

# The Templar Quarterly

A SOCIAL REFORM MAGAZINE.

HAMILTON, CANADA, NOVEMBER, 1895.



## THE LION IN THE PATH.

"Remove the saloon and you deprive the poor working man of a comfortable place to spend his evenings."  
—Liquor argument.

Remove the saloon and the poor working man would have a HOME to which he could go.



## The Templar Quarterly

Proclaims Christ's Cure as the only

### Salvation for Society.

Applied Christianity will purify politics, destroy monopolies, wipe out class privileges, and establish the Brotherhood of Man. Friends of Social Reform are invited to co operate in extending the usefulness of this magazine.

Subscription, 40 Cents Per Annum.

Single Copies, 10 Cents.

THE TEMPLAR PUBLISHING HOUSE,

HAMILTON, CANADA.

"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."—Eph. 6:12.

NOVEMBER, 1895.

### ELOCUTION NUMBER.

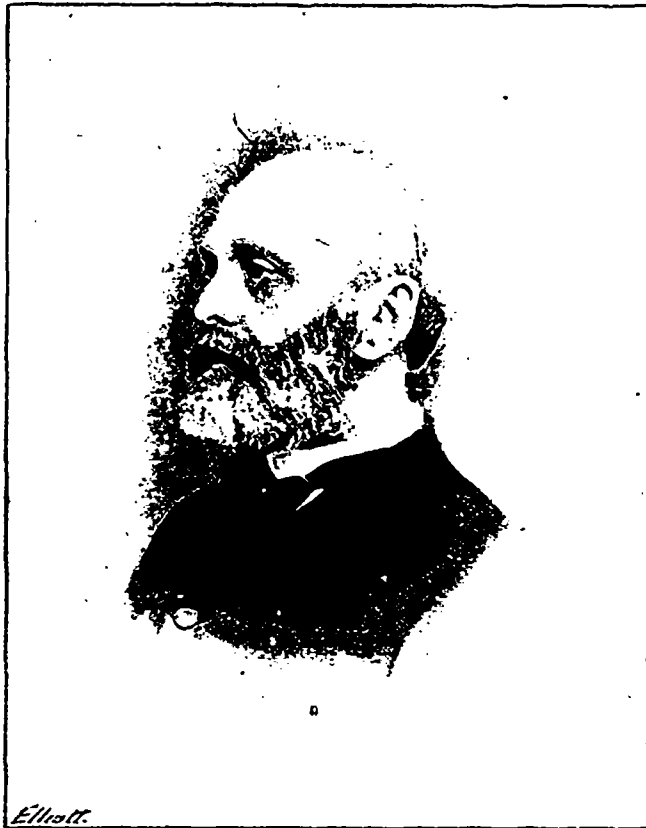
This number of "The Templar Quarterly" is largely devoted to the "Elocution Contest Movement," which promises to be so useful in promoting the cause of Temperance.

Whatever may be the logical position and relative value of the Temperance Question, in the galaxy of questions which make up the realm of Social Reform, it must be conceded that in concrete operations, it is the storm centre, the chief issue, which commands greatest attention and upon which is concentrated the fiercest opposition. Therefore, the devotion of so much space in a Social Reform magazine to Prohibition matters needs no apology.

The articles offered as elocution selections for Medal Contests are, at the same time a collection of keen weapons from the literary armory of the Temperance forces—interesting, informing, inspiring and invaluable. You will read them with pleasure and profit, and should carefully preserve them for future reference.

The cartoons on nearly every page tell stories that would occupy ten times the space if interpreted in cold type, and they touch upon all the living activities of Social Reform.

The fine half-tone portraits will be appreciated. The visit of William Lloyd Garrison to Toronto to speak on Tax Reform reminds us of the grand life work of his noble sire, and leads



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

to the presentation of the excellent portraits of father and son. The splendid engraving of Frederick W. Watkins will please the many admirers of this fearless and magnanimous Prohibition leader, who daily adds to the great debt due him from the friends of the cause. His practical help was the first encouragement to the undertaking of a Canadian Elocution Contest Movement. He is National President of the Advanced Prohibitionists, and if his Hamilton admirers can persuade him to enter the field, he will be the next Mayor of the Ambitious City. The many other portraits will intensify interest in the articles accompanying them. It must be an inspiration to look into the face of the author as you read.

The Quarterly Record will be found, as usual, a convenience of inestimable value to speakers, preachers and students of Social Reform.

### CONTEST TO CONQUEST.

#### A Cute Method of Teaching Temperance and Prohibition.

In 1886 a series of elocution contests were inaugurated in New York city with the design of interesting the young in Prohibition work, and educating the people in Prohibition truth. These elocutionary contests proved to be so attractive in bringing out large audiences, so successful in winning the service of the young, and so effective in presenting the gems of Prohibition argument and appeal, that the late W. Jennings Demorest urged a general campaign along that line. He was a man of wealth, and offered to provide, free of charge, a silver medal for each



WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

competition. It was a grand scheme and developed into a great movement.

Rules for governing the contests were adopted as experience suggested. Gold Medals, and afterward Grand Gold Medals, were added for competition among those who won Silver Medals. Mr. Demorest's generosity was appreciated, and turned to good account in every State of the Union.

Canadians caught the spirit of the movement, and appealed to Mr. Demorest for permission to participate, and to share in his bounty. They did not appeal in vain. A great many of his Silver Medals came to Canada, and a few Gold Medals. But just when Canadians were learning the magic powers of the elocution contest campaign, death removed the noble donor of the medals. His executors have de-



### SATOLLI, THE NEW CARDINAL—RICHELIEU.

Mgr. Satolli, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States, has been made a Cardinal. His princely administration, and his attitude to the Drink Traffic, recall the classic words of Richelieu: "Mark where she stands! Around her I draw the sacred circle of the church step, but within that space and 'gainst thy head—yea, though it wear a crown—I'll launch the curse of Rome."

ecided to continue to supply medals for a time, but will confine their distribution to the United States.

To shut down the movement in Canada would be nothing short of a calamity, and so the editor of "The Templar" made an effort to provide for continuing the grand work. "The Templar" is a missionary enterprise, and has no wealth to draw upon to pay for the production of medals. A few generous friends who were consulted offered to help to establish a fund for the purpose and gave subscriptions to make a beginning. The editor has faith that others will follow, and that the cost of the medals will be forthcoming.

A design has been adopted, and a few medals manufactured, and the scheme is ready for operation. The announcement, of a few weeks ago, in the columns of "The Templar" brought hundreds of letters, asking for information and commending the enterprise. Already a number of applications have been filed for contests that will be held before New Year's.

There is no loss without some gain, and in this case the old rule is nicely exemplified. We have lost the privilege of leaning upon the generosity of a wealthy citizen of the United States, a man beloved in this country as well as his own, whose memory will be ever bright so long as Prohibition elocution contests are held. We will gain, in the preparation of a collection of selections suitable for our own national conditions from the lips and pens of our own Canadian leaders and writers, and thus more attractive and effective with Canadian audiences.

These selections will appear from week to week in the "Medal Contest Department" of "The Weekly Templar." For convenience a collection of these weekly selections has been made and published in "The Templar Quarterly."

In distributing "The Templar" medals the aim will be to promote co-operation among Temperance societies, and Silver Medals will only be supplied with the distinct understanding that a series of contests among a number of societies will be carried out,

culminating in a contest among the Silver Medallists for a Gold Medal. The society holding the first Silver Medal contest in each series will be entrusted with the Gold Medal, and the arrangements for the Gold Medal contest, unless, as will often be the case, the whole series is planned and carried out by a county or district society.

It is further agreed among those who are establishing this fund to meet the cost of medals and the expense of administration, that we should aim to help those who will help the reform, and show some practical sympathy with the movement. Contributions as absolute gifts to the fund will be thankfully received from any friend. A small entrance fee will be expected from each society applying for Silver Medals, before Judges' Blanks, Circular of Instructions and Medal are sent. The Gold Medal will be supplied without any entrance fee, as soon as any series of Silver Medals is completed.

#### Gold Medal Contests.

At least seven Silver Medallists must

compete for a Gold Medal, each reciting a different selection from the one upon which the Silver Medal was won. In all other respects the rules governing Silver Medal contests will apply.

#### Silver Medal Contests.

A Silver Medal contest must be held in a hall or church which will seat not less than two hundred persons, and must be open to the public. An entrance fee may be charged or a collection taken.

Three Judges shall be present, and they must intimate to the Chairman that they have read the rules and understand them before the first contestant is introduced.

The Judges shall not sit together nor compare notes until the contest is completed.

Each Judge shall be supplied with a tally sheet and also with copies of "The Templar" or of "The Templar Quarterly" containing the selections to be recited, that the reciter may be followed, and that the Judges may know that each selection comes within the rules.

Each contestant shall be given a number and be introduced to the audience by the number, and not by name.

Each contestant must state the title and author of the selection before reciting it, and the omission of title or author must count off memory credits.

A few musical selections should be interspersed to divide the recitations; but in every case the first ten minutes should be occupied by speech or song, until the audience is fairly settled, and there is no probability of interruption. A prudent steward or usher should have charge of the door, to prevent persons entering or leaving the hall or making any disorder during a recitation.

Not less than six contestants must recite at each contest, and a medal must not be awarded unless this rule is complied with.

Judges are expected to read the rules carefully and see that everything is in proper form before they give permission for the appearance of the first contestant.

No contestant shall be under fourteen years or over twenty-five years of age, or shall have previously won a medal.

No selection shall be duplicated at one contest, and no contestant shall be permitted to repeat a selection given by himself on a previous occasion.

The Judges must avoid a tie, as but one medal can be awarded at a contest.

The Judges will retire in consultation after the last contestant has recited, to decide upon the number entitled to the Medal, and to execute the certificate. This certificate to Headquarters must be read and signed by all the Judges after the award has been made, but before the Medal is presented.

The program should include speech, song or other entertainment to follow the contest, and to occupy sufficient time to give the Judges ample opportunity to discuss and settle the award without interruption.

The presentation of the Medal shall be made publicly at the contest, and at least one of the Judges should make a few helpful remarks upon the contest.

#### Preliminary Arrangements.

Apply for a Medal in the name of the society under whose auspices the contest will be held, and send with the application a contribution of not less than one dollar to the Medal Fund. If three new annual subscribers to "The Weekly Templar" or five new annual subscribers to "The Templar Quarterly" are sent with the application, the contribution may be omitted. On receipt



#### HAMILTON POLICE INVESTIGATION.

SEC'Y STEWART (of the Jockey Club)—Well Mr. Commissioner, did you commit those aldermen for contempt?

POLICE COMMISSIONER STEWART—No; but I guess hereafter they will endeavor to conceal their contempt for the commissioners.

MAYOR STEWART—No doubt, after the exhibition you gave at the "investigation!"

of such an application. Circular of Instruction, Judges' Tally Forms and Certificates will be supplied by return mail.

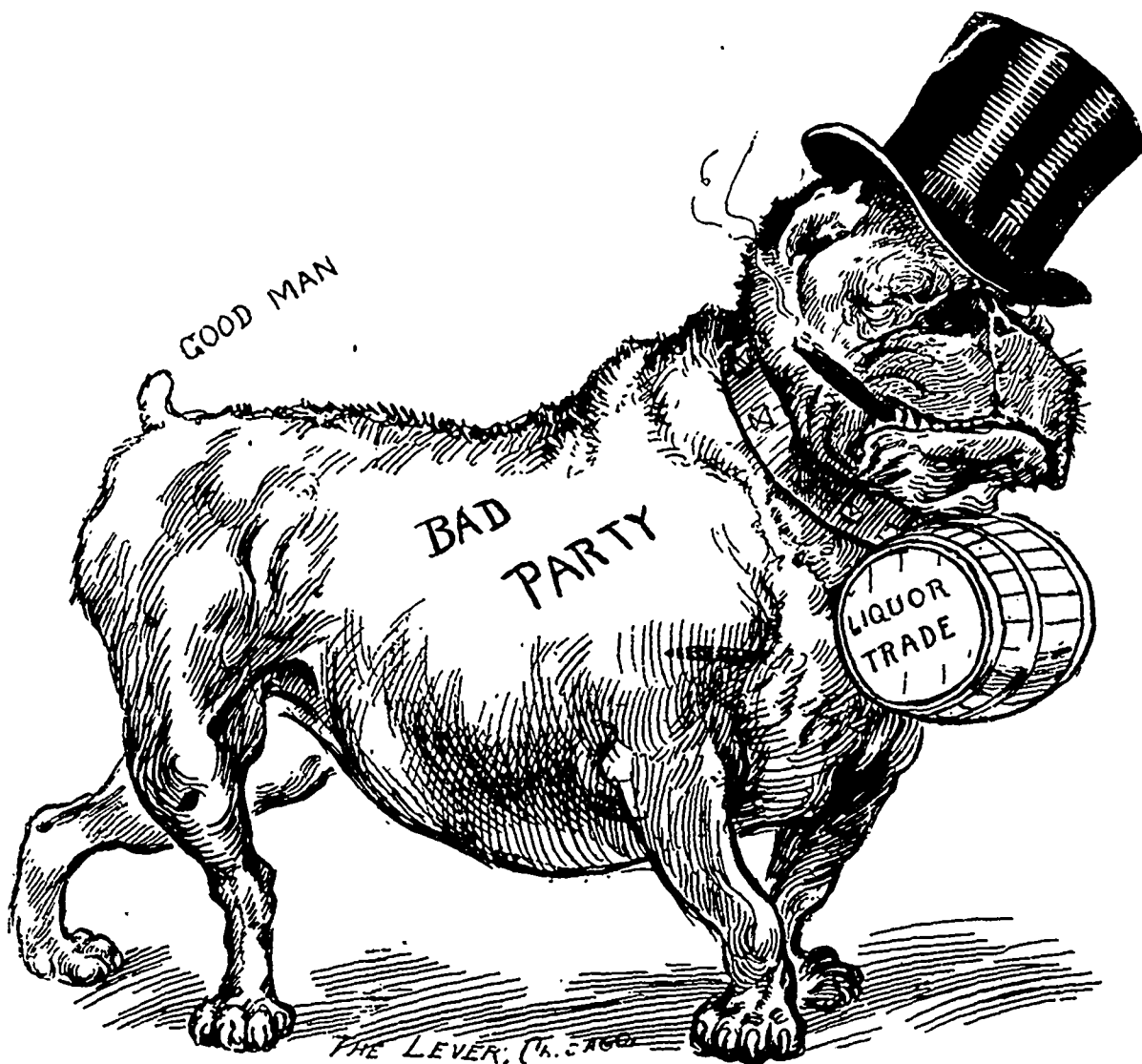
Form a class of not less than seven young ladies or gentlemen between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five years. At least seven should memorize, so that in case of illness or absence of one there will still be the necessary number to compete. A class should consist of eight or ten.

One person should be made a kind of superintendent, to consult with the class and make assignments from "The Templar" or "The Templar Quarterly" collection, so that two will not choose the same selection. The

superintendents should hear each contestant recite the selection assigned at least once before the contest, unless the class is taken charge of by a teacher and trained for the event. This is a splendid plan where it can be carried out.

Do not fix the date of the contest until the superintendent or teacher is assured that the contestants will be prepared for a creditable appearance.

Advertise the contest well, and it will certainly prove attractive; but be careful not to give the names of the contestants to the public. There is no better advertisement than the sale of tickets, but they should be placed at a small price to encourage a large at-



**BUT THE TAIL CAN'T WAG THE DOG.**

"Prohibitionists can not refuse to vote for Mr. Goodman, as his temperance principles are well known."  
 (Frequent newspaper argument in favor of Old Party candidates)

tendance. The contestants almost invariably do good execution in selling tickets.

Select three Judges—influential, capable and disinterested. Let the Judges examine their Tally Sheets and Rules, so as to be familiar with them before the contest.

Fill out the return Certificate and have it ready to be signed by the Judges immediately after they make the award, but before the Medal is presented. Do not forget this, as it may make an awkward delay in the program.

A judicious chairman and a prudent usher or steward should be selected in good time and made acquainted with the rules.

