

# The Templar Quarterly

A SOCIAL REFORM MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

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NO. III.



## CANADA'S UNSPEAKABLE TURK.

LIQUOR TURK—"I defy the powers! What are you going to do about it?"

THE PREMIER—"It's dreadful! I wonder if the people want it stopped?"

THE GLOBE—"But how will we make up for the loss of revenue?"

CANNY SCOTCHMAN—"Aye, it's bad, and if it is practicable to stop it, it is right to do so."



## 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.

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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, 1896.

### ELOCUTION CONTEST MOVEMENT.

To the late W. Jennings Demorest, of New York city, is due the honor of setting in motion the Prohibition Elocution Contest Movement, by his generous donation of Silver and Gold medals for competition. A few contests were held in Canada for Demorest medals, and a number of Canadians were impressed with the charm and power of the Movement for teaching Prohibition truth. In Hamilton a full series of Silver Medal contests, culminating in a Gold Medal Contest, was carried out under the auspices of the Royal Templars and the W. C. T. U. The editor of "The Templar" was among those who fell in love with the Movement and saw great possibilities in it. After Mr. Demorest's death he felt that the good work should not be permitted to cease, and with the substantial encouragement of a number of local friends he introduced and established "The Templar" Medal Contest Movement.

The announcement of this undertaking through the columns of "The Templar," the preparation of Canadian Medals, and the publication of elocution selections suited to Canadian conditions, gave a splendid impetus to the Movement in Canada, and it sprang into immediate popularity. Series of contests were started in all parts of the Dominion and splendid results were achieved during the winter of 1895-6. This autumn of 1896 brought multiplied demands, and the promo-

ters of the Movement found it necessary to increase the number of selections permitted in competition, and to appeal for greater generosity on the part of the friends of the Movement to provide for the expenses of supplying literature and medals.

#### "Juniors and Seniors."

The contests were at first confined to young people, and twenty-five was fixed as the maximum age, but the Movement was such a phenomenal success among the young people that a demand arose for extending it to older contestants. The experiment was made of an "Old Folks'" medal contest by Wentworth Council, of Hamilton, under the direction of District Councillor Fisher, of the Royal Templars, and the result was so satisfactory that it was decided to establish contests and offer medals for competition to persons over twenty-five, thus making two classes, those under twenty-five, to be known as "Juniors," and those over 25 as "Seniors." Juniors are not permitted to compete with seniors in either Silver or Gold Medal contests, and each contest, and each series of contests, must be confined to either Juniors or Seniors. In the first Senior contest, Mrs. James Parsons Smith, wife of the well-known Royal Templar



MRS. J. PARSONS SMITH,  
First Senior Silver Medalist.

evangelist, won the Silver Medal, on the recitation, "A Prohibitionist's View of the Labor Problem," by W. W. Buchanan. This contest made such a profound impression that in the second contest such eminent leaders as G. H. Lees, provincial head of the Royal Templars, and J. H. Land, national secretary of the same Order, entered the lists, and the medal was won by Mr. J. C. Harris, District Secretary of Hamilton Royal Templars, on the recitation, "The Farmer and His Gun," by Talle Morgan.

#### Aims of the Movement.

The aims of the movement are:  
1st. To teach Prohibition doctrines.  
2nd. To win the vigor of the young, for practical Prohibition work.  
3rd. To promote co-operation among Temperance societies.

Many persons who will not take the trouble to read will listen to addresses or recitations. There is a subtle power in the human voice for pressing



home conviction and melting to action. Great orators and debaters are not easily secured, and cost more for fees and travelling expenses than many communities can afford. But the choicest gems from the speeches of the brightest and greatest can be put in the mouths of attractive and effective reciters. Not one, but six or eight of the most eminent men may thus be heard at one single meeting. The charm and spirit of the competition intensifies the interest, and attracts large numbers to the contest, and under such conditions the selections are often given with greater execution than in their original delivery. In any case the arguments, illustrations and doctrine lose none of their point or weight. In any community where a public meeting can be held, a contest can be organized with little or no expense, and home talent may be made to do first-class service for the cause.

The Movement is a particularly happy one in its second aim, that of capturing the vigor and devotion of young people for practical Prohibition work. In many temperance organizations and young people's societies it is a serious problem to keep up the standard of entertainments, and to so direct the arrangement of programs to avoid a lapse to light and frivolous numbers. The Elocution Contest Movement is a delightful solution. The young people enter with spirit into the pleasant rivalry for the medal, and to do so must memorize, from the collection of Prohibition recitations selected for the purpose. Not alone in the contest does the reciter contribute to the educational work of the reform; but the selection once mastered is pretty certain to be presented again and again, at other concerts and entertainments, extending and increasing the force and utility of the teaching. The Movement also has a tendency to develop speakers and debaters, for the battle of the reform.

The third aim, that of promoting co-operation among societies favorable to Prohibition, is a very important one. According to the rules, medals are only given to societies which will promise to



**THE RACER AND THE JOCKEY.**

SENATOR VIDAL.—It is not fair play to put that heavy lubber Plebiscite up. Why do you not mount a proper jockey or ride the horse yourself?

HON. WILFRID.—Oh! this is no race. It is only a go against time. If he show any speed and good staying powers, in spite of all these handicaps and obstacles, I may ride him myself—next General Races. See?

undertake a series of Silver Medal Contests among a number of societies, to be followed by a Gold Medal Contest, in which the Silver Medalists of the series will compete. This affords a splendid plan for a district or county organization to bring its local societies together. Each lodge, division, union or council may be asked to carry out a Silver Medal Contest, and the Gold Medal Contest under the auspices of the District Union or Council is then certain to attract a large attendance from all the local societies, and make a successful gathering

**The Medal.**

The cut given herewith, which is about one-third reduced, gives an idea of the pretty and patriotic design of the medal. Each medal is coin silver, and is supplied in a handsome and convenient morocco case. The Gold Medal is similar in design and weight. The medals are paid for from a fund raised by the voluntary subscriptions from friends of the Movement, and societies which profit by it.

**The Management.**

The management is vested in a committee composed of the more generous subscribers to the Medal Fund, and a superintendent, who is at present Miss M. Hyndman, "The Templar" office,



MISS MARION HYNDMAN,  
Dominion Superintendent.

Hamilton, Ont. Ten cents in silver or postage stamps, sent to the superintendent, will bring you by return mail, a copy of "The Quarterly Templar," containing a number of Elocution Selections and a complete index of all permitted selections, as well as a circular of detailed instructions.

**The Rules.**

Very briefly the rules may be summarized as follows:

The society applying for a Silver Medal is expected to use every reasonable effort to work up a series of at least seven contests, with a final Gold Medal Contest between the silver medalists of the series. Not less than four different local societies must be represented in the series, and by the contestants for the Gold Medal.

The contestants in one series should be all Juniors or all Seniors, that is, all under twenty-five years, or all over twenty-five years.

At least seven contestants should enter, and not less than six should actually recite, at each contest.

No two contestants shall recite the same selection at one contest, nor shall a contestant repeat a selection once given in a second contest.

The contests shall be open to the public, and held in a building that will seat at least 200 people.

Three capable and disinterested judges must decide the contest and award the medal, in accordance with the rules and method of tally provided.

Speeches, songs, or other entertainment should be added to the program.

## Elocution Contest Selections

### THE SAILOR LAD.

OLIVE HARPER.

He was a sailor, brown and young,  
Whose ship had just sailed by;  
Its fair white sails were proudly swell-  
ed,  
Its great, dark hull was lightly held,  
And, with the rippling waves did weld,  
As swept its prow around a curve,  
Without a single wavering swerve;  
And anchored safe did lie.

For many days the good ship had  
Battled with wind and main;  
Storms had assailed, great winds did  
blow,  
Calms had entangled in their slow  
And weary currents, ice and snow  
Tried to enshroud her in the bands;  
Pirates attacked her in far lands;  
Yet here she was again.

Her captain was a stern, good man,  
Right worthy of his place;  
His men were all brave, tried and true,  
Who loved their ship and ocean blue,  
And little else of life they knew  
But that which centered round the  
life  
On ship, and mother, home, or wife,  
Or of the little face

That watched for him while far he  
sailed  
Along the boundless main;  
Who counted hours, and weeks, and  
days,  
And numbered all his little plays,  
And all his small life's sunshine rays,  
By "When my father's ship comes  
back  
There's nothing pretty I shall lack—  
When he comes home again."

But now the proud ship was at home,  
At liberty the men,  
Who, through the heat and through  
the cold,  
Through dangers that were never told,  
Had borne their trials, brave and bold,  
And faced grim death and gaunt  
despair,  
And now seemed walking in the air;  
"They were at home again."

And all the men who'd wives and  
babes,  
Hastened blithe away,  
And left this young brown sailor lad,  
And who no wife nor infant had,  
But whose old mother, blind and sad,  
Waited at home in her old chair,  
Waited with many a fervent prayer,  
For his return that day.

On shore he stood, so brown, so strong,  
A pleasant sight was he;  
No brighter eyes were ever seen,  
No face of nobler, sweeter men,  
No better boy was there, I ween;  
No heart was truer or more grand,  
In any mansion in the land,  
Than this lad from the sea.

He was a boy, no more than that,  
Who, wonder that he felt;  
When every street and rumshop door,  
And every little bedecked store,  
Persuasive sighs, showed o'er and  
o'er,

And begged him to go in—  
To drink, and steep himself in sin!  
'They were the mouths of hell.

And he was robbed: the little store  
That he had slowly won,  
That for his mother he had brought,  
That meant so much of love and  
thought,  
Of comfort in her blindness sought—  
All now was gone; he saw the theft.

And, like a beast of whelps bereft,  
He struck! The deed was done!

Then, trembling in a vague alarm,  
He looked upon his hands;  
While round his feet a circling flood  
Crept slowly, as he dumbly stood;  
And this dark circle—it was blood!  
Dark and sinister it lay,  
Circling about him every way,  
And forming linked bands.

The sight of that dark, awful stain,  
Was worse than of the dead,  
Who lay there prone, with pallid face,  
And form that matched the baneful  
place,  
And from his breast that bubbling  
race,  
Of pouring blood that circled round,  
And wrought new figures on the  
ground,  
And filled him with sore dread.

A little while he trembling stood,  
As a baby tottering stands,  
Bewildered by the horrid sight,  
And then before him all grew night,  
His gleaming knife the only light;  
But when his senses came again,  
And he could see a little plain,  
His hands were clasped in iron  
bands.

A mother, pale, and bent, and blind,  
Knelt in a prison cell,  
And kissed those brown and sturdy  
hands,  
That now were clasped in iron bands,  
That tolled so brave in many lands;  
That never had an action done  
That was not right, except this one,  
In that red gate of hell!

The poor old, shrunken, sightless eyes  
Had not a tear to shed;  
Dry, labored sobs shook her old frame,  
And through them burned the awful  
shame.

That now had fallen on her name;  
Yet, in all her sorrow, none  
Heard her blame that prisoned son,  
Who sat with bended head.

Too well she knew the pitfalls that  
The law allows to lie  
Unchecked, unheeded, everywhere,  
That catch unwary footsteps there,  
Like some wild tiger at its lair;  
That lay their tolls to trap within  
The very ones least prone to sin,  
And gloating, see them die.

She had no hope; red-handed he  
Was taken in the act;  
Tho he was drunk, that could not save,  
And, tho he killed a thievish knave,  
He now must fill a felon's grave;  
No hope was there for this poor lad  
Who, tho he sinned, was not all bad;  
The law must go by fact.

'Twas done! 'twas done! that bonny  
lad  
Whose ship had just sailed in—  
That handsome youth, his mother's  
pride,  
Who, for one moment self-beside,  
Had sinned when drunk, had shamed  
died;  
While those who were the guilty  
ones,  
Whose hearts are laid as nether  
stones,  
Cried, "We have punished sin."

And now a low and unmarked grave,  
Another close beside,  
Shows where low lies the sailor lad,  
The only one his mother had,  
The boy whose heart was weak, not  
bad,  
Who had a dread and awful end,  
With none but one poor, weak, blind  
friend;  
While sin still lives in pride.

L'ENVOI.

Oh! friends, maybe to-morrow you  
A sailor boy may have,  
Whose ship is sailing home agala,  
Whose heart is beating love's refrain,  
Whose young life you would spare  
from pain;  
Then join, with prayerful hearts and  
true,  
And vote our Prohibition through,  
And thus your own boy save!

### A SHORT STORY.

TALIEP MORGAN, SCRANTON, PA.

The Newman M. E. Church is the  
largest in the city of Bloomsbarre,  
having over 800 members.

The official Board is in session.  
A very animated discussion is going  
on over the withdrawal of twenty-  
seven of the members of the church.  
Dr. Williamson, the eloquent pastor,  
is speaking:

"I admit that in point of numbers,  
twenty-seven out of over eight hun-  
dred would make but very little dif-  
ference, but see who the twenty-seven  
are—the very ones who carry on our  
prayer-meetings and attend to the  
spiritual affairs of the church. It is  
true that they are not the wealthy part  
of our church, but a church cannot be  
run with money alone."

"Brother Williamson," spoke up the  
Hon. Chas. Smith, a member of the  
Legislature, "I say let them go; we will  
get along much better without them.  
They have grown crazy over the Pro-  
hibition party, and right here in our  
prayer-meeting some of them have  
grown so bold as to declare that any  
man who did not vote her ticket was  
supporting the liquor traffic. Now, I  
claim to be as good a Prohibitionist  
as any man in the Prohibition party,  
and indeed, a better Prohibitionist,  
for the reason that I had the honor of vot-  
ing for the enactment of our present  
license law, which has done more for  
temperance than the Prohibition party  
will ever accomplish."

Then Judge Grant, one of the county  
judges, spoke up:

"Gentlemen, this recent discussion  
about the church being the bulwark of  
the liquor traffic is nothing short of  
blasphemy in calling the faithful fol-  
lowers of the Lord Jesus Christ, the  
upholders of the rum traffic, the  
greatest curse the world has ever seen.  
I agree with Brother Smith, let these  
Prohibition cranks go, and our church  
will then go on in peace." (Applause  
from the other members of the Board.)

"Of course," said Dr. Williamson, "we  
will have to give them their letters,  
for we can find no fault with their  
Christian character. But we have none  
to take their places in the public  
prayer service. This is one of the evils  
of bringing politics into religion; they  
won't mix. The Grand Old Republi-  
can party is a good enough temperance  
party for me, and while it is not up to  
the standard on the temperance ques-  
tion that I would like to see it, yet  
I am not going to throw away my vote  
on a party that hasn't a ghost of a  
chance of electing its candidates."

(Applause.)

"I don't understand what these fan-  
atical Prohibitionists want," said the  
Hon. Mr. Smith. "Our church, as a  
church, has declared that the liquor  
traffic can not be legalized without  
sin," and nothing stronger than that  
could be uttered. The man who sells  
liquor for a living is worse than a —"

Just then there was a sharp knock  
at the door.

"Come in," responded the double-bass  
voice of Dr. Williamson.

The door opened and the portly form

**THIS MINISTER**

Professes to favor Prohibition and to oppose the rum traffic, but elects to office—

**THIS LEGISLATOR**

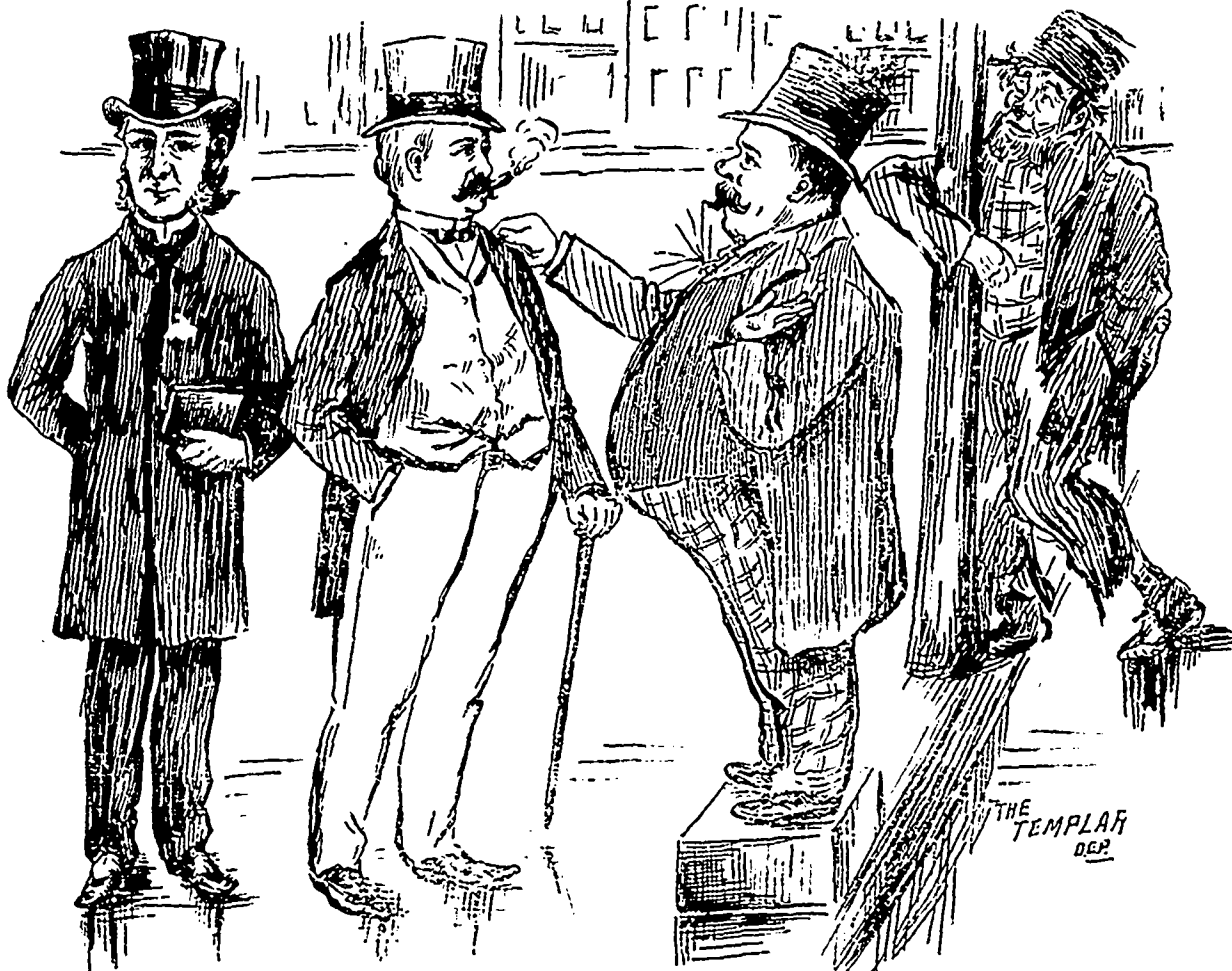
Who is a member of a political party that enacts or supports a license law which permits

**THIS RUMSELLER**

To carry on a business that transforms boys and men into beings like—

**THIS DRUNKARD**

Who, the good Christian brother says, will go to hell for having graduated out of the saloon he supports at the ballot box!



of the saloon-keeper across the street appeared in the doorway. He was the first to break the oppressive silence:

"Gentlemen, knowing this to be your regular meeting night, I decided to come over and inform you that I and my family have made up our minds to join your church and help along the good work you are doing."

This speech was greeted with dumb astonishment by the members of the Board. Dr. Williamson was the first to speak:

"Have you given up the saloon business?"

"No, sir," replied the saloon-keeper.

"Are you going to?"

"No, sir; I am conducting a respectable place and see no reason why I should."

"W-e-l-l," slowly replied the doctor, "our church rules prohibit us from taking in dealers in liquors, and for that reason we must refuse you."

"Oh," said the saloon-keeper, a flush of anger coming into his already florid face. "I was not aware of that. On what ground does your church refuse to admit saloon-keepers?"

"On the ground that they are engag-

ed in a business that sends souls to hell," replied Dr. Williamson. "The Bible says that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God and therefore no drunkard-maker can. More than that, our Board of Bishops has declared that the liquor traffic can not be legalized without sin."

The saloon-keeper was thoroughly aroused by this time, and in a suppressed, angry tone, he asked:

"Do you know that a great many of your members are regular customers of mine?"

"I have heard that some were," said Dr. Williamson.

"Do you know that two of this official Board, now in this room, are among my regular customers?"

No reply, but two very red faces showed who had been hit.

"Do you know that I got my license from Judge Grant, who sits right here, for which I paid the regular license fee?"

"Hold on," said Judge Grant, "you are going too fast, my friend; I do not make the laws, and I am compelled by the license law to grant licenses; therefore I am not responsible."

"Well, the law was enacted by Mr. Smith there, and other Republicans."

"You can't place the responsibility on me," said Mr. Smith. "I carried out the wishes of those who elected me. Had I been elected on a Prohibition platform I would have voted for a Prohibitory law. My party stands for license and I voted for the law."

"I understand that fully," said the saloon-keeper, "but I voted for you; so did Judge Grant; so did Dr. Williamson; the rest of this Board and the great majority of the voters in your church. I took it for granted that all who voted for you believed in license. Now, I am politely told that I can not join this heaven-bound band and that I shall go to hell. Dr. Williamson here voted for you, Smith, to pass a license law which compels Judge Grant to give me a license—to go to hell! I am the fourth party to the agreement and without the consent of you three I could not engage in the whisky business. You three are bound for heaven, where you will wear crowns and play on golden harps, while I am to suffer the torments of the damned! Gentlemen, if your Bible is true, and I go



Bird's eye view of Ontario Alliance Executive in Council, with the aid of "The Templar" X rays. President MacLaren, Counsel for Ontario Government; Vice President, Ross, member of Ontario Government; Secretary Spence, of Central Toronto Liberal Executive; and the redoubtable Grit stumper, Joe Tait. If the X rays were not used to show the inwardness of some, no one would doubt the sturdy independence and freedom from party bias of the quartette.

to hell for selling whisky, you will go with me to hell for voting to give me the legal right of doing so. Good-night."

With that he vanished, closing the door behind him with a vigorous slam.

The members of the official Board looked steadfastly on the floor, each one seemingly afraid of breaking the silence. They were Christian men; believed they were doing their Christian duty. But the saloon-keeper, in his fierce arraignment of those present, had placed a tremendous responsibility on their shoulders. Each one was doing some pretty serious thinking when Dr. Williamson ended the silence by saying slowly:

"Brethren, that saloon-keeper told us some terrible truths. Brethren, our hands are not clean nor our skirts unspotted. Let us go home and pray for light."

#### A FUNERAL TO-DAY.

MRS. HELEN M. GOUGAR.

As I write a funeral procession is passing my door. It is the burial of a neighbor who has died of alcoholism, our national disease. He returned but a few weeks ago from the Keeley cure, strong in faith that he would never yield to the appetite again. He is the second man in this community to die of a debauch after this treatment and another of our citizens is "on a spree" now, who received this so-called cure. The father of this last one is heart-broken. "For," says he, "I thought my

boy was redeemed, but now there is no hope."

As I see the man carried to his grave, a man who has occupied seats high in the councils of the nation, I can but exclaim: "What a costly revenue we derive from the 'poison traffic!' " and ask, "O Lord, how long, how long will we continue to collect it?" A friend sitting by me says: "He deserves no sympathy; he had every help to make life a success and he would not do it."

Ah, stop! The Word says: "No drunkard can inherit the kingdom of heaven!" Do you say "no sympathy is due?" Remember, he was poisoned in early manhood by the social glass, as I have heard him say. The chains of appetite have bound him tighter and tighter, and in the days of his ripest usefulness he is a victim of a traffic sustained by the votes of Christian men. The victim deserves the deepest sympathy; let us condemn the system that creates him thus helpless in the clutches of disease.

He will be laid to-day by the side of his Christian mother, whose greatest sorrow was that this "most brilliant of all my sons" was a drunkard. She went to her grave uttering a prayer for his salvation. And this is the way this man government helps answer the prayers of Christian mothers. God hasten the day when mothers can vote as well as pray.

By his side stand Christian brothers who have been devoted to his reformation, but when asked to vote a ticket

that would send men to the Legislature who would prohibit the poison dens that beset this weaker brother's pathway will idly answer, "O there's no use; liquor will be sold anyway and I think it best to vote my party ticket once more." Ministers speak by the side of his coffin to-day who read the sad history in the fate of the dead, men who know the vast number falling all around them but who refuse to open their churches to voices that would sound the alarm in the presence of 103 saloons in this city of 15,000 souls. No gospel temperance meetings are held in the twenty-seven churches that set on our thoroughfares, locked six days out of seven, given over to dust, must, and cobwebs. O no, somebody might tell the members of these churches, who are at ease in Zion, that they ought to carry their religion with their ballot on election day, and thus wound the Christian in his pew, who is the greatest sinner at the ballot-box. So as this one falls into a drunkard's grave others fall into the procession on the other end, to fill up the ceaseless gap and give these preachers "something to do."

By the side of this coffin to-day business men march who think they "can drink or let it alone," men whose faces show the "danger signal," who call me a "crank, a regular John Brown born before my time," when I ask them kindly, "Won't you read on this subject if I give you the books and papers?" In the strength of their





### AT THE TORY CONVENTION.

MR. MARTER—New blood is needed, Sir Charles, mere organization will not do it. Did you notice how King Humbert proposes to restore the physical strength of the House of Savoy by wedding the young Prince of Naples to the stalwart, pure and pretty Princess Helene?

SIR CHARLES—I did, Marter. What of it?

MR. MARTER—What of it? Does it not suggest the solution of your organization problem? Encourage Sir Hibbert to court the comely maiden, Prohibition. You will remember you flirted with her, you old sinner, in Cumberland, when she was still in short dresses. She is a well-developed, pure and healthy woman now, and a union with her would restore popularity and power to the house of Tory.

SIR CHARLES—But what about Corby and Seagram?

MR. MARTER—You are old enough to know that nothing ventured, nothing gained. A faint heart never won a fair lady.



THE TEMPLAR—You are the principal here now, Mr. Hardy?  
MR. HARDY—Yes, sir.  
THE TEMPLAR—You assume full responsibility for the obligations of the old firm?

MR. HARDY—Full obligations, sir.  
THE TEMPLAR—I have a little pledge here of Sir Oliver's that bears date Feb. 6, 1894, I suppose you will cash it?

MR. HARDY—Eh—Ah—I'm just arranging a compromise with these Alliance gentlemen you see stepping away.

THE TEMPLAR—A compromise! Why, your firm is not insolvent, is it?

MR. HARDY—Oh, no! But they do not demand the payment in full, do not expect it, indeed, and there is no use paying more than you have to.

THE TEMPLAR—But who are "they?" The first gentleman is your own partner, Mr. Ross, is he not?

MR. HARDY—Ahem! I believe he is.

THE TEMPLAR—And the second gentleman is the firm's solicitor, Mr. McLaren, is he not?

MR. HARDY—Well, he's one of our counsel.

THE TEMPLAR—And the third gentleman is your factotum, Mr. Spence, is he not?

MR. HARDY—Well, what about it?

THE TEMPLAR—Just this! that you cannot fool the Temperance people of Ontario by making a compromise with your own partners. It will pay you best to honor Sir Oliver's name by taking the pledge at its face value, "all the Prohibition we can give."

MR. HARDY—Oh, well, if the Temperance people choose these men to speak for them, they cannot blame me if I give them all they ask for.

THE TEMPLAR—We shall see! By the way, Mr. Hardy, is that Mr. Gibson, of Hamilton, in the next store?

MR. HARDY—You ought to know him. But you will notice that his name is not on the sign, and then we have a card in the window.

present will they smile and—go on a steady march to fill a drunkard's grave, believing as they say, "O I know when I have enough. I am not such a weakling as to over-drink."

Beside this coffin to-day are the editors of our papers who write pathetically of this "ruined life," but who will not allow a line of Prohibition sentiment to find its way into their columns lest it offend the liquor sellers who patronize their sheets. One of these editors, a brother in the church, writes tenderly of this man's death and publishes in one issue of his paper thirty-one notices of application to sell liquor! So the work goes on upheld by press, pulpit and people.

The wife sits clothed in the habiliments of mourning by the side of his coffin. In her youth and beauty she gave her life and happiness into the keeping of this brilliant young man; they were just out of college, thoroughly equipped to build a Christian home. She saw the tempter at work; all that love, gentleness and devotion could do she had done. Her patience, persistence, and endurance

were remarked by all, but when all hope had fled she was obliged to let him drift and die, away from her ministrations of tenderness and love. It was an unequal contest. The whole legal power of the state and nation was pitted against her, for this government of males stays the hand of the outraged wife, takes no pity on her, but upholds the saloon-keeper in his deadly work. She is a widow to-day, the husband and home have been destroyed by the will and power of the government, for the sake of "revenue."

Women flock to this funeral and drop tears of sympathy with this sister beside the bier, but they have no time to join the W. C. T. U., to read our papers, to fill themselves with knowledge; they have no time to educate their children on the physical effects of alcohol that they may go out in the face of the ever-present tempter forewarned and forearmed. O no, these women are too busy hunting "favors for progressive euhre" or "clinch" parties, to carry the gospel of teetotalism into palace and hovel alike, so their sons, a little later on, will go

the same way; some are well started now.

Beautiful daughters weep for the absence and protecting care of a loving father. They are forced into the industrial world to compete with men bread-winners. In this way the industrial problem is made most serious. Women and children compete with and cut down the income of male wage-earners and the labor problem comes uppermost, only to be solved when we solve the liquor question.

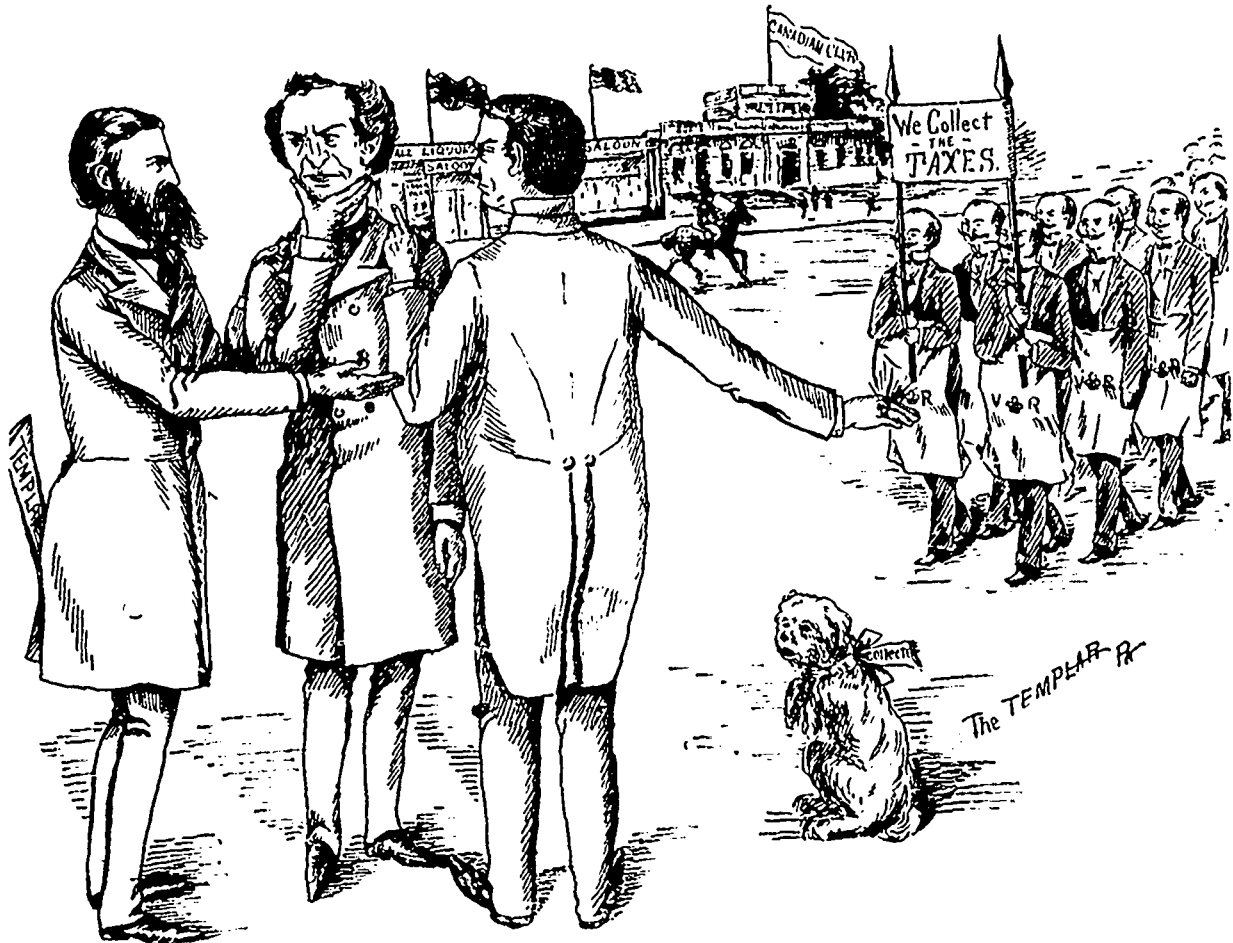
The train of evils following in the wake of this funeral, one of thousands each year, shows how the government protects (?) the home, the wife and children, and the best interests of society.

The saloon can not be legalized and the home protected under the same flag.

Men-voters, what are you going to do about it, and when are you going to do it? Will you begin next time you vote? Your answer will be in the size of the majority for Prohibition.

Read the "Weekly Templar."





**WHAT ABOUT THE REVENUE?**

**THE DISTILLER**—Prohibition is out of the question! Let me ask you what you will do without the seven millions of revenue we give you?

**THE TEMPLAR**—Let me ask you where he gets the seven millions, and the thirty three millions additional he collects with it and appropriates to his own use? Let me ask if it is not an outrageously expensive as well as demoralizing method of collecting taxes? Let me ask if the forty millions, turned into healthy channels of trade by Prohibition, will not produce a better revenue? Let me ask what you will do with the round hundred millions which is the indirect annual cost of the traffic and which will be saved by Prohibition?

**LAURIER**—It is all very perplexing to me, but the people know all about it, and I'll enquire of them.

**THE EVIL AND THE REMEDY.**

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

The crisis is upon us. We are face to face with the greatest problem of the nineteenth century. Within the next few months the voters of this Dominion will have an opportunity of declaring at the ballot-box, whether or not they wish the liquor traffic continued.

This is the supreme issue before the Canadian people to-day. The great question is not Liberal against Conservative, or Free Trade versus Protection, but whether the people of this enlightened country are going to vote for the continuance of a murderous traffic that breeds only ignorance, poverty, wretchedness and crime. The Royal Commission assures us that we spend every year on strong drink the vast sum of forty million dollars, or nearly eight dollars per head for every man, woman and child in the Dominion. This comes mostly out of the earnings of laboring men. And yet, notwith-

standing this wicked and reckless waste of the people's resources we are all crying out "Hard times"! Take these forty million dollars, which now produce only wrecked bodies, degraded characters, wretched homes and ruined souls, and turn the money into channels of industry; the result would be health, happiness and good morals.

To-day we have over 3,000 licensed bar-rooms in Ontario. Look at this bar-room business. Let the tree be judged by its fruit. If it brings forth good fruit, why, well and good, let it be fostered and encouraged; but if evil fruit then cut it down. Few in this day are so lost to decency as to defend the bar-room on its own merits. It has not one redeeming feature, but it exists as a black blighting curse on everything that is pure and holy and good in society.

Is there a greater curse in our land than the bar-room? Any wider gate to hell? There the young man meets the worst companions. There he hears the worst language, and there he is fitted for the perpetration of the worst crimes.

What life was ever made more bright or beautiful by means of a bar-room? What home was ever made more happy by means of a bar-room? Was ever anything pure or lovely promoted by the bar-room? Was ever a man made a better citizen for time or a more hopeful candidate for eternity by the bar-room?

Can you give one good reason why a Christian man should vote for the continuance of bar-rooms in this province? True, we want meals and accommodation when traveling, but not in a bar-room. In that little, dirty, smoky, whisky-smelling room you get nothing but what demoralizes and destroys. Every bar-room in the land is an opposition to the Church of Christ. The more the bar-rooms of any town or village flourish, the less will the churches of that place flourish; and the more the churches flourish, the less the bar-rooms flourish. The souls which we as Christians are trying to save, the bar-rooms are destroying. Your life and your money is the demand of the bar-room.

Is this a business to be legalized and perpetuated by the votes of a Christian people? Is it not astonishing that people will sit complacently by and see this business go right on under their eyes? Is it not a wonder that men do not rise up, and, with a voice loud as Niagara's thunder, declare that this infernal traffic shall come to an eternal end?

We ask who is responsible for this wasteful and ruinous traffic? Let there be no mistake here. In this country the people make the laws. The responsibility, therefore, rests not upon the liquor sellers solely, nor upon our legislators, but upon the people who, by their indifference or their votes, legalize the traffic. The Christian people of Canada can stop this scourge, and sweep it away whenever they please. The simple and shameful fact must be confessed that the liquor traffic continues and flourishes in Canada to-day, simply and only because those who deplore and denounce it in words do not have the grace and common-sense to carry their convictions with them to the ballot-box and vote as they talk and pray. Bar-rooms will never be closed so long as Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians vote the same ticket as distillers, brewers, tavern-keepers and bummers.

We are asked, What about the revenue? Our Government derives a revenue of about seven million dollars from this traffic, and how will this be replaced in case we have Prohibition? To this we might reply that manhood is more important to society than money, and the liquor traffic debases and destroys multitudes of our most promising young men, making them personally immoral, politically corrupt and publicly unsafe.

But not to dwell upon the higher considerations of morality and religion, we meet our friend who is troubled about the revenue, on his own ground; and we ask, where did the traffic get those seven millions and the thirty-three millions additional for which it gave no return of any value? You see that to raise a revenue of seven millions we pay forty millions! Is this wise? There was a bachelor who possessed more money than wit. Riding along one day in his magnificent carriage, he by accident dropped a quarter into the slit of his carriage door. It greatly annoyed him, for he was very fond of money. So he ordered his coachman to take the carriage to the shop and have the coin extracted. The coachman did so, but some time afterwards the bachelor received an account which read something like this: "To extracting a 25-cent coin from slit of carriage door, \$1.75!" "Poor financial transaction," you say. Yes, very poor, indeed, but no poorer than when we pay every year forty million dollars for the sake of getting seven millions back again. Is not this an outrageously expensive as well as a fearfully demoralizing method of collecting revenue? "Give me," says the Hon. W. E. Gladstone, "a sober people, not wasting their earnings, and I will easily raise the revenue."

#### THE BATTLE OF CONSCIENCE.

REV. J. W. BELL, B.D., MANITOU, MAN.

The friends of our country's well-being and moral uplift have reason to be profoundly thankful for the present position of the Prohibition battle. It has passed through almost all the necessary preliminaries and come to the final movement, the gaining of which will mean victory.

Notwithstanding many discouraging circumstances, the outlook was never brighter or more hopeful. The wis-



REV. J. W. BELL, B. D.

dom of total abstinence has been conceded; even as a medicine the use of alcohol and its compounds is growing smaller by degrees and beautifully less, and at the present rate of progress the vanishing point may soon be reached.

