

Prohibition and Temperance.

BY ANNE M. PRESCOTT.

"So the Lord awakened as one out of sleep; and like a giant refreshed with wine, He smote his enemies in the hinder parts; and put them to a perpetual shame." The Psalms, Day 15, Common Prayer.

"Because right is right, to follow right, were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

It does not enter into the "eternal fitness of things," this hateful term "Prohibition," in any civilized and highly enlightened country on this planet—no. And we know whereof we speak. It is not worshipped nor even tolerated—indeed, it is now often considered an effete and threadbare subject for debate by scientific logicians and statesmen. It is simply an irritant, an urger of the very evil it sometimes honestly, doubtless, seeks to allay. But as it is proved sophistry the whole argument, consequently falls to the ground.

We do propose to give up our freedom, nor toss it over, one inch of it, for a glass of wine nor a swallow of *cau-de-vie*, to gratify the short-lived vanity and unsound reasoning, the worse than wasted time, of mistaken men and women. As we have said prohibition is now cold-shouldered and thrown aside by the great leaders of debate—It is dead and buried except in far-away and isolated spots. There will always be intemperance in the world—Intemperance in other, many things, besides the too much drinking of fermented wines and liquors; too much eating and too often even in Lent and on Fridays of rich food, and drinking of tea, coffee, etc., intemperance in reading illegitimate books and newspapers, playing and singing illegitimate songs—yellow-covered literature: intoxication in speech, manner, dress; staggering in "sound doctrine" and in true loyalty to God and man.

Yes, we are sorry to know that there will always be evils in the world unto the end; there will be drunken men as there will be liars, and law and order breakers; agnostics—infidels and atheists, false teachers and falsers gods. But "lo the days are hastening on, By prophets seen of old, When with the ever-circling years, Shall come the time foretold, When the new heaven and earth shall oven,
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole world send back the song,
Which now, the angels sing,
Peace on the earth, good-will to men,

From heaven's all-gracious King."

There are found to be better and wiser methods of dealing, with this terrible evil of "drunkenness."

Methods of dealing, with this terrible evil of "drunkenness."

From a gentleman owning a vineyard in Southern California, and employing only French wine-makers, (his wife being a French lady and he himself having made his home in France for more than twenty years), much was gathered of sound information on the subject of wine-making and wine-drinking, in that country and in California as well.

He said that he had never known on his place drunkenness, nor intemperance; that the men were allowed all the wine they wished and that they always took wine with their meals, women and children as well, at their choice. That in all the years, he had known of but one man over stepping the mark and that in that case, the foreman (French) did not need to remonstrate for his fellow-workmen reproved him. "Was your father a drunkard that you drink your wine clear, and so much at a time?" He said that their universal rule was, one-third water. It mattered not how little a man earned some part of it was put aside, invariably. Is it any wonder that the country of France to-day owns the richest treasury of the civilized world, and that her people are healthy, temperate and happy—La belle France!

"Prohibition is not temperance neither is total abstinence." "Have salt in yourselves."

We, Americans, prohibitionists (and allow us to say we are not now thinking altogether of the few born and bred in Hawaii but of the large number possibly out of the many millions of people in our own country) are the citizens of a new and young, but no one wishes to deny, great country—great physically, materially, morally and intellectually. All straight? Very well. Granted. Just all that; but here it is: We often fancy probably, that we know all, know all that is to be known, all that has been known, and all that ever will or can be known, by any order of being whatever, throughout all eternity. And there my dear friends, much as we love you all, we say you are a little mite too sure now and again. There is not only much of the true wisdom of America; but there are men, also of the "salt of the earth" "light of the world," all over the civilized globe—Germany, France and the rest, together with Great Britain, (men sitting in the House of Commons, and in that of Lords) who are to-day making an exhaustive study of this evil of drunkenness

and who think no more of giving not only hours of debate, and months of day and night labor added to their \$50,000 in solid coin of the realm, to help their neighbour to rise above his miserable and wretched condition, than of taking a glass of claret. But their theory nor their practice does not include—"Prohibition."—Moral:—Wisdom will not die with us. "In God we trust" and after that we trust our neighbour. Heaven born wisdom, the gift of the Holy Ghost, the comforter.