Speech, song or other entertainment should be provided to occupy the first ten minutes, and also at least ten minutes while the Judges are making the award. It would be very nice to have several songs or choir numbers to

sandwich between the recitations. Here is a sample program:

**Elocution Contest.**

- 1.—Opening hymn.....
- 2.—Chairman's address.....  
Rev. J. Goodman.
- 3.—Solo..... Miss Eva Singwell
- 4.—Contestant No. 1.....
- 5.—Contestant No. 2.....
- 6.—Duet.....  
Miss Cleartone and Mr. Basso.
- 7.—Contestant No. 3.....
- 8.—Contestant No. 4.....
- 9.—Solo..... Miss Semiquaver
- 10.—Contestant No. 5.....
- 11.—Contestant No. 6.....
- 12.—Solo..... Miss Singwell
- 13.—Contestant No. 7.....
- 14.—Contestant No. 8.....
- 15.—Chairman requests Judges to retire
- 16.—Duet.....  
Miss Cleartone and Mr. Basso.
- 17.—Solo..... Mr. Semiquaver
- 18.—Presentation of Medal.....
- 19.—Closing.....

Do not fail to mail the Certificate to Headquarters promptly. The envelope should be stamped and all ready to slip in the Certificate and mail as soon as the contest is over, and before you go to sleep. Enclose with the Certificate a few notes about the contest for the columns of "The Templar," and cheer the friends all over the Dominion with the story of your good work in the irrepressible conflict.

**LIQUOR KILLS.**

The English liquor death-rate, according to the Registrar-General's latest return, stands higher now than it ever did before. In 1869 there were 764 deaths directly ascribed to intemperance, which gives an annual rate of thirty-four per million persons living. For 1893 the figures were 2,174 victims, or at the rate of seventy-three per million persons living.—Acton Free Press.

## PROHIBITION.

From a Speech by T. B. Flint, M. P., Delivered in the House of Commons, May 7th, 1894.

Looking over this whole subject, I think, taking into consideration the nature of the resolution before us, that Parliament should stamp with its approval the appeal that is made, that as speedily as possible we should enact a prohibitory law. Sir, I have made no attempt to press upon your attention all the considerations that might be urged in favor of prohibitory legislation. Any attempt to exhaust the argument would exhaust the patience of my hearers as well. In the time I had placed at my disposal I have touched upon a few only of the more obvious objections and answers daily arising in the discussions upon this great subject, the vast literature of which covers not only the ground I have just traversed, but takes into its consideration almost the whole field of political, social and moral economy. I have shown, I trust, that Parliament has the power as well as the duty thrown upon it of dealing with the liquor traffic on the lines laid down in the resolution I have presented. It has been shown that a prohibitory law can be efficiently carried into operation, and that its effects when fairly worked are favorable to every proper interest of the state. It has been abundantly shown, not only in what I have just urged, but in the whole tenor of the former debates in this House that the traffic in alcoholic liquors is the cause of the greatest evils which afflict society. From the opinions of statesmen and jurists, from the expressions of the views of the most sagacious and competent observers in all countries, from the official reports of associations especially devoted to inquiry in this branch of social reform, and from the results of investigations made at the expense of, and under the sanction of the state itself, and even from the formal resolutions of this Parliament of Canada, the conclusion has been irresistibly forced upon a large majority of the best people of Canada, that the wisdom and practical statesmanship of the present day have no profounder problem with which to grapple than the one to which your attention is now invited. The liquor habit, it has been demonstrated, is an enemy to personal health and mental vigor, to the peace and happiness of the home and to the industrial interests of every community in proportion as it has gained a foothold. The traffic, as it is now carried on, under the sanction and with the protection of the state is the fruitful source of drunkenness and crime and, because of its demoralizing tendencies in every direction in which its influence is exerted it has become the enemy and oppressor of the state itself. It is hostile to industry, to purity in political and social life, and to that good citizenship which is the salvation and ought to be the pride of sound government. It wastes the resources of the vast majority of those whose means are used to sustain it. It throws extra burdens of taxation and the responsibility for good government upon the shoulders of the sober, industrious and thrifty, and flings upon the care and charity of society the innocent victims of the ravages of intemperance.

But, say objectors, there is a public compensation. Look at the revenue derived from the traffic; look at the thousands employed in the manufacture and sale of liquor; look at the capital engaged in the liquor business, and the wages paid in carrying it on, and say if you would deprive



## DESTROY THE BREEDING PLACE.

The way to drive out the pests is to destroy the places where they breed.

society and the state of the advantages of these resources and expenditure! These are the compensations for disorder, for poverty, vice, crime, public loss, and embarrassment, for personal and domestic suffering indescribable and for a burden of taxation, a wasteful and reckless extravagance and expenditure far exceeding in amount and capability of injury all the fancied and imaginary benefits claimed for the liquor traffic. Sir, there is no compensation between the assumed gain and the certain loss. The state gathers a few millions, while individuals who might otherwise support the state's great enterprises squander five times the amount. While we put into our treasury some seven millions of gold annually we witness without dismay an annual waste of thirty-five or forty millions expended in alcoholic liquors, and with it the ruin of thousands of lives, and the wreck of almost measureless resources, which would otherwise go to strengthen a genuine prosperity. Sweep away the traffic by an adequate law of Prohibition. Refuse it the sanction of the Government and Legislatures and the revenue from it will scarcely be missed in the general buoyancy of the national income derived from other sources. We have the assurance of statesmen of the highest eminence, some of whom are yet in the practical administration of affairs, that the immediate and certain bene-

fits which must accrue will far outweigh in value and importance the loss to the revenues of the country. The revenue depreciation will be slight and temporary; the public gain will be permanent and vast. The growth in the general revenues will more than counterbalance the depreciation from special sources, while the great individual and domestic, not to mention the moral, benefits will forever remain to uphold and strengthen every true national interest. Industry will be promoted, because relieved of unjust and unfair burdens of taxation; political life will be purified and ennobled, because relieved of the degrading and unhealthful influence of the saloon and grog-shop; and social happiness will be promoted by the rapid disappearance of those vices which always accompany drunkenness. In the improved habits of the classes yet degraded by the curse of alcoholism, in the reduction of pauperism and crime, in the better enforcement of our laws, in the enhanced rewards of thrift and industry, in the advantage of capital and labor transferred to better fields of competition, in the increased value of property, in the prosperity of thousands, whose lives are now productive of only wastefulness and loss, and the wider diffusion of comfort and happiness throughout every portion of our Dominion we will have our reward.



**THE BEAR OR THE CUBS.**

SAME OLD CRY FROM THE BACK GROUND—"Why do you confine your efforts to one question? Here are others needing attention."

THE ADVANCED PROHIBITIONIST—"This is the Mother Bear. Help me finish her, and then we'll see about the cubs."

No Prohibitionist claims that such an enactment would furnish a panacea for all the evils that afflict society. Others would remain to tax the wisdom and industry of successive Parliaments. The abuses of century old habits and laws are not removed in a day or a year. There must be periods of anxiety and of struggle, as in the history of every reform which has blessed humanity. New light, new laws and better conditions must ever make their way by warfare against ignorance, selfishness and corruption. But the result, if the majority is constant and patient, need not be doubted. Supported by constitutional ma-

jorities whose will in this free country makes and unmakes Administrations, and whose determination decides policies and the character of laws, the Prohibition of the liquor traffic, that fountain of wrong and damage, will ultimately take its place among the most revered and most loyally sustained of our public statutes. I trust, Sir, that this Parliament will not neglect the cry which comes from every Province of the Dominion to give them this legislation as soon as practicable. I trust that the Government may be able to give us the assurance of their loyal support. The circumstances are propitious for dealing with the question at

an early day, and the desire is: that the Government will as speedily as possible, having regard only and solely to the difficulties of arranging the details, bring this matter before the consideration of Parliament.

A bright cartoon in every issue of "The Weekly Templar."  
 "The Weekly Templar" reaches nearly every postoffice in Canada.  
 A Bible with a Temperance Lesson Help—"The Templar Bible."  
 One dollar pays a year's subscription to "The Weekly Templar."



### OBJECTIONS TO PROHIBITION ANSWERED.

REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D., BRANTFORD, ONT.

"We object to sumptuary laws." But prohibitory liquor laws are not sumptuary laws. Let us not juggle with words. Sumptuary is from the Latin *sumptus*, cost or expense. Webster defines sumptuary laws to be such as "restrain or limit the expenses of citizens in apparel, food, furniture, etc." A sumptuous feast is an expensive or luxurious feast. Under the head of public economy, Blackstone speaks of sumptuary laws against luxury and extravagant expense in dress, diet and the like. Prohibitory liquor laws are not enacted to limit extravagant expenditure, but are a police regulation for the prevention of disorder, crime and immorality, and are directly aimed at the bar-room as a legalized institution in a Christian land. A sumptuary law is a law against luxury, but a Prohibitory liquor law is a law to promote luxury amongst ruined and impoverished families.

"Prohibition does not prohibit." This is a self-contradictory statement, and to make sense, can only mean that Prohibition does not annihilate. But neither does Divine Prohibition annihilate murder, adultery, theft, false witness or Sunday work. In that sense even God's laws are a "failure."

"Prohibition is an unwarranted invasion of personal rights." A man has a natural right to throw stones, but is not permitted to do so at windows or travelers; a natural right to jump and shout, but he is not allowed to do so in a public assembly. Whenever a person becomes a member of society, he must part with some of his natural rights, should he desire to secure social advantages. Quarantine is an interference with a citizen's natural rights, but the protection of the community from cholera is paramount. It is objected that the State has no right to declare what a man shall eat or drink. But no representative Prohibitionist has ever advanced such a proposition. Not private appetite, but a public institution, is aimed at. If by abolishing the latter it become difficult to gratify the former, there is no just reason for complaint, as private appetite should never be allowed to obstruct the public good. "Personal liberty must end where public injury begins."

"Prohibition will deprive the Government of millions of revenue which cannot otherwise be raised." Such heartless covetousness is rebuked by Lord Chesterfield, when he says: "Government should not, for revenue, mortgage the morals and health of the people," and by Horace Greely, when he writes: "To sell drink for a livelihood is bad enough, but for a whole community to share the responsibility and guilt of such a traffic, seems a worse bargain than that of Eve and Judas;" and even by the heathen Emperor of China, who, when the opium traffic was forced upon him by the English Government in 1842, said: "True, I cannot prevent the introduction of the poison, but nothing will induce me to raise a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

When Hon. W. E. Gladstone was waited upon by a deputation of brewers, and the word "revenue" was mentioned, he said: "Gentlemen, you need not give yourselves any trouble about the revenue. The question of revenue must never stand in the way of needed reforms. Besides, with a sober population, not wasting their earnings, I shall know where to obtain the revenue." Interesting light is thrown on this latter statement by the



### FUNNY QUESTIONS SOME PEOPLE ASK.

"If the liquor trade was destroyed what would be done with the capital now invested in it?"

SETTLER—"If I destroyed the bear what could I do with the stable?"

fact that, during the great temperance movement in Ireland under Father Mathew, the increase of imports for the port of Dublin alone in 1842, on tea and sugar, amounted to about \$275,000. The Hon. G. W. Ross, before the Royal Commission, thought that the Government would not be seriously embarrassed by the loss of the revenue from the liquor traffic. In one year Hon. Geo. E. Foster, Finance Minister, took off a tax of \$3,500,000 on sugar alone, without embarrassing the finances of the Dominion. By simply restoring that tax, he could at one stroke provide for half the loss of revenue from liquor. Why, then, should this argument be continually thrown at Prohibitionists, as if it were quite unanswerable. On this point, Canada's greatest Finance Minister, the late Sir A. T. Galt, said:

"I am quite prepared to establish before this audience to-night, that the Finance Minister who should succeed, by prohibiting the traffic in intoxicating liquors, in restoring \$16,000,000 now lost to the people of the country, and wholly wasted—the Finance Minister who should succeed in doing that, and should also save the indirect loss that arises from the injury that is done to society by it—I say he will have no difficulty whatever in raising the sum of money which appears in the first instance to be thus lost to the revenue.

(Loud cheers.) There can be no doubt whatever about it. One of the bugbears about taxation with which we are met, is that of direct taxation. Now, I will venture to say this, that when you have educated the people of this country up to the point of prohibiting this traffic, you will, at the same time, have educated them up to the point of paying direct taxes sufficient to meet this deficiency."

In view of the above facts and arguments, which we trust will commend themselves to all intelligent readers, and in face of the far-reaching crisis now upon us in regard to the sobriety, virtue and happiness of our homes, we earnestly plead for the Prohibition of the liquor traffic.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;

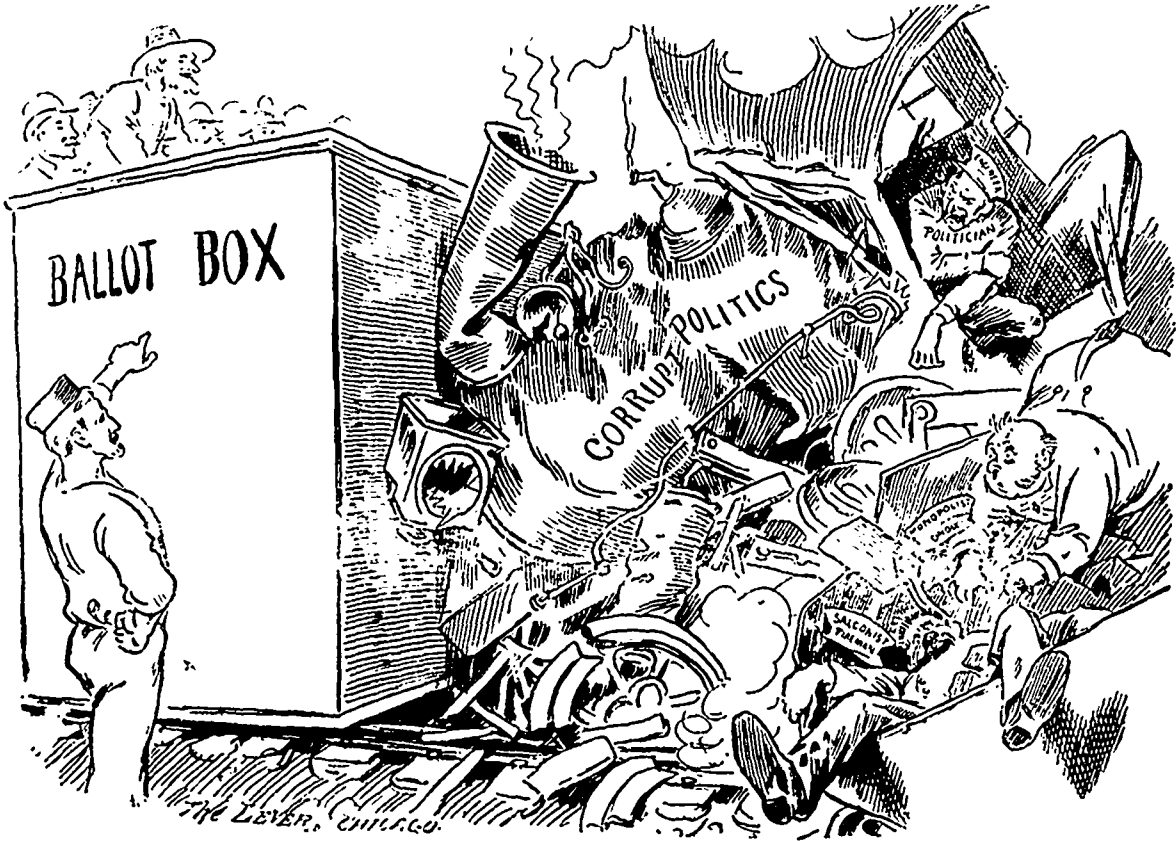
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,

And the choice goes by forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light."

"The Weekly Templar" is the only national journal of the Prohibition movement in Canada.





**THE COMING COLLISION.**

When Patrons, Prohibitionists, Labor men and other honest electors combine at the Ballot Box there will be a collision on the Old Party Railway, and Corrupt Politics will be badly wrecked.

**THE BIBLE AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.**

JOHN P. ST JOHN.

If I were a preacher there is one thing that I would promise you right now, and that is, that in any organization over which I, as pastor, had the honor to preside, I would see to it that any member of that organization who should directly or indirectly withhold his vote from a Prohibition amendment in this State should quit sleeping in my church on Sunday. I would make it so hot for him that he would get on the side of the home or on the side of the saloon, on the side of the Lord or on the side of the devil. There should not be, and ought not to be, any compromise ground upon which any man can stand whose name is found upon the church-roll.

In dealing with the liquor traffic there are three classes that we must consider: the drinker, the seller, and the government; and first, let us dwell briefly upon the drinker, because the drinker is referred to here: "Woe unto them the rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, will wine inflame them!"

You will see, in the first place, that this was a time when they had no distilled liquors, or what is commonly called to-day "alcoholic liquors." You will see also that wine came first; that the world commenced on its road to drunkenness on the latter drinks, and you will see away back in these Bible times that the Lord pronounced a woe, not only upon the men who drink, but woe upon all who tarry at the wine.

