

**This and That**

**IN THE LAWS OF EVERY LAND,**

Write it on the workhouse gate,  
Write it on the schoolboy's slate,  
Write it on the copy-book,  
That the young may often look,  
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the churchyard mound,  
Where the rum-slain dead are found,  
Write it on the gallows high,  
Write it for all passers-by,  
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it on the nation's laws,  
Blotting out the license clause,  
Write it on each ballot white,  
So it can be read aright,  
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it where there's ships that sail,  
Borne along by storm and gale;  
Write it large, in letters plain,  
Over every land and main,  
"Where there's drink there's danger."

Write it over every gate,  
On the church and halls of state,  
In the hearts of every band,  
In the laws of every land,  
"Where there's drink there's danger."

—The Woman's Journal.

**AN AUGUST SHOWER.**

The gilded Indian of the village vane  
Swirls to the east; and slow the tall tree  
tops  
Wave with the fitful wind that stirs and  
stops,  
And stirs anew; while gently falls again  
The gracious benefaction of the rain.  
The pendant garlands of the garden hops  
Sway with the breeze; and the blown  
peach-tree drops  
Her globes of crimson in the grassy lane.  
The thunder rumbling o'er the distant  
plain,  
Rolls hither from the fields and darkening  
fells;  
The brooklet in the meadow slowly swells;  
The rain has come, and gone. Past is the  
heat.  
Happy the cattle in the clover dells—  
Happy the flocks that range the stubbled  
wheat.

—Lloyd Mifflin

**HE WOULD NOT BE TREMPTED.**

A certain boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink, and who had promised ever to shun it, was sent to a school the master of which was not a teetotaler. One day, the master, being in a friendly mood, offered the boy a glass of wine, which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink the wine, and finally promised him the gift of a watch if he would only drink. The boy declined, saying, "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can some day buy a watch of my own; but if I drink and take your watch I may later on have to pawn it to get bread." He taught the schoolmaster a lesson.—Temperance News.

**HIT A SOLDIER.**

**The Experience of One of Our Men.**

The soldier boys who fought during the Rebellion went home as a rule in pretty bad shape, caused by exposure and improper food and the use of quantities of coffee which left its mark in the wreck of many a stomach. Merrill Hutchinson of Reading, Mass., tells his experience.

"I am an old soldier who served all through the war of the Rebellion and my coffee drinking commenced when I enlisted. I drank it three times a day and at the close of the war returned home almost a wreck.

For years I had dyspepsia of the worst kind and could not drink anything but warm water or warm milk, nor eat enough to hardly keep a man alive. After suffering this way for years, and half living, I was told by a friend of your Postum Coffee.

At first I refused to even try it for I thought it meant more suffering for me, but at last I consented and it did taste mighty good, for I was a dear lover of coffee.

I waited for the distress in my stomach that always had come with common coffee, but it never came. I drank it at first very carefully and then got reckless and wanted it every meal and for over five years now have been drinking nothing else. I have no dyspepsia now, no trouble about eating anything. My weight, when I began using Postum Cereal Food Coffee, was 125 pounds. I am now 62 years old and weigh about 160 pounds and am solid as a rock and able to do a day's work with any of the boys. Now I do not claim that Postum Cereal is a medicine but in my own case it is both victuals and drink. I think that when Postum Coffee is properly made it is far ahead of coffee."

**IT OUGHT TO BE STOPPED.**

What ought not to be used as a beverage, ought not to be sold as such. What the good of the community requires us to expel, no man has a moral right to supply.

Now, if it be true that a vast proportion of the crimes which government is instituted to prevent and repress have their origin in the use of ardent spirits; if our poor-houses, work-houses, jails and penitentiaries are tenanted in a great degree by those whose first and chief impulse to crime came from the distillery and the dram-shop; if murder and theft, the most fearful outrages on property and life, are most frequently the issues and consummation of intemperance, is not government bound to restrain by legislation the vending of the stimulus to these terrible social wrongs?—William Ellery Channing.

**THE RUMSELLER'S WORK.**

I have a loathing, I have a thorough disgust for the gew-gaws of rum-bought wealth. When I get into the horse-cars and smell the foul stench of liquor, when I go into the street-car and find the same, I see behind me that brown stone mansion in our Neck, built of rum, and behind that again I see the pallid faces, shivering forms, and fluttering rage of a numberless host. And I would have one of the daughters of the owner of that mansion stand by the door and watch her father's victims as they march into the dock of the police court every day. I would take another child, and the police would lead her through all the dark alleys and passages where the broken-hearted mothers, and children without parents or food, attest to the manner in which her parent made his money. Intemperance cannot be cured by legislation or by sermons. The rum-seller is the root of the evil, and until it is made a crime to sell intoxicating beverages, intemperance will continue to exist.—Wendell Phillips.

**"BOB" BURDETTE'S REVENGE.**

Undoubtedly one of the most acceptable examples of the "club woman's husband" is found in Mr. Burdette—genial Bob Burdette, as he is so happily called—for he not only attends all the biennials, but shows his humorous hand from time to time in support of his wife.

Not long ago, for interesting instance, the "Atchison Globe," pending a visit of Mrs. Burdette to that town, and in preparation of which the clubwomen were making much ado, published a sarcastic editorial headed, "Who is Mrs Bob Burdette?" When this came to the notice of Mr. Bob, he industriously set about sending the editor newspaper clippings by the yard. Each day for weeks he posted an article about Mrs Burdette's club work or home life, and finally added a note calling attention to the fact that in the same issue with the editorial was a fine write-up of the lady on an inside page. "Read your own paper," was the parting shot to the editor. "I do."