Few listen patiently when Prohibition is denounced as sumptuary legislation, and it is difficult to believe that in proposing such an argument it advocates expect to be taken seriously.

The question of the legal right to prohibit all traffic in intoxicating liquors as a beverage has been settled, and it is now beyond discussion that the trade has no rights but such as were voluntarily given by the people, and by them may be at will withdrawn.

The financial features of the question have been discussed until from every country come unqualified statements from men of unquestioned financial ability that the abolition of the liquor traffic would be the introduction of an era of prosperity unexampled in history.

The church has risen in its place to declare the traffic to be "inconsistent with the teachings of Holy Writ," that "it cannot be legalized without sin," that, "being morally wrong, it cannot be made legally right, and that, since it is destructive to good morals, the deadly foe of the home, the unceasing opponent of the well-being of the individual, and a menace to the state, it

is the duty of the state to protect the weak and innocent and conserve its own well-being by abolishing the manufacture and traffic in liquors for beverage purposes; also, that no candidate for public honors or political party has a right to expect or should receive the support of Christian voters unless such candidate or party shall place Prohibition as a prominent plank in his or its political platform."

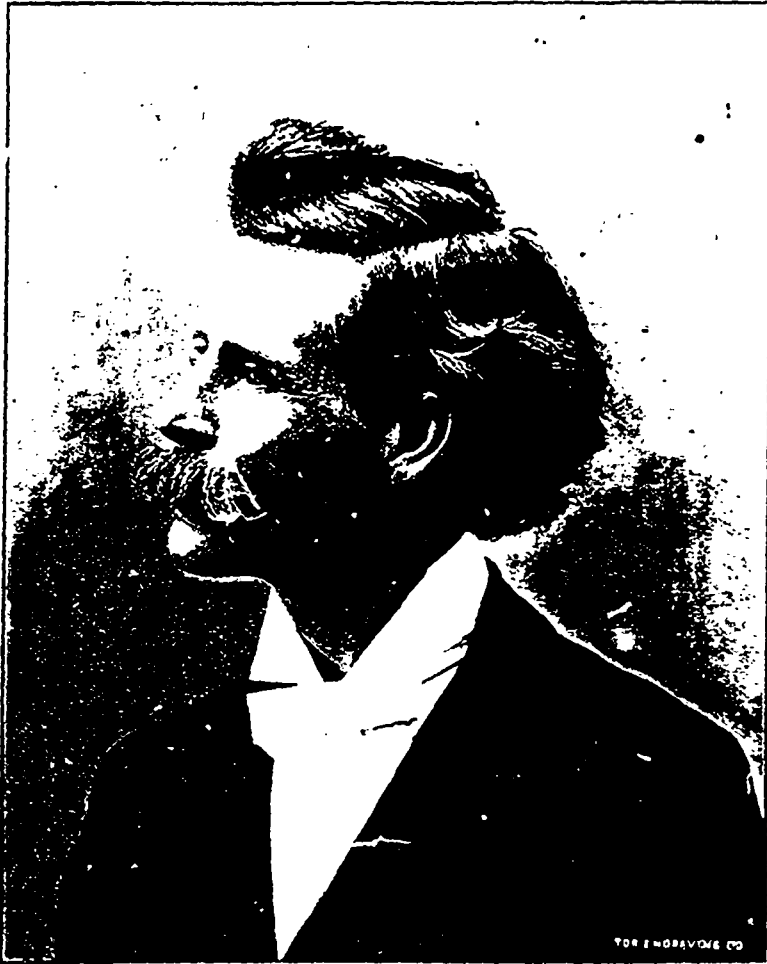
What remains?

The battle henceforth must be mainly "the battle of conscience."

Every Christian must settle his own action from a consideration of his relation and its relation to God and the advance of His kingdom on earth.

If liquor be an injury to a well man and of doubtful use to a sick one; if the financiers are right, and the church's position is sound that "to legalize it is sin," then it follows logically that every individual who helps to maintain the license system commits sin against God. This is the tremendous issue that must be faced by every Christian conscience in the sight of God.

But, is the church right in speaking so strongly? Listen: "It is good not to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor to do anything whereby thy brother stumbleth" (Romans 14: 21, R. V.) "But judge this rather than no man put a



MR. M. WILTSE,  
"The Gleamers" Boys' Templar Evangelist.

stumbling block in his brother's way." (Rom. 14: 13.) Surely it would be good not to put an occasion of offense in a brother's way, would it not be better to remove the stumbling blocks which thoughtless or wicked hands have placed there? Well, then, "to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." (James 4: 17.)

How stands the matter with you? Say we not well when we affirm, this battle must henceforth be the battle of conscience—your conscience in the sight of God?

Yet how strange is the attitude of the Christian church on this question. Is not the church right? Is it silent? Yes and No. In its corporate capacity it is not silent and is all right. Its resolutions are straight, make good reading and breathe a brave defiance. It is only when we separate the church into its branches called churches, and dissolve the membership into individuals that we get the silence and inconsistency.

Is it true that a moral issue is not the greatest possible, and that a Christian conscience may be justified in subordinating such to any financial or party policy which for the time may catch his ear?

What is the use of rehashing old worn-out objections when you know the only question you really have to settle is this simple one, "Will you be true to God and your conscience?" You do listen to conscience when you pray and help to pass resolutions;

why not hearken when you vote? Why not take the Bible and your conscience with you into politics since you cannot possibly keep them out of Judgment?

Many are listening. The world is moving on. I have heard the low sobbings of wretchedness which have swept across our land like the sullen wall of the wind before the storm. But there are other sounds. "In choirs I hear the children singing and the women," and here and there in every province and hamlet brave-hearted men are starting up preparing for the battle, and they are turning their backs on old associations and their faces to heaven, from whence cometh light, and love, and law; and they are saying, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" I hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of myriad feet marshalling for battle, undismayed, for in that awful but glorious conflict, led by conscience, they are bound to triumph, for they fight for God and home and country.

IT IS A SIN.

REV. DR. AVIESWORTH, PT. STANLEY.

Hon. Mr. Laurier called the attention of the deputation of the London Methodist Conference to the fact that all of the churches, and his own church in particular, had not taken so advanced a position as to declare that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin.

Is the sinfulness of the liquor traffic a self-evident proposition or is it a question still open for debate?

One church at least, the Presbyterian Assembly at Washington, took still stronger ground, even declaring that the licensed liquor traffic was authorized by the government, and not the people.

Can the liquor traffic be legalized without sin?

For a correct definition of sin we are limited to God's word. There would be no sin if there was no God to sin against. Sin is the transgression of the law.

God's laws are recorded in nature and revelation. True science discovers the laws of nature; true science shows that the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage is a violation of nature's laws.

The sin of drunkenness, like other ordinary sins, is self-evident. But the sin of drinking intoxicants in moderation, must be made apparent to an enlightened understanding.

Science and Scripture both declare that alcohol is a poison that "stingeth like an adder." This poison, though of necessity diluted, inflames and injures all the delicate functions of life, and to drink it is, therefore, a direct sin against the body.

How can a Government, which orders these truths to be taught in the schools license the traffic without sin?

We have also a direct and revealed declaration of God himself upon the subject. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink and maketh him drunken also." The liquor traffic makes drunkards. If it did not it would close up business. God has distinctly declared His displeasure against the business, and has unmistakably denounced the liquor trade. By license law a Christian Government defies God and authorizes His law to be broken. Can it be done without sin?

By many competent to know the drink traffic is declared to be the cause of nine-tenths of the crime in the community. And that which is such a prolific cause of crime must itself be a crime, for the tree is known by its fruits.

It is the duty of Government to prevent crime and punish criminals. But by license law the Government licenses crime-breeders and protects them in their business.

The drink traffic is known to be the direct cause of disease, poverty and misery, and a greater curse than war, slavery and pestilence. It tortures wives, mothers, children and parents, the helpless and innocent without mercy or regret.

By license law the Government empowers and sanctions the traffic in these deeds of horror. Thus all the fundamental principles of human government are violated by a law which authorizes the sale of alcoholic poison.

The Scriptures give other definitions of sin. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." "Whatsoever is contrary to the revealed will and purpose of God is sin. That purpose is the salvation of the world in Christ. "He that is not for me is against me." Is the liquor traffic for Christ? The witness of the church is that for every one saved by all Christian agencies, one hundred are destroyed by the drink traffic.

The traffic is so unlike Christ that it may be justly called anti-Christ.

Christ gave his life and died in agony to save souls; but for selfish greed the liquor traffic is destroying the souls and bodies of those for whom Christ died.

Christ brought heaven down to earth; the drink traffic is justly called "hell in solution?"

Christ lifts souls from the very verge of hell up to the gates of heaven; the

drink traffic takes souls out of the very borderland of heaven and sinks them down to hell.

Christ builds up a pure, lovely, holy character in all who follow Him, endowing them with virtue, love, meekness and brotherly kindness, sweetening life and making home a heaven; the drink traffic brutalizes the human soul, takes all the good out of life and turns home into a hell on earth.

The drink traffic is the direct offspring and agent of the devil. It makes war upon the Christian church, Christian institutions and Christian missions. It violates the Golden Rule, the Lord's prayer, the Sermon on the Mount; all the Christian graces and every Christ-like principle.

Christ is now in the conflict of destroying the work of the devil. By license law our Christian Government takes the side of the devil against Christ in this mighty conflict. If it is not a sin, is it safe, is it right, is it honorable? Whatsoever is not of faith is sin."

Again it is written, "All unrighteousness is sin." Of the drink traffic it can be said, "It is evil, only evil, and that continually."

We have still another Scriptural view of sin: "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is a sin."

Do our legislators know the awful truths about the liquor traffic? Surely they are not blind leaders of the blind. Of course they know. And if they do know no party exigencies can excuse the guilt of their indifference.

If you should see a child playing with a rattlesnake have you no duty? Inaction in such a case would be a sin. It would be a sin for me to cry aloud and denounce the outrageous and iniquitous license law, and not to seek with might and main to have it blotted out. License law is not only a sin, but it is a sin not to denounce it as such.

For the teacher, the preacher, the editor, the voter or the legislator to fail in this duty, will be fraught with the most disastrous consequences, both to himself and the whole community.

### THE TOWN WITHOUT A BARROOM.

REV. W. A. YRGOVAN, BOISSEYAIN, MAN.  
The village bell tolled solemnly the knell  
Whose death-announcing tones fell resonant  
And sad upon the hushed and silent streets.  
The hour approached when dust to dust returned  
The mortal part of Captain John Lorraine,  
As brave a sailor as e'er met old England's foes,  
Commander, once, upon the ship "Argent."

He left one son—a merry-hearted lad,  
One daughter—Ellen, a clever, queenly girl,  
Whose fearless eyeflash never quailed nor dimmed  
Through all the poverty and woe of years.  
When motherless and worse than fatherless,  
Incessantly she toiled to keep their home;  
But now her strength was spent, all hope had fled,  
A dark despair had settled on her heart,  
A tragedy more horrible than death  
Had shaken Reason's throne, branding its scenes  
In living fire upon her sleepless brain.  
In tearless agony she sat alone,  
While groups of awe-struck friends possessed the house,



MISS ANNA C. NEVILLE.

"The Gleaners" Royal Templar Evangelists.

Preparing for the last funeral rite;  
And when the time had come they led her forth,  
A breathing statue, chastely cold and calm.

After the minister had prayed and said  
Kind words of consolation unto all,  
Ellen arose, pale as the snow beneath  
The silvery moon upon a winter's night;

Like an avenging angel sternly she stood

Beside her father's corpse—and wept not,

And while the people held their breath in awe,

Her voice cut through the silence like a sword

Trembling within a dying hero's grasp,  
Flashing now with life's resistless power

And shuddering now in death's convulsive throes.

Conscious of grief and yet by pain benumbed,

Maddened by memories of the awful past,

She spoke, while strong men bowed their heads and wept,

But otherwise moved not until she ceased.

"Women in silence weep o'er all their woes,

The breaking heart is dumb because the lips

Can frame no words to tell its suffering;

But now a spirit whispers in my soul

Who says, 'hold not thy peace, speak while thou canst';

I must obey that spirit's call, so hear:  
A father had I once—sweet mother too—

They are both dead. Why weep ye so kind friends?

Have you, too, lost the idols of your hearts

Whom love still mourns with unavailing pain?

But were they slain as victims to appease

The blood-hunger of ravenous human wolves?

If not, what cause have ye for tears?  
They passed

As ships from peaceful harbors to the sea

Beyond the setting sun to fairer lands  
My noble father resting there did not

Die thus, nor need I tell you how he died.

'Upon that brow sat regal thought enthroned,

No coward he e'er trembled on those lips.

Those feet ne'er fled from danger nor from death.

With many wounds he bears them all in front.

His generous soul was lavish with love,

And we—we loved him dearly, e'er when wrecked

'Upon the rocks more deadly than a reef's

Of all the seas, yet kept by British law,  
And which he thought, bold sailor though he was,



MISS L. ADA WILTSE,  
"The Gleaners" Royal Templar Evangelists.

He might pass by and hear the Sirens  
sing;  
Enchanted and deceived he wrecked his  
life  
Upon those rocks and foundered in a  
sea  
Of overwhelming misery with loss  
Of all the costly cargo of a soul.

"I see my father in his early prime,  
When Captain of the great warship  
'Argent'

He won renown by many deeds heroic,  
He feared no foe, and yet we feared a  
foe  
Which he unheeding warning deemed  
a friend.

By slow degrees a dreadful change was  
wrought.

The stealthy foe we feared was con-  
quering him  
One day in the 'Gazette' we read these  
words:

'For drinking and neglect of duty,  
Captain  
John Lorraine has been relieved of his  
Command upon the "Argent," now in  
port.'

"My mother never smiled again; the  
blow

Smote down her soul with shame and  
grief, the wound  
Was in a vital part and soon she died.  
With haggard face and hollow woeful  
eyes

My father kissed her clay-cold lips  
and prayed

To God to break his chains and set  
him free

That he might meet her once again in  
heaven.

"We found another home in Canada,  
And chose this spot in which to build  
our home,  
Because you then permitted not the  
sale  
Of drink my weakened father's deadly  
foe.

"One year my father was himself  
again,  
The victory was won and we rejoiced.

"Then wicked men obtained your sanc-  
tioning names,  
You enter'd into partnership with hell.  
You said the sale of drink would in-  
crease trade,  
Dreaming prosperity could come from  
waste.

Success from loss and wealth from  
poverty.

Did you not prate about the revenue,  
As though increase of vice and crime,  
though taxed,  
Diminished not the people's paying  
power?

Did you not boast of British liberty,  
And sneer with scorn because we urg-  
ed

That British law defends the poor and  
weak,

Protects from wrong, pursues the evil  
doer,

Curtailling liberty, where men assault  
Or injure men, and gives no right nor  
sanction

To nuisances or foes of public weal,  
Except when bribed to grant a lease to  
them,

Oh, shameful act!—as in the sale of  
drink?

Did you not raise the cry drink would  
be sold,  
Therefore, let us legalize the sale?  
Weakly yielding unto crime you gave  
A truce to lawlessness and tried to  
make

Base wrong a right by shielding it with  
law,

Disgraceful compromise with sin!

Men thronged your bar to talk and  
sing and treat,

Your beardless boys reeled raving  
down the street,

Bright girls were taken from the school  
to work,

Sweet wives were blighted like up-  
rooted flowers,

Good men were smitten as with leprosy  
And sank unclean to rags and sottish-  
ness,

In homes made dull and bare with  
poverty,

Heartbroken moans breathed curses  
deep to God

'Upon that trade which fattens on the  
weak

And prospers on decay of men and  
homes,

You spread temptation in my father's  
way,

Which he for many months sternly  
o'ercame,

But last election day he fell—he fell—  
You know—at night you brought him  
helpless home,

You left your burden at the door and  
fled,

Shame chased your coward heels into  
the dark,

A struggling man almost at heaven's  
gate,

You tripped and hurled headlong into  
despair,

The tiger appetite unleashed ran mad,  
Finding all power of self-control had  
gone,

Perceiving no escape from shame, he  
fell

'Upon his sword and like a soldier died,  
Neighbors, your bar-room did its work  
full well,

These are the fruits of covenants with  
hell."

She ceased, one moment stood with  
trembling hands

Pressed to her brow, transfixed, with  
staring eyes,

Some horrid vision of her dizzy brain,  
Searching with speechless woe, then  
senseless sank

With such a cry that men in after  
years

Would hear it in their dreams and  
wake with fear.

The fire of life was quenched, ashes  
remained,

Into chaste darkness with that cry  
Her mind by grief dethroned, torment-  
ed, fled.

Sweet Ellen's broken heart and brain  
ne'er healed,

And soon they laid her by her father's  
side,

And on that double grave a monument  
They raised, inscribed with this short  
epitaph:

"In loving memory of them who fell  
And broke a people's covenant with  
hell."

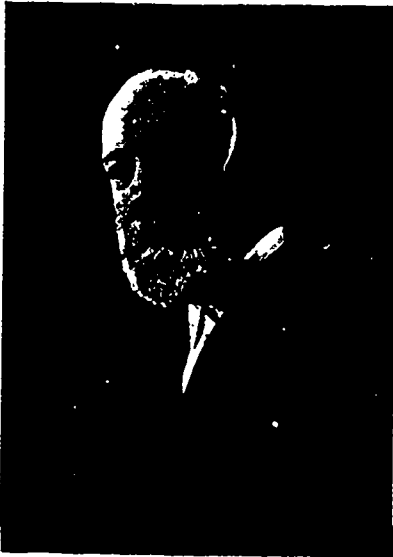
And in that town unto this day no man  
Will dare to seek a license for the sale  
Of drink, nor will they while the saint-  
ed name

Of Ellen Lorraine pathetic memories  
Recalls more potent than all arguments  
Or all the gold of Canada.

#### PROHIBITION, THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., TORONTO.

The attitude of the Canadian Gov-  
ernment is not that of mere tolerance  
of the gigantic evil of intemperance; it



REV. W. H. WITHROW, D. D.

is the active agent in its creation. It has framed iniquity into a law, and applied the opiate of its authority to the consciences of men, authorizing them by act of Parliament to work out, unmolested, the wreck and ruin, present and eternal, of their fellow-men.

The plea for this guilty complicity in the traffic of souls is that the revenue, forsooth, would suffer by its suppression.

"The excise is fattened with the rich result of all this riot. The ten thousand casks, forever dribbling out their base contents,

Touched by the Midas finger of the State, bleed gold for Parliament to fight away.

Drink and be mad, then, 'tis your country bids;

Gloriously drunk—obey the important call:

Her cause demands the assistance of your throats.

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more."

In the first place, it is a mistaken notion, as has been abundantly shown, that the budget of the country is aided by the liquor traffic.

Although the revenue derived from the excise and customs duty on liquor is large, when we consider the immense contra account, representing the cost of the pauperism and of the repression of crime caused by the traffic as well as the perversion of capital from productive industries, there will be found an enormous balance of loss instead of gain.

The Rev. John Wesley puts this very clearly in a letter addressed to the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, dated Sept. 6th, 1784. The excise on spirits that year amounted to £20,000. "But have not the spirits distilled," he says, "cost 20,000 lives of his Majesty's liege subjects? Is not, then, the blood of these men vilely bartered for £20,000—not to say anything of the enormous wickedness which has been occasioned thereby, and not to suppose that these poor wretches had any souls? But to consider money alone, is the king a gainer or an immense loser? To say nothing of millions of quarters of corn destroyed, which, if exported, would add more than £20,000 to the revenue. Be

It considered dead men pay no taxes; so that by the death of 20,000 persons yearly (and this computation is far under the mark) the revenue loses far more than it gains."