If I had the power to blot out one class or the other—I mean the lighter drinks or the strong drink—and was not possessed of the power of blotting both out, I would blot out the wine and beer, and let forty-rod whisky remain, for it is the wine and the beer which constitute the A B C's in the lesson that leads to drunkenness. The wine and the beer bear the same relation to dissipation and drunkenness that the Sabbath school bears to the church—one is the recruiting service for the other, and God, thousands of years ago, pronounced His woe upon the wine and the beer drinker. Let me tell you it is not the strong drink upon which our young men commence a life of dissipation. They first drink the beer and the wine, and that creates a condition physically which demands strong drink.

But the Lord did not stop there. They seem to have had some sellers in those days, too, for you will find, "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink."

I do not know who could be meant there except these fellows that are taking out license here to-day—these fellows who sell. Let me say to you that I make it a rule never to abuse a man for engaging in a lawful business; besides, I believe that the saloon-keepers are morally and socially just as good and just as pure as are the saloons they keep; and the saloons they keep are morally and socially just as good and quite as pure as the law that authorizes them to keep the saloon; and the law which authorizes them to

keep the saloons, in the sight of God is just as good and just as pure as the church member who votes that kind of a law.

But the Book says something more. It not only speaks of the seller, but it speaks of all the people, for it says: "Woe unto them which justify the wicked for reward and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!" How plain that is! Anybody can understand it. "Woe unto them which justify the wicked for reward." Woe unto the nation in which we live, that makes a reward from the saloon-keeper of this country! Woe unto the man who will justify his business by voting in favor of it, or by staying at home and playing the part of a coward! What is to be done to the people who justify the wicked for reward? What is to become of the money?

"They should cast their silver in the streets"—this blood money, remember—"and their gold shall be removed. Their silver and their gold shall not be able to deliver them in the day of the wrath of the Lord!"

"Make a chain, for the land is full of bloody crimes, and the city is full of violence."

Let me say to you that the fact that our cities, States, and nations, which are taking the revenue from this curse out of the profits of the dealers in this business that destroys home and immortal souls, are permitted to stand a day, is, in my judgment, a monument of God's wonderful mercy to us a people!

"Make a chain for the city is full of violence!" Make a chain to hold down fact and fight that which is destructive and deadly to civilization! Every man to-day is making a chain; and I tell you that the chain you are forging is not any stronger than its weakest link! It makes no difference how perfect you may be in this or that thing—you may belong to a church, and you may pray one way, but when you come to vote on this measure that looks to the overthrow of the nation's greatest evil, the strength of your chain will be measured by the character of your ballot.

Men of America, I ask you, "Is God dead?" Has mammoth left the nation forever? Are we an army of cowards? Or will we say, from this hour, God helping us, we will buckle on the whole armor of Almighty God, and in His name and with His power we will take a stand alongside of the mothers and the children of our land, and, with our ballots, which execute the will of the people, we will bury this home and soul-destroying business beyond the hope of a resurrection?

When we have done that, we shall have done our duty, and God will take care of the rest.

### PICTURES FROM LIFE.

REV. T. DEWITT LAMMAGE.

The Sabbath has been sacrificed to the rum traffic. To many of our people the best day of the week is the worst. Bakers must keep their shops closed on the Sabbath. It is dangerous to have loaves of bread going out on Sunday. The shoe store is closed; severe penalty will attack the man who sells boots on the Sabbath. But down with the window-shutters of the grog-shops! Our laws shall confer particular honor upon the rum-dealers. All other trades must stand aside for these. Let our citizens who have disgraced themselves by trading in clothing, and hosiery and hardware, and lumber, and coal, take off their hats to the rum-seller elected to particular honor. It is unsafe for any other class of men to be allowed license for Sunday work. Rum swing out your signs. O ye trullickers in the peace of families, and in the souls of immortal men! Let the beer foam, and the rum go tearing down the half-consumed throats of the nebriske, God does not see. Does he? Judgment will never come! Will it?

I sketch two houses in this street. The first is bright as home can be. The father comes at eightfall, and the children run out to meet him. Luxurious evening meal. Gratulation, and sympathy, and laughter. Music in the parlor. Fine pictures on the wall. Costly books on the stand. Well-laid household. Plenty of everything to make home happy.

House the second: things sold yesterday by the sheriff. Wife's furs at pawnbroker's shop. Clock gone. Daughter's jewelry sold to get flour. Carpets gone off the floor. Daughters in faded and washed dresses. Wife sewing for the stores. Little child with an ugly wound on its face—struck in an angry blow. Deep shadow of wretchedness falling in every room. Door-bell rings. Little children shoo. Daughters turn pale. Wife holds her breath. Blundering step in the hall. Door opens. Friend, brandishing his fist, cries: "Out! out! What are you doing here?"

Did I call this house the second? No; it is the same house. Rum transformed it. Rum embroiled the man. Rum sold the shawl. Rum tore up the carpets. Rum shook his fist. Rum desolated the house. Rum changed that paradise into a hell.

I sketch two men that you know very well. The first graduated from

one of our literary institutions. His father, mother, brothers, and sisters were present to see him graduate. They heard the applauding chunders that greeted his speech. They saw the bouquets tossed to his feet. They saw the degree conferred and the diploma given. He never looked so well. Everybody said, "What a noble brow! What a fine eye! What graceful manners! What brilliant prospects!" All the world open before him.

Man the second: lies in the station-house. The doctor has just been sent for to bind up the gashes received in a fight. His hair is matted, and makes him look like a wild beast. His lip is bloody and cut. Who is this battered and bruised wretch that was picked up by the police, and carried in drunk, and foul, and bleeding? Did I call him man the second? He is man the first! Rum transformed him. Rum destroyed his prospects. Rum disappointed parental expectation. Rum withered those garlands of commencement-day. Rum cut his lip. Rum dashed out his manhood. Rum, accursed Rum.

This foul thing gives one swing to the scythe, and our best merchants fall; their stores are sold, and they sink into dishonored graves. Again it swings its scythe, and some of our best physicians fall into sufferings that their wisest prescriptions cannot cure. Again it swings its scythe, and ministers of the gospel fall from the heights of Zion, with long resounding crash of ruin and shame. Some of your own households have been already shaken. Perhaps you can hardly admit it; but where was your son last night? Nay, have not some of you felt the power of this fiend? You think that you could stop? Are you sure that you could? Go on a little further, and I am sure you cannot. I think, if some of you try to break away, you would find a chain on the right wrist, and one on the left; one on the right foot, and another on the left. This serpent does not begin to hurt until it has wound round and round. Then it begins to tighten, and strangle, and crush, until the bones crack, and the blood trickles, and the eyes start from their sockets. But it is too late; and not even the fires of war can melt the chain when once it is fully fastened.

An English journal puts the liquor problem in this form: Twenty-five snakes running through the streets—that is free whiskey. Twenty-five snakes gathered into a box in which twenty-five holes are made by authority of the court—that is low license. Ten of the holes are closed and the snakes all get through the other fifteen—that is the high license. Drive all the snakes over to the next village—that is local option. Kill all the snakes—that is Prohibition.

### THE CONFLICT BETWEEN CIVILIZATION AND ANARCHY.

#### Which Shall Triumph?

W. JENNINGS DEMPSEY.

What are the elements of anarchy and the destruction of society, if not virtue destroyed, lawless selfishness let loose on the people through sanctioned vice, law so framed as to be a pretext and justification for violence, crime entrenched in law and a fee demanded for its perpetration, and the people silent when crime is rampant in the community?

Where is the conscience or the sagacity of the people?

Who are most responsible for this infamous wrong and treachery, these outrageous concessions to bad unscrupulous men, and the worst forms of vice and crime, if not sovereign voters who make law for the protec-

tion of the people through their votes at the ballot-box?

Why is it that intelligent moral people are so apathetic, so oblivious to the most sacred and imperative duties they owe to society and especially to the members of their own household?

Shall our country be deluged with crime and the people pamper, laud, and fetter the criminals? our homes be devastated and our property menaced by a horde of pirates, and the people bribe the pirates to continue and perpetuate their piracy?

Is it possible to find in all history such blind and stupid folly as is illustrated in the people's silence, and worse than folly in their legal sanction of this monster evil, through the votes of a Christian people?

But this desperate conflict with the liquor traffic, which has been aroused by the active moral sentiment provoked by the cruel war of the saloons on the homes of the people, promises to be the most important movement ever inaugurated for the benefit of humanity.

We do not wonder that the liquor dealers, seeing the avalanche that is coming, are going desperate in their clamor for protection to their nefarious business, and are actively nursing their forces and collecting enormous funds to save the saloon; that they are defiantly aggressive in their movements in all sections of the country; that they resort to insidious appeals to the people and are scattering fire-brands of defiance and malignity, which include delusive and fraudulent arguments to screen and cover up their piratical designs, so as to mislead the people.

But the newly awakened demands of an exasperated people for the protection of their blighted and blasted homes, and degraded humanity are equally determined that the saloon must go under. That this monster of vice and desolation must and will be annihilated by the votes of the people, is becoming more and more apparent every day.

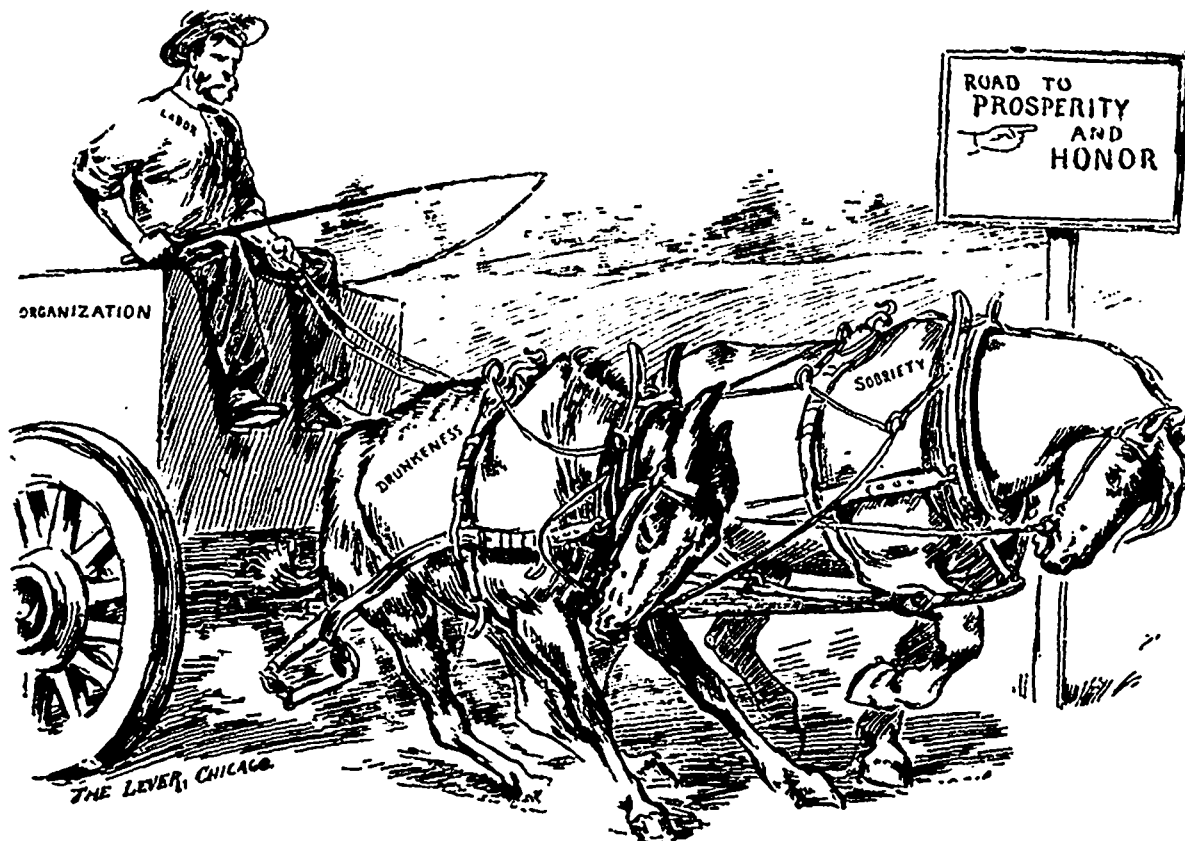
The people are becoming actively intelligent as to the necessity for action and the virtue of combination, also that ballots for Prohibition are the new reapers and mowers to be effectively used to gather in this rich and abundant harvest for God, Home and Humanity.

The conscience of the church and the people is also being vitalized with enthusiasm, and is loudly calling on the intelligent and heroic voters of our country to concentrate their efforts at the ballot-box, to save their homes. We shall soon find that faith, energy and devotion, with intelligent votes, will sweep the most formidable barriers into the sea of oblivion; that a new enlightenment will greet the people with a moral revolution, to warble the world with its grand and glorious results.

But the people must be combined in their efforts to use these weapons of Prohibition that have been so skillfully and effectively arranged to batter down our enemy's defenses. Political Prohibition must be enforced by the votes of the people against the cadet and strongholds of the rum power. And they must be fully aware that mountains of difficulty and no end of passion, prejudice and sophistry, with large material interests, will be encountered in the struggle for victory.

But as sure as God reigns, and right is right, the saloon must go! Ballots, not bullets, are to be the effective weapons for this warfare on the liquor dealers' perfidious and deadly attacks on the people.

Ballots, with enforced Prohibition, are the modern appliances, the rapid and effective Gatling guns, which, if brought into requisition, with all the conscience, patriotism and energy that



**SHOOT HIM WITH PROHIBITION BALLOTS.**

LABOR—"I'll never get far on this road with that brute on the team, holding back all the other pulls."

God has endowed us, will settle this whole question of the liquor traffic; and the practical rum-shop, with its hordes of apologizers and sycophant sympathizers, will be hurled into such a deep abyss, that no drinker will be able to see the smallest remnant of this awfully destructive and hateful business.

Our determined and strong convictions once focussed in our votes—and the work is done.

And this culmination of enforced Prohibition through the ballot-box will inaugurate the dawn of a new moral and Christian civilization, to bless our country with a glorious future—a grand resurrection of advanced intelligence, moral development and National Prosperity.

"Wrong the right" is hard assailing,  
All advances to defy;  
Never mind! God's help availing,  
Right will conquer wrongs entailing,  
Forward! banners never trailing—  
Forward! let us do or die!"

**HAVE WE NO PITY?**

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

About ten years ago or more I first became a total abstainer because I was easily convinced that the use of alcohol was not a necessity, and a great deal turns upon that. I saw, for instance, that whole nations had not only lived without it, but had flourished without it. I saw the remarkable fact that there were some 20,000 persons in England, who, though many of them had made themselves mere funnels for drink; though they had been accustomed to drink from their childhood; though most of them had

been brought to prison, either directly or indirectly, through drink, yet the very day that they enter the gates of a prison all drink was entirely taken from them, and yet there was not a single instance on record in which any of them had suffered in consequence. On the contrary, men who have entered prison sickly and blighted have been made compulsorily sober by act of Parliament, and after a few months left prison hale and strong and hearty; and women who have been put into prison perfectly horrible and hideous in their loathsomeness and degradation, after a short period of deprivation from the source of their ruin, left prison with the bloom of health and almost of beauty.

All these proofs and many others convinced me very speedily that it was not necessary for me to continue to touch any form of alcohol. 'Twas the great philanthropist and politically wise Benjamin Franklin who used the words, "Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, contentment in the house, and clothes on the bairns." Well, then, coming to these conclusions, believing that total abstinence would tend to simplicity of life, to health, to strength of body, to clearness of mind, to length of days, I then saw that for me, at any rate, it became a desirable thing to give up alcohol altogether; and I did so, for these reasons, with perfect gladness, and without ever having suffered in consequence of the fact so much as even a single day. We have looked into the field of history, and from the day when that disgraceful scene took place in the tent of the patriarch down to the re-

ords of yesterday, we see that drink has been to the world a curse intolerable in its extent and interminable in its malignity. We see that even ancient writers like Lucretius have dwelt upon the dreadful degradation of drunkenness. We see that the ancient nations like the Spartans have done their very utmost to save their sons from this terrible seduction. Turning from travels back to Sir Henry Havelock, see how he pictures the difference between a siege where soldiers had no access to drink and the siege of Lucknow, where they had. Turn, again, to Sir John Kaye's history of the Indian Mutiny and see how, on the very day after our troops had effected a lodgment at Delhi, England, in consequence of the universal drunkenness of the victorious army, was within an ace of absolutely losing her Indian Empire. Turn, again, to Kinglake's 'History of the Crimea,' and see how he pauses in the history to point out the fact that British troops were brave as lions and gentle as Christians until, and only until, they became once more liable to the degradation that drink wrought among them. Shall I go back three hundred and fifty years and quote once more what Shakespeare said, "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if we have no other name by which to call thee, let us call thee Devil!" Or need I give the testimony of one of the wisest judges, Sir Matthew Hale, who said that four crimes out of five even in his day were committed by men who had been drinking in taverns or in ale-houses? I might quote from the able prelates, the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of London, both total abstainers, and almost every single judge who sits upon

the bench, who have again and again borne witness that if we could get rid of drink we should almost totally get rid of crime, for drink is the same thing as crime.

