

THE GREAT DESTROYER. T

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTÉMPERANCE. IN

The Poor Man's Temptation—Some Falsehoods Told by the Saloonkeeper—Why His Lunch is "Free" — Reasons Why You Should Avoid the Liar.

"Easy for those I need safely round from birth
With the best blessings of this fallen earth,
A happy home, religious parents' care,
Firm, watchful training, sacraments and prayer,
Pure pleasure that from filthy pleasure weans,
Good education, tastes refined, fair means,
Congenial work (well paid) to fill the day,
And books to while a leisure hour away:
So circumstanced a man through life might pass
Without the solace of the glittering glass,
He whom a well-cooked dinner waits at home
May safe through streets of public houses roam;
But the poor man, whose lot is full of gloom,
His home at best one shabby, stuffy room,
Not overstocked with furniture or food—
"Come in here, Jack, a drop will do you good—"
How can poor Jack refuse such respite pleasant
From hopeless future and from sordid present?

The Rumseller's Lies.

"I do not invite any person into my place to drink," is a remark you frequently hear from the saloon-keeper when he is spoken to about selling liquors. That is a lie.

When the groceryman makes a fine display in front of his store, whether he has the price marked thereon or not, he is honest enough to tell you he does it to induce people to buy. That is the truth.

The dry goods merchant puts in his window all sorts and kinds of wearing apparel, for the sole purpose of attracting the ladies and selling his goods. He tells the truth.

And so it is with all classes of trade, but the "rumseller." He says he does not invite any one in—in to drink. Let's see. First, in the sign, "Free lunch from 10 to 12 a. m." Is it free? Go in and try to partake of it without buying some of his rum and see how quick he or his dressed-up bartender will tell you to get out. That is a lie!

Does he want you to eat his free (?) lunch, or is it free?

Again, He hires the finest cabinet maker to erect in his place what he calls fixtures, consisting of elegantly carved hard wood, often trimmed with marble and backed with as large mirrors as his room will permit of. In front of this he places highly polished glasses—all for what purpose? To ask you in! And in inviting you in, does he invite you just to see the fine fixtures? No, No! But to drink his miserable, health-destroying, soul-damning stuff. Again he lies!

In front of the place you will see elegant gold and sometimes glass signs, furnished by the wholesale whisky man, or the brewer, gratis to the rumseller for his trade. Do they have them made just to adorn his place? No, but to invite you in. Therefore, it is another lie!

The retail rum-dealer lies, and says he does not invite you in. The wholesaler and brewer help him to lie, and take mortgages on his place to help him lie to the poor fools who are enticed into his place by all this display of elegance.

Another final lie: You drink with him. He says, "Here's to your good health." What a lie! You can't have good health if you partake of the vile stuff. Does burning the lining out of your stomach bring "good health?" Does muddling your brain cause "good health?"

One more big lie: The rum-seller knows he cannot stand up and drink with every one, so he (some of them) have a bottle of tea to take for whisky, or clear water to take for gin, and he makes you believe he is drinking the same vile stuff that you are pouring down your throat, only he takes his from another bottle. A big lie!

Young men, resolve now not to help him to lie any more. Every time you are tempted to go into one of these lying shons say, "No, I will not help anyone to lie and ruin mankind."

Avoid the liar!—Presbyterian Banner.