

THE TEMPERANCE CAUSE.

THE SALOON IS AGAINST THE CHURCH.

Published by the Temperance Truth Bureau and Written by the Rev. A. P. Doyle.

In the Temperance warfare we are in the thick of the battle, and victory has not so constantly crowned our efforts as to make us over-boastful of our methods of fighting.

The time has come for us to modify, at least to some extent, our tactics. A good general knows who his enemy is and where is intrenched, and in planning an attack will first endeavor to silence the enemy's batteries. It is the sign of a feeble warrior to parade his army in the open field and to allow the guns of his enemy to produce havoc and destruction among his soldiery, and to content himself with boasting of his fine organization, and especially of his magnificent medical staff and its efficiency in binding up the wounds that are made or its ability in carrying the dead from the field. Too often these have been our tactics. We have held rallies and organized societies and delivered speeches and have got men and women and children by thousands to take the pledge.

WE HAVE BUILT UP A MAGNIFICENT TEMPERANCE ARMY,

which we have paraded before the public eye, and have boasted of our deeds in reforming drunkards; but all this time the enemy has been doing its destructive work in thinning our ranks and in frightening off the stalwart men who have desired to join us, and the strangest of all is that we have not said or done nearly as much as we ought to oppose our greatest enemy. The immense stream of drunkenness bears down on its wave to destruction and death.

A VAST CROWD OF 75,000 DRUNKARDS EVERY YEAR.

This stream is likened to the great Niagara River. Above the Falls it is a placid stream and the pleasure-seeking rowers confidently push out on its quiet waters. The ripple at the bow and the festive song while away the delightful hours of pleasure as they merrily float down the river. So the drunkenness—the social glass is attractive, the good-fellowship, the festive song, the companionship in the saloon: all these lure men into security as down the stream they go, till from moderate drinking, they get into the swifter currents of intoxication. Some realize their danger and pull ashore—get behind the barrier the Temperance people have built along the bank. They take the pledge or get into a Temperance Society; in its companionship they find their safety. But others, heedless of peril, are getting out into the rapids, and only when they are being plunged down with irresistible force the cataract do they become sensible of their danger, and then it is too late.

ALL ALONG THEY HAVE BEEN WARNED.

Temperance men have gone up and down the banks of that river day after day, year in and year out, and have begged them for God's sake to come ashore; they have pleaded with hands raised to heaven, they have told them of the fearful danger below, they have pictured in burning words the horrors of a drunkard's death over those terrible falls. They have done everything that human and divine ingenuity could suggest to save the poor wretches who are struggling in the boiling waters of the rapids. They have gone out to some poor fellow who, as he came almost to the brink of the precipice caught on to some jagged rock or swaying branch, and have hauled him in. But in spite of it all, in spite of the vigorous measures used to save humanity, in spite of the money spent and the vital energies expended, and efforts made by you and me and a thousand others along the banks of that river, still the stream pours on bearing on its bosom its frightful burden of ruined families, of blasted lives, of broken-hearted women and ruined children, of bloated wrecks of humanity; the 75,000 go down still year after year over that awful cataract to eternal damnation.

And what is the reason? Would that we had realized it years ago! Why, friend, there are men who make it their business to push poor, helpless fellows into that stream. Do you know who they are? Read their names over the

corner saloons of your town. The time was when, with pharisaical look, they held the first places in the churches, headed the lists of contributions with money wrung from ruined families; they used to make great professions of their religion. But now the mask has been torn away—their sinister designs have been exposed.

THE BISHOPS IN COUNCIL HAVE WARNED US AGAINST THEM.

But still to-day they go about among the Temperance workers on the banks of the stream of drunkenness, and with sleek faces and smiling looks they applaud the efforts made to rescue the men; but when the rescuers are off their guard and their backs are turned, the poor fellows who have just been snatched from the drunkard's fate are enticed to the river's edge and again pushed into the foaming rapids. Often and often on the missions, when in a rum-besotted town special efforts have been made to save poor drunkards, have the liquor-sellers publicly said: "In a week the missionaries will be gone and we shall have our inning again." Often and often was it known that the liquor-sellers, when the mission had been finished and the Fathers gone, have received the pledge signed at the mission in payment for the first drink, knowing that once it was broken they would have a lien on the poor fellow's pocket as well as his soul. Many are the artful devices used to get men to drink—the appeal to friendship, the glittering saloon with its free lunches, the salted beer provocative of thirst, the bestowal of political favors; all these and many others keep the poor slaves within the charmed circle near by the river's edge, and every now and then some poor wretch is crowded from the bank into the raging waters down to his death. And some of us have not recognized our enemy. "He is a good fellow," we say; "he is a respectable man; he would not be guilty of such awful havoc; he goes to the Sacraments." So we have been blinded and cajoled into friendship. But where is the man hating drunkenness as it deserves to be hated, who does not know that

THE SALOON IS THE DRUNKARD-FACTORY?

