

### WHAT CAN I DO.

“What can I do for the Plebiscite?”

Asked a little girl one day,  
As she thought of the sorrow that day and night,  
Filled many a heart, once gay.  
I will ask my father to vote as he prays,  
I will ask the drunkard if drinking pays;  
I will do my best in all possible ways  
For the temperance cause.

What can I do for the plebiscite?

Asked a boy as he walked down street,  
While drink made misery everywhere,  
His wondering eyes did greet.  
I will ask my father to think of me  
When he goes to the poll, and I think that he  
Will vote to make our country free,  
And save his boy.

What should I do with the plebiscite?

Asked a father with anxious heart,  
As he thought of his girl who would soon be a  
wife  
And his boy soon in business to start;  
Shall I vote for a traffic that ever destroys,  
That ruins our country's best girls and boys;  
Shall I fool with the ballot like children with  
toys,  
Or play the man?

What can I do for the plebiscite?

Asked a mother with whitening hair,  
Who for many a year had suffered and toiled,  
And of trouble had borne her share.  
I cannot preach but I still can pray,  
And hope for the dawn of a brighter day.  
When the demon of drink shall no more have  
sway,  
Soon may it come!

What can the plebiscite do for me?

Asked a man to drink a slave.  
Is there any hope for a wretch like me?  
Is there anything that can save?  
If legislation or other power  
Can remove temptation and fates that lower,  
Oh! haste high heaven the happy hour.  
That makes me free.”

R. T. Werry.

### EDITOR'S TABLE.

We did not put anything in the “Humorous Column” last issue, as the typographical errors furnished sufficient amusement for our readers. We will try to avoid them in future.

Do not let your “Record” go to waste. Having read it, hand it to some one else. It will thus do twice the good.

Divisions should see that the D. G. W. P. brings the copy of the “Record” to the meetings regularly and that each number is filed for references. The copy sent to each Deputy is not his but the division's.

We would like to have many new divisions instituted by local workers during the autumn.

You can be on the *Honor Roll* and win a Jubilee Jewel. Resolve on this.

We have pleasure this month in introducing to our readers, distinguished brethren from our sister Grand Division down by the sea. In next issue we will introduce the Most Worthy Patriarch elect, Bro. A. G. Lawson of New Jersey.

We trust our subscribers “on the other side the line” will be pleased with the paper. While it is the “Official Organ of Ontario,” it will be our constant aim to make it inspiring, helpful and a welcome harbinger to every Division worker.

### PLEBISCITE HOT SHOT.

We can never get the saloon out of politics as long as we get our politics out of the saloon.

The nation, the province, the town, the party, the church, or the man, that does not adopt temperance as one of its cardinal virtues, stands upon uncertain ground.

Every dollar expended for liquors as a beverage comes out of the landlord, farmer, grocer, baker, tailor, butcher and others who pursue an honest calling.

I vote for prohibition because I do not believe it right to license a traffic that takes away the brains, and makes an idiot of a person otherwise capable and intelligent.—*Citizen*.

A tax-bill of \$800 was brought to a gentleman on his city property, for which he gave his check. He carefully looked up the matter, and found that \$650 of the amount was for the support of drunkenness. “What is this but oppression?” he exclaimed; “but I suppose I have no rights—rumsellers have all. They may tax me \$650 to support the criminals and paupers they make, and presume that I will keep still. Henceforth I will talk and vote *Prohibition*.”

In the interests of law and order, the protection of the home, the betterment of the condition of the poor, the lessening of vice, the promotion of morality and the general welfare of the country, be sure and vote for Prohibition. The saloon is opposed to all real prosperity. It is hostile to all the higher interests of the country. The one tangible argument that can be presented in its favor is that of increased revenue, and even this is a creation of the imagination and altogether contrary to the fact; nothing that pauperizes the home and dethrones the character can ever be of benefit. Canada is not so financially straightened that she must mortgage childhood, character and home for rum revenue.

Intemperance not only damages the material fabric of the nation . . . but it causes other heavy indirect losses. There is the cost of our

pauperism, crime, lunacy, vagrancy, accidents, disease, premature deaths, the loss of labor through drunkenness, the idleness and incapacity induced by drunkenness, the lost labor of our paupers, vagrants, criminals, lunatics, guardians of the poor, lawyers, relieving officers, gaolers, jurors, witnesses, etc. The loss from these is estimated to be equal to the money spent upon drink. The moral evils and the miseries are beyond calculation or estimate.—*Wm. Hoyle*, London, England.

Of all the evils that afflict mankind at the present day, drunkenness is undoubtedly the greatest. Beside this, all other evils sink into insignificance. War, famine, pestilence, are only shadows in comparison. These have their times and seasons, and like all human things, ultimately decay and perish, but drunkenness abides with us for ever. It is the eternal companion of humanity, a demon spirit that defies exorcism. No human tongue or pen can adequately describe its powers and ravages. It is more like an exotic from hell than a natural growth of earth. In its universal destructiveness, drunkenness ranks next to the grim monster death itself. With its mighty scythe it mows down battalions of the human race, and sweeps them into the whirlpool of destruction. Not content with ravaging the body, it penetrates the immortal regions of the soul, and lays there the seeds of corruption and decay. Reason itself, the finest faculty of man, surrenders its power at the approach of this dread monster. No exhilaration ever rose from the fathomless abyss of sin so thoroughly impregnated with the seeds of moral and material destruction. In the world of vice, drunkenness is the great-primate, and until some saviour arises to expel this demon from the world, civilization will never find any true foundation.—*James Doyle*.

We must not make God responsible for the continuance of iniquity. We must define sin as a resistance to the realization of the righteous purpose of God in the soul. God is against the race only when it is against itself; and in that case His wrath is His mercy. God is on the side of every man who sets his heart on righteousness. The deepest in human nature, in human society, in human history, in the course of the world, in the on going universe, makes for the seeker after righteousness. The stars in their courses fight for the man who contends for a pure heart; and to every soul face to face with the tremendousness of the moral process the sublime comfort comes, “The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.”—*Dr. George A. Gordon*.

The Michigan Central Railway has issued orders forbidding employees the privilege of frequenting hotels or drinking liquor.