This was also shown from the fact that when, in consequence of Father Mathews' temperance labors in Ireland, the revenue from liquors fell off £300,000. That, from the taxable increase of the comforts and luxuries of the people, it advanced £390,000, showing a clear gain of £90,000 in the revenue, besides the immense reduction in pauperism, crime and disease.

But even if it were not so; supposing that the revenue of the country must suffer, better a thousand fold that it should than that the exchequer of the country should be replenished with this price of blood—the blood of souls—like the wretched gain of Judas—every accursed coin of which is smeared with blood.

The opponents of Prohibition triumphantly ask if its advocates expect to make men moral by Act of Parliament?—that being, it is assumed, the very climax of absurdity. Although Prohibition may not make men moral, it may, at least, remove the temptations to immorality. It can cast the stigma of disgrace and illegality on the sale of liquor, instead of endorsing the practice by declaring its legality. Licensing the evil is certainly not the way of preventing it, but rather of perpetuating it. It may be true, as the opponents of Prohibition assert, that if a man chooses to get drunk, he will do so, even in spite of Prohibition. But few men deliberately choose to get drunk, but are overcome before they are aware. They daily with temptation till the appetite has acquired such a tyranny that in the presence of liquor, or even where there is a probability of obtaining it, they lose all control of their appetites, and many voluntarily seek protection therefrom, even within the walls of an asylum or a prison.

Every restriction of the liquor traffic has been attended with corresponding moral, social and financial benefit, and in all cases proportionate to the extent of the restriction. The people of Canada have the sacred right to be delivered from that awful scourge which is desolating the community and preying upon the vitals of the nation. Let them rise in the majesty of their might and demand in tones which these that make the laws shall understand, the repeal of those statutes which grant for filthy lucre the privilege of making men beggars, ruffians and rogues; which send them to perdition "according to law," and ruins body, soul and estate under the authority of an Act of Parliament. Such a vox populi will be indeed the vox dei, and like his restless word, shall not be unfulfilled. As the glorious sun-god, Apollo, of old smote with his arrows of light the abominable mud-born pythons of the abyss, so let righteous law which has her birthplace in the very bosom of God Himself, rise in her sacred majesty and hurl her bolts of wrath at this hydra-headed beast intemperance, till it is banished from the face of the earth forever.

#### RIGHTEOUSNESS EXALTETH A NATION.

MRS. P. L. GRANT, RICHMOND HILL, ONT.  
Our old earth is shaking herself from the dust.

The debris of ages, retarding her growth;  
From dark superstition, intemperance and lust.

Awaking to action from languor and sloth.

To slumber no more till released

from her woes,  
'Neath the sceptre of righteousness,  
finding repose.

The minds of great thinkers are on the alert,

With tongue and with pen are directing the world,

To the needs of the crisis, the need to exert,

The power possessed, until evil is hurled

From pedestals high, where, in bold attitude,

It flaunts its vile wares in defiance of good.

From pulpit and platform let heralds proclaim

The dawn of an era when right shall prevail,

When wrong in high places shall vanish for shame,

In the light of the "rays" that shall pierce every veil;

When moral deformity, sinking away,

Shall fester in darkness forever to stay.

In the world's new effulgence the darkness shall flee,

And righteousness, which every nation exalts,

Shall deluge the world like a vast mighty sea.

And harmony reign in the place of revolts;

'None shall say to his neighbor, 'know ye the Lord?'

For all then shall know Him, for all will have heard.

Then men of uprightness shall govern the state,

Not one left to make the minority nil,

Who use all their power good laws to create,

But fall through self-seekers opposing their will;

Then rulers will strive every wrong to redress,

When our laws are established in righteousness.

The gigantic evil of this century,

The Juggernaut car, crushing out as it rolls

The lives of the thousands, who die annually,

Through the trade which the kingdom of Satan controls;

Its victims are hurried to death as its slaves,

Dishonored, forgotten, in premature graves.

The giant destroyer its votaries claims,

In every condition—the high and the low—

Respecting not persons, grand titles or names,

For all in the end bite the dust ere they go

To meet their Creator, disrobed of their clay,

To render account at the great Judgment day.

Could we estimate fully the loss thus sustained,

The mental capacity squandered through drink,

The power for good which the world would have gained,

To help on its progress, no mortal can think;

The lands that are lying in darkness to-day

Would have long had the gospel; been cheered by its sway.

The millions expended of God's precious gold,

Which would have been better cast into the sea,



Than send the soul-polson, increasing tenfold

The poor heathen's sorrows and deep misery;  
More hopeless and heathen their state has become,  
since nations, called Christian, have sent their vile rum.

If only the half had been spent to convey

The messengers ready salvation to preach,  
The pioneer heralds, casting up the highway,

That every poor heathen the gospel might reach;  
Every ear would have heard of the gospel of peace,  
And the souls held in bondage, rejoiced in release..

But what are the heathen to those who get gain!

Who barter their bodies and souls to heap gold,

Would sell, like old Judas, the God-man again!

Nor care for the millions shut out of the fold—

The home where no drunkard shall enter for aye,

Lost! lost! in the darkness, not one cheering ray.

The groans of the widow in sorrow bereft.

To finish life's journey in anguish alone,

The piteous plaints of the poor orphans left

And the mother's sad wail for the dearly loved son;

The groans and the plaints and the wails God has heard,

And His judgments delayed, will not long be deferred.

The sordid oppressor who grinds down the poor,

Bulldozes fortunes colossal by "sweating" and fraud,

Who doles out a pittance too small to secure

The barest subsistence, the meanest of food,

Despite his full coffers the world will despise,

Denounced by the good and ignored by the wise.

"The earth is the Lord's" and the land He'll distribute.

To each one his share while he sojourns below,

And landlords will cease their part to contribute,

In grinding his tenants in poverty's slough,

"God's hand hath divided to each one by line,"

"To possess it forever" till the sun shall decline.

Ye young men just merging to manhood's estate,

Oh think of your destiny, ponder it well!

Prepare for the struggle impending so great,

That lies in the future, how near none can tell,

On you is the nation depending to-day,

To fill up the blank of those passing away.

Of those who have labored with unselfish aim,

For the good of humanity spending their days,

Reclaiming the wandering from sorrow and shame,

From depths of despair to a new life of praise;

Earth-honors ignoring if souls they could win

To pathways of virtue from pathways of sin.

Oh be not as those who, when favors they ask,

With wonderful suavity promise so fair;

But when they are tested, they throw off the mask,

Their absence conspicuous, and empty their chair;

Prohibition discarding, they vote for the "bar,"

And hope the "good creature" will always be near.

It is not surprising that twaddle is rife,  
Much time spent for nothing, unless to delay;

'Tis the frothy result of the spirituous life.

Deranging the thoughts for the tongue to display;

The people are weary of being deceived,

By reeds they have chosen, on whom they relied.

Your strong arm and vigor are needed in battle,

To drive back the armies of Satan's vast host;

The mighty Goliaths with bold boasting prattle

Must yield to the sling of a David at last,

For the Lord God of hosts in the vanguard will lead,

And conquer His foes without horseman or steed.

Oh, fold not your hands as idle spectators.

While heroes are marching in battle array

To bomb the strongholds, the nations' corruptors,

But stand on your armor and join in the fray;

For good or for evil your choice must be made,

In the balance of either your works will be weighed.

The trend of the age is upheaval and conflict,

Men's minds are like caldrons in seething unrest,

A power, unseen, is at work that deranges

The plans that have prospered, now failures at best;

A test is approaching! O choose while you may!

For God or for Baal, Oh! which will you say?

THE CHURCH AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

REV. W. A. VROOMAN, BOISSEVAIN, MAN.

Could all the miseries of the human race be grouped in panoramic views, none would appear so ghastly and heartrending as the woes which afflict mankind through drink; and could the pictured scenes be cast by a celestial stereopticon, illuminated by the sun, upon the crystal walls of the midnight heavens men would think the curtain had been lifted from the mouth of hell and the most heartless would groan with horror at the sight. No language could describe such an apocalypse of misery and death, in which every man, delirious with intoxicating drugs, would appear to be seeking his own sensual joy, unmindful whether his neighbor should live or die. Great multitudes, which no man could number, driven by the devils, Lust and Greed, grovel before the image of a Beast, with libations of wine, sacrifices of human blood and prayers of hearts filled with curses yet clamoring for joy. Then in Bacchanalian revelry they de throne reason, murder conscience, abandon

virtue and glorify the flesh. In crumbling palace and decaying hut they seek the debauchery of transient pleasures which satiate but never satisfy. By some diabolical magic, beauty is turned into beastliness, homes into hovels, men into maniacs, women into harlots, laughter into groans, gardens into deserts, light into darkness, life into death. Here and there may be seen some respectable persons mildly counselling moderation and urging in the name of Liberty the slaves of appetite to resist all legal interference with their pursuits. As this blood-curdling phantasmagoria of wretchedness, gathered from the slums of cities, from desolated homes in towns and country, from prisons, brothels, bar-rooms, asylums, almshouses, hospitals and morgues, would move across the midnight sky and there would appear the infinite quagmires of filth, rivers choked with corpses, the starvation, the rags, the wasted treasures, the broken hearts, the blighted hopes, the infinite wickedness and despair, the thousands of lives going out into the blackness of darkness forever, which are the fruits of the traffic in strong drink, even devils would look amazed to see written in letters of fire upon such scenes, "Licensed by men for the sake of national revenue." The spectators upon earth might hear the omnibus thunders of divine wrath, "Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine and men of strength to mingle strong drink, which justify the wicked for a reward and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him."

To suppress the legalized rumshop, the cause of all these woes, what are the churches doing? Their members have prayed to God to "deliver us from evil," and then voted to continue the bar-rooms as a legal institution. They have made some efforts to persuade men not to drink or not to drink too much while accepting municipal and national bribes to permit temptations to drunkenness to be multiplied. They have used their moral influence to warn and deliver drunkards and their political influence to establish and enrich drunkard-makers. In church courts they declare that the liquor traffic cannot be legalized without sin, and in the political caucus that the liquor traffic cannot be prohibited without loss, so they choose the sin rather than the loss. They publish their hostility to the legalized saloon, but when the day of battle comes they deem it discreet to retire for the sake of peace. Into the cup of their indignation they pour the acid of their religion and the alkali of their politics, and when the effervescence ceases the mixture is strongly alkaline. They make themselves conspicuous by the lustiness of their resolutions and languor of their deeds. They enter into bitter contests over the tariff on pig iron, pictures frames and pianos, and when their attention is called to that creature which goeth abroad like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, they forthwith pass a resolution condemning the beast, take up a subscription for his victims, but conclude, lest some irate citizen might summarily destroy him, that it would be wise, politic and profitable to hang a license tag on his collar to show he is protected in his depredations by the State and shares his booty with his protector. They pat him on the back till he purrs and think that he is tamed. Sometimes he ruins the son of a church member who voted that he be protected by law and then the parent stays up nights to destroy the brute, but he cannot bring back his boy. The religiously voting church says to protect the beast from death is sin, the politically voting church says

that whereas the beast thinks it undesirable to be put to death and will fight for his life, therefore it is prudent to collar him with red tape and seek to tame him: When church members deliver themselves from such hypocrisy and cowardice, and do with the right arm of their political power that which their reason and conscience have decided ought to be done, this legalized liquor traffic, with all its offspring of woes, will be destroyed.

### TO WHISKY.

Originally published over the nom de plume of "Dougal" in "Alliance News," England, upwards of thirty years ago. Third line of the eighth stanza in original:

"A family that seeks Scotland owre" has been adapted to suit Canadian audience.—S. Ranton.

O' a' the plagues that e'er war sent  
To cause Egiptians to repent,  
Or a' the plagues that e'er war kent  
Since time began,  
Thou, whisky, beat'st them ten per cent  
In gill or dram.

Thou'st proved a curs to every land  
That's ever ta'en thee by the hand,  
A curse that has its thousands damn'd  
Past a' redemption;  
Surely Auld Nick had the command  
O' thy invention.

It's vexed me, safr, and mair than me,  
To see the wiles employed by thee,  
To lead poor mortals clean agee,  
Frae truth an' trust,  
At social board, w' social glee,  
Dice, cards and lust.

Just noo, through thy false joy and glare,  
I hae a heed baith licht and safr;  
Guld troth if a' had the same share  
O' a'fter pain,  
I vow they wad na touch thee mair,  
Unless insane.

But yet, why speak o' a'fter pain,  
For when thy sting is fairly gane,  
We're up an' at mee a' the same,  
While there's a groat;  
An' promises to quit thy train  
Are a' forgot.

How many start on life's career,  
Wi' a' before them calm an' clear,  
Till thou wi' thy curs't wiles appear,  
An' at a blow  
Destroy the fruits o' mony a year,  
An' lay them low.

See you poor raggt hooseless crew,  
God knaes a slicht that's naeway's new,  
But when I think its a' through you,  
They are sae placed,  
The blood my veins gangs bollin'  
through,  
Wi' maddenin' haste.

An' what were they, ere yet thy power  
Caused fortune on them sae to lour  
A family, seek Canada owre,  
Few were sae weel;  
But noo alas each day and hour,  
Thy curse they feel.

O whisky, thou'st deen muckle ill  
Since first thou wimp'd frae a still,  
While mony a heart w' grief is full  
Thro' thy misdeeds,  
And mony a wife, against her will,  
Thou'st clad in weeds.

I ken there's some at this will sneer,  
An' say that thou art best o' cheer,  
The blood to warm, the head to clear,  
Within their ken,  
An' growl at those who interfere  
Tween you and them.

An' say what harm, when freens are happy,

Although at times they tak a' capple  
O' whisky punch or guld brown napple?  
Is that a' proof  
They'll tak' a likin' for the drapple?  
Gae wae! ye coof!"

But ask you poor half-blot form,  
Whas barely covered frae the storm,  
Why freens now pass him by in scorn,  
Wha used to woo him?  
He'll tell you tipplin', nicht or morn,  
Has been his ruin.

Whisky, whatever way ye're ta'en,  
Be't frog, or punch, or by ye're lane,  
The consequence will be the same,  
This some deny;  
But play w' you's a dangerous game,  
Let wha like try.

When warm w' you freens' wull dispute,  
Then there's a fight without a doot,  
(Then sinks the man, and shows the brute  
Wi' hideous form)  
Till heed and han's w' mony a clout  
Are safr an' torn

Has there some murderous deed been done  
Wi' knife, w' staff, w' rope, w' gun,  
Then, if there has, it's ten to one  
Thou art to blame,  
For thou the cause has been o' some  
The do'll wad shame.

O for some la' or power divine,  
I'd banish thee frae every clime,  
Aye, even frae the face o' time  
I wad thee blot;  
Then let us hope, w' faith resign,  
Such be thy lot.

### THE FARMER AND HIS GUN.

TALLIE MORGAN, SCRANTON, PA.  
CHAPTER I.

"Great Scott, Maria, I do wish you would quit your talking to me about Prohibition. If men want drink they are going to have it, and all your Prohibition laws in the world ain't agoin' to stop them from getting it."

"But see here, Joshua, don't you know —?"

"Yes, I do know considerable more about it than you women do. Why, only yest'rday, that lightning rod man told me it at he could get all the liquor he wanted in Prohibition States. I am in favor of repealing all prohibitory laws so long as they are violated in that manner. Maria, the only way to deal with this question is to persuade the drinkers to quit—sign the pledge. Moral suasion will do more good in one day than Prohibition that does not prohibit will do in a year. Then make the rum-sellers pay a high license. That's what I call practical temperance."

### CHAPTER II.

"Maria, this 'ere stealing from my orchard has got to stop or by ginger there will be a few dead thieves around here pretty soon. I won't stand it any longer!"

"Joshua, isn't there a pretty strong prohibitory law against stealing in this state?"

"Yes, sir, there is, and by George I am going to see it enforced. I will get a first-class gun and hire some man to watch the thieves and shoot them on the spot!"

"Say, Joshua, what's the use of trying to enforce that law? It is violated every day, and wouldn't it be better to repeal all laws against stealing until public sentiment was ready to enforce them?"

"Public sentiment be hanged! That

shows how much you women know about practical matters."

"But, Joshua, you can't make men honest by law, you know, and the only way you can settle this thieving question is to persuade the thieves not to steal—get them to sign the pledge, you know, and—"

"Maria, are you going crazy?"

"No, Joshua, I'm getting to be a little 'practical,' don't you see. As I was saying, get the thieves to sign the pledge never to steal again, and make those who refuse, pay high license for stealing. That's what I call practical work."

"Great Scott, Maria, what a dandy legislator you would make! Under the magnificent schemes of your fertile brain, all great problems would be solved in two weeks. Now, I propose to show you that the law against stealing can be enforced."

### CHAPTER III.

"Well, Maria, I have been to town, bought a gun, have hired Bill Sykes to handle it and keep a sharp lookout for the thieves and bang away at the first one that shows his head over the fence."

"Well, Joshua, you know that Prohibition doesn't prohibit, and here you have gone and spent \$20 or \$30 for a gun that will do no good. If men want to steal they are going to, and all your Prohibition laws in the world won't stop them."

"For heaven's sake, Maria, stop your confounded nonsense. Wait for a few weeks and we'll see if the thieves can be squelched or not."

### CHAPTER IV.

"Well, Joshua, six weeks have gone by and the thieving goes on just the same. Now, what are you going to do about it?"

"You just wait and see."

"That's exactly what I have been doing. Prohibition doesn't prohibit, does it?"

"Not yet, but just you wait."

"Is the gun all right?"

"Yes, the gun is first-class."

"Gun loaded?"

"Yes, the gun has been properly loaded all the time."

"And the stealing has been going right along?"

"Maria, you are enough to drive any man crazy, and if you let up for a few minutes I will tell you why the thieving has not stopped. I have just discovered that Bill Sykes is one of the thieves."

"Oh! that's it, is it! Well, now, since you are one of these non-partisan temperance men, your next move will be to get up a petition addressed to Bill Sykes, begging him to do the work he was hired to do. Or, perhaps, you will organize a law and order league to force Bill Sykes to enforce the law?"

"Maria, I am not a natural-born fool, and I want you to understand it once for all. I have discharged Bill Sykes and hired a man in his place who has no sympathy with thieving or thieves. Now, I expect that Prohibition will prohibit."

"Joshua, if you had the sense of a fresh water clam you would learn a lesson from this. You complain that Prohibition of the liquor traffic does not prohibit and that the liquor men violate every law passed for the protection of society. Yet you and the rest of your party vote men into office like Bill Sykes, who are a part of a gang of law breakers. Instead of voting to discharge these men and put Prohibitionists into office, you re-elect the same old crowd and then whine that 'Prohibition does not prohibit,' and 'you can not make men good by law.'

and such cowardly nonsense. Joshua, vote to discharge forever all the Bill Sykes's and place the Prohibition guns in the hands of Prohibitionists, who have no sympathy with rum-selling or rum-sellers."

"Oh Lord, these women! these women!"

**THERE SHALL BE NOON.**

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

On Thursday, Oct. 1st, 1896, John G. Woolley, by invitation, addressed the Rock River Methodist Episcopal Conference in session at Freeport, Ill. His appeal was intensely optimistic and to those who doubt the ultimate triumph of Prohibition he addressed the latter portion of his lecture, and concluded with the following peroration:

"Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass, and he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday." Your righteousness is His own. There is but one kind, and He has sworn to get Himself the victory.

If in some Arctic midnight an Eskimo skeptic should be born and come to mature mental stature before the dawn, and some prophetic, wakeful soul who had seen the transfiguration glory of many a daybreak, eager for the morning, should cry out, "Listen, there are strange sounds among the boughs of the pine trees; I hear the palpitation of unseen wings; expectant birds are flying to the eastward ridges to sing when God brings forth the light; and see, there is a glow upon the tops of the eastern icebergs; it will be day by and by!" He would answer: "Peace, fool! you are talking in your sleep; you waste emotion; you throw enthusiasm away. There is a grayish halo on the icy mountain tops, but it is only some freak of the aurora borealis. See, even now it fades, and if it did not fade what would that amount to in this pitch dark universe! When did any dawning ever come over those frost-bound cliffs? You may improve the darkness, but night is destiny. Crawl back into your hut, and fill your lamp with new fat and mend the wick. There is no day but walrus blubber."

