



An Honest Confession.

A late writer in the New York 'Times' says, 'Tobacco is a nerve sedative, undoubtedly, but it plays havoc with the nerves of most men. With many of us when the nerves are fretted, the brain fagged, a good cigar will waft us into Elysium for say two hours, if so long; after which we settle into a gloomier dejection than before. At least I am always rudely and ruthlessly bundled out of the Elysium to which I was pleasantly wafted on the fumes of the cigar; that is when I in this way seek relief from the fever and fret, or try to coerce my brain into working when it would rather not. Work got from cigars is like money borrowed. The interest is terrible. But in our time, from what one sees, and from all one hears and reads, the extent to which narcotics and opiates are indulged is truly alarming.'

Alcohol a Brain Poison.

(By A. Beattie, in the 'Temperance Leader'.)

George Easton reached the highest watermark ever reached in medical science when, as an Agent of the Scottish Temperance League in all parts of Scotland, he published the fact, 'Alcohol is a brain poison.' He was an educator of men on the most important facts in individual and in national life. In meeting an opponent he had not the ready utterance of John H. Smith. Still he sometimes hit hard. At Banff, on one occasion, George was at his best on the brain poison. One of his hearers stood up, and remarked that he had used alcohol all his life and it had never injured his brain. George took stock of his chairman, and also measured his man. Then he said this state of things was easily accounted for; the gentleman who had just spoken had no brain on which alcohol could operate. On another occasion, at the close of his lecture, a man in black approached him, and put the question of how much salary he had. George told the sum. 'Remarkable!' was the reply given; 'that is as good as plenty of ministers of the Gospel have.' 'Yes,' said the lecturer, 'and a good deal more than plenty of the preachers of the Gospel deserve.' Guided by common-sense and by reason, the League has always held to the road. Have-nothing-to-do-with-it. On this high ground we have always stood. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.'

Alcohol is up for trial as it never was before. Great men have spoken on the great occasions. The result generally is very disappointing, as 'alcohol was used by the body as food.' Tom Dunnachie, of the League, frequently demonstrated on the food question. He proved that in the manufacture of alcohol the food of the people—the grain—was robbed of its nutritious parts, the blessing was turned into a curse, the food tortured into a poison. He stood by Dr. Lees, and both stood by the will, the work, and the purpose of the Creator. In the manufacture of alcohol we find the food of more than two millions annually destroyed in the United Kingdom. The maker abstracts the life-giving power out of the grain, and the next step is that the article so made takes the life out of the people. Although it is a food, it is the only sort known which sends a man to beat his wife and starve his children.

The 'Daily Record and Mail' recently had an article on the drink question. It was of a high-class character. Where and when doctors fail, it will be good for our countrymen when the newspapers start ahead and lead the way. May I live to see that day. This observation is made by the 'Daily Record and Mail': 'Debate at the British Association has not advanced the question an iota.' This is plain speaking, and honest truth. Here, as

in business, if a man does not keep up his shop to the times, he is left behind—he just drops out. I bear the doctors no ill-feeling, and would hurt none of them. When, however, they stand in the dark, they must just drop out. Further, one seems to feel that alcoholic influences of a varied kind have tended to obscure the issue. And so if a man looks at the drink question through a beer-bottle, the wine-cup, the whisky-glass, or the evening party, he shall never come to correct conclusions. The medium is obscured, and truth and duty cannot be felt nor seen through these. Try the drink question by the power and spirit of patriotism, by the love of our fellow-men, and by the character and claims of our common faith, and self-denial is the issue.

The 'Record and Mail' presents the case of a gentleman who lived to a very old age. His daily allowance was a quart of beer, and he never felt any disadvantage. What is to be said for such a case? Note first, this gentleman is at the top, and, like toppers, he does more for the beer than the beer does for him. Then next, such cases cannot settle the question. Where are the men who began to drink with him? He stands; but how many have fallen—have gone down by his side? In the battlefield a man may come out of the hottest part and not have a scratch on head or heel, but you must count the numbers dead or wounded to find the character of the engagement. Well, a hundred thousand graves are opened every year to take in the victims of liquor-drinking. And what a life those thousand lived! There is such a thing as a man glorying in his shame. Are not the officers—the leaders—in the drink army in such a list.