Where is the man who is a sincere lover of his Church, who is a well-wisher of his race, whose hearts beats in sympathy for his fellow-man, who dares not understand that one of the most potent factors in the degradation of humanity, and the most efficient agent in the destruction of man's higher nature, is the Demon of Drink?—and where this demon holds his high court is in the saloon, and his prime minister is the grog-seller. The saloon sets itself against the Church, and is wonderfully efficient in undoing the good work the Church tries to perform. See how in every effort the Church makes she is thwarted by the saloon. Her divine mission is to lead men to a higher and purer life. To do so she must have, as material to work with, the natural man with all his human qualities, his reason, his freedom of will. If there is one peculiar achievement that drunkenness can pride itself on, it is its facility to deprive man of his reason and to rob him of his free-will; and to make a Christian out of a constant drunkard is like making bricks without straw, or trying to build a solid structure on the running waters. Drink maddens the intelligence—how can faith enlighten it? Drink drives the soul to despair—how can hope give it courage? Drink demonizes the heart—how can love ennoble it? What avail are sacraments where there is no manhood to Christianize? Where a town is infested with saloons drunkenness must be a prevalent vice.

The Church thrives on the religious instinct which, born in a man's heart, leads him to offer an acceptable service to God. The saloon crushes that instinct and thrives on the horrid craving for alcohol, which, once created, it seeks to foster by the most ingenious devices, until the one whom the Church would have made a noble, God-fearing Christian becomes a besotted, trembling, slavish victim.

The Church has its sacrifices; so, too, the saloon. Its votaries offer on the counter, behind which stands the high-priest, the choicest tributes a man can give—his health, his reason, the happiness of his home, the honor of his daughter, his life in this world, his soul in the next.

The Church has its moral code—it is, "Deny yourself"; the saloon teaches the

exact opposite—it says: "Eat, drink, and be merry"; the Church says, "here is the prayer-book and the rosary; the saloon says, 'here is the bottle and the glass.'" The Church says, "Sunday is the Lord's day, to be given to rest and religion." The saloon claims it as its day, to be given to rioting and debauchery. The Church calls it Sunday.

THE SALOON MAKES IT SIN-DAY.

What more is wanted to constitute the liquor-traffic a religion diametrically opposed to the religion of God? What further evidence is necessary to show that the one is set against the other; they are in silent but terrific contest? Little wonder then, to do its hellish work the saloon seeks to plant itself at the door of the Church, in order the better to grapple with its enemy. Little wonder we find it concocting its schemes and weaving its net about its victims on festive Church occasions, at the baptism of a child, at the marriage or burial of a Christian. Little wonder we find the road to the grave lined, and the gate of the cemetery surrounded by the saloon, for at unguarded moments it knows too well how to ensnare its victims.

WHAT WILL BE THE OUTCOME OF THIS TERRIBLE STRUGGLE?

The saloon power is aggressive. It has entrenched itself in the halls of legislation. No home has been too sacred for it to respect. It has forced itself almost to the gates of the sanctuary. Every attraction that ingenuity can devise, from brandy-drops for the child and the family entrance for the woman, to the brothel adjunct for the loose young man, have been pressed into service. Society has given it six days of the week; now it demands the seventh, and takes it without waiting for the permission of the law. It has sacrificed at its altar each year thousands of husbands, brothers and mothers. It is not enough—it must begin its work of corruption with the boyhood of the land. The laws of the land are openly spit upon and defied by this power. Nothing will satisfy it—its great maw is agape for fresh victims.

HERE IS OUR ENEMY—MARK HIM WELL.

This power must be chained, or respect for law must go. This power must be bridled, or institutions which we value more than life, the Christian Sunday, the Christian home, our personal liberty, the Church of God itself, will suffer disaster.

Which shall it be—old men, you who have seen red streams of precious blood flow to cement our free institutions till there was hardly a heart left that did not ache? Which shall it be, the saloon or your country? Which shall it be? Christian people who are wondering why the Church is losing ground, why the epidemic of unbelief is sweeping over the land, which shall it be, the Church of God or the saloon? Which shall it be? You cannot serve God and Mammon. Choose!

SORE THROAT.—The best cure we know of for sore throat is a gargle of Pain Killer and water—it acts like magic. Big Bottles twice the quantity in the old style.

Mgr. Satolli's Mission Explained.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 11.—Ecclesiastical secrecy has been broken by the publication of this authoritative statement: "The Papal delegate, by order of the Holy Father, has sent out an important notice to the Archbishops, to be communicated by them to the Bishops of the United States. It is a mandate from the Pope that each Bishop shall remit, within the month of January, in a sealed letter mailed to the Pope, either directly or through the intermediary of the legate, his personal, conscientious opinion of the propositions on the school question which Archbishop Satolli, in the Pope's name, laid down before the New York Conference of Archbishops in November last."

"You want me to get on the roof of that tower?" said the workman. "Yes." "Do you notice there's a clock in the tower?" "I know it. What difference does that make?" "I'll have the charge you working over time."—Washington Star.

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