

# TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, AGRICULTURE & NEWS.

PLEDGE.—We, the undersigned, do agree, that we will not use intoxicating liquors as a beverage, nor traffic in them; that we will not provide them as an article of entertainment, nor for persons in our employment; and that in all suitable ways we will discountenance their use throughout the community.

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## The Cold Water Boy.

A boy named Frank, who had heard a great deal said about the evils of intemperance, was passing the door of a tavern, kept by a man who drew a great deal of custom by his agreeable manners, and the pleasant way he had of talking to every one. Frank was whistling a lively tune as he went by, and the landlord said to him in a playful way—"Good morning, my fine fellow! Won't you step in and have something to drink?"

"I don't care if I do," said Frank. And he straightened himself up, and walked with an erect air, as if he were a man, into the bar-room.

"Well, sir, what will you take?" said the landlord, "a brandy punch, mint julep, sherry cobbler, or a hot whieky punch."

"I'll take a glass of Adam's ale, if you please, landlord."

"O! Adam's ale," returned the landlord. "Yes, very good drink that, only a little too weak." And he poured Frank out a glass of pure, sparkling water, which the lad drank off with the air of one who enjoyed it.

"How does it taste?" inquired a tippler, thinking to throw the laugh upon Frank.

"Try a little, won't you?" said the boy, with a serious face. "I'm sure you'll like the taste. It makes you feel good all over, nor has't a particle of headache nor fever in it."

"Indeed! so you're a young teetotaler."

"I'm a cold water boy," said Frank, as he stepped back from the bar. "And, in return for your compliment this morning, invite you to join our army. We'll make you captain."

A day or two afterwards, while Frank was passing Hartley's tavern again, the landlord happened to be at the door; and although sensible that he had obtained rather the worst in his encounter with the cold water boy, felt very much inclined to have another passage of wits with him. "Good morning, good morning. How are you, my little cold water friend?" said the landlord.

"Right well, I thank you," replied Frank.

"Won't you walk in," said the landlord.

"No, I thank you," replied Frank.

"We've got some first rate Adam's ale—won't you have a glass?"

"No, I believe not! I'd rather take it at the pump."

"From the old iron ladle?"

"Yes. That does not taste or smell of brandy."

"As my glass did?"

"Your glass smelt rather strong, landlord; and the taste of the brandy completely spoiled the water."

"Did it, indeed! I'm sorry. But come in, come in! I want to talk to you. You're an odd sort of a little fellow. We'll have a glass washed so clean, that you'll neither taste nor smell brandy."

"I don't think you can," replied Frank, "hot water will hardly scald out the taste of the vile stuff."

"Vile stuff! Why do you call that brandy vile stuff?"

"Because it makes peopic fools, and strong men as weak as babies. Wasn't it brandy or gin, or some of this vile stuff, as I call it, that made Mr. Perkins strike his wife, and kill her? You know that he is now in prison, and had like to have been hung."

"He was drunk."

"Water did not make him drunk. I go to the pump and take ladle after ladle of the clear cold water; but I never was drunk in my life."

"Nor do people who drink brandy get drunk, unless they drink too much."

"But why do they drink at all?" asked Frank, growing serious.

"Because they are dry."

"Water would answer a better purpose, and they might drink a gallon of it without getting drunk, and then you know it is a great deal cheaper."

"Oh! yes. But if everybody drank water only, we landlords would starve."

Frank only shrugged his shoulder.

"Well, my young cold water man, what do you say to that?"

"Why, replied Frank, with a smile, "that it would be much better for a few landlords to starve or get into some more useful calling, than for a hundred thousand people to die every year from drunkenness."

"Who says a hundred thousand people die drunkards every year?"

"Oh! I've always heard that."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, say fifty thousand, or even twenty thousand. Isn't that number awful to think of?"

The landlord's face became serious. While he stood musing, Frank said—"Come down to the hall to night, and you'll hear all about it."

"To the Temperance Hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ho! Would the folks stare?"

"Suppose they did! Would they do any harm?"

"O, no! I don't care for that."

"Just say you'll come, won't you? Say it for my sake. I know that if you really saw that you were doing evil in the world, you wouldn't sell another drop of brandy. Won't you come?"

"O, yes, I'll come if it's just to please you. It can do me no harm."

And Hartley was as good as his word. It so happened that the lecturer was exhibiting the appalling consequences of intemperance, and he read from a pamphlet in his hand statement after statement, from men in all positions, bearing upon the evils of drunkenness. Having done this, he went on to show, in the clearest manner, the responsibility of those engaged in the liquor traffic. The landlord was forced to think now, and he thought until his knees trembled.

The cold water boy was there, and his eyes were for scarce a moment at a time, off the landlord. With pleasure did he see the effect produced. But how gladly did his praises bound, when, after the lecturer sat down, Mr. Hartley deliberately rose to his feet and said:—"I have sold liquor for twenty years; and if all I heard to-night be true, I have been the means of doing more evil than the repentance of a thousand lifetimes can atone for. But mine eyes are now open, and seeing the fearful consequences that attend this traffic, I hereby pledge myself to pour all the liquid poison in my bar-room and cellar into the street, at sun rise to-morrow morning."

## Sons of Temperance Act of Incorporation.

Whereas certain persons have associated themselves in this Province under the names of the "Grand Division and Subordinate Divisions of the Sons of Temperance in Upper Canada: