle and an aunt. Their names are Mr. and Mrs. Ross. I have a cousin in St. Paul. Her name is Cassie. Uncle Ross has a very nice little dog, I like him very much. His name is Tody. Uncle Ross took us all over the city, to see all the principal buildings, and to see all the principal stores. I bought a very pretty doll. I call her Dorothy. I live in Carman, Man., myself, on a farm.

B. S., aged 10.

Arlington, Henry Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy. I am ten years old. I tend the barn. I have seven cattle to attend to. I like horses. We have three horses. I take music lessons from my sister. I go to school. I can ride on horseback.

Z. P. E. P.

Rounthwaite, Man.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and three brothers. I belong to the Home Mission Band, and I made \$4 for it last year. I am very fond of reading, and I have read a lot of books this year. I do not go to school, as I am not strong enough. I have a pet cat, and I call her Muntty. She is yellow, and in the summer she follows me all around.

E. E., aged 11.

Arlington, Hx. Co., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl thirteen years old. My birthday is on Oct. 22. I have a brother and no sister. One of my cousins is staying with us. My father is a lumberman and merchant. We keep the post-office. We have three horses. I can ride horseback a little. I like horses. We have three cats. Their names are Sue, Swan and Fern. I take music lessons. I wish Violet W would write to me.

A. C. P., aged 13.

East Pabnico.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl seven years old. I go to school, and am in the third grade. I keep at the head of my class. My teacher’s name is Miss Nickerson. I like her very much. I have two brothers and three sisters. They are all away from home but one sister. Her name is Flossie. We stay at home and help mamma. My papa is a fisherman. The train goes close to our house. We live about thirty miles from the town of Yarmouth. I have a cow named Rosy, and a calf called Dewey. My sister has a pet cat, named Polly.

R. C. G.

Pineville, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—I live on a small farm of fifteen acres. I have three brothers and two sisters and a mother. My papa died a year ago last December. I go to Walton to church and Sunday-school. I go to the Congregational Church. I live four miles from church. My Sunday-school teacher’s name is Miss Ada Morris. I like her very much and also my school teacher. Her name is Miss Katherine Doig, of Walton. We have never taken the ‘Messenger’ before, but we have had it to read for a year. One of our neighbors gave it to us to read and now she has made my youngest sister a present of it. She is a very kind lady.

C. C., aged 12.

Canfield.

Dear Editor,—The regular attendees at our Sunday-school is about seventy five. There has been very good skating this winter, and I enjoyed myself when I could go out and skate an hour before breakfast on the creek. I like to go out fishing in the summer to the river. It is three miles away. My father drives out and I go with him, sometimes mother goes too. I have a nice white cat. I call it Jake. I feed it warm milk every day in cold weather. I live close to the school and go every day except when I have a cold. My teacher’s name is Mr. C. Kerr, and I like him very much. I am in the third book, and expect to pass for the fourth this summer.

L. B., aged 10.

Moncton, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live in Moncton. I have not very far to go to school. The Petitcodiac river, which is noted for the ‘bore,’ is in Moncton. The ‘bore’ is a great wave, which comes up ahead of the tide. Hundreds of people come to Moncton to see the ‘bore.’ I am in the sixth grade. Miss Forge is my teacher.

I. S. MacK., aged 11.

Leitches Creek, C.B.

Dear Editor,—My brother has taken the ‘Northern Messenger’ for two months, and I like it very much. We live on a farm of seventy-five acres, and there is a big pine tree at the corner of our house. I have four brothers and five sisters. I am the youngest in the family, and we live two miles from the railway. I go to school and my teacher’s name is Miss McLeod.

J. N., aged 8.