

Dece^r Miss

BOB'S TRUSTS.

The "blue line" street car stopped at the corner, and an anxious looking young woman put a small boy inside. "Now, Bob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed the brake, and the horses, shaking their bells trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bob?" asked a mischievous looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered.

"Where are you going?"

"To my Grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the boy's tormentor, but he only said again, "Let me see it."

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses and shook his head.

"Here, Bob, I'll give you this peach if you'll pull that note half way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the elder people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you will just show me the corner of the note," said the temptor.

The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more, but the young man opened the bag and held it just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit. A look of distress came over the boy's face; I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself. When a man left his seat at the other end, to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind and climbed into the vacant place. A pair of pretty gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded, until it might have alarmed Bob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him and said, "Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."—The Christmas Budget.

DANGER OF DRINKING.

A physician was invited to dine at the club with the dispatcher of a railroad. After dinner the dispatcher remarked that he must go to his room and lie down. The physician enquired the reason. He answered: "The wine I have used, although in small quantity, has bewildered my brain for accurate work, and I must rest. I would not dare to go on duty now. I should make mistakes and not know it at the time, and the mortification of having them corrected by my associates would confuse me still more."

The physician thought: "I am going to make some very important calls in the homes of friends who trust me implicitly, and at the hospital where my best judgment and skill is required. Is it possible that the wine I have used has made me unfit for this work?" Later he met the dispatcher and said: "You were right, and I have been taught a lesson I never will forget. That afternoon's work after the dinner cost me the loss of one of my best families by my indiscretion and anger. I realize now that I cannot use wine and have full possession of myself."

This is a phase of the revolution of public sentiment which is coming into prominence among active brain workers. At banquet tables this is apparent in the abstemiousness of the practical men. This is not from sentiment or theory, but from experience. They know the anaesthetic effects of alcohol literally, and have felt its depressing action on the brain and nervous system.

An old-time clergyman during pastoral visitation called on his drinking members early in the week so that the disability from the spirits used on these occasions would pass away before the time for preparation for the Sunday service.

A noted public man refused to attend public dinners because of the wine used. He gave as a reason that he could not use wines without injuring himself.

Science is receiving a strong confirmation of its conclusions from the experience of practical brain workers and thinkers.—Journal of Inebriety.

THE VOICE OF SCIENCE.

Stimulants never increase the natural capacity of the brain. They can only abstract for the purpose of work in hand some of the energies which are sorely needed to repair and restore a brain which has already been taxed to the furthest limit which is consistent with health. To remove the sense of fatigue caused by overwork by the consumption of alcohol is to close one's ears to the voice of Nature. The weariness of the brain is a protest against further exertion until recuperation has been obtained by rest, and if the weary feeling is deadened or destroyed by adventitious means, Nature will exact her penalty.—Dr. Herschell.

The dictum of science on the subject of moderate drinking is by no means ambiguous. Science cannot support the plea that alcohol is a harmless pleasant beverage. It cannot support the plea of the moderate drinker that alcohol is an aid to health. But it does support the position of the total abstainer with an emphasis which it is culpable to disregard. Science shows how the abstainer can do more and better work than the moderate drinker. Science shows how the abstainer lives longer and is healthier than the moderate drinker. Science, in short, shows that the abstainer lives the normal life, while the moderate drinker lives the abnormal.—T. Easton, M.D.

Persons who take no alcohol live longer and work harder than those who take some. This remains an indisputable fact, explain it how you may, or whether you can explain it or not. Healthy protoplasm is essential to healthy life. Plant protoplasm is so much like animal protoplasm as to render it likely that what will injure the one will injure the other also. Alcohol, in even small proportions, does injure plant protoplasm. Alcohol can also be proved to diminish oxidation, to weaken vascular tone, to directly favour congestion. All these facts are beyond dispute.—Dr. Wm. Carter, J.P., Liverpool.

Although alcohol may be credited with the production of a certain amount of passing pleasure, yet it gives no help in dealing with the ordinary affairs of everyday life. Although it may render some slight service in the production of the lighter forms of literature, it makes no contribution to the more solid work of the intellect, whilst it is an undoubted hindrance to moral and religious advancement. Although it may brighten and vivify what one may call a lawless imagination, it at the same time blunts the edge of those physical sense by which we gain a knowledge of our surroundings, and impairs the faculties which should guide us amid the endless intricacies of our journey through life. We say, then, that alcohol, if taken in quantities sufficient to secure those slight advantages with which it may be credited, blurs and obscures the very highest marks of distinction which the Creator has given to man, whilst in hundreds and thousands of cases this same agent destroys all the mental faculties and produces permanent insanity.—Dr. J. Oliver, J.P., Maidstone.

PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

In a recent letter to the Alliance News of Manchester, Eng., Mrs. M. L. N. Stevens, the widely known and respected President of the National W. C. T. U., makes the following interesting statements.