Thereupon the paper came out with a second editorial headed, "We Eat Mud," and in conclusion, said: "If Mr. Burdette will quit, we will apologize for our lack of information about his wife. Mrs. Burdette seem to be a lovely character, all right."—The Pilgrim for August.

**A BAD CROP.**

The daily papers, according to custom in midsummer, are printing extensive crop reports. We are told, with much minuteness, how the various cereals, vegetables, and fruits are faring in Ontario, and in the North West. There is another kind of crop of at least as much importance, which does not receive as much notice in the secular prints. We mean the crop of inebriates. Men and women are worth more than wheat. The Governments at Ottawa and Toronto maintain institutions largely devoted to the discovery of means of combating insect pests and noxious growths. All very good. But we allow to remain in our midst, and actually license, a line of business with whose effects the ravages of Hessian fly, weevil and San Jose scale are not to be compared. We do right in the one case; are we doing right in the other?

**WHO SOAKED HER HAT?**

A natural but amusing mistake is recorded by Lippincott's Magazine, in the part of a certain physician who was aroused from his slumbers by the door-bell. He found a colored man with a huge paper package from which buds and leaves protruded.

"Is Miss Ca'line Ward in?" asked the man.

"She has retired," returned the doctor. Miss "Ca'line" Ward was his colored cook.

"I's sorry, sah, to be late. Dah was a jam in de street-cars. I'll leab dis fo' her, sah, ef you will kindly gib it to her in de mo'in'."

"Certainly," said the doctor. He took the bundle carefully, closed the door, and carried the flowers to the kitchen. There he placed a dishpan in the sink, drew a few inches of water in it, carefully pressed the base of the package into the water, and went back to bed, thinking how pleased Miss "Ca'line" would be.

The next morning he went into the kitchen early, to find the cook holding a dripping bundle. Her manner was belligerent, and her tone was in keeping with it.

"Ef I had de pusson heah dat did dat," said she, "I'd empty de kittle on 'em! I'd jes' like to know who put my new hat in de dishpan—dat I would! I'd scald 'em for sho'!"

**APPEALED TO HIS PRIDE.**

It was the most obstinate mule in the lot and refused to enter the car of a train held up at a little wayside station.

Threats, cajolery and blows, were alike useless. The mule refused to budge, and the slant of his ears told those of the passengers who were familiar with mule car talk that where he was intended to stay. Then the aged African who was trying to load him in said in honeyed tones:

"Whuffo' yo' behave dis way befo' all dese strange people? Why, yo' fool mule, doan' yo' know dat dese people will jest believe dat yo' neber done trabeled befo' in all yo' life?"

The long ears lost their aggressive slant, and the beast went sedately up the inclined plank with the air of a man entering a drawing room car for the first time and determined not to betray the fact.


**PUBLIC HOUSE TRUSTS.**

In an address delivered to the Statistical Society of Manchester, Eng., on Public House Licenses, Sir W. H. Houldsworth discussed the antagonism which exists between the liquor business and the licensing system, the one endeavoring to extend and the other to restrict the consumption of drink. "The only way, in my opinion," said Sir William, "that a tolerable and final settlement can ever be arrived at, will be by gradually making the trader in intoxicating liquors and the controlling authority allies, and not opponents. This might be done by eliminating all motives of private profits, and giving to the representatives of a community the management and control of all licensed houses as a trust on behalf of the public." Sir William proceeded to say that he did not suggest that public-house trust companies would solve the problem. It is absolutely essential that the licensed managers of the retail houses should have a complete monopoly of all the houses.—Pioneer.

He had taken an unwarranted liberty in criticising her new hat. It provoked her. She was about to say that she didn't propose to be dictated to by any man. But she didn't say it. All she said was: "I do not propose—" Then he interrupted her. "If you did," he smilingly murmured, "I should certainly say yes." And that seemed to settle it.

A Georgia paper says: "At a revival meeting a man arose and said he was the wickedest man in the town. 'I'd go to perdition if I should die tonight,' he concluded. Immediately an old deacon started the hymn, 'If you get there before I do, look out for me, I'm coming, too.' And then the deacon wondered why everybody laughed."

"Always tell the truth, my boy," counseled Uncle Allen Sparks, "but don't be always telling it."



In every town, and village may be had, the **Mica Axle Grease** that makes your horses glad.

Made by Imperial Oil Co.

**INVESTMENTS.**

SAFE—PROFITABLE.

STOCK—with 6 per cent dividend  
DEBENTURES—


drawing 5 per cent interest

DEPOSITS—Taken 4 per cent  
4 1/2 per cent allowed

SAVINGS STOCK—Accumulating rapidly  
LOANS—Made on favorable terms.

**THE SUN SAVINGS AND LOAN COMPANY**  
Confederation Life Building, Toronto  
W. VANDUSEN, AMBROSE KENT, PRESIDENT. VICE PRESIDENT  
W. PERMBERTON PAGE, MANAGER.

10-8



do you not get our prices on that Printing you think of having done

?

The facilities we possess are such as to place us in a position to simply defy competition on any description of Printing whatsoever

!

**PATERSON & CO.**  
Printers and Publishers,  
107 Germain Street,  
St. John, N. B.