

THE SALOON TO CHOOSE FOR A BOY.

Not a place on a fashionable street,
All furnished and burnished within,
Where the gay and the hail-fellows
meet,
With glamour the gosling to win.

But rather a tumble-down den
Surrounded by marshes and bogs,
Where the jingle of glasses by men
Shall blend with the croaking of
frogs.

The shanty I'd plaster all o'er
With pictures and posters to suit;
Hobgoblins I'd hang on the door,
And monsters of human and brute.

Here murder shall bear her red arm
And flourish her pistol and blade;
There tremens and demons alarm
And publish the fruits of the trade.

The sign of this chosen saloon
Should say in sleek letters to fit
Of serpent-coils hung in festoon,
"Lead to the bottomless pit."

No; pardon my humor, my son;
I alter the pitch of my tune;
No drinking-place wanted, not one;
No high-up nor low-down saloon.

The highest is still very low —
All, all are but links in the chain,
You begin at the top and you go
Toboggan-like down a steep plain;

Go downward from laughter and light,
With a swiftness that stifles the
breath,
With a reel and a plunge in your flight
To regions of darkness and death;

To regions of shame and remorse
With serpent-crowned furies to dwell,
Where the wine and wassail of earth
Give place to the horrors of hell.

Then flee, my boy, flee the saloon;
Alike do the glamour and glare
And the serpent-coils hung in festoon,
Mark stages to death and despair.
—Joel Swartz.

FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

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GIVE US A TRIAL.

CANADA'S DRINK BILL.

The majority report of the Royal Commission estimates the average consumption and cost of intoxicating liquors in Canada for the five years 1889 to 1893. The total average yearly quantity was 21,076,749 gallons. This would amount to a little less than four and one-fifth gallons per head of our population.

The figures show that there has for a number of years been a steady falling off in the quantity of spirits and wines consumed, and a steady increase in the consumption of malt liquors. If, however, we calculate simply the amount of alcohol contained in all these liquors there will be found to be a steady diminution, the average quantity of alcohol consumed per year in the Dominion for each one thousand persons, being as follows:

10 years ending 1890	600 gallons
5 years ending 1890	622 "
3 years ending 1893	597 "

The report goes on to estimate the price paid for liquor when sold in quantities, and also when sold to the consumer, in the following terms:

"Taking Canadian spirits at \$2.10 per gallon, and imported at the entered value, plus duty; Canadian malt liquors at 30 cents per gallon, and imported at the entered value, plus duty, and wine at the entered value, plus duty, the following total is reached:

Spirits, 3,800,506 gals	\$8,723,563 00
Malt liquors, 17,355,487 gals.	8,368,145 00
Wine, 511,026 gals.	933,356 00

Total \$18,030,064 00

"There has to be added to the entered price of the imported liquors the freight across the Atlantic, insurance and charges. These would probably amount to \$165,000.

"Of the additions made to the quantities manufactured and imported, before the different descriptions of liquors are disposed of by retail, it is, of course, impracticable to obtain any account.

"Taking an average of the quantities of wine, spirits and malt liquors entered for consumption in the five years ending 1893, but excluding cider and native wines, and taking an average of the retail prices, the calculation shows the sum of \$39,879,854, to be paid for liquor by the consumers. As more than one-half of this amount is paid for spirits to which it is well understood a large addition of water is made before they are vended to the public, the total amount paid is probably considerably in excess of the sum just mentioned."

PROGRESS.

It will be seen from the figures just quoted that the consumption of strong drink in Canada is small as compared with that of other countries. It is very encouraging to note that this small quantity is steadily decreasing.

The decrease is doubtless owing to the steady growth of temperance sentiment, and the extending application of the prohibition principle. In every part of the Dominion, large areas are now free from the licensed liquor traffic. Nova Scotia has only two counties in which liquor may be legally sold. Prince Edward Island is entirely under the Scott Act. The greater part of New Brunswick is in the same position. Quebec has many municipalities under local option prohibitory laws. In Ontario the number of licenses is only about one-half of what it was fifteen years ago. Three-fourths of Manitoba and the greater part of the North-west Territories are under prohibition.

The yearly consumption of liquor varies largely with the extent of territory under the operation of prohibition. This fact is strikingly shown by the following table compiled from the Royal Commission Report, showing the average yearly consumption of intoxicating liquor in the different Provinces per 1,000 of the population.

British Columbia	1,262 gals.
Quebec	672 "
Manitoba	671 "
Ontario	654 "
New Brunswick	362 "
Nova Scotia	305 "
Prince Edw'd Island.	153 "

These statistics are remarkably encouraging to the advocates of total abstinence and total prohibition.

