



### 'Ain't it Queer.'

An Earnest Word to Wage-Earners.

Hear the voices of the brewers now resounding loud and bold,  
And the shareholders are joining in—their pockets lined with gold;  
And the publicans are shouting (they must do as they are told),  
'Let the poor man have his beer!'  
Let the poor man have his beer!  
Let his heart be filled with cheer!  
And we'll pocket all his money, while he's feeling rather funny.  
That is what your friends are saying. Ain't it queer?

Cries the brewer, 'See the taxes that our traffic pays away!  
We support the British Navy!' 'Who' supports it, does he say?  
Trust the brewer for the taxes, for he takes enough to pay  
When the poor man has his beer!  
'Let the poor man have his beer!  
Let him wipe our taxes clear!  
And we'll carry dear John Bull, while he keeps our pockets full,  
For he's just a bit top-heavy!' Ain't it queer?

See the gaols and convict prisons, with their bolts and iron bands!  
More than half are there through liquor!—  
'More' than 'half,' that's how it stands;  
And the people pay the taxes, and the brewer rubs his hands,  
'Let the poor man have his beer.  
Let the poor man have his beer!  
Who's a right to interfere?'  
Till he sinks a bit 'too' low, then to prison let him go.  
And the people pay expenses! Ain't it queer?

Half our lunatics and paupers are the victims of the drink:  
Who support our great asylums and our work-houses, d'you think?  
'Tis the 'people' pay the taxes, and the 'brewer' takes the chink,  
And the poor man has his beer.  
'Let the poor man have his beer,  
Till his brain is none too clear,  
Till it gets too soft to lead him; then we'll shut him up and feed him.'  
And the people pay expenses! Ain't it queer?

See that rising little suburb with its homes so bright and gay:  
How the property is thriving! for the tenants come and stay;  
Till the brewer begs a licence, which John Bull bestows straightway,  
And the poor man has his beer.  
'Let the poor man have his beer!'  
Then the three gold balls appear;  
Then the shame and degradation, empty houses, spoliation,  
Yet 'no' talk of compensation! Ain't it queer?

Hear the crying of the children, an exceeding bitter cry!  
'We are cold and hungry, Daddy! Do not stay the drink to buy!'  
Say, who drowns their little voices with the shout that rises high,  
'Let the poor man have his beer?'  
Let the poor man have his beer!  
Let us drain his pockets clear.  
Lo! a helpless wreck he's lying!—and the children still are crying,  
'We are cold and hungry, Daddy!' Ain't it queer?

Oh! the many millions yearly spent on liquor! Pause and think!  
'Tis your 'friends' can have the comforts, for 'tis you that have their drink.  
'Tis no wonder that they love you! that they tell you with a wink,  
'Let the poor man have his beer!  
Let the poor man have his beer:

Let his home be cold and drear:  
When its horrors grow appalling we will keep him loudly bawling,  
'Britons never shall be slaves!' Ain't it queer?  
Hear the voices of the workmen, 'We have ~~got~~ no work to do!  
For the industries are failing, and the trades are flagging, too.'  
Yet there is a trade that flourishes, and flourishes through 'you,'  
When the poor man has his beer.  
'Let the poor man have his beer!'  
See the 'Drink's' grim hand appear:—  
O'er the factory town it lingers; robs their trade with grasping fingers,—  
And that little 'bank' is empty! Ain't it queer?  
Oh! the many millions yearly 'saved' from liquor! Can't you tell  
How those 'other' trades would flourish, and the industries as well,  
Where you then could find employment, and your pockets, too, would swell  
With the cash now saved from beer?  
Let the poor man 'turn' from beer!  
Let his home be filled with cheer!  
Home, with comforts daily growing, food, and clothes, and firelight glowing!  
Things that keep those trades a-going.  
Bright idea!

Then awake! ye poor of England! they have drugged you far too long!  
Then arise; ye British workmen, ye have suffered cruel wrong!  
Break away their galling fetters; heed ye not their mocking song—  
'Let the poor man have his beer!'  
Let the brewers 'keep' their beer!  
It has cost you far too dear!  
Leave your vaunted friends behind you: tell them, when they seek to bind you,  
'Britons never shall be slaves!' No fear!

