### WINE DRINKING IN PROVERBS.

Some Clever Things Clever People Have

FAR back beyond history, lolling at ease in the lap of legend, is the god Bacchus, his dark clustering curls resembling the bunches of those purple grapes in which his divinity is expressed and communicated. At once, antic and an tique, as marked "by the mind's eye, the jolly demon-god seems to be having a perpetual smile at a stream of quaint a quizzical things "not dreamt of in the philof total abstainers. That stream artly composed of innumerable odd sayings, in which the art and science of sayings, in which the art and science of drinking are summed up and crystalized. Indeed, the number of these might be called by the name of legion, for every people that possess a literature, and some that have none, bear valuable witness to the virtues or the dangers of the Some of the proverbs are exceed ingly bright and picturesque. For instance, this epigram from the French, beginning lightly with a consideration of a lack of wine and wealth, and coming to woman as the climax, is very neat and Parisian through and through:

"A cellar without wine, an empty purse, Home but no wife-ah! that's the crowning

Here is another a little more specific, since it postulates the kind of wine and wife, and at the same time a trifle more rollicky in sentiment as in measure

"A bottle of Chambertin (Odd's my life, How it makes the fancy dance 5 With a rich ragout and a witty wife, Are the finest fruits of France."

A couplet that goes back to the Greeks, when Greece was young, and which is old in many tongues, is this

" A new, true friend is like true wine; When old both will be still more fine.

"Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune" is not quite as ancient as its metaphor might tempt one to suppose, being a witteism of the Middle Ages. But the facctious Parisian fancy has invented its contradiction in a song that begins: Tous les mechants sont buceurs d'eau; Cest bien prouve par le Deluge, which may be roughly rendered;

"All sinners are water-drinkers— This truth is clearer than mud— And I leave it to candid thinkers, For my proof of it is—the Flood!

From France, of course, comes the classi-fication: "Burgundy is the wine of princes, sillery of nobles, claret of gentle-men, and port of the vulgar bourgeois." men, and port of the vuigar bourgeois. On a par with this judicial dictum is an-other judgment of later issue: "Bur-gundy smiles; hock withs; champagne laughs; but Chateau Lafite puts heart into al." Here is a motto which con-tains the quintessence of the hospitality of the Moyen age :

"Drink what you fill!"

A parallel saying among the Saxons, still current in camps, and ofter heard among soldiers of the American war, is this: "Whenever you see a glass empty, fill it; whenever full, empty it." The praises of ceampagne have been sung ad nauseam Here is a quat by bards of all degree. Here is a quat-rain from the south of France, however, rather fresh and striking

"Champagne looks up with peacock eyes-You cannot count their number -And every eye a diamond bright, Puts poverty to slumber."

"Champagne is like criticism," another adage runs: "there is nothing worse if bad; nothing better, if good." Another is: "Hermitage is a priestly wine in name, in strength and in paternity." What fine humor lurks in this Falstaffian "Good wine never needs recork thrust : ng. Anoner automy informs us that good wine should drink smooth, like but thinks everybody else is further gone liquefied evlevt. The ennity that reigns than he is, and considers it his special Another authority informs us that

between Bacchus and Vonus is frequently made the theme of pre erbial epigram matists :

"Love loves not the intemperate, But leaves them to a lonely fate, Though Cupid and champagne, perchance, May oft exchange a sparkling glance."

May off exchange a specimens of practical wisdom bubbling out of the bottle, listen to these: "Toy not with oysters when you drink red wine." "Never drink more than two wines at a sitting." "The more than two wines at a sitting. bottle is an aristocrat ; treat like a gentle man." "The drunkard's fault is not th wine's," cries one, and another answers:
"Nay, the most voluptuous of assassins is the bottle."
"Wine wit is the rainbow of the soul," sings the Oriental poet, though comparatively little is drunk the East, home of the wise men. "Wine is a turncoat; first a friend, then an enemy." "What soberness conceals drunkenness reveals." "When the wine goes in at the door the wit flies out at the window." "In rino reritas" (truth in wine), says the Roman. "Wine is a remarks the Hebrew, but this before the invention of coffee, and the Psalmist classes wine with corn and oil as a thing "that maketh glad the heart of man

#### WHEN BEER WAS GOOD.

BOTH Sikhs and Goorkhas were begin ning to waver; each day was pregnant with new anxiety, as expected succour was delayed; and perhaps we owe our triumph to half-a-dozen heroic men, who had asserted their individual ascendancy over the fierce warriors who followed them under fire. At Delhi the Sikh guides and the Goorkhas did noble service. Ammunition was so scarce that to load the heavy guns they had to pick up the enemy's round shot and return them. But if shot was scarce beer was plentiful, for all the agents of Bass and Allsopp made a merit of necessity and swampe made a merit or necessity and swamped the camp in the liquor they could not hope to sell. Sir Hope said that he be-lieves he should never have pulled through had not the Bass given new vigour to his exhausted frame. The duty was incessant and the heat intense. In June "the weather was so fearfully hot that the gumers could not handle the shot wherewith to load the guns.—Blackwood's Magazine

#### GREAT DRUNKARDS.

(St. Louis " Globe-Democrat.")

