



Temperance Shaft Issued.

'A Consumer' Asks and Answers a Few Questions.

Here is the latest literary shaft sent out by temperance advocates in the West. One is assured that it was 'written this week' by John MacLeod Sutherland for Illinois Local Option. 'What is there in it for me?' is the question asked by 'A Consumer':

The saloon-keepers all may be very nice men.
But what is there in it for me?
I blow in my money and wake in the PEN,
So what is there in it for me?
Of course I'm as welcome as flowers in May
When I come to the JOINT to squander my pay,
But I wake in the COOLER the very next day;
And that's all there's in it for me.

All over this country we're swimming in booze.
But what is there in it for me?
The saloon-keeper's kids are wearing new shoes,
But what is there in it for me?
The distiller's share is an automobile,
A carriage, the retailer's share of the deal,
But I'm wearing shoes that are down at the heel;
And that's all there's in it for me.

The booze-maker's wife may be dressed like a queen.
But what is there in it for me?
My wife hasn't duds that are fit to be seen,
So what is there in it for me?
The beer-brewer's son may be dressed like a dude
While I'm wearing garments exceedingly rude,
But if we vote 'wet' I'm afraid I'll go nude;
And that's all there's in it for me.

My thirst costs me more than my clothes and my food,
And that's all there's in it for me.
The booze took my money, and did me no good,
And that's all there's in it for me.
The brewer is rich, he has gold by the peck,
The bar-man gets paid, he's always on deck,
But whatever I get, I get in the neck;
And that's all there's in it for me.

Why should I vote that the curse may endure?
For what is there in it for me?
I'm bound to vote 'dry' on election day sure,
For what is there in it for me?
A new self-respect, and a chance for my life,
New clothes for the kids, and a home for my wife,
The beginning of peace, the end of all strife;
And that's all there's in it for me.

Coming Home From Market.

The other day we noticed him as he came across the bridge, with his waggon full of cotton, chickens, and eggs. He found ready market for his produce, and we thought how happy his little ones would be when he returned home in the evening with toys and dresses, and shoes, and food for the morrow, and some clear money in his purse.

We thought we could see his wife in the doorway to give him a cordial greeting on his return, so desirous were we that he should make home ones happy and contented. We could almost see his cheerful face as he returned to his family after a day's absence. So we thought and returned to our work.

But eventide came, and he passed by our window again. He had nothing we thought

he would have. The bed of the waggon was bare. No little shoes, nor toys, nor dresses, nor food for the morrow, nor money in his purse we dare say. The man was drunk. He had changed, and this changed our thoughts of his home. We could see the children shrinking from his approach, and his wife, so careworn and sorrowful. She could not meet him with a pleasant smile with which she had intended greeting him. He was breaking her heart and preparing to make paupers of his children.—Alabama Baptist.

Action of Small Doses.

Professor Laitenen, of Helsingfors, whose remarkable paper on the action of alcohol in reducing the power of resistance to disease, and in injuriously affecting offspring, made such an impression upon the members of the Stockholm Congress, has since contributed another interesting paper to the 'Zeitschrift für Hygiene' not long ago, in which he describes the result of long-continued and extensive experiments with small doses of alcohol. Having for several months treated rabbits, divided into classes, some with a minimum dose of alcohol (equal to less than half-a-glass of wine for a man) and others with water under similar conditions, the subjects were then all alike exposed to contagion by injecting serum. Dr. Laitenen claims that he has proved to demonstration that even the smallest quantity of alcohol taken regularly impoverished the blood, rendered the animals more susceptible to infection, and undoubtedly had a deleterious influence on the offspring produced during the period of experiment. Dr. Laitenen concludes, 'I refrain from generalization, and only add that I have begun to make similar observations on human beings, and will publish the results at a later date.'

The Hole in the Bin.

(By H. A. Simpson, in the 'Home Journal'.)

Once upon a time there lived a very rich but a very foolish man. He had a very large farm and he built a very large granary to contain the very large crop of rye which he raised each year.

One day there came to him a very wicked fairy and told him that the granary needed painting, and he would be glad to furnish the money to do the work if permitted to bore a very small hole through the floor of the granary. Because the farmer was very foolish and the fairy very subtle, the bargain was made and the hole bored.

