



How Liquor Hurts Business.

In the interminable discussion over the tariff issue there is much said about the consumer. Does the consumer pay the tax or is it paid by the foreigner? Would it not be well for the producers of food, clothing, and other useful articles to consider these consumers also?

No manufacturer, no merchant, no farmer can do business without customers. And the better off these customers are the more trade will he get. A customer who lives in abject poverty is practically worthless as a customer. As a customer he is a failure and no producer depends on him or his class for business. The people who are the best and most profitable customers for the manufacturer and the merchant are those who are prosperous, whose ability to earn and to save enables them to be liberal purchasers of their wares.

It follows then that any business, any habit which turns prosperity into poverty, which diverts the earnings of working men and others from the legitimate channels of trade into those which are unnecessary and unprofitable, is a positive damage to every legitimate business. If a man earns, say, twelve dollars a week and spends eight or ten dollars for that which is better without, leaving his family to eke out a miserable existence on the balance, he cannot purchase much from manufacturer, merchant, or farmer.

And this is just what is going on all over our land, and over the civilized world. Men spend each year for intoxicating drinks enough money to bring prosperity to every branch of honest industry. The more than one billion dollars spent last year for liquor did no possible good to those who drank the stuff, but it did prevent them from purchasing food, clothing, furniture, boots and shoes, carpets, and the hundreds of other living articles considered necessary to comfortable living. These men and their families bought only enough food and clothing, and that of the poorest kind, to eke out a miserable existence. Had they spent this vast sum for those articles needed in their homes does anyone doubt what would have resulted? They themselves would have been much happier, better citizens, better parents, while the money would have given employment to hundreds of thousands and brought prosperity to all except those engaged in the damnable business of making and selling liquor.

An Insidious Sin.

The one reason why we have to guard against this sin of intemperance with such extraordinary care is the fact that it, of all sins, insinuates itself into the fibre of the nature, and immediately it begins to affect the character. Do not think of it as a robe that may have been slipped over you, and when it grows uncomfortable you will fling it off. It is a garment like that Hercules wore; it is soaked in every thread and fibre with poison, and the poison will soon begin to go into your system.

It does not matter how honorable and straightforward a man is before he falls beneath the power of this vice. You are as simple as a child if you expect that in a year after, in that man, the very elements of virtue or of strength will remain. You know that is true; you know that there are men whose foreheads would once have mantled with a genuine blush if charged with falsehood; they would deny a fact now and look into your eye. And you know that that man will condescend to the low, despicable cunning of a savage; no ingenuity has ever been discovered short of absolute confinement that will restrain that man from ruining himself, and he will practise any amount of deceit to obtain the poison which is his destruction. His character be-

gins just simply to crumble away, like the foundation of a house when the water is running beneath it. You cannot depend upon the word of a man who has fallen under the power of vice.

This sin comes into the house like a serpent. We can keep out any other; not this one. Your child, the little fellow that used to sit beside you, who used to nestle against you in the church—you see his face tonight; do you know where he is? He whom you loved, now an outcast. You are silent. What do you propose to do to counteract and destroy this terrible evil? Have you any plan? What do you propose to do to save your children from the power of this vice? How do you propose to save your friend? Are you just going to let him slip? It is worth all your thought, all your trouble, all your pain. If you could rescue one single man or woman, although it is just about hopeless, rescue them. Try. If you could rescue one man or woman, it would be the greatest achievement of your life.—The Rev. J. Watson (Ian Maclaren.)

What it Cost to Pave the Streets.

A Sketch.

Mrs. Graves was sitting by the window, her head resting on her hand, gazing out on the street with eyes that saw not, and ears that heard not the noise and excitement below.

Men were hurrying to and fro, buses were busy taking men to the town house, and in the excitement people forgot to go a block out of their way to avoid passing Mrs. Graves' house, on which there was tacked a red card with that dreadful word: 'Diphtheria' printed upon it.

But Mrs. Graves heeded nothing until a faint moan from the farther side of the room aroused her. Instantly she arose and went to the little bed wherein lay her beautiful three-year-old boy. His golden curls were all in a tangle, his cheeks were flushed with fever and his large, blue eyes gazing up at her, knew her not. She brushed the tangled curls from his brow and adjusted the pillow and bed clothing, then taking his little hand in her own, she prayed as she had so many times, 'Oh, God! spare my boy, he is all I have, I cannot let him go.'

