

HOW DO YOU VOTE?

How do you vote?
That is the question.

We ask not your party or creed,
We ask not your race or complexion,
Or how have you voted before—
But how will you vote next election?

You say, you're a temperance man,
That drink never tickles your palate;
We're glad, but we measure, you know,
Our friends by their acts at the ballot.

Friend James is a "temperance man,"
And so is our good neighbor Weller—
Both talk of strong drink as a curse,
But keep it themselves in the cellar.

Friend Jones represents well the men
Who pity the drunkard's condition;
But none of the three ever vote
For strict, unreserved Prohibition.

How do you stand?
That is the question.

"No license!" or plenty of drink?
You are voting for one or the other,
There is no half measure between—
Which side have you taken, my brother,
The question is pointed and clear,
You vote for salvation or ruin—
For life to the nation at large,
Or death, through distilling and brewing.

—Thomas R. Thompson in *The Rescue*.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.

If drinking alcoholic liquors leads in the main to disease and shortness of life, and if, on the contrary, abstinence from their use tends to health and longevity, as the experience of insurance companies incontestably proves, surely we cannot be very injudicious or "lopsided" to have nothing to do with them as part of our daily bread.

To contend that alcohol is a food, a stimulant and a sedative, to say the least, is exceedingly specious. Of course, opium, chloral, chloroform, tobacco, or any other oxidisable narcotic would be food in the same sense as alcohol is, and also, in certain doses, act as stimulants; and, if still further pushed, prove to be sedatives. Verily we would not insist upon the majority of mankind to indulge in these fascinating and alluring agents because the majority find them to be a source of strength, energy and comfort temporarily to them. To lock the stable door after the horse is stolen, or to punish the drunkards either by incarceration or by other degrading measures, in the hope of stamping out the evils arising from drinking, appears to me to be absurd. Nobody ever intends to be a drunkard.

Men and women often become intemperate in spite of their better judgment, without having the alcoholic heredity, which, I fear, is thought too much of. I presume drunkenness would cease if drinking intoxicating liquors were discontinued. I have known several divisional surgeons drink themselves to death. Poor fellows! they were no worse than other men, except they were tripped up in the net of drunkenness through walking in the slippery path of so-called "moderation." I have yet to learn that total abstinence from all poisons as a part of our diet is not the best course for men to adopt. Granted that there are peculiar and eccentric individuals, both morally and physically, who have an apparent tolerance of evils in their own bodies as well as in their own conduct; but I think the "mental twist" is on the side of self-indulgence in the use of intoxicating liquors,

which means oftentimes, unfortunately, self-destruction, the "facilis descensus" to present, and eternal ruin for many of the best and most lovable of our race.

I devoutly wish it could be proved that universal drinking was safe and wise, as it is more pleasant to go with the stream than against it. But, as I said to a poor man who, in a drinking fit, contracted sloughing phagedena, who, when the sloughing process had ceased, leaving but a vestige of the organ behind, asked me if it would grow again—I said, alas! I could hold out no such hope.

There is a time in a man's life when his will is strong enough, or his appetite for alcohol is weak enough, to abstain. There is also a time in many a man's life when his will is too weak and the craving for alcohol too imperious for him to abstain.

Independently of apparent organic mischief, it is sad that many are the victims of uncontrollable alcoholic passion. The thralldom of alcohol is despotism indeed. But when fatty degeneration, alcoholic cirrhosis, sclerosis, fibrosis, or whatever name you call the degeneration due to that much vaunted food, stimulant, and sedative, viz., the all-victorious alcohol, ensue, how about the dreadful words "too late" for tens of thousands of our fellow-countrymen who are being poisoned and murdered by this treacherous monster?

Surely alcohol is not a necessity, and at the best is a dangerous luxury, and requires great care, thought and discrimination, lest we become slaves to its tyrannical sway. "Prevention is better than cure." The less we take of alcohol the better, and none at all will suit most men's stomachs, pockets and characters.—Your obedient servant.—*Richard Paramore, M. D., in the Temperance Record.*

A GONE COON.

The story of Colonel David Crockett's coon is being repeated. When the colonel took aim, the coon, after enquiring if he really meant it, told him he need not fire. He would come down. He knew he was a gone coon anyhow. The liquor men have had their Waterloo. They concentrated all their powers upon Halton and have lost the fight. Through a sympathetic paper in Toronto they are now asking for the most favorable terms of surrender. The *World* proposes compensation to the liquor men for their vested rights. They have concluded they will have to give up poisoning, and they now want to be paid by the public to retire from the business. They have robbed many a proud mother of her promising boy, and they now want to be paid for giving up the privilege of misleading more boys. They have made many a family fatherless, and they now want the widows and orphans to share the cost of a testimonial to them for the services they have rendered the country. They have invested money in a doomed business, and the country is now asked to refund it to them. It is many years since these wholesale and retail vendors of poison have been warned continuously not to risk their money in that business, but the profits were so great that they jumped at the risk. They probably knew what they were doing. Most of them have got back principal and interest long ago. It is not for their losses they need to be paid, but for the stoppage of the golden stream of blood-money which they consider their "vested right." The very expression should make their cheeks to burn and tingle. A vested right to curse the nation! The idea is a good one for Satan. Can he not also make a good thing by retiring from business and getting paid for his vested rights? The best feature of the local option method of destroying the liquor traffic is that it reduces this vested rights theory to an absurdity. Here is a great brewery, say in London. The people of Halton County determine to send it no more orders. Surely it has no further claim upon them. Six months ago Oxford County refused to buy any more, and now many other counties are doing the same. * * * The farmers of the West should also make up their claim, because the Hindoos are underselling their wheat in the Liverpool market. We might have been willing to buy off the liquor-dealers if we could have got rid of them in that way and in no other, but no terms would have fetched them so long as they were not sure of their fate. Now that they are sure, we see no occasion to pay for the surrender of a gone coon.—*Witness.*