

SUNBEAM

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WHY KEEP A WOLF?

See this wild Beast run. It is a Wolf. Does it not look fierce? Its Eye is wild and its Teeth sharp, and it lives but to kill and to tear all that it can, get at. No chain yet made can hold it in check. The one thing to do with a wild Beast like this is to kill it. It is of no use to Man, and so it would not pay to keep it, even if that could be done. A Man of sense may keep a Dog, for Dogs have a use. It may be that some of them are fierce, yet some are good and kind. Not so with Wolves. The Wolf has not one good point to it, and cannot be made of use to Man. In this it is just like the Gin Mill, and it would be as wise for a Man to keep a Wolf in his house as it is for the State to keep up the Gin Mill. Now that we have a chance with our Votes, let us put an end to this fierce Trade that has so long run wild in our Land, and has slain scores on scores of our Sons. —Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."

SAVE THE BOYS.

"Every father in Ontario has an opportunity on December 4th of voting to bring into operation the law which abolishes the bar-room in the Province."—J. W. B. Edmund Spenser tells us, in his delightful allegory, the "Faerie Queene," of a huge, great dragon that infested the land, devouring its bravest and loveliest sons and daughters. At length the Red Cross Knight of holiness fought, vanquished,

and slew the monster, and the land had rest. This allegory finds its fulfilment in our Dominion to-day. The worm of the still infests its highways and byways. It drags its slimy trail over homes and hearts. It devours the bravest and the best assets of Canada, its stalwart men, its fair women, its innocent children; and, what is worse, it changes the husband and father into a demon, and often perverts the boys of our household into gibbering drunkards.

We have a chance to destroy this dragon by our vote on December 4th. Surely every father with a spark of human feeling in his heart will use that vote for the protection of the children whom God hath given him. What father or mother would not rather see their children dead in their coffins in the innocence of youth than behold them grow up to fill a drunkard's grave. We have the opportunity of a lifetime. Let us use it in God's name, or we may live to repent with bitter and unavailing regret our cowardice, our selfishness, our sin.

A desecration of the Sabbath in little things may be the foundation for an after history of disregard for all that is sacred and holy.



GIVE THE WORD!

Here you see the Wolf tied to the Post, and a man who takes aim at him with a Gun. Has he shot the Wolf? Not yet; he just waits for the word. Who is to give him the word? The Man who stands by and holds the Vote in his Hand. The Men who now rule this Land have left it to us to say shoot or not shoot: we have their Pledge that they will do our will. Can there be a doubt as to what we should do? We may give the word to put an end to the Gin Mill. No Land has such a chance as we now have. If we prove true, we will do such a Day's work with our Vote as will turn the Eyes of all the World on us, for our Vote shall say, once and for all, the Gin Mill must go!—Bengough's "Gin Mill Primer."



SAVE THE BOYS.

Four boys were playing marbles in the street. One boy said: "That isn't fair play! You cheat, and I won't play with a boy who cheats!" The boy became very angry, and said that he didn't cheat, although he did. A minute after he cheated again, and the first boy said: "You did cheat, and my mother won't let me play with a boy who cheats. If we can't have fair play, I won't have any." So he gathered up his share of the marbles and left the players. That is right, boys. If you can't have fair play, don't play at all. Two of the other boys stayed and played, but they kept quarreling all the time.