P. S.—A temperance shrub:—Two teaspoonfuls of sour gooseberry jam stirred into a tumbler of cold water—delicious!

N. B.—Wine, and sugar to the taste.

Thomas Atkins to Rudyard Kipling.

"There's a reg'lar run on papers since we 'eard that you was ill;
An' you might be in a 'orspital, the bar-ricks is so still;
We 'ave all been mighty anxious since we 'eard it on parade;
An' we aint no cowards neither, but I own we was afraid.

"An' we all prayed 'ard and earnest:
'O Gawd, don't take 'im yet!
Just let 'im stop and 'elp us;
An' warn, "Lest we forget!"

"The sargeant said: 'E won't get round.
Its "three rounds blank" for 'im!
'E won't write no more stories!' And our 'opes was bloomin' dim.
But our 'ad always 'elped T. Atkins, an' though things did look blue—
Well! we aint much 'ands at prayin', but we did our best for you.

"'E mustn't die; we want 'im!
'O Gawd, don't take 'im yet;
Spare 'im a little longer!
'E wrote "Lest we forget!"

"We 'eard that you was fightin' 'ard—just as we knew you would;
But we 'ardly 'oped you'd turn 'is flank;
they said you 'ardly could.
But the news 'as come this mornin', an' I'm writin, 'ere to say,
There's no British son more 'appy than your old friend Thomas A.

"'O Gawd, we're all so grateful
You 'ave left 'im with us yet,
To 'old us in, and 'alt us,
Lest we, lest we forget!"

—London Times.

God's Motto.

This is the season of wooing and mating,
The heart of Nature calls out for its own
And God have pity on those who are wait-
ing
The fair unfolding of Spring alone,
For the fowls fly north in pairs together
And two by two are the leaves unfurled,
And the whole intent of the wind and
weather
Is to waken love in the thought of the
world.

Up through the soil where the grass is
springing,
To flaunt green flags in the golden light,
Each little sprout its mate is bringing.
(Oh, one little sprout were a lonely sight!)
We wake at dawn with the silvery patter
Of bird notes falling like showers of rain,
And need but listen to prove their chatter
The amorous echo of love's sweet pain.

In the buzz of the bee and the strong steed's
neighing,
In the bursting bud and the heart's
unrest,
The voice of Nature again is saying,
In God's own motto, that love is best;
For this is the season of wooing and mating,
The heart of Nature calls out for its own,
And oh, the sorrow of souls that are waiting
The soft unfolding of spring alone!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Truth.

Car-fare.

Have you ever watched the warfare
Of two women over car-fare?
Each aflame with generous feeling,
Depth of heart and purse revealing;
Each inspired with gentle horror
Lest the other should pay for her.
But take note—the more insistent
Of the combatants persistent,
She whose hand most promptly snatches
At her pocket-book's stiff catches,
She who murmurs: "Don't be strange dear,
It's all right, I've got the change, dear!"
She—though I am sad to say it—
Always lets the other pay it!

—Madeline S. Bridges in Puck.

Under the title Psychology and Life Professor Munserberg, Harvard's well known specialist in psychology has included six essays given to the public during the last year.

Lord Charles Berresford in speaking of the Chinese says:

I went to all the bankers, bankers of all sorts and kinds. I went to the merchants of your country, and to the Russians, and the French, and to all of them, and asked each for his opinion of the Chinese. I got but one reply: "They are scrupulously honest traders. A Chinese merchant's word is as good as his bond. One gentleman who trades in silk said: "I will tell you my case. I ordered £25,000 worth of silk at six months' order. Between the time of delivery and the time of my order, without any documentary evidence, the Chinese never put his hand to a note, but between the time of the order and the time of delivery there was a tax put on, and there were other circumstances that happened that made the Chinaman lose on his contract, yet he never said one word, but his delivery was to the very day."

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