But here is a vice perfectly preventable stalking among us which produces evils more deadly because more continuous than war, famine and pestilence combined; and yet we are so cold, so neutral, selfish, immoral, and quiescent as to make no serious or united effort to grapple with that intolerable curse.

I appeal to every sensible and sensitive heart, to this divine feeling of pity. Do we not, must we not feel pity when we think of the hundreds and thousands of men who become the victims of a dead product which is yet potent enough to destroy souls for whom Christ died? Must we not feel pity for the ravages which are caused by this deadliest of all human curses? Do we not feel pity for the men whom we have probably seen and known, who because of drink are living in its pollution and going to deaths of blasphemy, and are giving back to the God who made them nothing but the dust of their mortal bodies and the shipwreck of their immortal souls? Have we no pity for the thousands who are pouring poison into the ranks of youth until its root becomes as bitterness and its blasphemy comes up as fruit? Have we no pity for the families, the husbands, and wives on whose hearthstones are burning, because of drink, the very fires of hell? Have we no pity for the mothers whose hearts are rent with anguish at the fate of these their offspring?



REV. W. A. MACKAY, D. D.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN VOTERS.

REV. W. A. MACKAY, B.A., D.D., WOODSTOCK.  
The terrible evils of the drink traffic are only too manifest to all who are not woefully blind. We see them on every side of us. They affect the bodies and the souls of our fellow-men. They affect the individual, the family, the community, the state, the church. But when we attempt to describe the havoc caused by strong drink we get bewildered and are apt to fall altogether because of the very expanse of the dreariness and desolation that lie before us. In our own fair Dominion we see a great army of inebriates, at least 20,000 strong, marching on to sure and swift destruction—about 5,000 of them every year passing away into the drunkard's awful eternity. No language can adequately



MILLS-McKAY CONTROVERSY.

depict the woe that is poured into the hearts and homes of our people by this traffic. And in the older lands the evil is still worse. Joseph Cook has said: "All that united Protestant Christendom together raises annually for missions, would not pay the liquor bill of the United States for three days, nor that of the British Islands for two."

Is it not really astonishing that people will sit complacently by and see this awful destruction going on right under their eyes? Is it not a wonder that with one voice all men do not rise up and resolve that this abominable traffic shall come to an everlasting end?

In certain parts of India there is a species of poisonous serpent that is worshipped by the people. Sometimes the reptile will leave its marshy hiding place and get into a house and crawl into the bed where the sweet baby lies asleep. It bites the child, and its bite is certain death. In a few hours the child dies amid horrid convulsions. But, instead of killing the serpent at once, the poor deluded parents will protect and cherish the destroyer of their babe. We are

shocked at this, but what better are we when we protect the liquor traffic, the serpent of the still, which is destroying thousands of the best youths of our land. To-day we have in Ontario alone over three thousand drunkard-making factories, called bar-rooms, sanctioned and protected by law. Who made that law? Our legislators. Who made the legislators? The voters. The voters are therefore responsible for the evil. Place the responsibility upon the right shoulders, and the awful burden must be borne, not alone by our members of Parliament, but chiefly by those who elect them. There are four links in the liquor chain—the voter, the legislator, the law, the bar-room. The license voter stands at one end of the chain and the bar-room at the other.

Christian men and women, are you contented that you should continue under this heavy responsibility? Will you continue "building your town with blood," and electing as your representatives men who "frame mischief by a law?" Will you not recognize Christ's claims upon you in the exercise of your franchise, and regard your act of voting as an act of worship?



### THE STRUGGLE OF PROGRESS.

"There was once a farmer who on going to mill always placed a large stone in one end of the bag to balance the grain in the other end as it lay across the horse. His son one day discovered that by dividing the grain in the bag into equal parts it balanced without the useless weight of the big stone. The farmer seeing this chided his son severely. 'What!' said he, 'do you think to improve on the time tried methods of your fathers? Return the stone to the bag!'"

It is enough to make one sick at heart to see Christian electors bound hand and foot to a political party and hoorahing at the close of an election day for a candidate elected by whisky votes. Here is a conversation between a minister and a tavern-keeper. The minister was a good temperance man, as the term goes, but he always voted for his party candidate, regardless of temperance. On a certain Sabbath the clergyman denounced the liquor-seller and his business. The next day the clergyman and liquor-seller met, when the following occurred:

Tavern-keeper—"I hear that you gave me a drubbing in your sermon yesterday?"

Party-clergyman—"Yes, sir; I said some pretty hard things, but they were true."

Tavern-keeper—"Did not you and I vote at the last municipal election in this town, and for the same councillors?"

Party-clergyman—"Yes, that's true."

Tavern-keeper—"Were not those councillors elected, and did they not refuse to curtail the number of licenses?"

Party-clergyman—"Yes, I must ad-

mit that."

Tavern-keeper—"Did not we support the same candidate for the Legislature, and don't they leave the law on the statute book, which authorizes the granting of licenses?"

Party-clergyman—"Yes, that is true, but—"

Tavern-keeper—"Never mind buts. You support a party which approves of, or at least does not repeal, the law which legalizes the liquor selling business. You vote for candidates with me who take my money, and grant me a license to sell. You then, abuse me and my business. I think you are a hypocrite. Good-bye."

And was not the liquor-seller logically right? Could inconsistency go further than for a man to say: "I am a Christian, God has saved me in order that I may save others," and then go arm in arm, with the rum-seller, and vote for that which he knows is destroying the bodies and ruining the souls of his fellowmen; that which in the judgment of the Premier of the Province produces "three-fourths of all the crime, lunacy, idleness, poverty and misery" in the community?

My! my! but God will bring this matter up in a terrible reckoning one of these days.

Fellow Christians, our appeal is not to your prejudice, nor to your passions, but to your reason and conscience, enlightened and sanctified by the spirit of God. It is yours to live, not Cain-like, for self, but Christ-like, for others; and to co-operate actively and earnestly in every well directed effort to raise the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to rescue the perishing. Can you hesitate for a moment as to the path of duty? Rise in the strength of God, and dare to do right. As patriots, do your duty to your country; as citizens, do your duty to society; as parents, do your duty to your children; and, as Christians, be faithful. O be faithful, to the church of God! We call on you to come to the rescue of a crushed and groaning humanity. The tears of the widow appeal to you; the sorrows of broken-hearted wives appeal to you; the wallings of starving children appeal to you; the youth of our land, who will yet fall victims, if the evil is allowed to go on, appeal to you. And shall all these appeal in vain?

"Christian man, with pitying thought.  
 Use the ballot in your hand!  
 Here's the battle to be fought—  
 Church of Christ, arise and stand!  
 Shield the million babies sleeping,  
 Succor all the poor wives weeping;  
 Break these chains that bind our  
 brothers,  
 Dry the tears of pale-faced mothers;  
 Rise and crush this demon fell.  
 Shut up all the gates of hell."

### MARRIED TO A DRUNKARD.

#### FROM TOUCHING INCIDENTS.

She arose suddenly in the meeting and spoke as follows: "Married to a drunkard? Yes; I was married to a drunkard. Look at me! I am talking to the girls."

We all turned and looked at her. She was a wan woman, with dark, sad eyes, and white hair placed smoothly over a brow that denoted intellect.

"When I married a drunkard I reached the acme of misery," she continued. I was young, and oh, so happy! I married the man I loved, and who professed to love me. He was a drunkard, and I knew it—knew it, but did not understand it. There is not a young girl in this building that does understand it unless she has a drunkard in her family; then, perhaps, she knows how deeply the iron enters the soul of a woman when she loves and is allied to a drunkard—whether father, husband, brother or son. Girls, believe me, when I tell you that to marry a drunkard, to love a drunkard, is the crown of all misery. I have gone through the deep waters, and know. I have gained that fearless knowledge at the expense of happiness, sanity, almost life itself. Do you wonder my hair is white? It turned white in a night; bleacher by sorrow, as Marie Antoinette said of her hair. I am not forty years old, yet the snow of seventy rests on my head, and upon my heart. Ah! I cannot begin to count the winters resting there," she said, with utterable pathos in her voice.

"My husband was a professional man. His calling took him from home frequently at night, and when he returned, he returned drunk. Gradually he gave way to temptation in the day, until he was rarely sober. I had two lovely little girls and one boy." Here her voice faltered, and we sat in deep silence listening to her story. "My husband had been drinking deeply. I had not seen him for two days; he had kept away from his home. One night I was seated beside my sick boy; the two little girls were sleeping in the next room, while beyond was another room, into which I heard my husband go as he entered the house. The room communicated with the one in which my little girls were sleeping. I do not know why, but a feeling of terror took possession of me, and I felt that my little girls were in danger. I arose and went to the room. The door was locked. I knocked on it frantically, but no answer came. I seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength, and throwing myself with all my force against the door, the lock gave way and the door flew open. Oh, the sight! the terrible sight!" she wailed out in a voice that haunts me now; and she covered her face with her hands, and when she removed them it was whiter and sadder than ever.

"Delirium tremens! You have never seen it, girls; God grant that you never may. My husband stood beside the bed, his eyes gleaming with insanity. Take them away! he screamed. The horrible things; they are crawling all over me! Take them away, I say!" and he flourished the knife in the air. Regardless of danger, I rushed to the bed, and my heart seemed suddenly to

cease beating. There lay my children, covered with their life-blood, slain by their own father! For a moment I could not utter a sound. I was literally dumb in the presence of my terrible sorrow. I scarcely heeded the maniac at my side—the man who had brought me all the woe. Then I uttered a loud scream, and my wailing filled the air. The servants heard me and hastened to the room, and when my husband saw them he suddenly drew the knife across his own throat. I knew nothing more. I was borne senseless from the room that contained the bodies of my slaughtered children and the body of my husband. The next day my hair was white, and my mind was so shattered that I knew no one."

She ceased. Our eyes were riveted upon her wan face. Some of the women present sobbed aloud, while there was scarcely a dry eye in that temperance meeting. We saw that she had not done speaking, and was only waiting to subdue her emotion to resume her story.

"For two years," she continued. "I was a mental wreck. Then I recovered from the shock and absorbed myself in the care of my boy. But the sin of the father was visited upon the child, and six months ago my boy of eighteen was placed in a drunkard's grave; and as I, his loving mother, stood and saw the sod heaped over him, I said: 'Thank God! I'd rather see him there than have him live a drunkard, and I turned unto my desolate home a childless woman—one upon whom the hand of God had rested heavily.'

"Girls, it is you I wish to rescue from the fate that overtook me. Do not blast your life as I have blasted mine; do not be drawn into the madness of marrying a drunkard. You love him! So much the worse for you; for married to him, the greater will be your misery because of your love. You will marry and then reform him, you say? Ah! a woman sadly over-rates her strength when she undertakes to do this. You are no match for him, I say. What is your puny strength beside his gigantic force? He will crush you, too. It is to save you, girls, from the sorrows that wrecked my happiness that I have unfolded my history to you. I am a stranger in this great city. I am merely passing through it; and I have a message to bear to every girl in America—never marry a drunkard!" I can see her now, as she stood there amid the hushed audience, her dark eyes glowing, and her frame quivering with emotion, as she uttered her impassioned appeal. Then she hurried out, and we never saw her again. Her words, "fittly spoken," were not without effect, however, and because of them there is one girl single now.

### THE CURSE.

J. W. BENGOUGH, TORONTO

The village was en fête, flags and bunting proudly flying.

Crowds of visitors arriving by the trains from far and near. Steamers, decked in gorgeous colors, up and down the river plying, whose shrill, triumphant whistles with the bands ashore were vying.

'Twas a gala day eclipsing any other in the year.

Splendid arches spanned the streets and beneath them gaily prancing. Moved the gentry's polished horses with a noble, high-strung gait, To the strains of lively music with a conscious beauty dancing. Their round and fiery eyes with the gay excitement glancing. Their spirits, like the spirit of the multitude, elate.



MR. J. W. BENGOUGH.

What means this splendid fête—this general celebration?

Some extra civic function? Some hero's natal day? Some noble deed achieved by a leader of the nation?

Some triumph of the church, or the cause of education?

Some national deliverance from threatened danger? Nay!

The millionaire distiller of the town is celebrating

The enlargement of his business by a new and costly block;

All this glittering display—all this public jubilation

He has planned and carried out as a method of creating

A boom for his "Club Whisky"—it will make the country talk.

See! the new palatial office, a very dream of splendor,

Is now "ablaze with light and breathing with perfume."

From the flowers that sweetly blush beneath the ferns so tall and slender,

In the stately banquet hall, where the guests now throng to tender

Their warm felicitations to the hero of the room.

The giver of the banquet has played a princely part.

(For are not chef and waiters from a city far away?)

Each course, each dish, a marvel of the culinary art,

And wine and spirits to delight the epicurean heart.

While anon amid the foliage orchestral artists play.

Good judges of such matters declare with glowing unison

(They were all select bon vivants invited from afar.)

That for a well appointed, stylish and recherche function,

For beauty, grace and richness in elegant conjunction,

They have never seen a banquet that with it would compare.

The Press was represented—the press that wins our praises—

"Unawed by wealth and influence; unbribed by sordid gain."

And the skilled reporters lavished all their most luxurious phrases,

In describing the occasion in all its splendid phases.

Though they owned to do it justice, language was, of course, in vain.

So the night at last was ended, and the guests had all departed.

And the flowers in the banquet hall were drooping as in sleep.

The lights were burning low, and in silence knee, sad-hearted,

The distiller stood thought-wrapped—then suddenly he started.





**A STORY OF OPPRESSION.**

The Brewers, Distillers, and Capitalists who gather wealth from the Drink Trade and live on Swell Avenue, refuse to permit the Saloon Pest House to show its head in their quarters, but Honest Mechanics and Workingmen, who only suffer from the Drink, must also bear the discomfort and disorder of the proximity of the saloon. In all our cities the saloons will be found in the humble parts. Workingmen should resent the imposition.

Affrighted by a wailing cry—a groan prolonged and deep.  
 He trembled and turned pale, horror all his senses seizing,  
 He stood as one transfixed—he could neither look nor linger—  
 Again he heard the cry, wild and long and agonizing.  
 As of some lost human soul from the deep foundation rising.  
 While from out the shadows seemed to point a grim and ghastly finger.  
 He knew it was the curse of heaven that rests forever  
 Upon the whisky trade, in palace or in slum,  
 And the groans that smote him now would be silenced never, never,  
 In that temple he had built, for by no noble endeavor  
 Can the perfume of fair lilies subdue the stench of rum!

**VIGOROUS WARFARE NEEDED.**

FRANCIS R. WILLIARD.

Only those who have not studied history lose heart in great reforms; only those unread in the biography of genius imagine themselves to be original. Except in the realm of material invention there is nothing new under the sun. There is not a reform which some great soul had not dreamed of centuries ago; there is not a doctrine that some father of the church did not set forth; the Greek philosophers and early Christian fathers boxed the compass once for all; we may take our choice of what they left on record, for we are not original to others or our-

selves save in so far as both are ignorant, and the correct statement appears to be that the original thinker is God, and Adam was his prophet. Let us then learn a wise humility, but at the same time a humble wisdom, as we remember that there are but two classes of minds—one of which declares that our times are the worst the world has seen, and the other claims our times as the best, and he who claims this, all revelation, all science, all history witnesses, is right, and will be right for evermore.

Not long ago a horrible catastrophe was averted on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railway by the steadiness and daring of Engineer John Burns, of Buffalo. His express train was running on the down grade, and going at the rate of fifty miles an hour. He saw a truck and freight car on the track ahead; behind him in his train were a hundred and fifty passengers. To stop before reaching the obstruction was impossible; to jump would save himself alone; in an instant he resolved to share their danger and destiny. So he put on all the steam and opened the sand-pipes that the engine might get a firmer grip on the rails. Forward raced the engine, throwing the truck aside and cutting clean through the car and debris. Steady was the brave man's hand upon the lever, and the moment he had cleared the obstacles the engine was reversed and the air-brakes set in motion. As they entered the wreck the slides were torn out of three coaches, and the screams of frightened passengers rose high above the screeching of the steam. The engine was dismantled, the engineer covered with

cuts and bruises, but every life was saved. Exceedingly the people gathered around the engineer and embraced him, for they knew he had risked his life to guard their own.