They make it clear that legislative restriction and the diminution of the amount of liquor consumed go hand in hand, either having the relation of cause and effect, or being the result of a common cause.

LOSE NO TIME.

In a few months the prohibition campaign will be over. Before long it will be too late to do anything further to help in the present great contest. Now is the time for work.

Wherever organization has not been effected there should be immediate attention to this essential duty. No one should wait for another. Plans must be made at once for united, effective effort.

In a contest in which so much is at stake we cannot afford to miss the help of any friend, no matter how small that help may seem to be. The battle will be won by the united efforts of hundreds of thousands each of whom could do comparatively little alone. There is not a moment to spare. Organization ought to be everywhere pushed to completion now.

If any reader of this article needs any information regarding plan of organization or methods of work, a letter from him will be cordially welcomed by the Secretary of the Dominion Alliance who will cheerfully furnish any information or assistance in his power.

THE DEMAND FOR PROHIBITION.

To sum up the whole matter, it may be said that the two reasons which alone demand the continuance of the traffic—appetite and greed—are overwhelmingly outweighed by the considerations which urge its suppression.

From every side come voices demanding that the most pernicious business remaining extant in a world that has abolished negro slavery and Russian serfdom shall be placed under the ban of law. Civilization demands it in the interest of human progress. Science approves it as being the correct and logical result of the exposure it has made of the world's great error concerning the nature of intoxicants. Philanthropy cries out for it in the name of suffering millions. Political economy insists upon it in order that the nation may be saved from bankruptcy. Christianity prays for it in behalf of the thousands of youths that are constantly being lured to ruin, and the multitudes now in the toils of the destroyer who may be rescued from perdition if the tempter be kept from haunting their path. Patriotism desires it that the country may be delivered from a curse more terrible than war, or famine, or pestilence. Statesmanship argues for it that the greatest good to the greatest number may be realized. Wifehood and childhood from thousands of stricken homes stretch forth imploring hands asking to be delivered from the unspeakable woes they endure because of drink. Drunkards too, from out their helpless slavery, beseech their sober fellows to save them from their bondage to appetite in the words the Great Master taught them, "Lead us not into temptation."—*The Alliance News.*

A CURIOUS LAW.

The police in Denmark have a curious way of dealing with the drunk and incapable found in the streets. They summon a cab and place the patient inside it, then drive to the station, where he gets sober, then home, where he arrives sober and sad. The agents never leave him till they have seen him safe in the family bosom. Then the cabman makes his charge, and the police surgeon makes his, and the agents make their own claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the host of the establishment where the culprit took his last overpowering glass.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

THE LAST GLASS.

"No, thank you, not any to-night, boys, for me.
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my last spree.
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it until
I am laid in the church-yard and sleep 'neath the grass;
And your sneers cannot move me, I've drunk my last glass.

"Just look at my face, I am thirty to-day,
It is wrinkled and hollow, my hair is turned gray,
And the light of my eye that once brilliantly shone,
And the bloom of my cheek, both are vanished and gone:
I am young, but the furrows of sorrow and care
Are stamped on a brow once with innocence fair.

"Ere manhood its seal on my forehead had set—
And I think of the past with undying regret—
I was honoured and loved by the good and the true,
Nor sorrow, nor shame, no dishonour I knew,
But the tempter approached—I yielded and fell,
And drank of the dark, damning poison of hell.

"Since then I have trod in the pathway of sin,
And bartered my soul to the demon of gin;
Have squandered my manhood in riotous glee,
While my parents, heart-broken, abandoned by me,
Have gone to the grave filled with sorrow and shame,
With a sigh for the wretch, who dishonoured their name.

"There's a curse in the glass! never more shall my lip
Of the fatal and soul-burning beverage sip;
Too long has the fiend in my bosom held sway,
Henceforth and forever I spurn him away;
And never again shall the death-dealing draught
By me, from this hour, with God's blessing, be quaffed.

"So good night, boys; I thank you, no liquor for me;
I have drunk my last glass, I have had my last spree;
You may laugh in my face, you may sneer if you will,
But I've taken the pledge, and I'll keep it until
I am laid in the church-yard and sleep 'neath the grass;
Your sneers cannot move me, I've drunk my last glass.—*Selected.*

WISE WORDS.

The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out the vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but will aggravate the evil. No, there must be no more attempt to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated. Not a root must be left behind, for until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink.

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