### Meaty Wines.

A generation ago it was not uncommon for the benevolent practitioner of domestic medicine to prepare a tonic wine by putting a few grains of quinine into a bottle of cheap sherry or orange wine. The idea presented certain attractions, and as often happens with regard to other domestic remedies, it has been taken up by manufacturers, and at the present time there are a very large number of medicated wines and alcoholic preparations, bearing various fancy names, upon the market. In some cases the addition to the wine consists of a drug such as quinine or coca; in others, of meat or malt extracts, either alone or in combination. With regard to the meat wines, the chief objection on public grounds to their use is that persons who might not otherwise be disposed to take a glass of sherry or port at odd times during the day may be induced to take a wine containing as much alcohol because of the nourishing constituents which have been introduced into it by the addition of meat or malt, or both. Without laboring the question whether meat extracts can properly be called nutritious or not, it may be pointed out that by the use of these meat wines the alcoholic habit may be encouraged or established, and that it is a mistake to suppose that they possess any high nutritive qualities. Samples of seven meat wines, including, it is believed, all those most extensively used in this country at the present time, have been submitted to analysis, and in all instances the percentage of alcohol present approaches that commonly present in sherry or port. Some are probably made from sherry or other wine of similar type, and others, as their vendors profess, from port. The addition of malt extract in the quantities indicated by the analyses would, of course, lower appreciably the relative percentage of alcohol in the meat wine as compared with that in the sherry or port from which it was made. The same remark would apply to the meat extract if, as is probable, it is first dissolved in a little water before it is added to the wine. The beef and iron wine contained about 2 grains of iron in a wineglassful. In the meat wine stated to contain quinine, the amount of that drug present must have been very minute, for it was too small to be weighed or identified, or even to respond to so delicate a test as the formation of a fluorescent solution—  
The 'British Medical Journal.'

## ..HOUSEHOLD..

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

The home dressmaker should keep a little catalogue scrap book of the daily pattern cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



2862

1624

2862.—Misses' combination corset-cover and petticoat, closing at back and with or without the flounce.—Any of the sheer white materials may be used to good advantage for this charming undergarment. Three sizes, 13 to 17 years.

1624.—Ladies' sack apron, with high neck and turn-down collar or Dutch round or square neck.—Plain or figured percale, striped or checked gingham or linen are all adaptable to this serviceable garment. Four sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

Please send me pattern No. ...., size ....., name of pattern ....., as shown in the 'Messenger.' I enclose 10 cents.

Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

### The Counsellor and the Close Comrade of His Sons.

Writing of the ideal father and ideal home-training, in the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' Frances Evans refers to the home life of a well-known writer 'who considers no affair of greater importance than the direction of his four boys' minds. His boys run in age from ten to seventeen, but even the little lad of ten is admitted to the family talks, which are teaching these boys to think for themselves. Instead of telling the children to "keep quiet" at the dining-table, both parents, with wise kindness, promote and direct the natural talkativeness of youth into fruitful channels. The father brings home the news of the day, and each boy is encouraged to express himself on these current topics when they dine at night, provided he is willing to think about what he is saying, not deliver some careless, ignorant opinion, then obstinately stick to it. Argument is encouraged, and frequently started by the father. Each boy may give free rein to his opinion as long as he keeps his temper and argues his best. No slovenly habits of thought or expression are permitted in this family. The topic in hand may be anything from football to the latest scientific discovery.'

### The Tragedy of the Childless Home.

(The Rev. William Spurgeon, D.D., in the 'Home Herald.')

The coming of the Christ sanctified child life and placed a crown of beauty and glory on the head of every little boy and girl. Only that home is a happy one where there is the patter of little feet and the ring of childish laughter. God gives to a man and a woman His best gifts when He gives them children. Every child that comes into our lives is a proof of His love. I have nothing but pity for the childless woman. Many of them can blame themselves alone. They do not want