But what would he say when he saw the bent bow of the sun, advancing up the horizon shooting billions of white hot golden arrows every instant and sweeping all before him to the zenith, there receiving the submission of the four quarters of the earth and all the sky?

What would he say? Noon is the judgment of the fanatic pickets of the morning. There is no argument about the noon.

You wise men, who call me "fool Prohibitionist," come with me, away from the flickering altar lights of dogmatism and churchism and superstition and the sputtering pin-wheel, brag-fires of old civil war's politics—out into the open plain of simple faith, independent-thinking and free speech, where two-hundred and seventy thousand clean handed Prohibitionists camp, grim and unmovable as the Matterhorn, trusting God and watching for the daybreak in the chorus of a nation's sneers.

It is the darkest hour of the night of civic degradation. The stars hang upon the freezing sky like distant icicles from the dome of some shelving glacier, and the horizon line shuts down purple and rigid as the lips of the dead.

But look! Quivering up out of the gloom, the Prohibition party like a single pencil of light flashes a puny challenge to the entrenched and all conquering darkness, and while the

night-birds of political corruption hoot and scream derision, stays and shines.

Listen! Hear the quick step of the young people's societies, the Epworth League, the Society of Christian Endeavor, the Baptist Young People's union, and the rest, marching to meet the morning, and to sing when God brings forth the light; and hear your women, soon to be honored in the church and enfranchised in the state. The slimy inhabitants of old party swamps croak and hiss contempt at the credulity that will fly into the face of the invincible and necessary night, and sneer: "Stay and adapt your vision to the inevitable gloom and be content to wriggle pretty patterns on the mud of spalls."

O my fellow citizens! have faith in God. "Faith, the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." The "X-ray" of the light of the world, that pierces the joints of the past, the marrow of the present, the soul of the future and the heart of God.

Jesus Christ has overcome this world and this is the victory on our part—even our faith. Look back by faith: Golgotha is a blaze of glory. Look about you by faith. Our own prairies have caught the glory of it and our own mountains flash it westward around the world.

Look up by faith, the sun is risen and with every banner waving, center, wings and flank, mounts to the meridian. To faith's clear eye the world's crosses cast no shadows; it is light everywhere. The social quagmires shrink away, appalled and stagnant, and the very leaves of the trees of life, that are for the healing of the nation, seem whispering to one another: "It is noon, it is the judgment of the morning and from it there is no appeal."



REV. D. V. LUCAS, D. D.

**IT WILL RUIN BUSINESS.**

SUGGESTED BY REV. DR. LUCAS'S "POLLY AND BILL."

"Do you know," asked an Irish Catholic priest in the province of Quebec, "why I worked so hard to carry the Scott Act in this county? I will tell you. There is my brother Frank, one of the kindest and largest-hearted men that ever lived. He had become tied up with drinking companions to such an extent that he could not keep from drinking, although he cared but little for the taste of it. He lost his place,

he was not earning anything for his family, till at last he made up his mind to leave his family under my care and go down into a Vermont town where no licenses were granted for the sale of liquor. He got a good situation, was well clad, regained his self-respect, and sent home regularly a part of his earnings for the support of his family. At Christmas time he got off for a week to come home to spend the Christmas holidays with his wife and children. He had purchased a lot of candles, toys and picture books for presents for his little ones. In changing cars at Lennoxville he met with several of his old cronies, who expressed their great joy at seeing him and insisted upon his accepting a treat from them. It was the old story of a sad Christmas—a disconsolate wife and children to whom the toys did not come.

"It was some days after Christmas, when Frank, sitting in the midst of his family with his elbows on his knees, his head between his hands, and crying like a whipped child, explained: 'I came to Canada to spend a merry Christmas with you. I bought a lot of presents for the children, but I don't know where they are. I suppose they are somewhere about the tavern in Lennoxville. When I am in Vermont at my work I never think about the drink, nobody ever says, 'Frank, will you come and take something?' I do not care for it, and I never see it for sale anywhere; but when I get back among these old cronies, and they say, 'Frank, come and have a drink,' it seems as if some demon gets a hold of me; I do not understand it."

To protect such a man and his family from the open temptation to do himself and them this great wrong, and to stop this disgraceful and iniquitous traffic in the bodies and souls of men, it is proposed to take a vote of the people and so instruct Parliament. But it is objected: "If you do, you will ruin business." Who says it? Not the sober, industrious teetotaler. Even if he should think that such might be the case, he would much more likely say, "If something must be ruined, let it be business rather than the bodies and souls of our neighbors."

But how far have such predictions foundation in sober thought and intelligent reasoning?

You will ruin business if you destroy the liquor traffic!

See! On my right there stands a man dressed in best tweed, with felt hat and umbrella, and wearing a gold watch and chain. He is a commercial traveler, and has a salary of \$1,500 a year and expenses. On my left stands a second—once a respected citizen—shabbily dressed. He is minus a vest; his shirt is a dirty flannellette and collarless; his coat is rusty and badly worn; his pants are patched in a manner suggestive of the crazy quilt; he is sockless and wears a pair of shoes through which his toes see the light; and a cheap, coarse cap covers his matted locks. He is a graduate of the licensed saloon. At the other end of the room are grouped the bootmaker, the butcher, the merchant tailor and the hatter. To these representatives of the useful and honorable trades I say: "Gentlemen, to which of these men do you extend an invitation to visit your places of business?"

"To which? Why, to the one on your right, of course."

Why, gentlemen, to him? "Because he looks as if he has the money to pay for what we have to sell."

And what will you do with the one on my left?

"Do with him? If we must do anything with him, we will send him and his family to the poorhouse, and pay

for their keep there rather than have the likes of him around our places of business."

Allow me to suggest something a good deal better than that? I have known these two men from their childhood, and I can assure you that this man on my left has naturally fifty per cent more brain than the other. He has more native wit; he has a larger heart; he is in every sense naturally a good fellow. You know as well as I do what has brought him to his present condition.

A vote is to be taken shortly to abolish in this community the liquor traffic, which has not only wrought the change in this man, but in scores and hundreds of others, useless, and more than useless, members of society, besides entailing on their innocent wives and helpless children want and squalor and wretchedness indescribable.

Let me anticipate the result of a favorable verdict in the plebiscite, and that condition prevailing, which only the lawlessness of the avaricious vendor can prevent. The saloons are closed and, unable to procure liquor, Johnson, the man upon my left, is experiencing enforced sobriety with its train of blessings. His old employer is glad to take him back into his service and, at the end of a fortnight, he carries home to his wife thirty dollars—the first wages he has earned in several years. Tears, tears of joy, blind the eyes of the brave woman who through years has labored to sustain her home and hoped for a better day, while the hot, bitter tears have flowed down her cheeks. Now her thoughts are not of herself—though her necessities are very pressing—but of her husband. One of hundreds of thousands of women whose lives have been saddened beyond the power of words to describe, and mutely appealing to the chivalric, not to say Christian, spirit that is supposed to inspire this nation. Shall we close our ears to their tears and mute appeals to the Christian electorate to destroy the traffic that works this desolation, protected by the cross of St. George?

She has her way, and now, money in hand, Johnson and wife visit the boot-maker, the butcher, the grocer, the tailor and the hatter, and that night they are cash customers most welcome to the several traders, who readily acknowledge that Prohibition has turned in from one family twenty-five dollars to their credit which they never would have received had the old condition continued and Johnson spent his time waiting for a treat.

What have you done?  
You have removed the legalized temptation from the path of a weak man and turned the "useless creature" into a useful citizen, contributing to the public wealth.

The several traders have tapped new sources of business and received an instalment, to be followed every week, from a family that for years gave them no orders.

You have helped Johnson to self-respect—made a man of him; revived the old fires of love that were fast expiring upon his hearthstone; given heart to one of the bravest women ever called by the sacred name of Mother; thrilled the hearts of little children with loved faces the sons in the school-room from which they will pass to our colleges and honorable service for their generation; and cancelled the condemnation of despair recorded against Johnson: "The drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven."

Useless business? Ah, me!  
Prohibition, born of the spirit of Jesus Christ, like Him bearing in her right hand length of days and in her left hand riches and honor, seeks not

the destruction of any legitimate industry, but to destroy the work of the Devil.

### THE GREATER ASSASSIN.

An Editorial from "The Templar"  
Recent dispatches to the Russian press tell the same story that has been told again and again for the past two or three years. In the latest massacre the Kurds butchered the Armenian men in cold blood, kidnapped the prettiest women, buried the children alive, outraged the priests, and desecrated the churches. It is added that the work of the murderers was thoroughly done, there now remaining no Armenian peasants in that vicinity; and that the Kurds who perpetrated the massacre openly declared that they were fulfilling the will of the Sultan.

Of the Armenians who at one time numbered twenty millions, scarcely a tenth remain, and it is computed that fully two hundred thousand have been foully destroyed by their persecutors since June, 1894. Horrors simply indescribable have been inflicted. They have been stowed by hundreds in ships which have been sent to sea and scuttled with their living cargoes. A diver in the Bosphorus was horrified to find himself in the midst of dead men, of whom he counted over forty, standing upright in the water—weights had been attached to their feet and they had been dropped into the straits to end their days. Babes have been thrust through with bayonets or their heads severed from their bodies, and women, in the words of Miss Willard, have died two deaths.

The Christian world is up in arms. Gladstone has voiced the protest of the Christian conscience and demanded that Abdul the Assassin be deposed and an end put to the awful tragedies, though England should have to undertake it alone, and at the cost of millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives of her brave soldiers. And we say, Amen!

But stop and think. We legalize, with scarce a protest of conscience, in Christian Britain and America a standing army of over a quarter of a million saloon keepers whose cruelties equal and even exceed those of the Kurds. Approximately the licensed liquor traffic costs these two Christian nations annually three billions of dollars, besides causing yearly the deaths of two hundred thousand victims, or between five and six hundred daily, not to speak of the misery, poverty, crime and despair which ever follow in its train.

The crime of the horrible Turk is less heinous than that of the Christian licensed saloon. Rape and murder have followed in the steps of the Sick Man of Europe, but his power to destroy is stayed at the grave. Not so the murderer whom the law of Christian nations has legalized: despoiling his victims of property, health, character and life itself, he flings their souls forward and downward into the blackness and darkness of an eternal night of despair and leaves mourning wives and families without the consolation that sustains the survivors of Moslem hate and cruelty.

Have Armenian children fallen under the climeter? So have American children perished to satisfy the legalized saloon.

Have Armenian women been compelled to yield at the peril of death their dearest treasure—virtue—to gratify the lust of the disciples of Mahomet? So have unnumbered thousands of American women been drafted into the Christian (?) harem to satisfy the passion of alcohol-inflamed men—the patrons and defenders of the legalized liquor traffic.

Has gaunt famine dogged the steps of the remorseless Ottoman and corpses marked his progress along the path of the centuries? So has pale-faced and hollow-eyed want wailed out, and wrecks in homes, asylums, prisons and on the gallows told that the legalized Destroyer of Christian nations has conquered and enslaved the people.

Abdul the Damned has snatched the babe from his mother's breast and dashed his young life out before her eyes; has slain the husband and father in the presence of the wife who has good reason to dread the favor he shows her; has applied the torch to their dwelling; and having satisfied his lusts has poured out the life blood of the brave Christian woman and left her carcass to rot in the sun—but there his power found its limit—and escaped thus from his devilish fury the family reunited dwell evermore in the presence of Him for whom they dared the horrors of persecution and death.

Alcohol the Damned, acting under warrant from the Christian electorate, has starved childhood, imprisoned and slain fatherhood, seduced and ruined womanhood, and strewn the pathway of the nation's history with its myriad wrecks of homes and lives—would God its work of death were stopped there!—and hurled the betrayed and betrayer together into the awful hell of remorse "Where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

Abdul the Assassin, thou art cruel; but thy cruelties are as the tender mercies of Alcohol!

Abdul the Damned, thou art hold in execution by every Christian Anglo-Saxon; but Alcohol, thou art all fair!

What fell spirit has thrown his spell o'er these lands that we stand unmoved amidst the desolations wrought by authority of the Crown and beneath the protection of the cross of St. George and heed not the piteous appeal of the countless victims of alcohol, or the wails of the lost, while we rage and threaten against a tyrant who sits in his palace on the Golden Horn and ordains the slaughter of Christians and their translation to the Paradise of God?

The licensed liquor traffic is at once our folly and our crime

### THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH.

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

You have often heard it charged against me that I am a maligner of the church. It is cruelly false. I am a straight-out, unswerving defender of her honor, and the bishops, bosses, place-hunters and politicians of my church will acknowledge some day that in these times that try men's loyalty, I, the uncredentialed, unapproved, unencouraged, soldier of misfortune was truer and braver than themselves. For nearly nine years I have been almost a stranger to my beautiful, brave wife and boys, that I might go up and down the land and over the sea, crying to Christian men everywhere: "Stand by the church!" It has been my only message. It is my single plank platform now.

What does she say about the tariff? Nothing. What about silver, bonds, banks or gold? Not a word, and so her honor cannot be wrapped up in these things as to which we widely and honestly differ. But she does say: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." How will you measure up to that if you submit the Fourth commandment to the local option of Sabbath breakers and license the greatest Sabbath breaker the world has ever seen. She does say: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." How shall you square to that while you consent by vote or silence that a license

high or low shall issue to saloons? She does say: "Lift up the hands that hang down and the feeble knees, and make straight paths for yourselves, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way." If you shall go to judgment to-night, what will you say when God points to the corpses of the three hundred drunkards that died to-day, and their moaning, shivering, shuddering wives and children, and say: "The voice of your brother's blood cries to me from the ground"? She does say: "No political party has the right to expect, nor ought to receive, the support of Christian men so long as it stands committed to the license policy or refuses to put itself upon record in an attitude of open hostility to the saloon." And there I say we ought to stand like palm trees "planted by the meeting of the streets."

A man who stays in a clean church and is deliberately unclean in his politics is a hypocrite, and one who remains in a dishonest party knowing it to be so is a weakling or a fraud.

The supreme labor of the great reform is to get good men to do as well as they know. According to my way of thinking it is incredible that any further temperance education should be necessary to inform the adult Christian mind or to influence the Christian heart. I therefore spend no time that way, but with all my might press home the monotonous but momentous question of conscience—the only question that conscience ever asks—what are you going to do about the saloon?

This also is matter of knowledge for conscience is knowledge focalized, "cont"—together, and "scence"—knowledge, at the worst it lightens better, it enlightens at the best it burns.

It is not merely knowledge nor action, but it is the gear by which the divine mind couples to human brain and nerve and tendon to express God in muscular energy and persistent uplift. My plan for to-night, such as it is, contains no doubtful disputation, but only exhortation to duty that is already nearly settled, definitely accepted and sanctioned by personal and official pledges, which it is the basest cowardice to break or to ignore.

I speak to-night and every night to the well-meaning but unfocused, unconcentrated, unconsented Christian man, who sees the right owns it and wants to do it, but thinks he can't; who despises the boss but obeys him; who loathes a trimmer, but supports him; who is ashamed of his company, but keeps it; who says that Prohibition ought to be the foremost issue in this election, but votes for that party that holds it back from settlement; who votes an unclean ticket because there is an uncleaner one in the field, and the clean one does not seem to be a winner; who when he goes to the polls sees the black flag of the pirate of industry floating over the ballot-box, hates it but takes off his hat to it at the sign of the party flag and turns his back upon his Lord. I make no apology for my description of him. It is scientifically just and accurate, but I have not one word of chiding I simply repeat to him the most tremendous message of Jesus Christ to his disciples who were not greatly better than some of you: "Ye shall have power, after the Holy Ghost has come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto Me." How much power? Enough to testify to, enough to swear by, stand by, live by, die by.

To receive the Holy Ghost we call by sundry names: "Sanctification" "the second blessing," "whole salvation," and so forth, but I think it is simply salvation, knowledge of God in focus. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee." Ye shall set things afire when ye get in focus. When two or

three rays of truth meet, God is in the midst, just as when two or three meet and truly pray. The trinity—self, neighbor, God—is there. Where two or three lines of Christian endeavor meet, God is there at the intersection; and if you go there honest he will speak to you, and if you go there clean he will speak through you, and you may take what line you will of Christian work to-day, it will lead you straight to the saloon, where the risen Christ stands pointing to it and saying, "Do not cry unto me, 'Lord! Lord!' Kill that, and you will pray better. Kill that, and I shall hear you better."



W. E. SMALLFIELD, ESQ.

OUR AIM.

For the Opening of a Medal Contest Evening.

W. E. SMALLFIELD, RENFREW, ONT.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

It is my pleasant duty to-night to open the educational portion of the program. We temperance people recognize the fact that our Reform, like all other reforms, can only advance through persistent agitation and education of the people. For this reason these Medal contests were instituted. But at the present time there is an especial reason why those of us who have by our membership in temperance organizations taken upon ourselves special responsibilities toward the Reform, should bestir ourselves. We are on the eve (in the midst) of another plebiscite campaign, and hence, it becomes us by all possible means to arrest the attention of those voters who have not yet been led to form decided opinions on the Prohibition question, and seek to convince their intellects and arouse their consciences to the importance and the righteousness of the cause we represent.

It is only fair to ourselves that the public should thoroughly understand the position of the Prohibitionists in this plebiscite matter; and in the few minutes allotted as my share of to-night's exercises, I shall confine my remarks to making this point clear.

Let it be understood from the first that the Prohibitionists did not ask for this plebiscite. It has been forced upon us by a political party. We asked for Prohibition. The Prohibitionists in the Liberal party asked that party to make the Prohibition of the liquor traffic a

portion of the party platform. The anti-Prohibitionists in the Liberal party, of course, objected; and a compromise was effected. The party declared for a plebiscite—a vote of the people on the question. Most of the provinces have already held plebiscites, with the result that substantial majorities have been given for Prohibition—Ontario alone giving a far larger majority than any political party has ever had in Canada in a political campaign. Hence, to many, this further plebiscite seems a useless undertaking; a mere matter of political exigency; and there is, besides, reasonable room for doubt whether Prohibition obtained by the plebiscite method will be effectively placed on the statute books and effectively enforced.

But it is not my place, to-night, to enter deeply into the question of these difficulties. We can at least take heart and satisfaction on two points: After this vote, the voice of the people of the whole Dominion will have been heard. And, whether Prohibition be gained by it or not, or whether a Prohibition law following it be effectively enforced or not, this plebiscite will, at least, afford the means for the further education and enlightenment of the people as to the nature of this God-defying, man-debasing traffic, and of their responsibility for its continued existence.

Let me again make this point clear: that we Prohibitionists are not responsible for this vote being taken. It is the Government that has challenged the people to declare themselves. And so, whether we approve of the plebiscite or not, whether we think it will bring us the effective kind of Prohibition we desire or not, there is only one thing to be done; that is, to give a decided mandate to the Government and to Parliament. Ours is now the responsibility to say whether or not this trade in liquors as a beverage shall be outlawed in this fair country of ours. Theirs will be the responsibility to enact an effective law and give it proper enforcement.

Let us make no mistake. The task before us is no light one. Large monetary and selfish interests have to be met in antagonism, and they will fight a desperate battle before they will relinquish the opportunity to amass wealth with ease and rapidly from the weaknesses and vices of their fellow-Canadians. Will be circulated in enormous quantities; and every effort will be used to blind the voters to the real issues involved.

