





sent more of their race to the grave by it than all the wars of modern times have done. This substance, alcohol, until within thirty years was to be found in the shape of wine, gin, rum, ale or beer, in the houses of all classes in England and America. Amongst other uses to which it was put was domestic cookery. It is used also in manufactures and chemical processes. It is used in place of water [man's natural drink] chiefly to excite the feelings, not as necessary food or drink. Every man is better without it, as he is also without tobacco or opium.






Temperance men and Sons of Temperance are banded together not only to prevent its use as a beverage but also to cause its disuse in every shape and its manufacture as far as possible. They are moved to this from seeing that their fellow men have run mad by the use of it and a morbid custom; and that it is a most powerful destroyer of human life. Is it not then the duty of all to discourage the traffic in and manufacture of this article? If we use it in cookery merely for the purpose of pleasing the palate are we not encouraging the manufacture? So long as it is manufactured so long will it be used. If we introduce it into our families for any purpose but under the advice of a sober and careful physician as a medicine we are doing what may lead to error and abuse. A son, a daughter, or a wife, may imbibe a taste for it that will prove fatal. We have heard of such cases. Why then use a substance that can be dispensed with? We wish to see the smoke of every distillery in Canada cease. We wish to see the importation of rum brandy and wine cease. To effect this no one must use them. Our rye and our corn can be sold to others than distillers. It must be a horrid thought to an honest farmer to think that his toil has been spent to raise grain for the distillery—to manufacture a substance to cause widows tears and sighs, paupers and crimes.  Throw it into the cold waves of Ontario first.  Grind it into food for cattle and hogs, or we will mix it with our wheat and eat a coarser bread sooner than sell it to the misery begetting distillery.  Whiskey the curse of Ireland and Irishmen everywhere. The cause of all the riots of our land for fifty years past. The destroyer of domestic happiness. Who would sell his grain to be sunk in a distillery? We speak with a trumpet tongue and our words are those of reason. Mr. Gough tells of a noble colored man in Indiana who refused to sell his peaches to whiskey makers; or to sell his timber for whiskey barrels, when he was told how they were to be used. Was he right? Who dares say no? Go then, Son of Temperance and do likewise. 

We do not ourselves use alcohol in cookery and advise all others to do the same: but when we say this we also say that strictly speaking it may not be a breach of our pledge; any more than if used in manufactures or as a medicine, although certainly less excusable. A brother who owns an Inn leased at the time he becomes a Son cannot help it; but a brother who has a house to lease as an Inn can help leasing it and is therefore inexcusable if he leases his house to sell rum in. We do not say that strictly it is against our constitution any more than it is for a Son's Newspaper to advertise other men's liquors for sale; but we say the practice is to be deeply regretted.

We know that theories may be carried too far. A great deal must be left to the good sense of man. The selling of property to or doing of work for Innkeepers no one has a right to interfere with. The

leasing of property is different from selling. Inns must be used as society is in Canada and we must be wiser with many things disagreeable to us. But there are things more immediately within our power to avoid. We need not lease our houses for Inns. We need not sell our grain to distilleries—we need not use alcohol in cookery and we need not lend the columns of our papers to liquor sellers. Finally we advise all Sons and Divisions with theoretical questions of this kind to meddle as little as possible; and to confine themselves to moral suasion to change public opinion. The calm and sober thoughts of all will lead them to see how necessary it is to put down the sale and traffic and manufacture of alcohol in every way; even although it may clash with their interests to a trifling extent.

THE LONDON PROTOTYPE.