There are obstructions on the track of Humanity, where the good old engine Temperance is whizzing ahead with daily accelerating speed. Partisan—non-partisan is the truck, and high license the cumbersome freight; the National W. C. T. U. is the fearless engineer; some cars have lost splinters, and one or two had their sides torn out, but this train is going through, and without a life the less.

Introspective is the last infirmity of noble minds; it is repression's penalty and life's distemper; it reverses the soul's energy and sets it grinding on itself. Let us rather fling ourselves out into the thickening battle; let us live the life of action, which is the only true and happy life.

God's world constantly sets before us images of vigor, of action, of power. Women need to study this; they need translating out of the passive into the active voice; out of aimless reverie and into resolute aim. The W. C. T. U. has no higher, hollower mission than to help bring this about.

Never before have the forces been so aggressive, and to meet them requires the highest nerve of soul and body.

We are reminded of a memorable historic incident of the late war. A captain at evening roll-call said to his company:

"Soldiers, I am ordered to detail ten men for a very dangerous service, but of the greatest importance to the army in the coming battle. I have not the



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# THE TEMPLAR

A CRUSADER FOR SOCIAL REFORM

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but read carefully what is stated here and on other pages about this wonderful proposition, and then act promptly upon it. Remember that this is not a cheap premium Bible, but a genuine "New Bagster," the best Teachers' Bible in the world, printed from new type, with new Bible Helps, and three times as many subjects treated as in the Oxford, and in addition eight pages of nearly ten thousand words of an analytic and synthetic treatment of Bible teaching on Strong Drink and the Drink Traffic.

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## THE TEMPLAR PUBLISHING HOUSE

Hamilton, Ont., Canada.

23 And Jesus went about all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people.

24 And his fame went throughout all Syria: and they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy; and he healed them.

25 And there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judea, and from beyond Jordan.

CHAPTER 5.

AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall reprove you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13 Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

17 Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am come to destroy, but to fulfill.

18 For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

19 Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20 For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

A. D. 31.

For, to them.

ch. 9. 35.

Lu. 4. 18, 44

Mat. 23. 13.

De. 6. 17.

ch. 24. 14.

ch. 8. 16, 17.

Ps. 103. 3.

1 John 3. 16.

Yc are my fellow.

2 Sa. 6. 20

De. 18. 10, 17

1 Sa. 8. 17, 19

Pr. 25. 9.

Lu. 12. 54, 59.

1 Sa. 6. 20, Ac.

1 Sa. 67. 16.

6a. 2.

1 Ja. 2. 6.

1 Sa. 61. 3.

Eze. 7. 16.

John 16. 20.

2 Co. 1. 7.

1 Sa. 37. 11.

1 Jo. 31. 1.

1 Pr. 6. 26.

1 Ps. 245. 19.

1 Sa. 65. 13.

For, do cause thee to offend.

Pa. 41. 1, 2.

1 Sa. 24. 3, 4.

1 Sa. 12. 14.

1 Ja. 3. 2, 3.

1 Ps. 36. 14.

No. 8. 13.

1 Co. 9. 27.

1 Pe. 2. 13, 14.

Lyng.

Da. 24. 1.

Ja. 3. 1.

Mac 10. 2. 9.

ch. 19. 9.

1 Co. 7. 10, 11.

2 Co. 4. 17.

1 Mar. 9. 50.

1 Sa. 19. 12.

Nu. 30. 2.

De. 23. 23.

Phi. 2. 15.

ch. 23. 16. 22.

Ja. 5. 12.

The word, in the original, signifieth a measure contain- ing about a pint less than a peck.

Re. 21. 2, 10.

1 Pe. 2. 12.

ch. 3. 15.

1 Sa. 42. 21.

1 Ps. 40. 6, 8.

Ja. 5. 12.

Ex. 21. 24.

Lu. 10. 17.

Pr. 20. 22.

21. 29.

Ro. 12. 17. 19.

1 Sa. 20. 6.

1 Sa. 2. 30.

ch. 23. 21. 29.

Phi. 3. 9.

1 De. 15. 7, 11.

21 Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill: and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment:

22 But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

23 Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee,

24 Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way: first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.

25 Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him: lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.

26 Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

27 Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery:

28 But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.

29 And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

30 And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.

31 It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:

32 But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced, committeth adultery.

33 Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:

34 But I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven: for it is God's throne:

35 Nor by the earth: for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem: for it is the city of the great King.

36 Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

37 But let your communication be, Yea, yea: Nay, nay: for whosoever is more than these, commeth of evil.

38 Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

39 But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also.

40 And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also.

41 And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.

42 Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

43 Ye have heard that it hath been

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FRANCES E. WILLARD.

heart to pick the men, for the chances are against their ever coming back. But if there are ten men in the company who will volunteer for this service they may step two paces to the front." As the captain ceased speaking the whole line stepped two paces forward, and stood there with every man in his place, the ranks even as before. The captain's eyes were dim, and his voice faltered as he said: "Soldiers, I thank you; I am proud to be captain of such a company."

Fellow-workers, just such spirit should move the whole Prohibition line. We wage a war fiercer than that of bullet and bayonet, and far more vital to human good. It is a struggle whose echoes reach the stars and enlist the hosts in heaven. Step to the front and give yourself, your powers, and your means, to stay the enemy of God and man.

## PARALLEL PARABLES.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

By the existing policy of commercial Christendom the same ships that carry out of England the salvation colony may carry alcohol enough to drown it in its cradle.

On the basis of judgment being "according to what a man hath and not according to what he hath not," darkest England is Christian England as darkest Boston is Christian Boston, and it is time that judgment began, not at the slums, but at the house of God.

If I could locate the Christian voter, I could forecast the liquor question both in England and America.

The Christian voter is the harlequin of politics, white on one side, black on the other, and never still.

I remember that a convivial young friend of mine went home one night and this dialogue occurred between him and his mother:

"Where have you been?"

"Everywhere."

"Who was with you?"

"Everybody."

"What have you been drinking?"

"Everything."

So the Christian voter returns from the election:

"Where was he stood?"

"Everywhere."

"For whom did he vote?"

"Everybody."

"What did he vote for?"

"Everything."

He voted to abolish the saloon in Cambridge and to license it in Boston. He took the floor for righteousness and yielded it to reciprocity.

And it came to pass—as chronicles say, Two men woke up on election day. One had slept in a downy bed, The other had wallowed in straw, instead.

Both said: "Thank God," for another day,

And both looked upward and tried to pray;

And strangely enough the answer came

To Deacon and Drunkard about the same.

"Rum is a curse, where woes begin, To license its sale is a dreadful sin."

Each heard these words, as he tried to pray,

"Go into my vineyard and work to-day."

Now both these men were prepared to vote—

The one was a Deacon, the other a Bloat;

The one had houses and specie in bags, The other was homeless and clothed in rags.

Together they came, as citizens may, To cast their votes, on election day.

The Deacon acknowledged (as church people should.)

The grace which had made him so happy and good,

So free from pollution, from folly and sin,

From weakness without, and from badness within.

He saw the poor drunkard, some distance away,

Confused at his presence, and what should he say,

But "Thankful am I that I am not like him,

So sadly corrupted in body and limb. I don't like liquor, it won't affect me,

Either buying or drinking, whichever it be."

So he put in a vote for the party who say:

"We must license the traffic and thus make it pay."

Then the poor drunkard trembled to offer his vote,

There was guilt on his soul, there was dirt on his coat,

There was craving for rum, which he could not control—

But in duty to others, he strengthened his soul

To put in a ticket, for conscience and right,

To keep the temptation from presence and sight.

Now which was accepted in leaving his vote,

The rum-voting Deacon, or right-voting Bloat?

Here is the saloon problem at its lowest terms. John Flannigan, keeper of the only saloon in the world; John Smith, his customer; and John G. Woolley, a citizen and a Christian. Shall that saloon continue?

Required—John G. Woolley's duty.

It is election day. Those three Johns comprise the entire population of the globe. John Flannigan goes into the booth and votes, "License, yes."

John Smith follows and votes, "License, yes." John G. Woolley takes his turn and makes the sign of the cross after

"License, no," and throws his vote away, for the population of the globe goes two to one in favor of license,

and John Flannigan will have his saloon, any way.

Yes, but I'll be out of it.

When I meet John Smith's wife I can say, "I had no hand in your hus-



JNO. G. WOOLLEY.

band's ruin," and in the judgment I can look John Smith in the face and declare, "You cannot say I did it."

Multiply Flannigan, Smith and Woolley by millions and you will not change the principle of the solution.

The licensed saloon ought to die, and I believe it will.

The country has gone without a moral character nearly as long as it can.

The saloon is going, and as it lies, dying among its bags of bloody gold, if it shall look up into our faces and whisper, "Another hundred millions of revenue for a single breath of life," each Christian man ought to say—will say:

"No! Down, down to perdition, and say we sent thee thither!"

## MARION'S BROTHER.

"FROM A PARSONAGE VERANDAII."

"What a happy thing life is on such a day!" I exclaimed.

Even as I said this a man appeared.

"Only man is vile," added Marion.

Up the street came that strangest of all maniacs—a drunkard! When he drew near he took off his hat, made a low bow, then fell against a tree-box.

"Morning, ladish."

We did not speak.

"I allus s'lute—ladish—when I see 'em," he said, with a thick utterance.

"The Sun's havin' a—ball—to-day, ladish. I'm to take the Moon out to supper—hic. Good-bye, ladish—hic.

Allus s'lute ladish when I see 'em. Very sorry, 'm sure—hic." And he staggered on.

Neither of us spoke for several minutes. We stiched in silence, until, glancing at Marion, I saw that she was deadly pale.

"Are you ill, my dear?" I asked.

"Did you not know, Mrs. Wiseacre, that my brother Tom is no better than that poor fellow?"

"No, Marion, I did not. Is he not at home?"

"He has not been for several years," she answered. "Papa turned him away. That is the cause of mamma's heart trouble. Oh, Mrs. Wiseacre, what a terrible curse the liquor traffic is!"

"Curse!" I exclaimed; "that is too mild an expression."

"Yes," Marion said, "it has always been so. Men have always made it, and rejoiced in it."

"They will continue to do so, my dear. This evil began in the Garden



**A HARMLESS WEAPON.**

It sounds all right, but he neglects to put in the solid shot.

of Eden. It is closely related to the juice of the forbidden fruit."

"You are not joking?" asked Marion.

"No, my dear," I answered. "Even as Satan planted the craving for forbidden things in human nature—things which are pleasant to the taste, and which make men and women wise concerning evil—even so shall not this taste be eradicated unless He who is to bruise the serpent's head come in power and set man free."

"Many Christians believe it to be a good thing. I should not have thought it wrong to drink moderately if Tom had not become such a slave to it. Now I see the evil."

"I should like to know more about

your brother," I said; "what is, if you care to tell me."

"There is not much to tell," she answered. "Father will not allow him to come home. We dare not mention his name to him, and mother is wearing her life away. Once in a while we hear of him, but he is always drinking, and sinking lower and lower."

She threw her work away, and began to walk up and down the veranda. "Can nothing be done for him, Mrs. Wiseacre?"

I shook my head. "Why did you not tell me of him before?" I asked.

"I was ashamed," dropping her head sadly. "We never talk of him to anyone."

"Where is he now, Marion?"

"He is in Albion, in a lawyer's office. He is clever, if he would not drink; but he is going to destruction, and I am powerless to save him!"

We sat in silence. The sun still shone, but there was a lurking shadow in the sunshine. The birds still sang, but there was a minor note in the music. The children still shouted and played, but I shuddered when I thought that some of those little boys were beginning their race to destruction.

Tom Fuller going to ruin, and we powerless to save him! Father, mother, sister, friends, looking helplessly on as he drifts away—away into the darkness of eternal night!

"If I had the power," said Marion, "I would close every distillery; I would pour out on the ground every drop of the horrible stuff. When I see Mrs. Macbeth, the distiller's wife, driving past with her white horses, I feel like telling her what a fearful price has been paid for them."

"Ah, my child," I replied, "she would answer, 'If your brother drank to excess, it was not my fault.' She would tell you that her husband's business was lawful, and she had as good right to use the profits of it as you have to clothe yourself with the profits of your father's business. It is because you suffer that you feel so bitterly against these people. I, like you, do not envy them their luxuries, for I also know the price paid for them; but I have learned to judge righteous judgment. I know there are many good women whose husbands and fathers do not think of the effects of the traffic. They look upon the business as lawful, and therefore right."

"But can nothing be done, Mrs. Wescere. Why does not every Christian, seeing the evil, act? I sometimes think they are all asleep, or that they do not care."

"A great many Christians, Marion, are as you were. They do not think it any harm to drink moderately, while we, who eschew it utterly, receive more than our share of the world's scorn. There is a glimmer of hope for the world; young people are putting on the armour. They have heard the call of Christ, and have risen to answer. Even women are waking from their sleep of centuries to see that there is much to be done if this world is to be rescued from the power of evil. Yes, my dear, I will take all God's children, men and women, to do the work. You cannot escape, Marion. You have something to do; you must save your brother."

"How? Tell me how the work is to be done," she said, clasping her hands.

"I do not know," I answered. "You and I must ask God about it. I am certain of one thing—He has not decreed that your brother shall be lost, and lost he must not be."

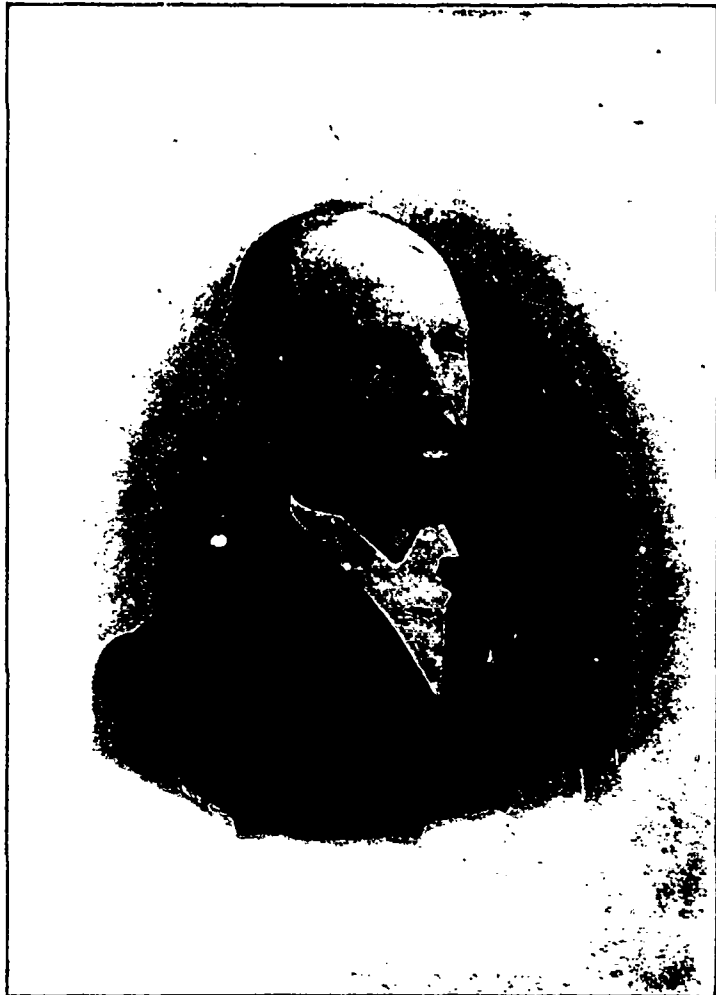
I kissed her and went to get tea, wondering, as I laid the plates on the table, when—when in the history of this world men were going to rise and put this evil from the earth.

### IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO LEGALIZE THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC WITHOUT SIN.

REV. WM KETTLEWELL, PARIS, ONI.

Such was the ringing declaration of the Board of Bishops of the largest Protestant denomination of the United States, adopted by the General Conference of that body in the year 1858. Such was the declaration of the General Conference of the Methodist church in Canada in 1890, deliberately re-affirmed by the General Conference of 1894. "It is impossible to legalize the liquor traffic without sin." Notwithstanding the sophistries of party politicians, in spite of the systematized efforts of the so-called Royal Commission to break its force, this pungent phrase has burnt itself into the heart and conscience of the Christian people of this country, and has done no little to awaken our churches to the iniquity of the licensed system. But will the assertion bear examination? Is it logical? Is it true? Kindly suspend your judgment until we establish a few simple propositions.