While personally I give thanks for the article in the 'Record and Mail,' may I not feel it an honor in asking the following extract to have a place in the 'Leader?'—'Drunkenness is no longer tolerated in any but the lower sections of humanity. The doctors have, we are sorry to believe, done little to bring about this desirable state of matters. Their public wranglings make us wonder how and in what form they purpose to contribute to the ultimate settlement of the "drink evil." Their disagreements, however, ought to be a fresh incentive to the crusade of which moral suasion is the governing element. Each of us can do much to indicate to the medical profession that its indecision does not affect the legitimate tendency of the healthy thinker, with whom in the long run rests the triumph of nature over the pernicious manifestations that beset her growth and rob her of her glory.'

'Just Tobacco.'

A cigar never hurt any one—if it was left alone.

The unselfish tobacco user has yet to be born.

Tobacco is useful for destroying vermin.

If your dog started to use tobacco you would probably shoot him.

If your wife or sister started to use it you would probably be disgusted, but yourself—ah! that's different.

One smoker makes many; and not one is improved in the making. A Christian smoker is apt to make more smokers than Christians.

Your tobacco costs you more than the money you pay for it. Impaired health, lessened labor power, waste of time, loss of will-power, diminished Christian influence; these are some of the things tobacco costs some of its users.

Tobacco and chivalry are foes.

Jerry McAuley claimed that no drunkard ever reformed permanently unless he abandoned the use of tobacco.

The church is too sacred to be fouled with tobacco smoke; so is the home; while the body of a man is more sacred than either.

If your body really belongs to God, can you consistently put a pipe between your teeth, or fill your mouth with the poisonous weed?

Tobacco is too often the first step in intemperance.

Don't whine when you are hit. Don't hide behind some other man. Don't plead weakness. Face your foe—and fight it.

You can quit if you will. It isn't easy, but it is possible.

The theory that cigarette-smoking will injure a boy, but pipe-smoking will not hurt a grown man, somehow does not sound quite logical.

The parents who wish their boy to follow their example by learning to use the weed are very few in number.—'Christian Guardian.'

Temperance Hymn.

(Dedicated to all Temperance Workers, by J. Pugh Perkins.)

Deliverer of Thine ancient host,
When Egypt's bondage harassed most,
Thou led'st them forth by Moses' hand,
And gavest rest in Canaan's land.

We blest Thee that in later days
Dark Afric's sons sang forth Thy praise,
When Britain broke the slaver's yoke,
And to the world for freedom spoke.

A subtler slavery we deplore,
Which binds our people more and more,
Decoys the young, degrades the old,
And woman in its mart is sold.

Strong drink in Titan strength defies
The home, the Church, in trade disguise
And fierce the uncertain war has waged,
Thy friends and foes so long engaged.

O God of Hosts, to Thee we call,
Let Alcohol's power before Thee fall,
Then joys untold, from strand to strand,
Our pride shall be, a sober land!

—'Alliance News'

Alcohol and Posterity.

In an article entitled 'How Alcohol Weakens,' in 'Le Bien Social,' in answer to the argument that hardened drinkers often live to an advanced age, an example is given to show how, when the drinker himself escapes, it is often his descendants who expiate the sins of the father. A vigorous man, an alcoholic from his 36th year, died at the age of 76. He had four children, of whom one boy died from meningitis, aged 9; another son died of tuberculosis at 46. A daughter still lives aged 46, but her daughter of 11 suffers from neurosis; another child died of meningitis, and a daughter of 22 is suffering from tubercular laryngitis. In short, here is a family having at its head a man on whom alcohol did not seem to have any effect, seeing that he lived to 76, but two out of the four children and two out of the three grandchildren were tubercular subjects.

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N.B.—Be sure to read about the Electric Flash Light on another page.