Then through this hole day and night, there ran a little stream of grain, and because the bin was very large and the loss did not appear on the surface, the foolish farmer forgot all about it.

Now, this wicked fairy was very wicked, and he did not use for food the rye he secured from beneath the granary. Rather, he distilled from it a poison, and because it had a pleasant taste, and the wicked fairy was very cunning, he induced most of the workmen who worked for the foolish farmer to buy the drink. He gave much, also, to the foolish farmer.

The workmen soon became stupid from the poison, and did not work so well as before, but the wicked fairy was very cunning and knew that it did not matter to him, for they would soon care less about good homes, and books, and clothing for their wives and children, and so would spend almost all their money with him.

The foolish farmer, too, became still more foolish, and did not see that he was getting poorer and poorer each year.

Then it happened that the merchants, who had been selling clothing and food and books to the workmen, called a meeting to investigate and learn why they were not selling so much goods as they had before. Someone told them about the hole in the bin, but they would not believe that a farmer could be so foolish, till they investigated and found it even so. Then called they a meeting of all the workmen of the foolish farmer, and pointed out the hole in the bin, and explained that the wicked fairy did not use the grain

for any useful purpose, but rather, made from it the poison which had been making them all sick and stupid and had robbed them of most of their money.

Then they called the foolish farmer and explained to him the hole in the bin, and he was much amazed, for he had forgotten all about it; besides, he did not know that a little hole in the bin could cause so much trouble.

Then the farmer, because he had little wit, cried out:

'What shall we do?'

Thereupon the merchants and the workmen and their wives and children cried out all together:

'Let us plug up the hole.'

This was accordingly done, and the foolish farmer became richer and wiser; the workmen became sober and industrious and their wives and children happy, and the merchants were again prosperous, because they sold much goods.

Moral: The saloon is the 'hole in the bin' of prosperity, and out of it, each year, runs one-tenth of all the people's money. It buys hunger, rags, dulled brains, nerveless hands, sad hearts, ruined homes and lost souls. Who will help to 'plug up the hole?'

To love earth's beauty is sign of some capacity for loving heaven's content.—I. O. R.

Total Abstinence.

'I have been for years a teetotaler, because I have long ago learned the difference in dealing with my fellow men, between "Come along," and "Go along," I have long ago learned that if you want to lead men you must put yourself at their head, and that it is no use to point out the path and say, "I am going a road that is good for me, but you go the road that is good for you." If you really desire to lead them, you must lead them in person and not simply in precept.'—The Late Archbishop Temple.

QUEBEC'S PASSING SHOW

THE AUGUST 'CANADIAN PICTORIAL' WILL BE A PAGEANT PORTFOLIO.

The August issue of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is another Quebec Tercentenary number and forms a capital sequel to the splendid July number, so that the two will make together a most charming souvenir of this great historic celebration at Quebec—to be highly valued by those who have had the good fortune to share in it, and to be treasured by others in Canada who could not go, or to be sent to friends far across the seas.

On the cover of the August number is a large figure of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales on the bridge of a ship, with the frowning Citadel of Quebec as a background. A general account of the Tercentenary proceedings is given, with page after page of exquisite pictures of scenes in Quebec at the time from photographs taken specially by a corps of expert photographers, along with snapshots of Lord Roberts, the Duke of Norfolk, Sir George Garneau (the Mayor of Quebec, just knighted), the Vice-President of the United States, and other notables.

There are in addition to the Tercentenary pictures, the usual quota of others of general interest, and some very captivating summer scenes in Canada, all well worthy of the name and fame of the popular illustrated monthly, the 'Canadian Pictorial,' the quality of which as to paper, ink, and presswork, makes it a veritable 'edition-de-luxe' among illustrated papers, and at a modest price. The August number sells separately at 15 cents a copy at all newsdealers. For a limited time the July and August numbers may be ordered together from the publishers (142 St. Peter street, Montreal), for 25 cents. One dollar a year includes the postage to all parts of the world, as well as all special numbers, July to December, 1908, inclusive, for only 50 cents. No gift to a Canadian abroad or to one interested in Canada could give more lasting pleasure for so small a sum. See large advertisement on page 14.