

the same, and, no doubt, no evil was in the indulgence. But why is it a shame to-day to do these things? Because our brothers are going down under the awful curse of strong drink to the abyss, for "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Each generation is coming more and more under its power, through heredity, social customs, and the strenuous life; but, thank God, the Christian conscience is aroused to try and help the weak brother. "All things are lawful, but all things are not expedient. Whether we eat or drink, do all to the glory of God." "Abstain from the very appearance of evil." If the apostle would not eat meat, lest his brother should offend, surely we should do our best to close the open bar, with its filthiness, blasphemy, quarrelling, and incentive to waste time and money, often needed by the wife and children at home, and also deny ourselves of a useless product that does so much harm and causes so much misery in the world.

E. C. J'UDD.

Parry Sound, Ont.

"Sandy Fraser" Heard from.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I notice that one of your correspondents wants to know what I will be thinkin' about this question of temperance an' prohibition, an' local option, an' the problems connected wi' the attempt tae pit the whisky sellers oot o' business, an' gettin' them tae makin' an honest livin', like the rest o' us.

Bein' an auld Scotchman, ye wad naturally suppose I wad be haein' a

wee bit hankerin' after ma drappie, but whether or no, I can aye see what the stuff will dae for the mon wha tak's ower muckle o' it. An' I'm no' that sure but the mon wha tak's ony is takin' ower muckle, for it's no' a thing that leaves yer mind clear for drawin' fine lines o' distinction between richt an' wrang. But I needna' be arguin' about the richt an' wrang o' the maitter. We a' ken we should be temperate; even oor friend "Nemo" willna' stan' for the insecunation that he is a drunkard, although he's no' backward at pittin' in a word for the establishment that manufactures that kin' o' product. We hae a' seen too mony o' oor fellow men sent tae the scrap-heap through the agency o' the liquor, tae be standin' up for it. I should be thinkin'. A mon does na' need to be called a fanatic because he, maybe, will be gettin' a bit excited on the maitter o' prohibition. When we hae sic an agency as the saloon in oor land, wha has for its business naething mair nor less than the killing aff, or the makin' intae wrecks, o' oor young men, I'm dootin' it wouldna' hurt onything gin we wad get a wee bit mair excited than we're in the habit o' daein'.

The mon who argues for the business because its mixed up wi' the accomodating o' mon an' beast, in the way o' hotels an' horse sheds, an' so on, isna' overburdened wi' a vera keen sense o' the comparative value o' things in general, or he wad ken that a mon is worth mair than his bed or dinner, ony time. But we dinna' need tae be afear't that we winna hae hotels gin we pit the whisky oot o' the way, for so lang as the public want onything, an' are willin' to pay for it, so lang will

there be someone tae gie it them. Hotelkeepers, wi' ony ability, can aye rin a profitable business wi'oot gaein' intae partnership wi' the deil.

As tae the maitter o' local option, an' the two-third vote insisted on by oor Provincial Government, I want tae say I'm in favor o' it. It has pit twa hunner barrooms oot o' business in the last year, an' we ken that when they're oot by twa-thirds, vote, they're mair than likely tae stay oot. When we hae na' enuch public sentiment behind a law tae guarantee its bein' enforced, we are rinnin' the chance o' havin' a' oor wark tae dae over again, tae say naething o' the discredit brought on the cause for which we are warkin'. The auld sayin' that, "When you hit a king, you should be sure tae kill him," will fit this case as weel, for that's what we will be wantin' tae dae to the whisky business; an' when we hit it, we should be ready to hit it hard. We dinna' want a prohibition law ony auld way, richt or wrang. What we want is a law backed up by an educated public sentiment. It willna' dae to tell a mon what he should vote for; ye maun tell him "why," as weel. An' when ye get yer majority in this w'y, ye'll ken ye hae it for gude. The two-thirds clause in the Government's local-option bill will gie the supporters o' prohibition an opportunity o' mouldin' public sentiment, as the politeecians say, an' the Lord kens it has muckle need o' it in some pairts o' this Canada o' oors.

We mauna forget that we canna' mak' a man gude by law, but if we can get him tae mak' the effort tae help himsel', we're daein' the maist that can be done for him. Conse-

quently, gin we get twa-thirds o' oor voters to dae this, instead o' one-half, we are that much tae the gude. I've no been in the habit o' giein' ma vote tae the Tories, but I'll say this much for oor Government at Toronto, that, so far, as temperance legislation gaes, they hae done what I think was richt, and what will be, in the lang rin, for the gude o' the cause.

SANDY FRASER.

Something About the Married Manner.

II.

It has been given as a reason for so many of our most illustrious poets being unmarried and childless men, that they were 'restless and solitary spirits with minds wrapped up, like silkworms, in their own tasks, either strangers or rebels to the domestic tie.' Again, that "for men of higher intellectual avocations, for poets, philosophers, for all those in general who devote themselves to science and art, celibacy is preferable to married life, because the conjugal yoke prevents them from creating great works," which latter opinion certainly is hardly pleasant hearing from a woman's point of view. Happily, there are on record many instances where the wife has proved herself a helpmeet indeed, not only on everyday prosaic lines, but spiritually and intellectually too. Dante went through life away from his wife and children, nursing in his mind the visionary Beatrice. Wagner's first wife was a pretty actress, who, having no sympathy with his aims, and probably no particular desire to understand them, lived apart from him; whilst of Dryden, Scott says,



"And Everywhere Were the Dear Apple Blossoms."

(Sister to Evangeline.)

Does orchard-bloom time mean anything more to you than a promise of fruitage? Every orchard bears two crops in a summer, and he who misses the first, misses much. The Chinese say, "If you have two loaves, sell one and buy a lily."