First: to degrade or destroy men is immoral. Negro slavery degraded men. It destroyed their physical and civil freedom, it treated them as chattles. Our civilization to day pronounces slavery an immoral institution. The agitation



REV. W. KETTLEWELL.

of Europe over the Armentian atrocities is witness to the fact that the honor and life of human beings is held sacred, and that it is an immorality to degrade or destroy. If we turn from national sentiment and law to the law Divine we shall discover that it is immoral not to respond to the cry of the oppressed. Listen! "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain: if thou sayest behold we knew it not: doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it, and shall he not render to every man according to his works?" Shall not our first proposition stand? "To degrade or destroy men is immoral."

Our second proposition is that the liquor traffic degrades and destroys men.

Beer in England, wine in France, whisky in Ireland, rum in Africa and firewater among the American Indians, all produce the same result. The degradation and destruction of men ever accompanies the traffic in liquors; nor is the destruction or degradation modified by the legal or illegal character of the traffic, the one is just as disastrous in its effects as the other; for the connection between the traffic and these evils is not occasional but invariable, not incidental but necessary, not abnormal but normal. The relation is that of cause and effect.

Bonfort's "Wine and Spirit Circular,"

one of the recognized organs of the liquor trade of the United States, makes the following confession: "We are familiar with society's complaints against the liquor traffic. We realize that there is good grounds for many of these complaints. We deplore these facts, but stand helpless and without a word of advice to those who would correct them. \* \* \* \* \* We see young men becoming drunkards, but we offer no remedy; we see old men turn to common sots, but we offer no remedy; we see the scum of society flocking into the retail liquor business, we see these men gain control of city governments, but we offer no remedy. We see the retail business dragged down to the level of the bawdy house, and little hells operated in public places under liquor licenses, but we offer no remedy." Mark, this is not the overwrought fancy of a temperance fanatic, but the wall of a liquor organ; and why does not the editor offer a remedy for these ills? Because he cannot; there is no remedy. These ills are the necessary and inseparable concomitants of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. Physiological and medical science affirms that alcohol in the smallest quantities is injurious to the human system; even the so-called moderate drinker is hurt and his life is shortened by the use of liquor. Insurance statistics covering thousands of lives demonstrate that the lives of

total abstainers are worth 27 per cent more, as risks, than the lives of moderate drinkers. The physiologist, the physician and the insurance actuary testify that liquor destroys men.

But the habitual, not the occasional, patron of the traffic is the most legitimate test of its pernicious influence. The finished product is the only fair test of industrial or artistic skill. The piano, the sewing machine, the self-binder, are each examples of raw material given up, without let or hindrance, to the skilled mechanic, and are his finished products. The citizen who gives himself up without let or hindrance to the manipulation of the liquor seller becomes the finished product of the drink traffic. Measure the tendency of the bar-room by the same standard as that which you apply to any other business or profession, and you are compelled to the conclusion that its finished product is the drunken sot; and if those upon whom it has operated have not all become finished products, it is because its tendencies have been met by counter influences, and resisted with some measure of success.

But how few of those who habitually patronize the bar escape becoming drunkards. Such is the danger to those who come within the circle of its influence, that hotel keepers, not infrequently, insist that their bar-tenders must be total abstainers.

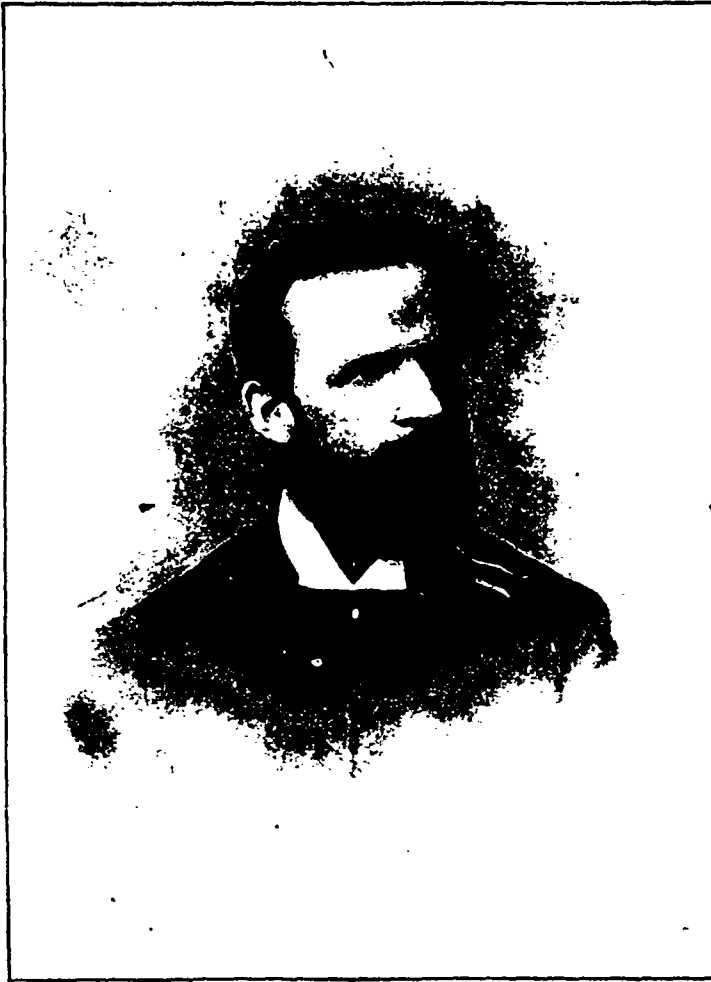
Taking men and women as we find them, taking human nature as it is (not as it ought to be) it is as impossible to have a licensed traffic without drunkenness as it is to have a fire without heat.

Was African slavery one tithe as brutalizing or as destructive as the tyranny of this abnormal appetite for drink. Did the enforced labor, the lash, or the unbridled lust of some slave-holders, degrade and destroy the physical and moral manhood and womanhood of the negro, as drink destroys the bodies and souls of its victims? Where on this continent one slave was killed by the lash, or dishonored and degraded by lust, a hundred, perhaps a thousand, are killed or brutalized by the liquor traffic. The accumulated evidence is irresistible, the medical expert and the philanthropist, the jurist and the statesman, the organ of the wine and spirit merchant, and the great religious weeklies, the asylum and the penitentiary, conference and synod and presbytery unite in affirming that the liquor traffic degrades and destroys men.

Our third proposition is that as it is immoral to degrade or destroy men, and as the liquor traffic is shown to degrade and destroy men, therefore, the liquor traffic is immoral. If the two propositions, that we have considered somewhat in detail, are true, the third proposition follows in logical sequence, the liquor traffic is an immoral traffic.

Our fourth proposition is that it is sinful to legalize an immoral traffic.

The liquor traffic is legalized in this country. Its legal standing is bestowed by legislation. The Supreme Court of the United States, in November, 1890, by unanimous judgment said: "There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors." The British House of Commons has yet more recently refused to recognize such an inherent right. From which it would appear that the right to sell intoxicating liquors does not inhere in the citizen but in a civil right created and bestowed by the State. The method of legislation may be license, or tax, or Gothenburg system, or Carolina dispensary law. In each case it is the State that legalizes the traffic. The Canadian method is to legalize by license.



FREDERICK W. WATKINS, ESQ.

In law, a license is defined as a "right given by some competent authority to do an act, which without such authority would be illegal."

If it is immoral to traffic in intoxicating liquors it is immoral to legalize such traffic. The party that legalizes an immoral thing assumes responsibility for such immorality. If it is wrong for an individual to authorize an immorality it is wrong for the State.

Moral law knows no boundaries or limitations of obligation. The obligations are universal. It is true that citizens on moral questions shelter themselves behind Acts of Parliament, but there is no such shelter from the thunder and lightning of Sinai. There is but one moral code for male or female, for angel or Delity, for citizen or State. "Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong." That which is immoral for the individual is immoral for the State.

The declaration of the Board of Bishops bears examination; it is logical, it is true. "It is impossible to legalize the liquor traffic without sin."

#### PLEAS FOR PROHIBITION.

REV. J. N. ROSS, D. D. BRANTFORD, ONT

We Plead for Prohibition because the Regulation of the Liquor Traffic by License, High or Low, has Proved an Ignominious Failure.

"The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change,

Then let it come: I have no dread of what

is called for by the instinct of mankind."—Lowell.

"The liquor traffic can never be legalized without sin. License, high or low, is vicious in principle and powerless as a remedy."—Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal church, U. S.

"As well pray to regulate a rattlesnake by holding it by the tail as to permit, and then attempt to regulate, saloons."—John B. Finch.

"Why should I arrest him, since by getting drunk he supports the Government?"—Answer of a native policeman of India to a missionary.

It is said that prohibitory laws cannot be enforced, and, therefore, we should be content with the license system, and regulate what we cannot prohibit. The fallacy of such reasoning lies in assuming that the license system actually regulates, whereas every one knows that it utterly fails to do so. In regard to sales to minors, to drunkards, and during prohibited hours, the police courts could be filled with cases every Monday morning. For hundreds of years (dating in England from 1495) license has been tested, and to-day the liquor power stands as compact, as insolent and lawless as ever—a mighty menace to the best interests of society, a very serpent of Laocoon, crushing in its folds the spirit of public and private virtue.





REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

By the Ontario law an applicant for a license must be a person of "good character and repute (sec. 11). Were the subject not so sad, this would be ludicrous in the extreme. What good man, with all the fierce light now thrown upon the terrible evil, could sell liquor in this country? Not only churches, but lodges, fraternal societies and labor organizations are closing their doors every day to these persons of "good character and repute." But suppose such men held licenses, this fact would only aggravate the evil by casting an air of respectability over the business, thus luring our young men more readily to ruin.

The license-holder must not sell to minors. But is an applicant at the bar to carry with him his birth-certificate? Is a man to be fined because he guessed a little beyond the correct age? Neither must he sell to drunkards. But what is drunkenness, and when may a man be said to be drunk? When courts have wrestled long over this question, why should a license-holder's life be rendered uncomfortable by it? Neither must he sell after seven o'clock on Saturday. Why should a license-holder be considered as engaged in a legitimate business at 6.59 p.m., and be a criminal for continuing the same business at 7.12 p.m.? And if it is lawful to supply for pay, food to eat on Sunday, why fine him for selling something to drink? And if his business was lawful and useful on Wednesday, why is it criminal to engage in it the next day—that being election day? All these restrictions are purely arbitrary and founded on no principle. Little wonder the license-holder and many of the public see no guilt in breaking these restrictions. It is said that only pure liquor should be sold. Save the mark! As if pure liquor never intoxicated! Noah, and Lot, and Alexander the Great, and the mighty monarchies of ancient days fell by pure liquor.

It is further said, "Rigidly enforce the license laws to the last restriction and punishment." This is the very thing that must not be done, for if you kill the goose that lays the golden eggs, where is the revenue to come from? No! especial care must be taken that licensees are not so punished as to be unable to pay the license fees. The cry that law-breakers should lose their license, and the premises occupied be cut off from a license, is the very thing that will never be done so long as a Government has a financial interest in the existence of the business. Last year the Dominion Government was a partner in the liquor traffic to the extent of one hundred and forty-one millions of dollars; that is to say, in or-

der to produce the income of \$7,057,765, which was its dividend from the liquor business last year, it would require a capital of over one hundred and forty-one millions of dollars at 5 per cent. The municipalities of Ontario held last year over five millions of capital invested in the traffic, their dividend being \$289,485. The Ontario Government's financial interest was a capital of over six millions, their dividend being \$300,604. How absurd to expect Governmental human nature, except in immediate sight of its own political gallows, to enforce rigidly any law which would reduce its annual dividends. Until political extinction stares a party in the face, moral ideas on this question must necessarily be crushed to the wall, and crisp impatience manifested towards those "visionary, impracticable people" who are rendering themselves such a nuisance to the Government.

In its very nature the license system must forever be a failure as a remedy for the evils of the liquor traffic, because it has two ends in view, a moral and financial end, and the more the financial end is attained, the less is the moral, and vice versa. The most important liquor organ of the United States uses the following striking language:

"We see young men becoming drunkards, but we offer no remedy; we see old men turn to common sots, but we offer no remedy; we see the scum of society all flocking into the retail liquor business, but we offer no remedy; we see the retail business dragged down to the level of the bawdy-house, and little hell is operated in public places under liquor licenses, but we offer no remedy."

For the staying of evil, license is as the might of the spider's web across the lion's cave.

We Plead for Prohibition because the Principle, in Itself, is Right.

"What ought not to be used as a beverage, ought not to be sold as such."—Channing.

"My liberty ends when it begins to involve the possibility of ruin to my neighbor."—John Stuart Mill.

So long as Robinson Crusoe remained alone on a distant island, he was an absolute law to himself, but the moment the man Friday appeared, the whole question changed, and the larger the community, the more complex the question would become. Even if an act is evil in itself, the State prohibits it, not for that reason, but because it produces evil results in society. For the same reason, actions right and innocent in themselves, are prohibited. Building a frame house within the fire limits, or a brick wall less than a certain thickness, or a depot for the storage of gunpowder, the shooting-off of firecrackers, the following of a useful but offensively odorous trade, or driving more than six miles an hour in a city, or carrying a concealed weapon, are all innocent in themselves, but prohibited. The subject of their "sinfulness," or otherwise, is totally excluded.

Legal Prohibition does not directly affect any man's personal liberty. No prohibitory statute has been framed that proposed to treat with a man's personal habits or private appetite. Those who say to the contrary are either uninformed or uncandid. Prohibition attempts to deal only with a legalized institution in a Christian land, called "the bar-room." Under a prohibitory law a man can brew beer, or distill spirits, for his own use, and drink them. But if he makes it a business of barter or sale, the case becomes entirely different. If such barter or sale produce evil effects on society, it may be prohibited. Indirectly, it may

affect a man's personal facility in procuring drink, but if in shooting a rapacious wolf a window-pane is smashed, that result is only trifling compared with the main issue sought.

The six great powers bordering on the North Sea entered, in 1887, into a prohibitory agreement respecting the liquor traffic among fishermen. In the treaty for the government of the Samoan Islands, signed in 1889 by Great Britain, the United States and Germany, a sweeping prohibitory liquor law was enacted. Sixteen powers, in 1892, signed the Brussels Agreement strictly prohibiting the manufacture of, and importation of liquor into certain zones of Africa. Court after court in the United States has pronounced Prohibition right in principle; the latest decision of the Supreme Court containing these weighty words: "There is no inherent right in a citizen to sell intoxicating liquors by retail. It is not a privilege of a citizen of the State, or a citizen of the United States. As it is a business attended with danger to the community it may be entirely prohibited."

