

ing to give him an hour or more in which to address the assembled pupils. He should be provided with illustrative diagrams, showing the stomach and liver of drinkers in various stages of alcoholism. He should also be provided with a simple apparatus for distilling alcohol from beer, or wine, or cider. Then he could show them that this same alcohol which produces such disastrous effects in the organism of the drinker, is the essential ingredient in the vaunted beer and light wines, that men only take these drinks for the alcohol they contain, and after the alcohol is extracted there remains only a nauseous or insipid liquid which no one would ever think of tasting. Then let him analyze this beer or wine, and let the spectators have ocular demonstration of how infinitesimal is the quantity of nutritive substance they contain, and how false and absurd is the pretence that these drinks are nourishing and strengthening. He might then take this same alcohol which he has distilled and show by simple experiments that might be devised how it interferes with or arrests digestion, how it burns and shrivels the human tissues, and how it paralyzes the nerves and renders them insensible to cold. With this basis of demonstrated fact it would be easy for the lecturer to go on and show how alcohol rushes to the brain and overturns the will power, how it benumbs the moral sense while it inflames the animal passions, and the general result that follows when men "put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains."

All this, of course, is only indicative of the line of oral and visible instruction a lecturer might take to render his addresses useful and entertaining. One or two such lessons as this would prove an almost infallible preservative of youth from contracting drinking habits, and in their minds, at least, would forever dispose of the sophistries with which moderate drinkers defend their practice.

Correspondence.

[These columns are open for expression and discussion of ideas and plans, in reference to every phase of the work in which THE CANADA CITIZEN is engaged. Of course the Editor is not to be held responsible for the views of correspondents.]

WHAT NEXT?

The material progress of the present age consists practically in rendering the good things of the world more easily obtainable by the masses of the people; or in bringing such good things more and more within the reach of people of small means.

Art, Science, Mechanism, Commerce and National economy have each and all operated in this direction, and just so far as they have done so, have they become valuable factors in the world's progress.

The wonderful discoveries of science; the marvellous doings of mechanism; the ever-moving enterprise of individual and concerted commerce, or some of the other agencies of man's employment have thought out and wrought out the many amazing benefits with which we are surrounded, and to *cheapen* seems to be the end in view and indeed the watchword of all advancement.

The spinning jenny was once a silly suggestion; the penny-postage, a dreamer's delusion; the steam engine, a mechanic's myth; the electric telegraph, a possibility without utility, yet all are to-day the priceless valuables of the world, and their great value is because they cheapen—they cheapen—they cheapen.

Who would venture to proclaim the world all going wrong in this respect, and stand up to declare that to make the good things of life dearer or harder to get by the people, would be for their real advantage? This is, however, exactly what we have given us in the theories advanced by the so-called high-license advocates. They argue that to put impediments in the way of the people getting a beneficial thing will be for the good of the community.

Surely their reasoning does not hold together, for if they be sincere in their belief that an increased license will hinder many, especially of the humbler people, from getting drink, they must admit they are advocating a retrograde and detrimental course, or that the article they would thus impede and make dearer is not a beneficial one to the people. The high-license philanthropists being thus convicted of the falseness of their philosophy, turn round and claim that their plan is to bring about sobriety and virtue amongst the poorer people, by lessening their facilities for getting drink. If this means anything, it is that out of their own mouths comes the most sweeping condemnation, both of their philosophy and of their protegee—the liquor traffic.

Those who clamor for high license as a measure conducive to temperance are the very same men who have always heretofore opposed restrictive or prohibitory legislation; the tactics of their logic being to dangle in the public gaze the scarecrow of their boasted axiom, viz.:—That "we cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament."

Crookedness and inconsistency are so much the nature of the traffic championed by these men, that they now twist round and say they *can* make people sober by such means. It so happens however, that they ask for legislation which will merely give their capitalists a financial advantage over others of less wealth, in the carrying on of a traffic, the reduction of which, all will admit would be a blessing to the world.

These gentlemen ask us now to believe that the more a business is controlled by capitalists, the less it will be pushed. What next?

H. K.—M.

Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes: "Having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for some years, I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be."

Tales and Sketches.

THE LITTLE WHITE BEGGARS.

The small waves came frolicking in from the sea,
Leaping the rocks where the big breakers roar;
Snowy crests tossing, so proud to be free,
Racing and chasing in baby-like glee
Up the sand slope to the beach cabin door.

Throned on the post of the sea-looking gate,
Safe in the fold of my sheltering arm,
Sat three-year old Dick, like a king in his state,
Little feet drumming at rapturous rate—
Small King Canute, do the waves own thy charm?

Laughing eyes, blue as the blue laughing sea,
Smiles rippling over twin coral and pearls;
Dainty white arms tossing up in their glee,
Baby voice shouting as merry and free
As the sea-breezes tumbling those sunshiny curls.

O Richard, my king, what do babies' blue eyes
Discern of the beauty of sea and of shore?
As much as the little sandpiper that flies
Where the crisp ripples curve, or the small waves that rise,
When the floods clap their hands and rejoice evermore.

Do I slander the soul of my small "human boy?"
Look out, then, my Dick, over ocean's blue floor,
And tell me what fancies those deep thoughts employ.
Ha! Dick, see them come! Do you join in the joy
Of the little white horses all racing for shore?

The tiny uplifted arm paused in the air,
The blue eyes grew thoughtful, the breeze-tousled head
Shook sunbeams around, and the sweet little pair
Of coral lips, trembling with utterance rare,
"Doze isn't white horses," he earnestly said.

What, not little horses, Dick? See how they run,
All their curly white manes floating back on the sea,
Dashing the drops up to shine in the sun,
Racing and chasing—what glorious fun!
"No, no; doze is 'ittle white beggars," said he.

"'ittle white beggars," he murmured again,
Oh, little white breakers, you mean I suppose.
"Not 'ittle white b'akers"—suggestion was vain,
My wisdom rejected with baby disdain—
"'ittle white beggars dey is; I knows."

Little white beggars—well, that's an idea!
Then perhaps you can tell so we'll all understand,
What these little white beggars come begging for here?
And the soft baby lips whispered, close to my ear,
"Dey begs for de wocks, an' de sea-weed, an' sand."

—Selected.

WHAT THEY BOTH THOUGHT.

It was twenty-five minutes past seven. The buggy was at the door to take him to the train. His hand was on the knob. "Good bye," he called out. There came from somewhere up stairs, through the half-open door, a feminine voice, "Good bye;" then he had gone out into the glad spring air, odorous with the foretokens of coming life, and musical with the songs of the nest-builders. But there was no song in his heart, no spring hope and light in his life, as he took the reins out of the groom's hand and spoke to his impatient horse a sharp "Get on!" And as he rode through the royal avenue that led up to his house, this was what he thought:—