"Or all the drunkards commend me to a tipsy Russian," said Dr. C. P. Green to Washington, who was at the Southern last night. "The love of vodki—' little washight. "The love of vodki now last night. "The love of vodki now water," as they affectionately term the fiery brandy of their country is their liery brandy of their country is a peculiarity esetting sin. Yet there is a peculiarity in the drunkenness of the Russian. He is not an habitual tippler, keeping him-self constantly under the influence of the liquor. In his ordinary habits he is er and abstemious, but when he drinks vodki it is for the honest purpose of get ting drunk. When, therefore, his purse allows him to indulge in the coveted luxury, he marches straight to a dramshop, makes a courtesy before a picture of the Virgin Mary, which is invariably hung on the wall, and then, counting out his kopecks for a tumbler of vodki, swal-lows it at a draught. By the time he gets into the air he is about as drunk as he wishes to be. When sober he is a goodwishes to be. When sober he is a good-natured fellow, and when drunk even more so. Every man he meets is his little father or his 'little brother,' and every woman his 'little mother' or his 'little sister.' He knows he is drunk,

duty to see that they come to no harm. In fact, whether drunk or sober, there is probably more kindness and good feeling mong the lower classes of Russians than you can find among corresponding classes A slight acquaintance in other nations. A slight acquaintance with the language will convince one that they use swear words by the wholesale, but bratal acts, such as beating and stab-lings, are exceedingly rare, while acts of the most self-sacrificing kindness are of almost every-day occurrence.

#### ADVERTISING PAYS THE DIS-TILLER.

THE wise distiller aids his patrons by advertising his brands in some form to aid his customers more easily to dispose of the purchases, as the world at large learns there is such a brand of whiskey in existence and the producer wants to sell it, but often lacks the energy to go on the road and sell his product or lacks the capacity to compass results. A little printer's ink, judiciously distributed, prepares the way by making easier the prepares the way by making easier the path of the salesman on the road, for, if the dealer has never handled the brand before, he has heard of it, and it is not a total stranger to him; he is ready to investigate its merits and price. It is an undeniable fact that those who are letting the world know they have something to the world know they have someting to sell by freely advertising it are control-ling the trade of the day in all branches of the business.—Distillers' Journal.

#### HOME-MADE BREWED ALE

THE writer of "Country Notes" in the Pall Mall Gazette says that a co the Field has been rather wittily severe on the old-fashioned novelist of country on the old-fashioned novelist of country life for making his characters so inordin-ities the control of the country of the home-brewd ale. It appears that writers of faction are to blame for making their characters do this even to-day, whereas the writer alluded to seems to think that the write alluded to seems to think that the cottager's roomy oven is gone with the brewing butler. But, says this critic of the critic, the whole essay shows who little we know of our neighbors. It is true only in this respect, that less breat is baked at home than before and more is a baked at home than before and more is is baked at home than before an upurchased from the baker. But for the purchased from the baker. But for the purchased from the baker as his critic. He he is not so far wrong as his critic. may still make his hero drink "a foam-ing tankard of home-made ale," for "Farmer Giles has not abolished his vat. No doubt it requires some poetic license No doubt it requires some poetic incense to call the stuff foaming, but that is a de-tail. Twenty years ago home-brewed ale seemed, indeed, to be going out of existbut the practice of making it is revived. It will not cause the again, revived. brewing butler to come back to life, how-But, there, it is ridiculous to talk of country fare as applied to what is eaten in a well appointed hall or mansion. Your mutton or game may have been raised in the estate, but its preparation and pre-sentation is almost the same as they would be in town. The plain farmer, however, does not keep butlers and housekeepers, and expert cooks, and in numb erless cases he brews his own beer and makes his own bread for two reasons. First, he knows the ingredients used, and thus ministers to his English horre adulteration; and secondly, he finds it highly economical to cheat the middleman out of his plunder. Labor counts for nothing when he calculates how he can save the wages of a baker and a brewer. Still, it is ridiculous to ask as to brewer. Still, it is ridiculous to ask as to country gentlemen and incumbents, wonder who was the last who brewed his own supplies for his hayunakers? There are many whose own beer or cider has been the haymakers' refreshment during

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fortune, but is only a concervative estimate of the amount saved in doctors' bills to the people of the Dominion by the use of

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the present season. It is equally wrong to assume that the village on has di peer-houses home-brewed is the only tan In refrence to this matter, or rath his allusion to the English farmer's h of adulteration as a reason for homeing his beer, we would merely ren our friend of the well-known har varn, wherein the farmer, beasting of excellence of his ale-" browed from the best of hops, and not from vile substitutes, my lads," as he declares with a thusiastic ardor—has his eloquene so denly paralysed by one of the hard quietly remarking that he reckons the he (the farmer) had put in "another he might have "brewed another bar -Licensing World.

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