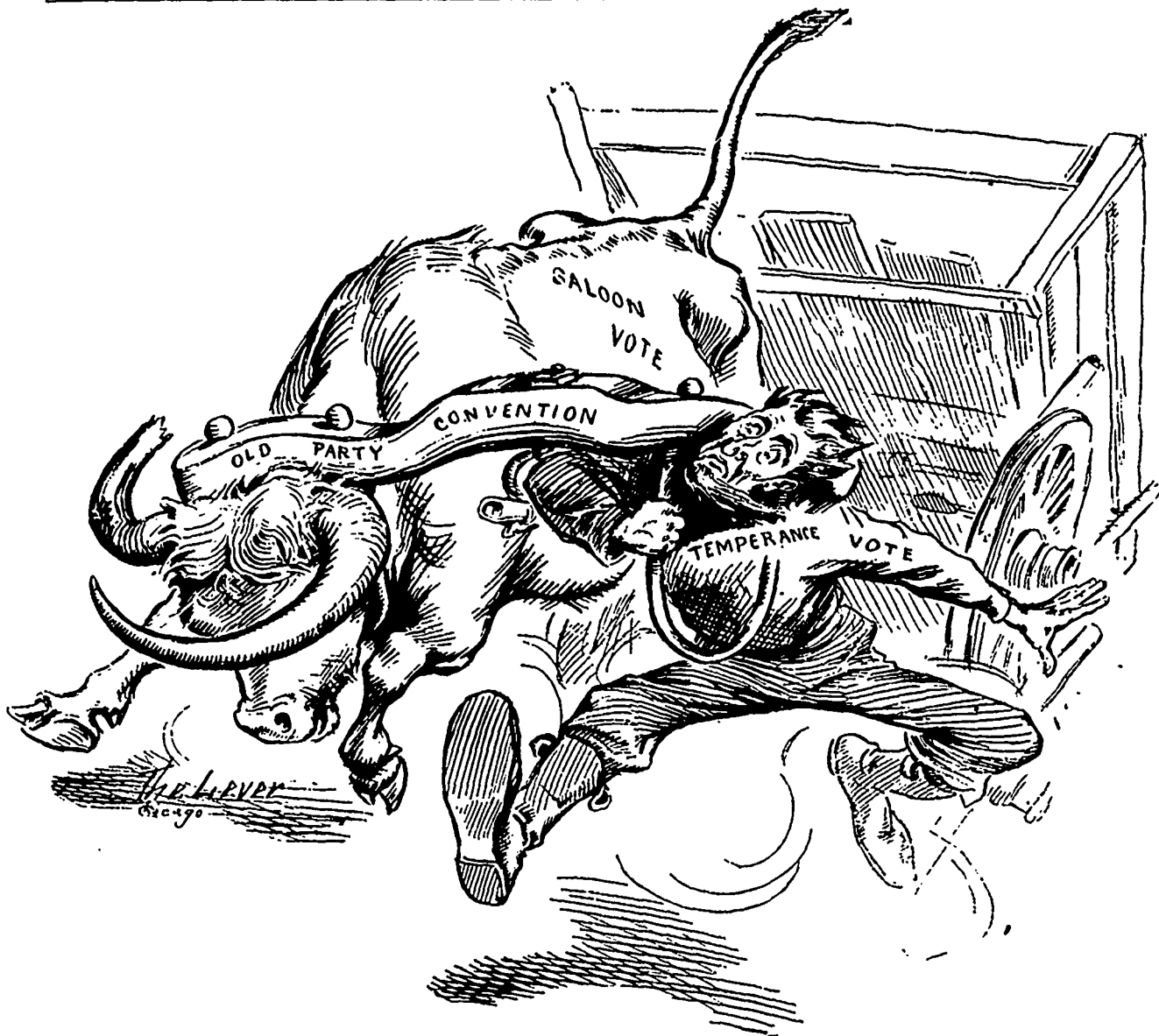
#### YOU CANNOT MAKE MEN SOBER BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

HON. GEO. E. FOSTER.

If this has any meaning as used against Prohibitory legislation, it is this—that you cannot lessen intemperance by Act of Parliament. And this is precisely what no sensible man believes. We have to-day in Canada but one rum-seller to every 500 people; liquors are not to be sold upon certain days, to certain classes of persons, and within certain hours. Who doubts that we have less drunkenness and more sobriety with the traffic thus restricted than we should have if all these restrictions were taken off, and free trade in liquor were allowed? In Ontario dramshops must be closed between seven o'clock on Saturday night and six o'clock on Monday morning. Have we not less drunkenness than if this Prohibition were taken off, and all the bars were running until midnight of each Saturday? Everybody sees that these restrictions, by lessening the places and hours of sale, prevent drunkenness and promote sobriety. And how do we get these restrictions? By Act of Parliament and by no other process. And if enacting a law that only one in 500 shall open a tipping house, and that no sales shall be made after seven o'clock on Saturday nights, decreases drunkenness and so adds to the general sobriety, why should not an Act of Parliament, providing that only one person in 5,000 should open a tipping shop, add still more to the aggregate temperance of the country? And if evil results still continued, why should not a further Act of Parliament forbid any person setting up a public place in which to turn his sober neighbors into tipplers and drunkards?

The simple fact is that drunkenness will be in proportion to the facilities provided for drinking, and the respectability which surrounds these. Have as many drinking places as possible, and have them upheld by the respectable sentiment of the community, and you will have the maximum of drunkenness. Have as few drinking places as possible, and have these as disreputable as possible, and you will have the minimum of drunkenness and drunkard making. A drinking place will be respectable so long as the community authorizes and protects it by its laws. If we will make it as disreputable as possible, we must put it under the ban of popular sentiment.





**THE WAY TEMPERANCE WORKS IN THE OLD PARTY.**

and under the condemnation of the highest expression of this sentiment—the statutes of the country.

But there is no point to the above objection, as used against Prohibition, for Prohibition does not deal with the man who drinks, but with the man who sells. And will any one say that, by an Act of Parliament, a person cannot be prevented from selling liquors? Our present license law keep 499 persons out of every five hundred from selling drink; this Act simply proposes to apply the same rule to the five hundredth person that is now applied to the 499, and surely if an "Act of Parliament" can effectively prohibit 499 from an act of sale, it should not find much difficulty in managing the remaining one.

The country looks out upon this public sale of alcoholic liquors, from which results 70 per cent of the crime, 60 per cent of the pauperism, 20 per cent of the insanity, and a large proportion of the disease, waste, misery and death which afflicts it; and the country says: "I have a right to protect myself, even

though it diminishes the gain, and crosses the appetites of a few. I will henceforth allow no person to sell this most destructive beverage. I will prevent this preventible crime, poverty and disease, which so burden and weaken me." Who shall deny that the country has the right, that it is abundantly able to maintain it, or that it would immeasurably conduce to the sobriety, prosperity and happiness of the people, if this right were exercised? And if the gains of men who live by producing and selling this destructive agent, or the tastes of persons who have made it an artificial necessity to them, are interfered with, who shall say that these should outweigh the good of the greater number, and perpetuate this terrible evil?

A Prohibitory law, fairly enforced, can do five things:

(a) It can pronounce the verdict of the country's disapproval upon a ruinous and baneful traffic, and thus brand it with public disgrace.

(b) It can relieve the country of the sin and responsibility of turning its

sober children into drunkards by virtue of an Act of Parliament, and for a money consideration.

(c) It can put away all public temptations to drinking and drunkenness, and thus make it as easy as possible for all to grow up into sober and honorable citizenship.

(d) It can prevent men, whom no moral considerations seem to influence, from making it their sole business to induce their fellows to tittle and drink, so as thereby to live upon their degradation and ruin.

(e) It can elevate law into righteousness, and thus make it a continual teacher and supporter of sobriety and justice.

Single tax literature, Canadian literature, social purity literature, Prohibition literature and entertainment books are the special lines kept at "The Templar Publishing House," Hamilton, Ont. Mail order department well managed, and almost any book desired sent by return mail.



W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

## THE LIQUOR LICENSE HUMBUG.

W. JENNINGS DEMOREST.

The greatest outrage of common sense and moral perversion ever perpetrated on a civilized community is the license humbug.

What is a license to sell a poisonous exhilarating liquid to the people but taking money for an indulgence in crime, or, worse still, for a monopoly of the crime? The fallacy and folly of sanctioning crime to make it odious is a horrible perversion of law. Offering a bribe or premium as an incentive for the rum sellers' raid and deprivations on the homes and morals of the community, is nothing less than a stupid, wicked blunder. The representative men of a community sanctioning gilded palaces and beautiful surroundings, calculated and especially arranged to incite the people to villainous debauchery, is the most feasible and effective method ever devised to fill the land with crime, misery and pauperism.

A license to regulate evil. What a farce, what a contradiction; why not license to steal, to commit arson or highway robbery? A license to commit crime, to make it respectable! We blush for the men in our community who tolerate such awful and wicked justification of the worst forms of criminality. Most of the leaders of both the old political parties and even some so-called temperance societies having some reputable names on their list, are responsible for such shameful sanction of debauchery of the people, and these are the parties who assume most responsible for the position that the rum seller claims, as a reputable, law-abiding citizen. What shall be said of such temperance logic that finds an endorsement from both the rum seller and Christian alike? Are they both right? How long will people tolerate these absurd concessions of respectability to the crime of rum selling? What must be the outcome of such teachings if not properly and promptly rebuked by the more conscientious members of the community? It is an awful reflection on the morality of the people, but more specially a stigma on the Christian church, to make so many apologies for, and attribute the possibility of good motives for the delinquency of these Benedict Arnolds in the temperance cause. As well might Cain be justified by the assumption that his motives may have

been right in the feelings of envy he had towards his brother's sacrifice, or that Paul may have been simply mistaken when he breathed out threatenings and slaughter against the Christians.

Motives are so intimately connected with the responsibility for the commission of crime that we are often led to excuse the most flagrant wrong by our anxiety to justify those who make a pretense of their good motives, but there is not the slightest charity due such wicked and hypocritical pretenders as have been recently developed in the attitude of some, who with labored efforts attempt to justify the liquor traffic as a matter to be regulated by a legal sanction.

There is no possible excuse for these pretenders to virtue and religion, as they have the most favorable opportunities to know not only the terrible wickedness of this traffic, but they know full well all the degradation and suffering humanity has experienced on account of it, and they cannot therefore plead either ignorance or necessity.

The only conclusion that a fair estimate of their culpability allows is that they are willfully sinning against both light and knowledge, and any attempt on our part to excuse or palliate their wicked connivance or justification of rum selling would make us equally guilty with them. We cannot, therefore, tolerate any apology for this heinous crime if we would free ourselves from personal responsibility, and an honest righteous indignation over an outraged humanity must take the place of palliation.

One of the most difficult problems that we have to solve is the best method to arouse the people to a sense of their danger while tolerating an evil that appeals to the appetites, passions or prejudice. The poisonous liquid death that is dealt out by the rum seller may blight the best homes of the community. These hideous monsters of vice and corruption may clutch the throat of our Christianity. These liquor fiends may shake their gory beaks while murdering the victims of their mercenary greed. They may defy our morals, ethics and civilization. But can we look listlessly on and see these terrible monsters crushing our best hopes; see our loved ones destroyed, and all our high and noble aspirations and national prosperity withered and blighted without a protest or an effort to save our homes and our country? Our answer should be, no, a thousand times, no!

## PERNICIOUS CUSTOMS OF SOCIETY.

JOHN E. FINCH.

Society tries men for their acts, institutions for their results. If the liquor traffic builds up its customers socially, morally, intellectually and financially, no argument can justify its overthrow; but if it tears down its customers, socially, morally, intellectually and financially, no sophistry can justify society in continuing it. I hope I have liquor dealers before me to-day; and if so, they will please correct me if I mistake the results of their traffic.

Four workmen were paid off last night. Each received twenty-five dollars. On the way home, one spent a large part of his money in a dry goods store, one in a boot and shoe store, one in a hardware store, and the other commenced last night, and is continuing to-day, to spend it in a saloon. Each of these men has a family to provide for and educate. Next Wednesday we will visit the homes of these men. We enter the home of the man who spent his money with the dry

goods merchant, and asked what his family received in exchange for his hard-earned dollars. His wife would show us the new dresses, and say: "We needed the clothes, the merchant needed the money, so we traded,"—an exchange of values benefitting both parties. The same answer, simply varied to the articles purchased, would be given by the wives of the men who traded at the boot and hardware stores; but when we enter the home of the saloon customer to ask, the misery, wretchedness and poverty would answer before the lips could utter the question. The saloon takes material values from the customer, and returns something worse than nothing. Far better for the man if the drunkard-maker had simply robbed him, for then he would have a clear head and sound muscles to go on and provide for his family; while by purchasing and drinking liquor he is temporarily unfitted for work, and sent home a maddened brute to abuse and insult those he should love and protect. To illustrate more fully, let me ask a liquor dealer a hypothetical question: "Mr. Dealer, suppose a young man, standing high in social and business circles, commenced to patronize you to-day and does so for the next ten years, all the while increasing the time spent in your saloon and the money spent at your bar. At the end of ten years what will you have done for that man in return for all the money and time he has given you?" Must not the dealer answer: "He would have been better socially, morally, intellectually and financially, if he had never entered a saloon." Another, please: "Suppose a man with a family patronizes you in the same way, and for the same time, what will you do for his family in return for father's money and time?" The answer must be: "The family would have been better off, and the children had a better chance for manhood, if the father had never entered a saloon." No liquor dealer dare deny that the whole tendency of the saloon is to degrade its customers. The barroom, under whatever name, is nursery where criminals and paupers are bred—a cradle where vice is fondled and rocked. Its path through the ages is stained with blood and tears and made horrible by the countless skeletons of its victims. Several young men enter a saloon to play billiards. They do not care for liquor, but "when they are with Romans they must do as Romans do," and they drink to be social. The business outlawed and driven into holes, would be followed by the victims it had ruined and chained, but not by the boys of the land who care nothing for drink. The effects of the use of alcoholic liquors on the individual as a social being would justify the State in destroying the trade that encouraged its use, but the political effects of its use make it imperative that it should do so.

The people do not need or want two governments to enforce the law. Demonstrate that two governments—one public, one private, one supported by public tax, one by private contribution are necessary to enforce law in this country, and you have proved our democratic government to be fatally weak and defective. What we want most is entire abstinence by and through laws faithfully enforced, and this can only be secured by a combination of the people in a party with Prohibition as its dominant issue.

Do not fail to note the remarkable little offer to every subscriber to "The Weekly Templar." It is difficult to believe, but it is genuine. Find it on another page.

PROHIBITION ÆSOP.



private Enjoyment of Rattlesnakes," replied the people of the Community, "but it is the Duty of the State to protect the People from a public Danger and Nuisance." "Of course," added a benevolent citizen, "if our Country doesn't suit you, you can go East again, you know."

Moral: While the State has no right to interfere with the private appetite of a citizen in the matter of intoxicating liquor, it has both a right and a duty to protect the people against the Saloon as a public institution.

THE TOWN OF HAREVILLE.

The Hares determined to adopt the ways of civilization, and to model their new community on the highest human examples. They accordingly built a town, elected a Mayor and Town Council, and made provision for street cars, Electric Lights, Public Library, Fire Department, Waterworks, and all the various Comforts and Conveniences usually found in Towns built by the highest of all created beings—Man. "There is yet one institution we must have," said the Mayor of Hareville, upon his return from a visit to one of the leading Human Cities. "Our town will not be complete without something corresponding to the Saloon. I have carefully studied that institution, and we can duplicate it here by licensing a number of Hounds to reside in our midst." "But," exclaimed his fellow citizens in alarm, "Hounds are our deadly enemies. They will devour us and our Young. No; let us rather take every possible means to keep our foes away." "Nonsense," replied the Mayor, "Do you presume to have more sense than Man. It is true that Hounds will feed upon us, just as Saloons feed upon Human populations. But they will contribute to our revenue through the license fees. This consideration satisfies Human communities, and it surely ought to be satisfactory to the Hares." And so the Hounds were licensed, and to this day are carrying on their beneficent work in Hareville.

Moral: Man is the lord of creation, but his example is not always safe for his inferiors to imitate.

THE OFFENDED SNAKE CHARMER.

An Eastern Snake Charmer, hearing of the Gold that was to be had for the taking in a Western Land, left his own Country and went to this El Dorado. Having been hospitably received by the Natives, he soon came to regard it as his home, but he did not forget the Manners and Customs of his own Country. No sooner was he settled down in his new Abode than he began the training of Rattlesnakes. In which Pastime he took a great delight. Unfortunately, however, the Reptiles, which soon swarmed around the Eastern Man's House in great numbers, often strayed abroad, and every day scores of the Neighbors and their Children were Bitten and Destroyed. This at length led to a great Public Uprising, and the People demanded that the Breeding of Rattlesnakes should be totally Prohibited. "I have used poisonous Reptiles all my life," said he, "and they are a necessity to my comfort. They have never harmed, nor will they injure anybody who handles them with Sense. Am I to be deprived of a source of innocent domestic Happiness because there are fools who cannot enjoy Rattlesnakes without carrying the thing too far? This is a Free Country, and to say that I shall not enjoy Snakes (in my boots or elsewhere as I please) is an infringement on Personal Liberty!" "We have nothing to say of your Pri-





Total Prohibition?" "I do in this case!" answered the Rummy. "But what about Compensation?" pleaded the Bedbug in an anxious voice. "Thou shalt have it," roared the Rummy. "A Creature that lives only by sucking the blood of others deserves death!" With that he scrunched her. "Well," said her children, who had gathered upon the pillow case in a mournful company, "you have slain our mother for preying upon strange blood, but if that is deserving of death in a Bedbug, what should be the fate of a Rummy who lives by sucking the blood of his Own Kind."

MORAL: The liquor traffic is only a parasite upon legitimate business.

## PROHIBITION ÆSOP

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### THE MILL AGENT.