When I spoke in Manchester recently on the question of Prohibition in Maine, I said that wherever there was violation of the prohibitory law it was because the officers were unfaithful and untrue to their oath of office, and not because Prohibition did not prohibit, or because the people of Maine did not believe that Prohibition is right and profitable to the State.

I also tried to show at that time that Mr. Arthur Sherwell and other anti-Prohibitionists who seek to break down Prohibition, always chose for their places of investigation those localities where the law is most laxly enforced, ignoring the great majority of the State where it is well enforced.

THE VIOLATIONS OF THE LAW.

Since my return home from England I have made inquiries as to the pictures of Portland "saloons" which are in the Sherwell and Rowntree book, and even an expert deputy could not tell where the pictured places were. The bartenders were "disguised" according to the statement under the photographs. Why? On the outside of "saloon" photographs the men employed to watch the approach of the officers were not taken in the picture. Why?

Miss Anna Gordon and I took a tour of inspection around the district where the law is most violated, and what we saw of the "saloons" is no more to be compared with the real saloon of the licence State than an inch worm is to be compared to a rattlesnake. I can only repeat that Prohibition at its worst in any place in Maine is inexpressibly better than any form of licence at its very best.

Please note I never claimed that the prohibitory law is not violated; all laws are violated more or less, and the prohibitory law of Maine is to be violated less in Portland in the near future.

LATEST EXPRESSION OF MAINE OPINION.

Portland is situated in Cumberland County; this county is the largest and most influential county in the whole State. The chief officer in the county, so far as enforcing the liquor law is concerned, is the County Sheriff. He is elected by the Australian ballot system for a term of two years, and it is customary to give him a second term.

The Sheriff elected two years ago has proved a miserable failure, but notwithstanding this the dominant party—Republican—renominated him for the second term. The Democrats, who control about half as many votes in the State as the Republicans, nominated a young lawyer in good standing, and the Prohibition party, which is numerically very small and poorly organized, nominated Rev. Samuel F. Pearson.

The Republican party of Maine has always declared in its platform for Prohibition. The Democratic party in these later years has declared in favour of re-submission of the prohibitory amendment, looking toward its repeal, hence it caused the greatest surprise to some people last Monday, when it was announced and flashed over the wires that Pearson had been elected Sheriff of Cumberland County. It means, simply and plainly, that the people are in favour of Prohibition and its strict enforcement.

Temperance Republicans, Temperance Democrats, Prohibition party men united in retiring by a big majority vote the unfaithful official, and placing in power a man who for twenty-five years has been a staunch Prohibitionist, and who will strictly enforce the law without fear or favour. The representatives of the liquor interest spared neither time nor money; large sums were sent in from other States by the liquor dealers' association. But it was of no avail; right triumphed, as it is bound to do sooner or later.

No intelligent, humanity-loving person can, in view of this great lesson, question the righteousness and practicability of the policy of prohibiting the liquor traffic. Whenever the voting people of the State speak on the question of Prohibition it is always overwhelming in its favour. If the women could vote the majority would be much larger, but they work and pray and steadfastly support the law which has brought blessings instead of cursings, joy instead of mourning, comfort instead of poverty.

If in a few months Mr. Sherwell should again visit Maine he would have to seek some other hunting ground to prove that Prohibition is a failure than in the city of Portland. I have studied every phase of the Temperance question in nearly ever State of our great country, and I am sure that General Neal Dow never spoke truer words than when he said:—"There is not now and never has been in this country a locality where the policy of licence has diminished the liquor traffic or the evils coming from it."

And I might add that of the two great evils of the Government issuing a license to an individual to carry on the nefarious business, or the Government carrying on the business itself, I would say that the former was the least objectionable, but we have proven in Maine that there is a "more excellent way." May the Lord continue in opening the eyes of the blind and turning the way of the wicked upside down.

BACK AGAIN THE FAMOUS "BLACK KNIGHT"



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CANADIAN.

His speech was irresistible in its earnestness and pathos.—Toronto Globe.

A powerful address, full of humor and sanctified common sense.—London Advertiser.

A veritable outburst of true spirited, natural eloquence, born of a devoted patriotism.—Charlottetown Guardian.

Succeeded without any apparent difficulty in keeping his audience in roars of laughter.—Toronto World.

The large assemblage was inspired, amused, thrilled and caused to weep almost in unison.—Montreal Witness.

ENGLISH.

The embodiment of all that is best in his race—humorous, solemn, eloquent and pathetic.—South Wales Argus.

His inimitable drollery, mixed with the truest wisdom, completely took the gathering by storm.—Christian World.

Such an amount of hearty, healthy, wit-provoked laughter we have never heard before in one and a half hours. Methodist Times.

A sparkling speaker, full of fire and dramatic action, and carries his audience along in a very tornado of eloquence.—Templar Watchword.