

Temperance Talk.

When the Drink is Driven Away.

No broken windows or creaking doors,
No greasy walls or filthy floors,
But pretty homes, and gardens fair,
Scent of sweet flowers perfume the air,
Where the drink is driven away.

No "raggit weans," no weary wives,
No women in fear for their very lives,
But merry maids and bonny boys,
Making streets ring with glad some
noise,
Where the drink is driven away.

No tempting bars or drink-shops low,
No brawls or fights where'er you go,
But peace and plenty reign supreme,
And life is one long pleasant dream,
Where the drink is driven away.

No aching hearts and dragging feet,
No unemployed in any street,
But bounding step and cheery song,
And work for the willing, the brave and
strong,
Where the drink is driven away.

No frowning gaols and prisons drear,
No criminals in training here,
The banner of true freedom waves
O'er men who never can be slaves,
Where the drink is driven away.

No public debt to crush them down,
No breaking banks to make them frown,
No empty coffers in the state,
For debts are small and incomes great,
Where the drink is driven away.

Drunkardness, A Disease and Not a Crime.

By H. Kinzel Laws.

For a long time drunkardness has been looked upon as a crime, but the present growing interest in public health matters has caused the leading scientists and physicians to conclude that alcoholism is a disease. A disease that is susceptible to treatment.

The habit of drink, is a financial loss in the very outset. When a man begins to drink he begins to lose his money, and all that money will buy. There is more than one drunkard in every town who spends all his money on liquor and leaves his family to want. Wherever in our land you see poverty you will find that in a large measure liquor is responsible.

Strong drink will lead men to lose every principle of right-doing. It has led men to cheat, to steal, to gamble, to passion, to murder, to every crime. It is drunkenness that fills every jail in our land. It takes away character and honor and brings man to the lowest social level.

Alcohol when introduced into the system produces certain abnormal conditions, and as these conditions continue and increase a condition of bodily distress arises which is relieved only by the introduction of more alcohol. Thus is produced a physical craving for alcoholic stimulants. This craving for alcohol is the demand of a system disordered by the repeated use of alcohol, and the drunkard who has become a true alcoholic should be pitied and not blamed for his condition. A man on whom the alcoholic craving has become fastened is as much a victim of disease as a sufferer from pneumonia or consumption.

Drunkardness is not a vice, crime or sin. It is true that the disease may have been originally brought about by ignorance or even deliberate wrong-doing, but having once been contracted, the sufferer should be scientifically treated.

It has been proven by our doctors and scientists that drunkardness can be cured, and the body restored to its normal condition and that a system relieved of alcoholism and made normal again, will remain normal, so far as the craving alcohol is concerned; unless it

becomes diseased again by wilful indulgence.

Statistics show that professional men and men of finely developed intellect are more commonly addicted than the laborer. Their works are on lines that exhaust their nerve potentials and whiskey is the lash that whips them along. This only bears out the theory that inebriety is a disease, and a disease of the nervous system; or nerve exhaustion.

Alcohol in beer or wine is the same as alcohol in whiskey, there being only a difference in the percentage they contain. A susceptible system will respond to it just the same, the form in which it is contained does not matter. To those whose systems have become a slave to alcohol and constantly demand this fiercest of stimulants: How many times have you resolved to try to quench this thirst that is wrecking your being and destroying your life?

Perhaps you failed to recognize that your failure is due to an uncontrollable physical demand for stimulants, just as there is a demand for food at regular intervals. The only difference is that one is a demand for something natural, the other a demand for something unnatural; the one an evidence of health, the other an evidence of disease. It is just as reasonable to expect a man not to take stimulants when they are demanded, as it is to expect a child not to eat when there is a call for food. This unnatural appetite can be cured and conquered by treatment, but this treatment can be greatly assisted and aided by a strong and determined effort on the part of the afflicted one. To better illustrate this point, I will relate a story of an old negro who was given to the habit of chewing tobacco and who was heard praying to the Lord to help him conquer this habit—while all the time he was praying he had a wad of tobacco in his mouth. I am of the opinion that the Lord only helps those who try to help themselves, and that a strong resolution aided by persistent effort will avail much. A strong will that determines that health, strength and sobriety, shall at any cost be acquired, goes far towards making success more certain.

Here is a great economic problem for the several provinces to solve. Reformation of drunkards and changing a non-producer into a producer, turning a liability into an asset. The popular notion that the drunkard is subject to punitive laws is remote from reason, his condition is little understood. He is to be pitied and helped, not punished.

The standard of intelligence is increasing throughout our land, and enlightenment along medical and health culture lines is an integral part of public education, and a necessity in every community. The development of this knowledge is as much a duty of the province as is school development. The people should know how to prevent disease and lessen crime, first for their own protection and second for the betterment and advancement of the general good of the country. There is a distinction between disease and crime, and drunkardness is a disease.

Each province is full of men and women, who have a natural or acquired predisposition to strong drink and the misuse of toxic drugs, and after a more or less use of these systematic poisons, the victims lose that something we call "will-power." They cannot resist the cravings of debauched desire, which makes them pride abased and creatures of humiliation. They become helpless and indifferent and are a menace to society, and a tax to the country. History tells us that the fall of the great Roman Empire was, in great part, due to the vice of intemperance, and to its conquer-licentiousness—which still further weakens and ruins.

To take care of and treat such unfortunate is a duty the province owes society, and public policy demands an institution where this rushing to destruction can be stopped. When we come to consider this subject in its true light we are brought to the fact that the pro-

vince is too eager grasping after the easy revenue that directly or indirectly flows into its treasury from the license tax or bar-rooms and allied sources. Then why charge a man with crime and all the while the province is doing that which is sure to make him commit crime? Does not the province make this possible?