It has always been our desire to live in peace with neighbors, and it is our desire to do so with contemporary Newspapers, but it is impossible to do so. We must protect ourselves against attacks wantonly made. An unprovoked attack was made on this paper through the columns of the *Prototype* on the 30th July last. We were anxious to serve the people of London, and took the liberty when in London and Middlesex to give a passing general sketch of a few of the towns and villages through which we passed. We never expected to give the particulars and exact population, number of streets, stores, or taverns in any place. We dealt in generals. A person signing himself "a Canadian" got excessively annoyed at our description of the London Free School, Woodstock &c.; and came out with a long closely written letter in the columns of the *Prototype* against us. We could not guess at what he was angry, as he made all kinds of assertions. At one time we thought he did not like our allusion to brother Newcombe's printing establishment. At another time we thought he did like our allusion to the people of Middlesex being friends of civil rights. At another time we thought he did not like our being in that part of the country at all among the Sons. Well be that as it may, we now say that we do not like fighting in the dark with a man of straw. Who is this "A Canadian?" Who is this Mr. Blunderbuss; for they are but one? Who is this mean snake in the grass stabbing other men's characters, that so freely uses the columns of this neutral paper the *Prototype*; whose motto is "Ariston men udor"? Its columns are freely used by this scribber, and until we have proof that these letters are not disguised editorials, our attack will be on the medium through which the sneak utters his slanders. The *Prototype* silently endorses his correspondent's sentiments, and must father the authorship until he tells who this scribber is. When we deal with "A Canadian" we deal with him. Now of all mean and sneaking ways, used to attack none are equal to that of using one's own paper under a false signature to attack an opponent. Such a mode of attack in meanness is only equalled by that man, who would on one side of his paper hoist the motto "Ariston men udor" ; and on the other side hoist he sign  Wines and liquors &c. for sale.  It is only equalled by him, who would attempt to write down a fellow Editor because God has not given him as beautiful a countenance as he was blessed with.  Forgetting that beauty of countenance in man often makes up for addle brains. One of the ugliest men in London is Lord Brougham, and yet he is the most learned. It is only equalled by an Editor who writing against a periodical as deficient in talent and usefulness, yet has the meanness to steal from its columns original and selected articles, where-with to fill his paper without acknowledging the source; thus belying his own estimate of the paper he abuses. We made a statement: about the London Free School which proves to be correct. We made a statement about Woodstock which is correct. Beechville we estimate as little too high in population, and those who re  is which drew down the wrath of this "Ariston men udor" man. Why

did he not recollect these lines before wantonly injuring another's feelings?

Now speak no ill, a kindly word
Can never leave a sting behind,
And Oh! to breath each tale we've heard
Is far beneath a noble mind.
Full oft a better seed is sown
By choosing this, the kinder plan,
For it but little good be known,
Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that pain would hide,—
Would fain another's fault efface;
How can it pleasure human pride
To prove humanity but base?
No, let us reach a higher mood—
A nobler estimate of man—
Be earnest in the search for good,
And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill—but lenient be
To others' failings as your own;
If you're the first a fault to see
Be not the first to make it known;
For life is but a passing day,
No lip may tell how brief the span,
Then Oh! the little time we stay
Let's speak of all the best we can.

In the *Prototype* of the 20th August, we have a silly, trashy Sam Shek written letter from the pen of "A Blunderbuss," alias "A Canadian," alias we suppose the *Prototype*; dated at Brant's Hotel, Toronto.  We presume that "Ariston men udor" alias the "advertiser of Wines and Spirits &c., by Adams" holds forth there when he visits Toronto to scout and move resolutions at High Church assemblies.  Very well, be it so. He can do this and then sneak among the friends of voluntarism in Middlesex for patronage!! This paragon of "A Canadian" takes up our paper and says we said "nothing of Ingersoll;" that Woodstock, with a population of 984, was six times the size of Beechville with 500; and had twenty times its wealth. With all these; known misstatements  asks his readers to undervalue our remarks, made with a desire to benefit all. He sneers when we say Woodstock consists principally of one street, and that its prejudices are against total abstinence.  Thou  "A Canadian" learn that other men have arrows in their quiver  and many yet, as well as thou. We have faults like others, but are ashamed of no act of our life, public professional or private; and would like to hear the man who can say aught in truth that we are ashamed of..

SPRINGFIELD SOIREE.

This well got up meeting came off according to due notice at the village of Springfield. We arrived at 3 o'clock just as our brethren were marching headed by the Cooksville band. The day was unusually fine and everything in favor of the meeting except the season of the year. A large building, used as a workshop by Br. Tivers had been very tastefully fitted up by the ladies and brethren in this village, in which the soiree was held. The front was tastefully ornamented with pine boughs. We found the inside well filled with spectators, especially with ladies from the surrounding country. About three hundred persons were in attendance all seemingly happy and delighted. A considerable number of brethren from the Port Credit and Streetsville divisions attended, also a few from Mimico and quite a number of Rechabites from Cooksville. The chair was filled by Br. Andrews of this division — and on the platform we observed Br. McGregor of Port Credit, Br. Deady Sen, Br. J. Street of Streetsville, and Br. J. Ward of Mimico with Br. J. Bair of Springfield. Br. Ward first addressed the meeting for half an hour making some pertinent and useful remarks; the Editor of this paper addressed the meeting next for upwards of half an hour and Bros. Street, Dixie and others we believe also addressed the meeting after we left. The attendance expected was larger and some speakers did not attend who were expected. But the brethren of this division may be assured as did all who were there that their Soiree was well got up and well attended. A larger number would have attended had it been deferred a week or two longer. We trust it may excite an increased feeling in favor of the cause and the division of this village.