But fellow-Canadians, let us remember that we in this young country owe a wide measure of liberty, and that this liberty has been won for us by the heroism and self-denial of many of our forefathers. What they have done for us, let us do for future generations. Let us do our duty in the present; let us use every honorable means to secure a large and substantial majority for Prohibition, to make the declaration loud and emphatic to our legislators. And then if the Government should prove recreant to its duty, if it should not give effect to our mandate, they will come to us the further duty, enjoined upon us by these two astute statesmen—the late Sir John Macdonald and the present Premier, Hon. Wilfrid Laurier to elect men to Parliament who will give us the laws we want.

In the meantime we invite you all to assist us with voice and pen and pocket-books, to prepare an answer to the Government. Let it be no whisper; but a shout! A shout in one unbroken chorus from every province—from Cape Breton on the east to Vancouver on the west—a shout from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the

lakes and rivers to the great North, that Canada shall lead the way; shall drive from her borders the licensed liquor trade, and that hereafter every man who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips shall do it without the sanction of the people and in violation of the law of the land.

#### EXCUSES FOR TIPPLING.

REV. JOHN WOOD, FRURO, N. S.

Among the funniest things on earth—  
Now prompting our pity, now kindling  
our mirth—  
Are a toper's curious ways of thinking,  
And the reasons oft given for "moderate"  
drinking.  
"A lame excuse is better than none"—  
At least, so the old adage used to run—  
And lamest of all is the lame excuse  
That pleads for a glass because of its  
use,  
And lays all the blame on its wicked  
abuse;  
"Or, however valid it might have been  
When, teetotalers few and far between,  
And temperance meetings rarely seen,  
All went serene with the trade in gin,  
The plea has now become quite "too  
thin."  
The world has wiser and better grown,  
And tipplers and toppers may just as  
well own  
That if their real reason for drinking  
were known,  
I would be seen 'tis the love of it—that  
alone!  
When the liquor is in the wit is out,  
And Patrick forgetting the fact, no  
doubt—  
(Not the Saint who converted the Ire-  
land of old,  
But a modern Hibernian, of commoner  
mold)  
When asked for his reasons for drink-  
ing, replied,  
And betrayed, in his cups, what he else  
had denied—  
"I drink in winter, when chilled with  
the storm,  
And sure it warms me, and keeps me  
warm;  
And I drink in summer, by a different  
rule,  
For then it cools me, and keeps me  
cool;  
And when neither too cold nor too hot,  
said he,  
I drink—well, I like a drop, sir, you  
see!"  
Less honest than Patrick, some say  
they drink—  
Because it so quickens their thought,  
they think—  
It clears their vision, and steadies their  
nerves,  
And thus a most practical purpose  
serves.  
Others, overwhelmed with their world-  
ly affairs,  
Seek in the wine-cup to drown their  
cares;  
Or stung by remorse, on the grave's  
dark brink,  
They fly to this same thought-quickening  
drink  
Now to assist them in ceasing to think!  
And many imbibed to feel rich and  
great,  
And enjoy, in fancy, their high estate;  
For, in truth, a toper often feels able  
To buy a railway, or ocean cable,  
Just when, most fit to lie under the  
table!  
So full are many of pains and aches  
That they must drink "for their  
stomachs' sake";  
While numbers more have such poor  
digestion  
That they require it, beyond all ques-  
tion—  
That is—a glass in the early morn,  
And another before the dinner horn,  
With a "horn" of two soon after din-  
ner—

(Not needed, perhaps, by a young be-  
ginner)—  
To help the afternoon along,  
And bring them home feeling good and  
strong,  
And fit for—another—after tea,  
Or possibly two, and sometimes three,  
For they're often so spent at night, you  
see,  
They must with this tonic make some-  
what free!  
Yet always a little space they keep  
For a tiny "night-cap" to make them  
sleep,  
Though, of course, they never drink too  
deep!  
And then, our scientists find in the  
water  
Such dreadful health-destroying mat-  
ter—  
Such horrid animalcula,  
Bacteria, microbes and bacilli—  
The nastiest things you ever see—  
That, alarmed lest a prey to such they  
fall,  
For brandy and water they loudly  
call—  
Making sure the quantum of water is  
small—  
Certain the brandy will rectify all!  
More comical still, and quite as fit,  
Was the plea once urged by a drunken  
wit

When tried for making rather freer  
Than was for his good, with lager  
beer  
He explained to the Cadi—"Twas  
rather queer,  
But bitten once by a rabid dog  
He had thenceforth had a thirst for  
grog,  
For ever since he felt he sort'er  
Somehow had a fear of water!"  
Oh, wondrous, truly, we must confess,  
Are the virtues brandy and gin possess  
To cure the ills that flesh is heir to—  
More than I know, or ever care to.  
Tooth-ache and headache it puts to  
rout,  
Dyspepsia, rheumatiz, quinsy and  
gout,  
Makes fat the thin, and reduces the  
stout;  
In fine, it's the pleasantest medicine  
out,  
And cheaper than powders and pills,  
no doubt.  
But tell me, tipplers, and tell me true,  
If this isn't bunkum, and if with you  
The reason you drink the barley brew,  
With a preference strong for the  
"mountain dew,"  
And think it such excellent medicine,  
too,  
Be not that—you like it? If so, beware,  
Lest love for the medicine be Satan's  
snare  
In which to entangle unwary feet  
In a labyrinth of woe whence there's  
no retreat!  
"Wine is a mocker," he warned in time;  
Give heed to the words of my simple  
rhyme;  
Come sign our pledge, and join our  
band,  
And lend, young and old, a helping  
hand,  
And we'll banish the drink from this  
godly land.

#### CHIMES OF VICTORY!

AS Heard From a Balcony, Dec. 31st,  
2000, A. D.

REV. J. V. SMITH, D. D., HAMILTON, ONT.

The sun is setting for the last time in  
this glorious century. Everywhere  
there is peace and plenty. The wilder-  
ness and the solitary place are glad—  
the desert blossoms like the rose. What  
a contrast to its predecessor!  
The nineteenth century was full of  
storm and strife, and yet we cannot  
close our eyes to the rapid strides it  
made in world-wide exploration, scien-  
tific discovery, mechanical invention



REV. J. V. SMITH, D. D., HAMILTON.

and evangelical activity. In many re-  
spects its record is a noble one. Com-  
pared with the centuries that went be-  
fore, it stands like Saul among the  
prophets—head and shoulders above  
them all. But its strange tolerance of  
the liquor traffic—now happily a thing  
of the past—and the legal protection  
which it threw around that business so  
manifestly hostile to every ennobling  
endeavor of the age, have always been  
a problem in the economic and reli-  
gious life of the people which no one  
can satisfactorily explain.

There is abundant evidence within  
easy reach to prove that the people of  
those days were intelligent, progres-  
sive and largely possessed of noble  
ideals, but that they should not only  
passively endure, but deliberately up-  
hold a business which more than any-  
thing else, tended to press down the  
brakes upon the wheels of civilization  
and to blight with the mildew of death  
the noblest aspirations of youth and  
manhood, constitutes one of those his-  
torical enigmas apparently incapable  
of solution on anything like reasonable  
grounds.

If they had looked at their jails,  
prisons and penitentiaries—that trinity  
of gloomy things, indispensable, no  
doubt, to the conditions of the age, but  
for which thank Heaven, we have so  
little use to-day, they might have seen  
enough, and more than enough, of the  
bitter and poisoned fruit which had  
fallen from the deadly "Upas Tree" in  
their midst.

If they had turned one thoughtful  
glance toward their hospitals and  
asylums, they might, in the wards of  
the one, and the corridors of the  
other, have witnessed appalling object  
lessons of what havoc strong drink can  
work on the physical and mental sides  
of human life.

If they had crossed the threshold of  
the drunkard's home and looked upon  
the broken hearts and blasted lives  
within its cold and cheerless walls; if  
they could have measured the heart  
agony of the drunkard's wife, a thou-  
sandsfold worse than the desolation of  
widowhood, they might have learned  
in that Gethsemane of woe, that the  
Rum Demon was more cruel than  
death, more remorseless than the  
grave.

If they had followed the physician to  
his patient, and the hearse to the  
cemetery, they might have seen the  
fact written with the spectral fingers of  
Death, that the dishonored victims of  
Drink were falling around them thick



as leaves before the autumnal blasts.

Whether these things were seen and taken to heart, or whether their eyes were holden by the political prejudices and social customs of the day, remains an open question. One thing is certain, the long weary years came and went, and but little progress was made in curtailing the widespread ravages of this mighty wrong. Apathy in both Church and State stands out as one of the melancholy features of the age. Robert Burns, one of their favorite poets, sang:

"O wad some power the gift to gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us,  
It wad frae money an evil free us  
An foolish notion."

Surely if they could have seen themselves for a single hour, through the pure light that falls upon our vision today, there can be no doubt but that the tragic reign of King Alcohol would have closed years and decades sooner than it did.

But we are not to conclude that because distilleries and breweries and saloons flourished in the land, that no indignant cry of protest was ever raised against the relentless Moloch muttering his curses behind the statutes of the law. Honor to whom honor is due. For years prophetic voices rang out loud and clear, and as the century rolled toward its last decade, there was a shaking among the dry-bones; the spirit of the Nazarene brooded over the valley of death; an army of men and women spring to their feet. The standard of Prohibition shook out its folds of freedom above their heads. Then the conflict began; the struggle was fierce and loud. From a human standpoint, the chances of success were so remote that the hearts of many were discouraged in the fray. The enemy was defiant and strong. His resources seemed almost inexhaustible, but the friends of Moral Reform began to multiply. Silently the leaven was spreading—the little one became a thousand; the small one a great multitude.

Movement after movement crystallized into appropriate and timely organizations, which planted themselves like so many well-drilled battalions upon the field of action. Legislation forged its weapons of attack. Dinklin Bills, Scott Acts and Plebiscites were among the preliminary but partial victories which ultimately led up to the day when the traffic fought and lost its Waterloo.

In these long struggles with the awful Rum Dragon our hearts thrill with rapture as we watch the grand procession of chivalrous men and queenly women marching in the front bearing aloft the standard of Temperance and Freedom. Through most of the century their looms up the stalwart form of Neal Dow—a hero of stainless memory, followed by champions like Gough, Finch and Woolley. In England Lawson and Lees, Farrar and Calne led on the charge with bold and fearless steps. Whilst the Isilt brothers fought with equal bravery beneath the Southern Cross, Nor was the campaign without its Deborahs as well as its Davids. With all the advantages which our century has brought us, we have no names which shine brighter upon the scroll of fame than those of Lady Somerset, Frances Willard and Letitia Youmans.

Standing on the threshold of the seventh millennium of human history it is a joy second only to the joy of heaven, to find ourselves in the practical realization of what the prophet and the angels sang concerning the bright days that are breaking around us now. Skavery, militarism, religious persecution, social injustice, and, last, but not least, the heaven-cursed rum

traffic, all have passed away like so many tragedies of woe, never to wound and crush and blight this fair earth again. The angel of Peace hovers over the land, scattering her sweet benedictions upon every home.

Oh, you tell me I am dreaming,  
That such days will never come;  
But I saw the bright light streaming  
Straight to earth from heaven's dome.  
I'll not name this light whose beauty  
Changed the world from night to day—  
But man shall learn at last the lesson  
That Love is King and not the gold,  
At whose altar he has worshipped;  
For which his nobler self he sold,  
Then onward, ever, ever onward!  
For the men of mind make room!  
Love and Truth must reign triumphant  
In the glorious days to come.

#### THE SLOGAN OF CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

JOHN G. WOOLLEY.

If you would grasp the elementary, vital, ultimate meaning of citizenship you have only to imagine this nation to be a man, magnified, say, five millions of diameters—bigger but no more complex than yourself. The righteousness that exalteth a nation is identical with that which regenerates a man. If you get that point of view it will greatly clarify and simplify your party politics, you have simply to try it upon yourself, as a working model. Anything that would be wrong for you cannot be right for the state. What would be dishonest for you cannot be honorable for the state. Whatever would be contemptible in you as a private individual is as contemptible in a candidate or a party. And, of course, the converse of this is true, and this illustrates the iniquity and peril of the license system, educationally, for if it be wise for the state—the collective man—to compromise its virtue for money, to avoid trouble, there can be no valid argument against like conduct for yourself in similar circumstances. That is to say that, if it be right for a government to discourage indecent proposals by "marking up" its scruples in dollars and cents, it is right for an individual to do the like. This is a tremendous lesson. Do not ever forget it, my young fellow citizens, and when you hear some complacent Pharisee telling how well high license works, shut his flabby mouth by answering him in three words, "so does prostitution." To license wrong is *sua per se*—that is, sin per God Almighty.

You may do what you will to the tariff, reform the finances exactly to your liking, introduce ballot systems and law enforcement leagues; you may kill off monopolies and shake off the bosses, but this country will never be saved but by the enthronement of Jesus in the politics of the Dominion and His coronation by the Christian voters as the "King of Kings and Lord of Lords" and platform of platforms.

Business does not need money so much as the church needs honesty. What will you do for the country? Give it more gold and it will buy more champagne. Give it more silver and it will buy more beer. The returns of the departments of Internal Revenue show that the first trade to feel the return of prosperity is the saloon. What will you do for the country—you, a Christian?

Let us reduce the question to its simplest form. Here is a man who spends his whole income every year; one-third for bread, meat and education, two-thirds for drink and tobacco; and he feels the pinch of hard times; his children are in rags, his wife in calico, his mother in tears, his friends in despair. He keeps low company, wastes his time, wrecks his health, breaks his

word, has a spasm of effort to reform, "tapers off," "swears off," "compromises," temporizes, lies, falls, falls. What ails him? He is a drunkard, a liar, a failure. What will you do for him? Increase his income? Decrease his competition? Elect him to office? Give him popularity, prosperity, power?

A minister of Jesus Christ is called to his house to speak to him, as he lies prostrate and calling for help. Will he tell him that his trouble is due to the unequal value of gold and silver buttons? Will he tell him that what he needs is a protective tariff on the goods that he makes? If his wife drops on her knees before him and with bursting sobs tells him that he is drunk, will he stiffen himself and say, "Madam, this is no time to press that, this tariff question must be settled." Or, if he speaks to him about his sin, will he advise him to abstain on Sunday, election day or holiday? Will he advise him never to drink at home? Will he advise him to drink better liquor, or milder, or costlier? Will he advise him to drink in fewer places? Will he advise him to buy his drink wholesale, then buy it of himself at retail, and give the profit to the church? Will he advise him to stick to his unclean associations and edge up toward decency as fast as he can bring up the crowd and no faster? These questions answer themselves.

What will set that man free?

The truth will make him free, and if he refuse to speak it, then he is himself a liar. The gospel of Christ alone will save him, and if he refuse to preach it then and there he is an apostate. And as it would be quackery, folly and treason to the church to talk to him about money or tariff to the exclusion of his crowning sin, so it is quackery, folly or treason for a Christian voter to abide in the ranks of either of the oily chiropodists who are on their knees offering to ease the feet of the body politic when its heart is rotting.

It seems clear as a demonstration that the rallying cry and fighting slogan of our Christian citizenship in the present civic revolution ought to be, "Election day for a testimony to Jesus Christ." And if that takes us out of one party into another or out of all existing parties into something new, every God-fearing, church-honoring, self-respecting man ought to go and not to stand upon the order of his going.

#### A VIVID ILLUSTRATION.

A few years ago a noted wild-beast tamer gave a performance with his pets in one of the leading London theaters. He took lions, tigers, leopards and hyenas through their part of the entertainment, awing the audience by his wonderful nerve and his control over them.

At the closing act of the performance, the performer introduced an enormous boa-constrictor, thirty-five feet in length. He had bought it when it was two or three days old; and for twenty-five years he had handled it daily, so that it was considered perfectly harmless and completely under his control. He had seen it grow from a tiny reptile, which he often carried in his bosom, into a fearful monster.

The curtain rose upon an Indian woodland scene. The weird strains of an Oriental band steal through the trees.

A rustling noise is heard, and a huge serpent is seen winding his way through the undergrowth. It stops. Its head is erected. Its eyes sparkle. Its whole body seems animated. A man emerges from the heavy foliage. Their eyes meet. The serpent quails before the man—man is victor. The serpent

is under the control of the master. Under his guidance and direction it performs a series of frightful feats.

A signal from the man it slowly approaches him and begins to coil its heavy folds around him. Higher and higher do they rise, until man and serpent seem blended into one. Its hideous head is reared aloft above the mass.

The man gives a little scream, and the audience united in a thunder-burst of applause, but it freezes upon their lips. The trainer's scream was a wall of death agony. Those cold, slimy folds had embraced him for the last time. They had crushed the life out of him, and the horror-stricken audience heard bone after bone crack, as those powerful folds tightened upon him. Man's plaything had become his master. His slave for twenty-five years had now enslaved him.

In this horrible incident is portrayed the whole story of intemperance. The man who has taken the first glass of intoxicating liquor has the bon of intemperance in his bosom. If he throttles the monster now, it is easily done. But if he permits it to live, feeds and nourishes it, he may control it for even twenty-five years, but it is continually growing, and some day its soul-destroying folds will encircle his soul, and bear it to those regions of woe "where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched."

The unchangeable decree is: "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God."

The first business in hand with those who want to rescue the community from any evil is to have good laws passed in regard to it; and the next thing is to demand the enforcement of those laws, and the retirement of every official who violates his oath of office by refusing to do his duty.

"Rome was not built in a day," but if nobody had begun to build the city of Rome until the world was ready to take its laws from the banks of the Tiber, there would never have been any Roman empire.

An Arab can pitch his tent in a few minutes, but the Canadian who wants to build a substantial home or brick mansion does not expect to see the architect begin by putting the roof on. The first thing he looks for is not a house, but a hole in the ground where the house is to be.

Should the Canadian go to Asia and learn to build tents, or should we recognize the truth that really valuable and permanent things have to be built up slowly and are the result of "long and laborious"?

And this will be especially true of Prohibition of the liquor traffic to have permanent success.

Prohibition must therefore be a matter of steady adherence to principle, with no compromise and no vacillation. Prohibition now, always and forever!

If you wish to serve your country most effectively and promote the cause that promises to destroy this monster crime—selling of liquor—do not fail to supply yourself with arguments to arouse and stimulate the activity of the apathetic, and fire the zeal of the friends of Prohibition in their warfare on this liquor traffic, the greatest curse that ever was allowed to exist in a civilized community.

Now is the time for action!

### A BOY ON PROHIBITION.

EDWARD CARSWELL, OSHAWA, ONT.

Mr. Chairman:

I am asked to tell this meeting what we boys think about a Prohibitory law for Canada. Well, we go in for it, of course. Why shouldn't we? Ain't they always putting prohibitory laws on us boys, and nobody ever asks us whether

we want 'em or not. We can't ride a "bike" as we want to, or go swimming, or skating, or coasting, or snowballing, or anything, without danger of running up against a prohibitory law.

Now, there is a steep hill on the main street of our village, and last winter there was a heavy rain storm, and then a freeze and that hill was like glass, and didn't we boys have a jolly time coasting down that hill until Billy Smith ran into an old woman and scattered her two baskets of eggs all over the hill. Billy didn't mean to do it, but he was just scooting when she got right in his way. He hollered, but before he could holler again an egg went into his mouth and another hit him on the left eye. Now, the old lady wasn't much hurt, and we boys chipped in and bought her some more eggs and better than the ones she lost. Billy says so, and he ought to know.

Well, the very next day there was a sign put up, and it said, "Any boy found coasting on this hill will be sent to the lock-up." Now, only a week before Tom Guzzle brought a load of wood to town, and then drunk it up at the saloon at the top of the hill and, mad with drink, drove his team headlong down the hill, tore away a veranda, smashed a plate-glass window and nearly killed a man who tried to stop 'em. But they didn't prohibit the saloon! Then because a barn was burned last Queen's Birthday didn't the council pass a law that no crackers or fireworks should be let off on any street of the village. Now, I'd like to know how boys are going to show their loyalty, if they can't let off fire-crackers and make a racket on Queen's Birthday and First of July!