The province should consider her citizens and protect them, by considering their weaknesses and safe-guarding them in every way. The province can well afford to care for and treat its drunkards, because it will be changing a non-producer into a producer—turn a liability into an asset. A general appeal for legislation designed to diminish drunkardness and the drug habit, and to increase the comfort and joy of life, believing human efficiency, health and happiness is the prerequisite of a strong and loyal people, would accomplish great good.

A province grows in wealth and greatness as it multiplies its producers, hence this is not a question of charity, but a sound fiscal proposition. I feel safe in saying there is no enemy more potent for injury to the great super-structure of civilization than drunkardness. War, famine, pestilence, and even the "social evil" sink into comparative insignificance beside the demoniacal power of rum. Murder, arson, acute and chronic inflammations, ruin and death all follow in its wake.

There is no necessity of entering into a discussion as regards the classification of inebriety. It is a disease, a pathological condition. Being a disease, we naturally look for a cure; as the nervous system seems to be the most seriously affected, we tend our energies in that direction, using specific therapeutic agents, and as the maintenance of the physiological equilibrium of the nervous system depends on a healthy condition of the gross economy, we give general constitutional treatment improving the patient's general tone, stimulating and strengthening his nervous mechanism, and surrounding him with such moral influence as will tend to reinforce his enfeebled conditions. Along this line of treatment we can reclaim the drunkard, restore his self-respect and esteem, and the province add a good producing citizen again to her list of subjects.

F. A. Gotch on Alcohol Drinks.

The great wrestler, who beat Hackenschmidt, says:—"I do not believe in any form of alcoholic drinks to make one fit. In the health of mind and body nature has made provision for all necessary stimulants. We should live as near to nature as possible—regular hours and regular, wholesome diet, with plenty of work."

Dog's Intelligence.

A great river in America, swollen by the melted snow off the hills and by heavy rains, overflowed its banks and rushed down in a flood. A Newfoundland dog had a litter of three puppies in a house near one of the banks of the river, now surrounded by water. With wonderful intelligence and memory of a boat, she dropped them one by one into a tub standing by the door, and when the river floated it, she caught it and dragged it with painful labor to the nearest land left above the stream. Here, unable to pull the tub up, she took each puppy out separately in her mouth and put it in a place of safety, barking and showing great delight at their safety.

A Scotsman Lost In Paris.

A Scottish tourist wandering about the streets of Paris some distance from his hotel found himself in a maze, from which he could not escape, and to make things worse he failed, through ignorance of the language, to get any light to guide him homeward. Then a happy thought struck him. By dint of signs, he concluded a bargain with a fruit hawker for a basketful of gooseberries, and then, to the amazement of every-

body, he went about shouting, "Fine Scotch grozets a penny a pun!" This went on for a while till a fellow-countryman rushed forward to him, and, seizing him roughly by the shoulder: "Man, d'ye think ye're in the streets o' Glesca' that ye gang aboot crying like a madman?" "Ech!" he replied, with a sense of relief. "Ye're jist the man I wis looking for. D'ye ken the way to my hotel?"

Before and After.

It is really rather funny how the man who's burning money finds a legion of admirers any place that he may stray. Everything he says is witty; all the Johnnies in the city gather round him to adore him while there's wealth to throw away. When he grows exceeding frisky in the gilded home of whiskey, even the bar-keepers make confession that he has a wealth of charms; and the peelers evidently love him, for they treat him gently when his feet become entangled and he falls into their arms. Oh, the world is soft and tender to the lavish money spender, and he thinks that people love him for his merits and his face. But when all his wealth is melted, he is hustled, he is pelted, and the bar-keepers calmly kick him from the portals of their place. And the people who were smirking when his money he was jerking call him names that hurt his feelings when he seeks a helping hand; and the haughty cops surround him, draw their little clubs and pound him, load him in the hurry wagon, and he's fined to beat the band. All the friends you gain by blowing money where the booze is flowing are not worth a cent a dozen—they're not worth the half of that; they will shake you when you're busted and will turn away disgusted when, to buy a little fodder, you attempt to pass the hat. — Walt Mason.

Regulating the Elephant.

Everybody had heard that the great elephant was loose, and several famous families whose gardens he had torn up and whose boys he had trampled on, were sure of it. There was great excitement, and the town held a meeting to decide what should be done. They did not want to exterminate him; in fact, many of them did not believe they could exterminate him, for he was a pretty big elephant. Besides, he was useful in his proper place—in shows, in India, and in story books.

"Our best plan is to try and regulate him," said an enthusiastic speaker. "Let us build toll-gates all along the route he is going to take, and make him pay."

"Yes, but that leaves him roaming round," shrieked an old woman, "and I don't want my boy killed."

"Keep your boy away from him; that's your business. Why, madam, don't you know that an elephant's hide and tusks are valuable for mechanical and surgical purposes, and that he is useful in India? Besides, there's the toll he will pay. We shall by this means get money enough into the public treasury to build schools for a good many boys who are not trampled to death."

"That's the plan; regulate him, regulate him," shouted the crowd. So they appointed a great many committees, and drafted constitutions and by-laws, and circulated petitions, and by the time the elephant had killed several more boys and trampled down a number of gardens they had erected very comfortable toll-houses for the gate-keepers, and gates for the elephant; and then they waited in great satisfaction to see the elephant regulated.

Slowly the great feet trampled onward: slowly the great proboscis appeared in view; and with a sniff of contempt the elephant lifted the gate from its hinges and walked off with it, while the crowd stared after him in dismay.

"Well," exclaimed the keeper, catching his breath, "we haven't made much money so far, but the regulating plan would have worked first-rate if the elephant hadn't been a little too strong for the obstruction."

The elephant's name was "Whiskey."