One day a Loud-looking man called at the Door of a Farmhouse and Addressing the Farmer, said: "You will Excuse me, Sir, but did I not see you in conversation just now with the Man who is Driving away in yonder Buggy?" "You did, Sir," answered the Farmer, "what of it?" "May I ask what his Business was?" went on the stranger. "He was bargaining with me for the purchase of my Saw-logs for his Mill, and I have Agreed to let him have them." "I thought as much," said the Loud Person, "and my Errand, Sir, is much the same. I want to bargain with you for your Boys." "My Boys," exclaimed the Farmer; "do you think I would sell my Boys?" "I guess so," replied the man, coolly, and the Farmer grew very hot and angry. "Hold up, my Friend," he went on, "you vote the License Ticket, don't you? Then you give your Approval to the Business I am in. I also run a Mill—a Whisky Mill—and I require Boys to keep it going, just as that other man requires logs for his. Now, I don't ask you to deliver the goods just now. You sign this Paper, and I will get the Boys all in good time." "Sir," began the Farmer, indignantly. But the Other stopped him. "Oh," said he, "you want to know about the price? It will be the Amount of the License Fees, which will reduce your Taxes, you know. Ah, I thought you were a man of Business Sense." And the Farmer forthwith signed the Petition for the opening of another saloon in the neighborhood.

MORAL—The Gin-mill would stop if some parents were not willing to sell their Boys to keep it going.

"Bill," said a publican to a big, burly man, who held the very queer appointment of "chucker-out." "Bill, turn that drunken scamp into the street." Bill went across and faced the "drunken scamp." The publican, seeing that instead of "chucking him" out Bill was starting a conversation with him, said: "Now, then, out with him." Bill turned to his master, and said: "He's got twopenny, sir." "Oh, has he?" said Boniface; "ask the gentleman what he will take?"



### THE RUMMY AND THE BEDBUG.

A Rummy once lay down in a Bed where a Bedbug had taken up his abode. Having an easy Conscience after his day's toil in the lawful business of Drunkard Making, he was soon in a sound slumber, and hearing him snore, the Bedbug said to her Children, "Come, all is ready; now is our time." Whereupon, with one accord, they set upon the unconscious Rummy and began to eat him. Pretty soon the Rummy awoke, and seizing the Mother B. B., he addressed her angrily, saying, "Wretch! I have thee; now thou shalt die!" "But," cried the unhappy insect, "I thought you did not believe in

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**BRITISH LIBERALISM.**

**Laurier's Boast in Words, But Failure in Practice.**

It is the boast of Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal leader, that he follows the precedents of British Liberalism. His stand in this regard has been peculiarly accentuated recently by his repudiation of La Patrie, of Montreal, which stands for the French radical school.

Put to the test on the question of Temperance, Mr. Laurier singularly fails to follow British precedent or British Liberals, and proves himself an apt follower of the opportunist school of French Liberalism.

At Perth, in reply to Rev. Geo. Huxtable, he declared the (French) plebiscite the policy of the Liberal party, and adroitly added that "the result is in the hands of the people." Prohibition Liberals were left to believe that his answer meant that the Government would espouse the cause of Prohibition and pass a Prohibition law if the plebiscite showed a majority in favor of Prohibition. Whisky Liberals were left to believe that all questions are in the hands of the people, when the people have sense enough to elect men to carry out their wishes. At Ingersoll the Royal Templars, through Rev. Dr. Williamson, begged Mr. Laurier for an explanation, but the stereotyped answer was repeated. At Galt, Mr. J. M. Robertson, and at Woodstock, Mr. R. H. Calvert, put written questions into Mr. Laurier's hand, appealing for a clear statement of his meaning, and requesting a straight answer to the question: "Will the Liberal party be committed to Prohibition and assume responsibility for a Prohibitory law if a majority vote for Prohibition on the plebiscite?" The brave leader completely ignored these gentlemen and their questions, and uttered not one single word upon the great question which is agitating the country.

This is not British Liberalism nor like British Liberal leaders. British Liberalism stands for responsible government, for the election of representatives to administer the policy they prescribe. British Liberalism declares its policy on public affairs and only asks to be entrusted with the administration of laws which it is ready to advocate and defend against all comers.

Mr. Laurier's timid straddling of the question is even more unlike British Liberal leaders than the opportunist plebiscite policy is like British Liberalism. Lord Rosebery, the present British Liberal leader, boldly declared on the public platform that the liquor problem involved much more than moral considerations, and that it had come to be a question of whether the liquor traffic would control the State or the State the traffic. Harcourt, the first lieutenant of the British Liberal party, and the heir apparent to the leadership, made all England ring with his public declaration that both he and his party would stand faithfully by the reform, and, after the defeat in the recent elections, he said:

"It is not on account of this defeat that we shall abandon any of the principles for which we have contended. We appeal to moral forces, which, in the long run, are always victorious. No great reform has ever been achieved without waiting a long time and after many defeats; but to men who thoroughly believe in them and who are prepared to make sacrifices for them, in the end their victory is assured. You, I trust, gentlemen, are confident of those principles, and that you mean to adhere to them through good report and through evil report. If you do so you will be sure of your reward."



**RASH GLADSTONE AND PRUDENT LAURIER.**

LAURIER—Slow, Gladstone, go slow! Don't use such rash language. How can you know the Liquor Traffic is such a bad thing when you have never taken a Plebiscite?

And then the Grand Old Man, the greatest living statesman, whose political mantle still clings to him in spite of his retirement, did not hesitate, even in the face of all the wealth and vested interests, and beer-loving habits of England, to denounce intemperance, as the giant among evils, to assert his ability to raise a revenue from a sober people without any partnership with the drink, and only within a month he has publicly stated that legislation much more sweeping than limitation and local option is necessary to reduce the evils of intemperance to a minimum.

Evidently Mr. Laurier has much to learn yet about British Liberalism.

"The last words which I would say to you, and to every individual who hears my voice, would be the dying words spoken by the eloquent and holy Ravingan: 'We fight in the battles of the Lord.'"—Archdeacon Farrar.

**A Souvenir**

"The Advanced Prohibitionists of Canada" recognize the nomination of W. W. Buchanan in Hamilton as a matter of National importance to the reform that will become historic. They have issued a suitable souvenir of the event in the form of a campaign button bearing the portrait of the candidate and the motto of the campaign nicely engraved on celluloid. Everyone contributing one dollar or more to the campaign fund will be sent one of these Souvenirs free. It can be worn until the election is over and then kept as a token of partnership in the first bold battle to send an Independent Prohibitionist to Parliament.

E. J. HOWES,  
Secretary, Hamilton, Ont.

QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE RECORD.

Index to Important Events of July, August and September, 1895.

Monday, July 1.—Thamesford, Ont., Royal Templars held a successful picnic, addressed by the Patron-Prohibition candidates for Oxford.—W. C. T. U. drinking fountain, Brampton, Ont., formally opened.

Wednesday, July 3.—Successful temperance demonstration at Erieau, Ont., addressed by W. W. Buchanan and others.

Tuesday, July 9.—Nova Scotia Grand Lodge I. O. G. T., opened its annual session in Yarmouth, N.S.

Wednesday, July 17.—Union convention of Patron-Prohibitionists, Winnipeg. A basis of co-operation was reached.—Ocean House, Burlington Beach, Ont., burned.

Saturday, July 20.—Wellington, Ont., County License Commissioners adopt regulation requiring applicants for license transfers to advertise the fact in local newspapers for two weeks prior to meeting of License Board.

Tuesday, July 23.—Coroner's jury in Craig Road, Que., disaster finds that the engineer had been drinking beer in violation of G. T. R. regulations.

Wednesday, July 24.—The "Christian Guardian" takes advanced ground upon Prohibition and editorially declares: "The Methodist church is committed to the lift against liquor. . . . The legalizing of liquor selling must cease in Canada."

Friday, July 26.—"The Templar" published a verbatim report of John G. Woolley's great speech on "Christian Endeavor vs. the Saloon," delivered at the International Y. P. S. C. E. convention, Boston, Mass.

Saturday, July 27.—The Patron-Prohibitionists of North Oxford, Ont., in convention in Woodstock unanimously nominated Mr. Hugh MacDonald, of East Zorra, as their candidate for Parliament. Patron Leader Haycock, Rev. Dr. MacKay and others addressed the convention.

Tuesday, July 30.—Corner stone of the new Queen's avenue Methodist church, London, Ont., laid; Sir John Carling, founder of the Carling brewery, delivered an address.

Thursday, Aug. 1.—Argument in Prohibition Test case before the Privy Council opened by J. J. MacLaren, Q. C., for the Province.—Justice Chitty, Chancery Court, London, Eng., gave judgment requiring Lady Henry Somerset to allow the sale of liquor on her estate in Belgate.—Wm. Coyne, a prominent resident of St. Thomas, Ont., and an active temperance man, died at the railway station, Ingersoll, Ont. He was eighty years of age.—A successful union temperance picnic was held at Elm park, Winnipeg, Man.

Friday, Aug 2.—Argument in Test case continued.—"The Templar" published in full Government Returns showing the amount of liquor imported and manufactured in Canada during the years 1883-93, inclusive, the cost thereof to the consumers, and the revenue derived therefrom by the Dominion Government.—Drunken row in the Brunswick hotel, Moncton, N. B., terminated in the death of James Magee.

Saturday, Aug. 3.—Rev. Dr. MacKay, of Woodstock, Ont., in a letter in the Toronto "Globe," charges the Reform party of the Dominion with drifting further and further from Prohibition.

Tuesday, Aug. 6.—Hon. Edward Blake, counsel for Brewers' and Distillers' Association of Canada, continued the argument in the Test case before the Privy Council.

AN EXCHANGE.



"HELLO!"



"GOOD-BYE!"

Wednesday, Aug. 7.—Argument in Test case concluded by J. J. MacLaren, Q. C. Judgment is reserved.—Twenty-fifth anniversary of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America; convention opened in New York, with 1,200 delegates. Satolli and Archbishop Corrigan give it their benediction.

Thursday, Aug 8.—C. T. A. Union, New York, with great enthusiasm declares in favor of Sunday closing.

Friday, Aug. 9.—London cable announces judgment in Prohibition Test case will not be given until November. The judges have gone on vacation.—The "Globe" republishes, from the London "Advertiser," Hon. David Mills' letter criticising Rev. Dr. MacKay.—Nelson, Ont., township council decides not to resist the suit for the repeal of the local option by-law.

Tuesday, Aug. 13.—Successful Patron-Prohibitionist picnic at Otter park, Otterville, Oxford county, Ont., addressed by Mr. T. R. Mayberry, Patron-Prohibition candidate, Patron Leader Haycock and Rev. Dr. MacKay, of Woodstock.—Eighth annual convention of the Maritime Grand Council, R. T. of T., opened in Amherst, N.S. Public meeting in the evening. Address of welcome by A. J. Logan, Liberal candidate for M.P. for Cumberland, and an able review of the political situation by Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Fredericton, N.B.

Wednesday, Aug. 14.—Maritime Grand Council, R. T. of T. Public meeting addressed by Rev. D. V. Lucas, D.D., and W. W. Buchanan.

Thursday, Aug. 15.—Maritime Grand Council concluded its session. Mr. C. S. Woodling, of Halifax, N.S., was elected Grand Councilor.—Rev. Father Mahony, of Medonte, Minn., pledges one hundred dollars to aid the circulation of "The Templar" amongst Catholics in Canada.

Monday, Aug. 19.—It was announced in the British Commons that Field Marshall Lord Wolseley has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He favors total abstinence in the army.

Tuesday, Aug. 20.—Fifth International Temperance Congress, Basle, Switzerland, opened.

Wednesday, Aug. 21.—Eighth annual convention of the Bruce, Ont., county W. C. T. U., Lucknow.

Thursday, Aug. 22.—Maritime Christian Endeavor Convention, Truro, N.S., 500 delegates, adopts resolution that Christ be enthroned King in politics.

—The Basle Congress adjourned.

Tuesday, Aug. 27.—Baptist convention, St. John, N.B., resolves that Christian citizens should work to secure the election of Prohibitionists to Parliament.

Wednesday, Aug 28.—London, Ont., W. C. T. U. passes a strong resolution on Sunday liquor traffic in connection with the recent drowning of the Warwicks.

Monday, Sept. 2.—Labor Day. W. W. Buchanan, addressing Toronto Trades and Labor Unions, invites them to unite in the spirit of the Carpenter of Nazareth for the redress of their grievances.

Friday, Sept. 6.—Mr. T. B. Flint, M.P., Yarmouth, N.S., in an interview published in "The Templar," advises Prohibitionists to vote only for Prohibitionists.

Tuesday, Sept. 10.—Six total abstaining octogenarians, with an aggregate age of 490 years, hold a re-union in St. Thomas, Ont. They enjoy remarkable health and ascribe it to their total abstinence from alcoholic liquors.

Tuesday, Sept. 17.—Hon. Mr. Harty, through his counsel, confessed to bribery by agents sufficient to affect the results of the Kingston, Ont., by-election. The seat is declared vacant.

Thursday, Sept. 19.—Maritime W. C. T. U. meets in convention in Yarmouth, N.S.

Saturday, Sept. 21.—Maritime W. C. T. U. dissolves and forms Provincial Unions. This agreement to stand for a term of three years.

Friday, Sept. 27.—Ontario Provincial Christian Endeavor convention in Brantford adopts resolutions in favor of Prohibition and Good Citizenship.

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- Political Movements.
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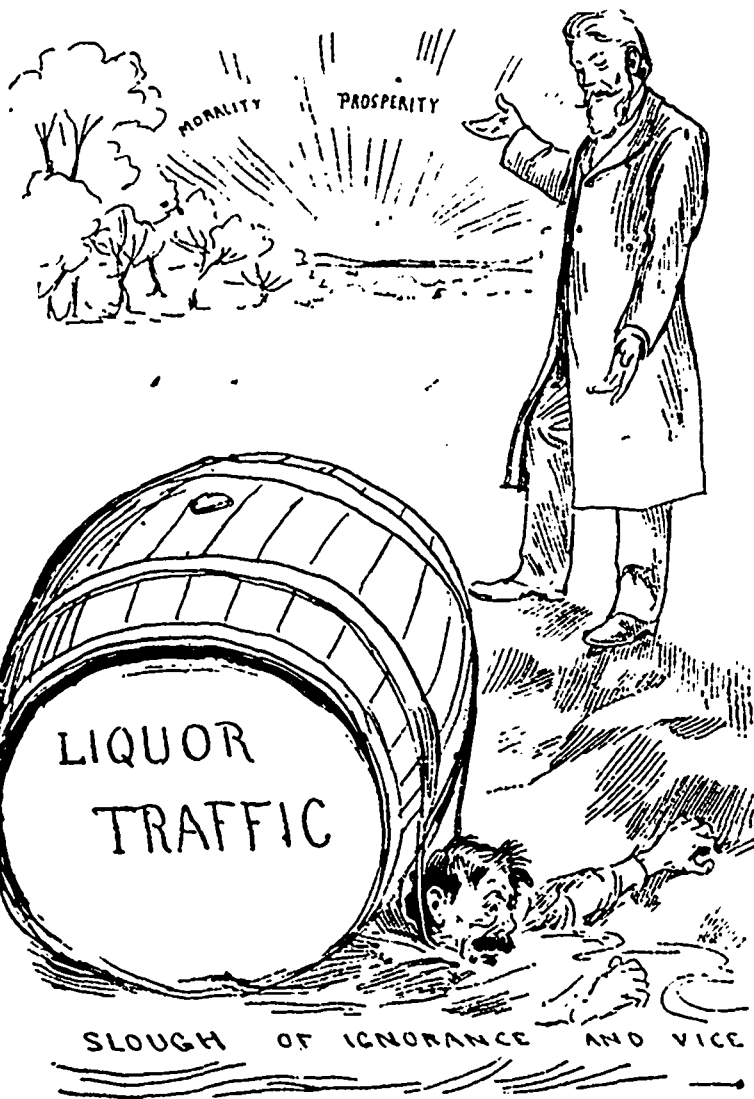
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scribers to "The Templar Quarterly." One Subscriber, One Bible.

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Do not make any mistake about these points. Prize books will only be sent:

(1.) To persons who are subscribers to "The Weekly Templar."

(2.) To persons who send in bona fide new subscribers—not renewals.

(3.) To persons who claim the prize in the same letter, along with the new subscribers.

We cannot afford to look up our books or lists to find out who has sent in subscribers, or to pick out single subscriptions and put them together. To claim one of these prizes the new subscribers must be sent in the same letter as the claim for the prize. In that event the prize will go back by return mail, post free. Do not ask for any exceptions. One worker may win as many prizes as possible. There is no limit.

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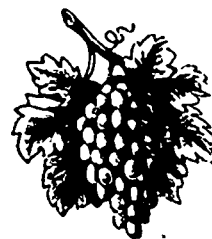
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