Now, they never proved that the barn was burned by fire-crackers; but we all know that there was a big fight at that saloon on Dominion Day and one man had his ear bit off. And didn't old "Flare Up" get drunk at that saloon and then go and set fire to his shop, and it was burned up and himself, too? But they didn't prohibit the saloon!

Then, didn't they prohibit us swimming in the mill pond 'cause we didn't have our clothes on? And who wants to be all fixed up when they go in swimming? And I know lots of boys and girls that ain't got hardly any clothes to wear and what they have is all patched up, 'cause their fathers drink up all their money at that saloon. And the saloon ain't prohibited yet!

Then just because Tom Scorchers ran over a baby carriage that had twins in it and tumbled it over didn't the council the very next week prohibit anybody riding a wheel on the sidewalk. Now, Tom didn't do it on purpose. The carriage was run right in front of his wheel and he took an awful tumble trying not to do it. And the babies wasn't hurt'd much, 'cause they were fat and the mud was real soft. Only they couldn't tell the other till they were washed.

Now, only last year a man left his team in front of the saloon while he went in to drink, and didn't they get up a row in the bar and frightened the horses so they ran away and smashed a buggy and one of the ladies in the buggy was so badly hurt that she died. But the saloon goes on all the same.

Then, didn't they prohibit snowballing on the street? And I'd like to know when they would have found the body of old Sam Toper if we hadn't seen one of his boots sticking out of a drift when we were building a snow fort? But the saloon where he got drunk ain't prohibited yet!

Of course, if it's right to prohibit bad things, it can't be right to license what makes all the badness. And we

boys say it ain't fair to prohibit fighting and swearing and lots of other things, while you license the stuff that make men do 'em all. So, of course, we boys and girls are in favor of a Prohibitory law for Canada now and forever.

Then hesitate no longer,

The foe is growing stronger

The longer we delay;

But, for God and home and right,

Let us rally for the fight

And work as well as pray.

### DOES IT PAY?

REFERENCE A. POWDERLY.

Standing on a corner in this city not long ago I counted fourteen doors leading to as many places of business in the block on the opposite side of the street. Three doors led to clothing stores, one to a millinery establishment, one to a barber shop, one to a telegraph office, and another to a bank. The other seven led to where strong drink is sold. Four places where the outer man and woman may be clothed, one place where the man may be shaved so as to look respectable and neat in his clothes, one place through which he may send urgent messages and from which the daily papers receive their intellectual freight to place before the community, and one place where the savings of labor may be deposited when the wants of the home are supplied. It takes seven doors, seven places of business, to do all of this for the outer man. I came near forgetting to say that the bank occupies the floor above the barber shop and telegraph office. The other seven doors lead to where the inner man is supplied with that which deprives him of clothing, his wife of her bonnet, his children of their clothing and shoes. In any one of the seven will he find that which reduce him to such depths of degradation that he will not care whether he shaves or not; indeed, he will not have the dime to give the barber and no money to deposit in the bank above. Seven doors to open on those who clothe themselves and families, and seven other doors in the same block where memory, self-respect, honor, gratitude, and everything a man can esteem are washed into the sewer fed by crime and ending in oblivion.

As I stood contemplating the spectacle a young man crossed the street from one of the places where wet goods are sold, and on recognizing me extended his hand in greeting. He wore an old well-worn suit of clothing. His coat was the counterpart of many the reader has seen in his time; it was sun-burned, short in sleeve and tail and well frayed out where the edges were not worn off altogether. No overcoat, no overshoes, no collar and no cuffs, save those which misfortune, bad habits, and a worse appetite had administered to him. He asked for a nickel to pay for a ride home on a street car. I kept a man who felt as though he could fly did not want to ride on a street car, even though it were propelled by electricity, and told him so. Inquiry elicited the following facts: He is a mechanic, but has not worked steadily for three years owing to intemperate habits. The suit of clothing he wore that night was three years old, his wages when at work were \$2.75 a day, and he had an aged mother and helpless sister depending on him for support. He had lost during that month eight days for the reason that he "was on a breeze." His wages for the eight days would amount to \$22. He informed me that it was no uncommon thing for him to lose a whole month through intemperance.

Had he been a total abstainer he would have purchased at least three suits of clothing instead of one in the three years, and a very good suit can be had for \$20. In eight days he had lost \$2 more than would provide him with a suit of clothes, but for three years his shadow did not rest on the floor of a clothing establishment. He buys no papers, contributes nothing to assist his neighbor, is himself an applicant for relief at the hands of the humane residents of the city who have organized a relief committee, for his name appears in the list of those who were served. Had he been sober and steady he would have purchased clothing and given employment to the tailor and cloth manufacturer. Had he remained sober he would have laid a carpet on his mother's floor, and kept the loom in motion a little while longer; had he remained outside of the saloon he would have read the papers and would know what his labor was worth, and as a consequence he would not drift into the ranks of the vicious and improvident from which Pinkertons are recruited in times of trouble. In eight days \$22 was lost to labor, and in the loss industry received a shock which, though slight in itself, became an earthquake when added to the hundreds of thousands of others like it as they occur in our centers of industry every year.

When workmen who desire to provide for their families in decency and comfort ask for an advance in their wages, they are told very often that money thus advanced is squandered, and such men as the one I described are pointed to as illustrations of what workmen degenerate into on an advance in wages. The fault, the example, of one drunkard has an evil effect on the prospects of hundreds of industrious workmen who do not drink. Is not industry the loser through the saloon? When the industrious of the community must contribute to support the family of the drunkard—and they do it in every community—is not industry the loser and sufferer through the saloon? When intemperate men are driven to want by their bad habits and thrown out of employment, is not industry the loser when the workers have to support the idlers through taxation on one hand, and face them, in the shape of Pinkertons, on the other, when they demand higher wages with which to meet the extra drains upon their resources? If one man in a small village is a drunkard, he is also an idler, for sooner or later he loses self-respect and employment. If he does not support himself some one else is forced to do so, and I know of no community in which a helpless wife and children will be permitted to want, no matter how worthless the husband and father may be. If the family is dependent on the charity of the neighbors, is not that a tax on them, and is it not a reduction in the wages of every workman who has to contribute to the support of the drunkard's family? Is not industry the loser when the saloon is permitted to make of every home an asylum, and of every sober, careful man an alms-giver?

#### FOUR MILLION "CHRISTIAN" MURDERERS.

E. J. WHEELER, NEW YORK.

Times change, and we change with them. The pagans of old Rome used to pit man against man in the gladiatorial arena and bid them fight each other to the death, that the popular love for exciting sport might be gratified. For fifteen centuries Christians have been boasting that that sort of brutality

was stopped by Christianity. It is about time that these boasts were laid on the table indefinitely.

In the days of Luther a great revolt was instituted against the sale of indulgences as carried on by Tetzel. For four centuries Protestants have been censuring the Roman Catholic Church for having sold indulgences to sin, for a price, and the Catholics have been protesting against the charge as false and unjust. It is about time that the dispute be laid on the table indefinitely.

There never was, in the brutal gladiatorial combats of Rome, anything to compare, in atrocity and cruelty, with the black record that lies to-day upon four million "Christian" voters of America; and the most sweeping charges brought against Tetzel and his times pale into insignificance beside the dark shame in which Catholics and Protestants are alike participating to-day. Where is the sense in Christians boasting about the cessation of the gladiatorial combats, when, in their place we have 200,000 men commissioned to employ all the arts that money can command in pauperizing, enazing, and poisoning their fellowmen? Where is the sense in Protestants and Catholics disputing over the responsibility for a few indulgences six centuries ago when year after year they are jointly issuing for smaller sums indulgences infinitely more villainous?

When the gladiators fought, each man had something like an equal chance; to-day art is pitted against ignorance. Then it was a sword against a sword, trained skill against trained skill; now it is slow poison against unsuspecting and uninformed victims. Then it was a duel; now it is assassination. Then the public gazed upon slaves and barbarians fighting each other; to-day men are commissioned by Christian voters to weave nets about their own sons and daughters and drag them down to a living death. Then the responsibility rested upon an autocratic ruler and the pagan public merely cheered the contest; to-day the people are the rulers and four million church members are responsible for the infamy. Then the sport was continued to gratify the love for an exhibition of personal skill and courage; to-day our modern crime is perpetuated because 4,000,000 church members want a certain set of wily and scheming politicians to win. Then, at the most, a few hundreds perished in a year; now thousands perish every month. Then it was pagan darkness; now it is Christian enlightenment. Then the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man had not dawned upon the world; now the phrase is in nearly everybody's mouth.

Four million "Christian" murderers! Is the phrase the result of a heated imagination? Who, then, is responsible for these thousands that stagger into drunkard's graves each month? Are they responsible for their own deaths? In a measure, yes; but how many thousands of them went along the road to ruin utterly ignorant of the physiological effects of liquor, believing to the last that beer is nourishing and whiskey is stimulating, and never knowing their danger until their system was diseased and minds enslaved past all hope? Who is responsible—the men who enticed them to drink and sold them the poison? In a measure, yes; but how many of these have never had reason to question the propriety of the business, that is legalized and protected by the great mass of respectable citizens? Who is responsible—those who issued the licenses? In a measure, yes; but these men were carrying out the functions for which they had been elected to office and for which they received their salaries.

Who is responsible—the legislators? In a measure, yes; but the legislator, in a representative form of government, is but an agent, a representer, of others whose purpose he is carrying out. Who is responsible—those who constitute the government, in whom reside all the authority and power, the voters of America, by whom are empowered all who make or administer laws? Yes; above all others are these responsible for these thousands of murders, and among all men the voter has the least pretext of excuse for his guilt. The drunkard has, in most cases, at least among the lower classes, the excuse of ignorance; the saloon-keeper wants to support his family, and this is a lawful method of doing it; the administrator of law and the legislator can claim to be but agents acting under instructions; thousands and perhaps millions of voters can for their share of the guilt plead an excusable ignorance; but for these four million church members, or at least the overwhelming majority of them, what excuse is there? Can they plead ignorance. If so, ignorance of what? Ignorance that the saloon is sending men and women to death and disgrace? Ignorance that the saloons are licensed by law? Ignorance that those who make the laws are elected by the people? There was some show of excuse for the voter when the curse of slavery overshadowed the land, for the power of the voters, under the constitution, was in dispute; but to-day there are four million church members in this land who are directly responsible for these murders of men, women and children, and not a shadow of excuse is there for their unutterable crime. It is the greatest outrage upon humanity that has ever been recorded in history, and an infinitely blacker crime than African slavery ever was.

#### A FATHER'S WOE—HIS RESPONSIBILITY.

MRS. HELEN M. GOUGAR.

A father recently called upon me to labor with his drunken son, and, if possible, to persuade him into a sober life. The head of this father, and that of his good wife, have rapidly whitened under the grief and disappointment caused by the fact that their eldest born is a confirmed, and, apparently, hopeless drunkard.

I know of no more delightful or Christian home than that of this friend. A devoted and domestic mother has spent her best years for her sons, but, alas, this sorrow. Everything that persuasion and medical skill could do has been tried to reform this loved one, but to no avail. After the hope of the Keeley cure, which was the last effort made, was shattered, the father appealed to me.

My reply was, "No, sir, I can do nothing for your boy. I prefer laboring with you, the responsible party." The father looked with amazement, and said: "Labor with me! You know I am a strict teetotaler and not a drop of intoxicants has ever been permitted in our household; the boy never learned to drink at home. It has been the saloon, with its open door, that has ruined James." "Certainly," I replied, "It is the open saloon that has done its deadly work. But are you not responsible for these open doors, so far as you have the power to be? The saloon exists because of license laws, and you have voted for men to make these laws. Of course, where there are saloons there must be drunken boys. Have we not had three sets of candidates nominated for the Legislature, the body that legally controls this business, before the voters of this county, for many, many elections? Yes, one was a Democrat, who publicly declared that he would legis-

late for the open saloon. No one could be deceived as to what he would do if elected. Another was a Republican, who as loudly proclaimed that he would permit the saloons to run, with open doors, if each would pay into the city treasury \$250. No one was necessarily deceived by him. Another was a Prohibitionist, who fearlessly announced that if he gained a seat in this law-making body, he would make it a crime with ample punishment, to sell this poison, indiscriminately, in any community. This candidate is always selected with reference to his sobriety, ability, and Christian character. He is always recognized as an able man for the position. Did you, good father, vote for the man (or the party) who promised to protect your boy instead of the saloon, the man who would have made it easy for your boy to have escaped temptation, to have done right, to have grown into a sober manhood?"

The father looked steadily upon the floor, in deep meditation for a moment, and said, "No, I have believed that the Republican theory of high license was the best solution of the saloon question, and I have always voted that ticket."

I replied, "Very well, then, do not complain now that you have a drunken son. You have sown a high license ballot, you have reaped a high license boy. I know of no man in our county better situated to have a drunken son than you are. You have home and wealth, a spirit of patience and charity; you can and will shelter and care for him and his little family. It is far better that your son should be a drunkard than that the son of some poor widow or of aged parents dependent upon such a boy should fall by the way. It is indeed selfish in you to vote for the high license saloon and wish that other sons than your own should be drunken, and yours should escape. The city treasury has \$250, you have the boy. You are the more responsible because you a regular attendant upon prayer meeting and church service and an officer in a Christian church. You have not sinned without the light, for you have heard the appeals of nearly all our best advocates of Prohibition; you have had an abundance of literature placed in your hands, but apparently to no avail. You have made an idiot of your son, and party legislation has ruined your son. If your sorrow scourges your conscience, remember it is God's way to punish those who violate his law, at the ballot-box as elsewhere, for "Whosoever plougheth iniquity and soweth unrighteousness, reapeth the same."

With pale face and a sense of deep humiliation, the father said, "I never saw it in that light before. I will ask God to forgive me for my blindness and hereafter vote to protect the boys instead of the saloons."

Fathers before me, look into the cradles, into the innocent faces of the rising generation, and the boys of larger growth, and answer, at the ballot-box, every election day, whether it is more or less beer, or more or less whiskey that needs legislative attention, at your hands, until this saloon problem is fully settled, and settled right.

#### ON A LEHIGH VALLEY TRAIN.

TALLIE MORGAN, SCRANTON, PA.

It was the morning after election.

The Lehigh Valley day coach between New York and Buffalo was pretty well crowded, and naturally the general discussion was the election.

The attention of the passengers was attracted to a clerical-looking individual who sat about the center of the car and who was talking in a rather ex-

actly loud tone of voice to a man in the seat just ahead.

The reverend gentleman was saying, "No, sir; I did not throw away my vote, but you and every other man that voted the Prohibition ticket did. I believe in Prohibition, preach for Prohibition, and pray for Prohibition."

"But vote for whiskey," quietly interrupted the man in the front seat.

"You insult me, sir!" replied the preacher in a voice that startled everybody in the car, and at once all the passengers ceased their conversation and gave their attention to the preacher. "No man shall tell me in my face without being rebuked that I vote for whiskey. I have preached for twenty years, and my vote has always been for Prohibition, but I do not believe in bringing the matter into politics. I have voted with my party for over twenty years, and I don't propose to throw away my vote on a party that never can elect its candidates."

Just then a man sitting in a rear seat, who had been an interested listener to the discussion, came forward, and fastening two bright black eyes, which looked out through a pair of gold eyeglasses, on the preacher, said:

"Pardon me, sir; did I understand you to say you are a preacher?"

"Yes, sir."

"That you believe in Prohibition?"

"Yes, sir, I have preached it for twenty years, and I believe the liquor traffic to be the curse of this nation, and that every rum-seller ought to be behind prison bars."

"You also said you voted yesterday for the candidates of one of the old parties?"

"Is your party in favor of license or Prohibition?"

"I don't think the question has anything to do with political parties."

"Probably not, but did any rum-seller vote the same ticket as you?"

"Oh, yes, probably many thousands of them."

"Do you think that a single rum-seller in the United States voted the Prohibition ticket yesterday?"

"Certainly not."

"Why?"

"Why? Why, because they would be fools to support a political party that would, if it got into power, sweep away their business into everlasting oblivion."

"Oh, I thought you said the question of Prohibition was not a political one. The rum-sellers evidently think it is. Now, sir, if a liquor man who believes in license, defends license, spends money for it, talks it and votes it, would be a fool to vote the Prohibition ticket. I would like to know what you are, who believe in Prohibition, preach it and pray for it, but vote the same ticket as the rum-seller?"

There was a pause. The sharp, black eyes of the questioner were fixed on the reverend gentleman, who evidently was not prepared for such a direct thrust.

Finally he managed to say: "I refuse to answer such an insulting question, sir. I vote according to the dictates of my conscience, and—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you do nothing of the kind. Every time you cast your ballot for your rum-ruled liquor law party you vote in direct opposition to your conscience, and you know it. You also know that the liquor business of this nation is licensed every year by law. You know that political parties make and maintain the law. You know that your political party could not, if it would, pass or enforce prohibitory laws. You know that fully one-third of the saloonists and brewers and distillers of this land vote the same ticket as you do.

"You know that your vote yesterday

will be counted as being in favor of the saloon. You know that the only way you can inform the government that you believe in Prohibition is through a Prohibition ballot. You know that there are 4,000,000 Christian voters in this nation who profess, like yourself, to favor Prohibition, but the most of whom vote every year with you for whiskey. You know that the Angel Gabriel could not pick out your vote from that of a rum-seller as it lay in the box yesterday."

"You know all this, I say, and yet you raise your hands in a holy protest when this gentlemen here ventured to remark that you voted for whiskey. Let me tell you, sir, that the rum-seller who votes with his license party for the protection and perpetuation of his business is a thousand times more deserving of respect for honesty and consistency than you, who profess to favor Prohibition, but voting directly for whiskey. Your professions in that line, sir, are a lie, your preaching a farce, your prayers a mockery, and your vote a protest against your own conscience, your church, and your God!"

Just then a brakeman opened the door, and in a slow, distinct and sonorous voice cried out:

"Allentown! Change here for Reading and Harrisburg! Do not overlook your baggage!"

The preacher made a dive for his coat and valise and darted out of the car, saying as he went: "Sorry I can't stay with you longer. I'll think over what you have said."

#### OUR NATIONAL DISGRACE.

Editorial from "The Templar."

Canada's reproach to-day is that for gold she permits and authorizes the manufacture, importation and sale of alcoholic beverages. Under an iniquitous license law we legalize a traffic that impoverishes the many for the gain of the few; that works ruin, disgrace, misery, lunacy, crime and death; that degrades private, social and public virtues; that measurably controls Government, Municipal, Provincial and Dominion, and threatens to become dictator in the state; and that, according to the chief courts of the Evangelical churches, "is contrary to the Word of God and to the spirit of the Christian religion" and "cannot be legalized without sin."

Sir William Dawson, late Principal of McGill College, Montreal, testified before the Royal Commission: "I have had occasion to institute inquiries in regard to the pauperism of Montreal. I can confidently say that nearly all the want and destitution prevailing in this city is directly or indirectly attributable to the liquor traffic."

Dr. A. R. Reid, ten years superintendent of the General Hospital, Halifax, N.S., also testified: "The experience of ten years in our General Hospital shows me very clearly that though our statistics represented a very large percentage of sickness there as the result of intemperance, really if you figure out the wide influence it has, that the percentage would come, I suppose, up to 90."

Drink has been largely the cause, direct and predisposing, of the numerous insane in our asylums. Dr. Daniel Clark, 15 years superintendent of the Insane Asylum, Toronto, gave evidence that of 6,000 cases which he had carefully examined, he found 91/2 per cent. were, without any uncertainty, produced directly by drink.