Just then she heard the doctor's welcome step on the stairs. He gave a quick rap, opened the door and came in.

Doctor Green was a large portly man, energetic, progressive, and successful in his practice. He was usually cheery, but this evening his face grew grave as he said, after examining the patient:

'Well, he is a pretty sick little fellow, but cheer up, I'll be back in three or four hours and see how you get on.'

The doctor took his hat and medicine case and started for the door, just as a mighty shout went up from the street below. He hastened to the window, and when he saw who the men were that were swinging their hats high in the air, he exclaimed, 'Good! Good! License has carried, no more Egyptian darkness and muddy streets for us.'

'Oh!' said Mrs. Graves, 'How can you say "good?" I am so sorry.'

'Well,' said the doctor, wheeling about, 'I guess if you were in my place and had to go on all sorts of roads, in all kinds of weather, you would vote license yourself, and don't you know,' said he, forgetting, in his excitement, how his words hurt her, 'that if your boy should die of diphtheria, the law here compels you to bury him at night. You would need a pretty good lantern to find a grave these dark nights, besides going through two feet of mud to get there.'

Dr. Green passed out, and Mrs. Graves resumed her seat by her boy.

After anxious days and sleepless nights the little fellow recovered, and in a few weeks was his own bright self.

The town soon took on a new aspect, saloons came in as all arrangements were made beforehand; work was commenced on the electric light plant, and the streets were repaired and put in good shape.

But Dr. Green did not long enjoy the improvements of the town. He felt that he was needed in a new territory just opened up, and went, and for eighteen years he worked faithfully, battling with the elements and diseases, then came back to his old home for a much needed rest.

The second day after his arrival in town he called on his old friend and schoolmate, Mrs. Graves. While waiting for an answer to his ring at the door-bell, he thought, 'I must expect to find her looking older; eighteen years dig many a furrow on one's brow.' But he was not prepared for the look of care and suffering he saw on her face, as she met him at the door.

Mrs. Graves recognized the doctor instantly and welcomed him into the sitting room, which was neat but bare of every comfort.

After they had visited awhile and the doctor had told her about his town, how they were soon to vote for license, that they might have paved streets, lights and so forth, he looked around, saying:

'I miss the little fellow, he must be a fine young man by this time. That was a pretty close call he had shortly before I left here. Do you know, I always felt that my pills were not half so effectual as your prayers, and I suppose you have been thanking God ever since that your prayers were answered.'

'I would thank God every day if my prayers had not been answered.'

'Tut, Tut, woman, what do you mean?' As if in answer to his question, her son tottered into the room with his battered hat on the back of his head, his hair dishevelled, his clothes looking as if he had slept in a barn, by the bits of straw clinging to them.

He stood looking stupidly out of his blood-shot eyes; yet even in his dazed condition, there came an air of bold defiance as he noticed there was a stranger present. He tried to steady himself as he said, 'Hello, old woman, got company—hic—got a headache—hic—guess I'll—hic—go to bed.'

He staggered into the bedroom and threw himself heavily on the bed.

'This,' said Mrs. Graves, looking up with her face full of agony, 'is the little boy whose life you saved. Do you wonder that I wish he had died? Would I not be glad to go back eighteen years if I could wash his face, curl his hair over my finger, put on his little white dress, and lay him in a little white casket. And oh! how I would thank God that He took him while he was pure and innocent and kept him from the snares of the saloon.'

'You think our streets are paved with a set price, license money. Ah, no; it costs infinitely more—shattering of mothers' fondest hopes; ruins homes and children's souls.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Ber or a Home.

Many men of small income spend 5, 10 or 20 cents a day for beer. Five cents a day saved, and at the end of each year put to interest at five per cent., would at the end of ten years, amount to \$205.50; twenty years, \$560.00; twenty-five years, \$815.00. Ten cents a day so treated would in the same periods respectively amount to \$405, \$1,120, and \$1,630. Twenty cents a day would amount to \$910, \$2,240, and \$3,260.

Think what a comfortable cottage home, with beautiful surroundings in the suburbs of a city or in a village might many a working man possess for the money he expends in a few years on beer.—'National Advocate.'

Moral suasion for the man who drinks;
Mental suasion for the man who thinks;
Legal suasion for the drunkard maker;
Prison suasion for the statute breaker.

—G. W. Bungay.

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