The Hon. Geo. W. Ross, in his place in the House of Commons, estimated the annual loss of life in Canada through the liquor traffic at 4,000. And in 1855 the Hon. Geo. E. Foster, in his

place in Parliament, said 3,000 deaths per year might be safely set down as due to this cause.

We are only on the threshold of the exact study of heredity in relation to vice and crime, yet enough is known to justify General Booth's strong language: "Thousands upon thousands of these poor wretches (the homeless and starving poor of Darkest England) are, as Bishop South truly said, 'not so much born into this world as damned into it.'" Richard L. Dugdale writes of the progeny of a woman named Margaret, a descendant of Max, a very hard drinker, who became blind and many of whose children inherited his intemperance: "In tracing the genealogies of 540 persons who descended in seven generations from this degraded woman, and 169 who were related by marriage or cohabitation, 280 were adult paupers and 140 were criminals and offenders of the worst sort, guilty of seven murders, theft, highway robbery and nearly every other offence known in the calendar of crime." He estimates that the cost to the public of supporting this family of drunkards was \$1,308,000.

Time would fail to tell of Sir Matthew Hale, Chief Justice of England, who said that "by due observation" he had found that four out of every five cases of crime adjudicated by him have been the issues and products of excessive drinking.

Of Gladstone, who affirmed: "It has been said that greater calamities—greater because more continual—have been inflicted upon mankind by intemperance than by the three historic scourges of war, famine and pestilence combined. That is true, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace."

These voices were uttered in the Motherland. But the spirit of the liquor traffic is one, ever and everywhere the same, and its fruits abound in our own land. Sir Oliver Mowat, for more than a quarter of a century Premier of Ontario, and proverbial for his extreme caution, very recently repeated, after a lapse of a score of years, as his mature judgment, "An enormous proportion, probably three-fourths of the vice that prevails at the present day, of the crime which they had to contend with, of the lunacy, the idleness, the poverty and the misery of every kind, is owing to the foul evil of intemperance."

This national disgrace and crime has been fostered by legislation. Monopolistic privileges have been directly and indirectly conferred upon manufacturer and vendor until to-day they talk of vested rights and demand compensation ere they will give up their work of death.

The flag, that we boast shall never float over a slave, is prostituted to protect the still as it pours forth its streams of death; every cask of its products, which, for want of a better name, Shakespeare called "Devil," boasts as it goes upon the market, that it bears the heraldry of the Throne—the significant characters "V. R."; and every drop of it legally disposed of, as it leaps to the throats of its poor victims who gulp it down to their own destruction, rejoices that it is sold under warrant bearing the Great Seal of the Province. Thus have we provided for its existence from the hour that life is given in the cup till it breathes its last when the poor wretch makes his mad leap into the dark and awful hell of the drunkard.

Responsibility for this legislation and, so, for the traffic and its fruits, rests upon the legislators only in a secondary sense—the guilt, the crime of it, rests rather upon the shoulders

of those Christian electors who, having it in their power to elect the Assemblies and Parliament, have chosen to overlook this problem and have given their support to those candidates of the respective political parties that have refused to place themselves on record in open hostility to the saloon.

Think you that the crime of legalizing a traffic that yields such fruit will be suffered to go unpunished? Will the just and holy God, the Judge of all the earth, who visited His wrath upon Israel, hold guiltless that land and its people who, accepting the

gold of the distiller, brewer or vendor, place a stumbling block or occasion to fall in their brothers' way; cause one of His little ones to offend; or the weak brother to perish, for whom Christ died? The weeping child, the broken-hearted wife, the disconsolate widow, the fallen sister in her haunt of shame or on the pave, the prisoner in his cell, the victim on the gallows have cried, and their cries are entered into the ears of God. Shall not we, ere the judgments of Heaven descend, arise and make that atonement for our sin which conscience and God demand?

## INDEX TO ELOCUTION CONTEST SELECTIONS.

**T**HIS INDEX gives a complete list of all Prohibition recitations published up to January 1st, 1897, for "The Templar" Elocution Medal Contests. Only selections from this list will be permitted in competition for "The Templar" Silver and Gold Medals. Additional numbers will be published in "The Weekly Templar" and "The Templar Quarterly" during 1897.

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## SINCE LAST ISSUE.

The most notable feature of Temperance work in Canada since the last issue of this magazine is the wonderful spread of the Education Contest movement throughout the Dominion. This movement was instituted by "The Weekly Templar" about one year ago, and the first collection of recitations for the contests was published in the November number of "The Templar Quarterly" for 1895. During the winter of 1895-6 many series of contests were held, and the movement was voted a success, but with this autumn the demand for information and medals grew to marvellous proportions. In view of this condition, this edition of "The Templar Quarterly" is largely devoted to the movement, and nearly thirty new recitations are added to the list, which is offered to contestants to choose from.

The three months past have not been prolific in important events, which can be classified, and yet they have seen a remarkable general revival of interest and activity in Temperance reform. The statement of the Dominion Premier, that the Government might be expected to present the proposed plebiscite measure at the next sitting of Parliament, aroused and warned many a sleepy and cold Prohibitionist. This announcement turned the eyes of all earnest Temperance people toward the coming Parliamentary session, with expectation of a battle royal on the floor of the Commons. There is also the probability that the great national vote will come on in May or June next, if the Government succeed in carrying the measure through the House. It is not to be wondered at then that all live Temperance workers are on the alert and arousing their friends to enthusiasm.

The Royal Templars of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba have exhibited a readiness for the fray that must command the admiration of foe as well as friend. No less than four bands of Royal Templar revivalists of three persons each are giving their whole time to missionary work in Ontario, spending from three days to a week in each place visited, and attracting large crowds to their nightly meetings to hear the great question discussed and sung. For nearly ten years the Royal Templars of Ontario have maintained this kind of missionary work, but never with greater efficiency and success. In this issue we give beautiful half tone portraits of one of these bands—The Gleamers, who have been at work in Western Ontario, and have been adding from twenty to fifty members to the Order every week. The missionary board of the Order also engaged an able missionary in the person of Mr. Samuel Ranton, to give his whole time to the work of preparing the province for the approaching Prohibition crisis. Quebec Royal Templars also organized a new revival band, known as The Orientals, and engaged The Emeralds, who have been in the field for years, and both bands are doing grand work. Manitoba Royal Templars also rose to the occasion and engaged Rev. John Stewart to go into the field as a missionary, and later organized a promising and able revival band, which at once takes front rank with the more experienced bands of the Order. In the Territories The Vaughans, who have operated under the auspices of the Grand Council for a couple of years are still hard at it and scoring success.

At the special session of Parliament, the House committee of the Commons, which includes the Premier and Speaker, instructed the caterer in the Com-

mons restaurant to cease the sale of intoxicants over the bar, but Mr. Craig, of East Durnham, introduced a motion in the Commons forbidding entirely the sale of intoxicants by the caterer, and his motion was adopted without division. A similar motion in the Senate was defeated, but the Senate caterer was instructed to sell to none other than Senators.

The Toronto Globe, in view of the increasing interest in Prohibition, announced that F. S. Spence and Louis C. Atius had been engaged to write articles for and against Prohibition, for its columns. One article appeared from Mr. Spence's pen, but no rejoinder from Mr. Atius, and the proposed deal appears to be off.

Grand Councillor Lees, the chief of the Royal Templars for Ontario, issued an important manifesto to the Order, calling for immediate activity in preparing for the approaching Prohibition crisis, and giving directions for concerted action.

The W. C. T. U. held a provincial convention for Ontario at Pembroke, and the attendance was not as large as usual, owing to the one-sidedness of the location, but the reports showed that the society was healthy and vigorous. The annual report of the president, Mrs. May R. Thornley, was a particularly able document.

The Dominion convention of the W. C. T. U. was held in Toronto in November, and attracted great attention. Extended reports of the meeting are given in "The Weekly Templar" of November 15th.

A number of members resigned from the Executive of the Ontario Alliance, on the ground that the Executive was controlled by men who manipulated its action in the interest of the Government, and not purely in the interest of Temperance and Prohibition. They pointed out that the chief officer was counsel for the Ontario Government, and the second officer a member of the Government itself. The presiding officer of the Ontario Royal Templars, Mr. G. H. Lees, who, by virtue of this office, was the representative of his Order on the Alliance Executive, took a similar position, and by a vote of the Executive of the Royal Templars, he was authorized to resign from the Alliance, thus withdrawing the largest Temperance Order in the province from official connection with the Alliance. The District Councils of the same Order in Montreal and Hamilton each passed resolutions condemning the partisan action of Alliance leaders.

A deputation organized by the Alliance waited upon the Ontario Government, and presented a request for a number of amendments to the License Law, which Premier Hardy promised to consider. The Premier also intimated that a bill amending the License Act would be dealt with at the next session of the Legislature. "The Weekly Templar" pointed out that the Government pledged itself on the 6th of February, 1894, to give all the Prohibition within its power, and that the Temperance people of the province should hold the Government to its pledge, notwithstanding any modified requests of the Alliance.

## A HANDSOME VOLUME.

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## QUARTERLY TEMPERANCE RECORD.

## Index to Important Events of July, Aug. and Sept., 1896.

- July 1st.—Ontario Alliance calls a provincial convention, after the general elections are over, the first for nearly three years. John Howes, a member of Royal Templar Headquarters staff, died.
- July 7.—I.O.G.T. Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia met in Truro.
- July 8.—Rev. J. W. Bell, B.D., Royal Templar missionary, recalled to pastorate in Manitoba.
- July 10.—Another batch of important letters on the Hamilton election published in "The Weekly Templar."
- July 15.—Dominion Alliance Council meeting, Temperance Hall, Toronto.
- July 16.—Ontario Alliance convention, Pavilion, Toronto; big debate over election of Hon. Geo. W. Ross, vice-president. Deputation wait on Ontario Government.
- July 17.—Publication of startling article in "The Templar" on the relation of the Prohibition question to Liberal defeat in London.
- July 18.—Mrs. Letitia Youmans, mother of W.C.T.U. in Canada, died.
- July 24.—Reports of Dominion Alliance Council and Ontario Alliance convention, published in "The Templar." Thos. Caswell, Toronto, and Mr. Gates, Halifax, elected to first and second offices in Sons of Temperance International body at Washington. Montreal Royal Templars decide that support should be withdrawn from Dominion Alliance.
- July 25.—Waterloo County, Ont., Royal Templars held a successful Prohibition picnic at Idylwyld Park.
- July 28.—The executive of the World's W.C.T.U. adopt resolutions in eulogy of the late Letitia Youmans, of Canada, written and presented by Frances E. Willard. Stratford License Commissioners decide to deprive eight of the city taverns of their licenses on Aug. 1st, unless they comply with the city by-law on stable accommodation. International Lodge of Good Templars, Hamilton, endorses action of delegates in voting against reelection of Hon. G. W. Ross as vice-president of the Alliance.
- July 31.—Geo. Wrigley announces his retirement from the editorship of "The Farmers' Sun."
- Aug. 4.—Hon. W. D. Balfour, Provincial Secretary, re-elected by S. Essex and in nomination address promises thorough administration of the license law.
- Aug. 5.—Rev. Dr. Ross, Brantford, publishes letter in Globe, a vigorous reply to a temperance editorial in that journal.
- Aug. 7.—"The Templar" publishes a "Calm Review" of the proceedings of the Ontario Alliance Convention and a striking cartoon from the Toronto Globe showing that Sir Oliver Mowat's Prohibition promise will follow him like Banquo's ghost to his office of Minister of Justice in Ottawa.
- Aug. 11.—West Middlesex District Council of Royal Templars carried a monster excursion to Sarnia. Miss Agnes Slack, World's Secretary of the W.C.T.U., welcomed to Canada at Grimsby Park.
- Aug. 13.—Father McDonald, at Fifteen Point, P.E.I., found law-breakers selling liquor at a Roman Catholic picnic and promptly seized and destroyed their supplies. The Halifax "No Screen" regulation, which became law on May 1st, was defied by liquor dealers until this week, when agitation for its enforcement com-



pelled officers to act, and the screens came down.

Aug. 14.—Rev. Dr. McKay, of Woodstock, addressing Prohibition meeting in Dominion Square Church, Montreal, warned Prohibitionists of the danger of making prominent party politicians Prohibition leaders. "The Templar" publishes parallel articles from "Montreal Witness" and "Toronto Globe" showing the changed attitude of the Liberal press since the accession of the party to power.

Aug. 15.—W. H. Nelson, Kingsville, a reformed drinker, lapsed and suicided.

Aug. 18.—Opening of Maritime Grand Council of Royal Templars. Dominion Councillor Featherston, of Montreal, and Dominion Secretary Land, of Hamilton, present. Berlin Council of Royal Templars inaugurates a series of Medal contests for Waterloo County.

Aug. 19.—Maritime Grand Council un-animously adopts very strong resolution repudiating the claim of Dominion Alliance to represent Prohibition sentiment of Maritime Provinces.

Aug. 21.—Blondeau & Co., of Longueuil, enter action against Father Tasse, the parish priest, claiming damages of ten thousand dollars for remarks made on temperance in the course of a sermon. Ex-Mayor Smith, of Guelph, and Mr. F. E. Cross, of Cornwall, two prominent Royal Templars, died.

Aug. 22.—Galt Council of Royal Templars adopted a resolution endorsing the action of the members of the Ontario Alliance Executive who resigned. Mr. Robert Paxton, of Otterville, a prominent Liberal, publishes a letter in the "Globe" declaring that the Scott Act was not a success in Ontario because the Ontario Government failed to enforce it.

Aug. 25.—Announcement that Prohibition Deputation will wait on Dominion Government on Sept. 3rd.

Aug. 26.—Robert Rae, Secretary of the National Temperance League of Great Britain, after a short visit to Canada and the United States, sailed for his home. Council of Royal Templars organized in St. John's, Newfoundland, by Dominion Councillor Featherston. Royal Templars put up a big tent for distribution of literature at Toronto Industrial Exhibition.

Aug. 27.—Toronto District Council holds a successful meeting and decides to take immediate steps to organize the Prohibition sentiment of the city for electoral action; a committee was also appointed to wait upon the Grand Board of the Patrons and urge the adoption of Prohibition by that Order.

Aug. 28.—"The Templar" publishes a 4-column article on local option law with full particulars for bringing into force in any municipality. Ontario Government issues special instructions to License Commissioners to enforce local option.—District Council of Hamilton, in response to memorials from a number of City Councils, adopted a resolution calling upon the Order to withdraw all representation from the Dominion Alliance until that body is managed purely in the interests of the Prohibition reform.

Aug. 29.—Hamilton and Wentworth Royal Templars Jol., with Brantford Royal Templars in a Prohibition demonstration at Mohawk Park, Brantford.

Sept. 1.—Ontario Provincial Execu-

tive of Royal Templars met in Toronto; decided to put a man in the field to devote his whole time to organizing and preparing for Dominion plebiscite; endorsed the action of Grand Councillor Lees in withdrawing from the Ontario Alliance Executive.

Sept. 2.—Prohibition deputation waits upon Dominion Government at Ottawa. The Premier promises that the Government will carry out the policy of the Liberal party with respect to a national plebiscite, and expects to introduce the bill at the next session of Parliament. The same morning Speaker Edgar announced to the House of Commons that the House Committee had requested the caterer of the Commons restaurant to put a stop to the sale of liquors over the bar. Rev. Dr. McKay, of Woodstock, writes the "Globe" on Prohibition, and declares that Sir Richard Cartwright was elected in South Oxford by his adoption of the great cause.

Sept. 5.—Important seizures of smuggled whisky were made simultaneously at Quebec Gulf ports, involving some very prominent citizens in the contraband trade.

Sept. 9.—Prince Edward Island Patrons nominate a candidate for Prince County in the Provincial Assembly, and declare squarely for the total Prohibition of the liquor traffic.

Sept. 11.—Royal Templar deputation waits upon the Ontario Provincial Board of the Patrons to press for the adoption of Prohibition; Grand President Mallory promises that a vote of the Patron Lodges of the Province will be taken on the question before the next annual Patron Convention.

Sept. 12.—Cypress River, Man., holds indignation meeting to protest against the issuing of a license for the sale of intoxicating liquors, and sends resolutions to the Government.

Sept. 14.—House of Commons adopts Mr. Craig's resolution prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks within the precincts of the Commons.

Sept. 18.—"The Templar" made public charges that gambling was openly carried on in several of Hamilton's tony saloons.

Sept. 19.—A number of letters appear in Toronto "Globe" attempting to answer the question of that journal. "How will we provide for the revenue deficit if Prohibition is adopted?" but not one gives the proper reply that there will be no deficit.

Sept. 20.—Rev. Dr. Brothou, Hamilton, preaches a trenchant sermon on "The guilty church," in which he declares that the church shares the sin of the licensed liquor traffic of Canada.

Sept. 21.—Nova Scotia W. C. T. U. met at New Glasgow.

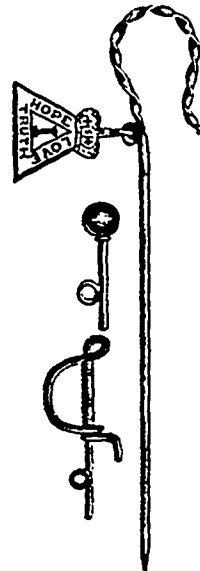
Sept. 24.—Toronto District Council of Royal Templars passes a strong resolution condemning the action of the Senate in refusing to follow the House of Commons in abolishing the sale of strong drink within its precincts.

Sept. 26.—"Globe" publishes an article on Prohibition by F. S. Spence, and announces that it has engaged that gentleman to write a series of articles on the question and has engaged Louis P. Krebs, a noted liquor advocate, to reply to them.

Sept. 27.—Rev. Dr. Smith, in Centenary church, Hamilton, preaches a notable Prohibition sermon.

Sept. 29.—Quebec Provincial W. C. T. U. meets at Knowlton with a large attendance.

Sept. 30.—The Senate discusses its grog shop, and by majority decides that it will not abolish it, but will restrict the sale to members of the Senate.—Grand Councillor Lees, of Ontario Royal Templars, issues a manifesto calling for the immediate mobilization of the Royal Templar forces for the plebiscite fight.



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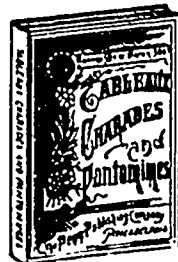
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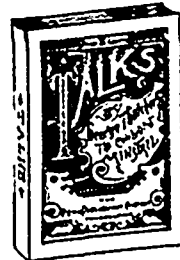
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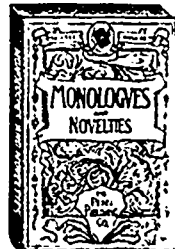
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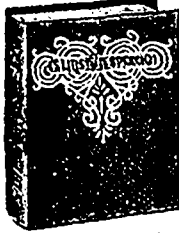
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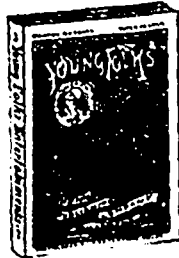
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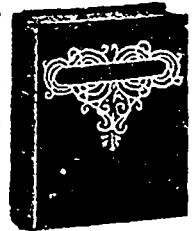
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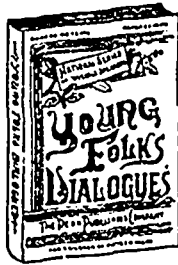
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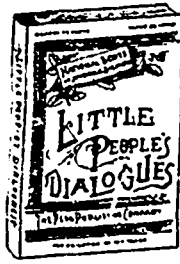
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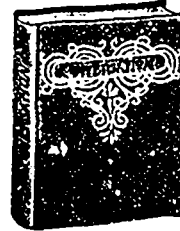
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