

Temperance Department.

SCOTT ACT NEWS.

SIMCOE COUNTY.—Rev. O. R. Morrow, of Otterville, Oxford County, is attending a series of meetings in Simcoe County, in behalf of the Scott Act campaign, and large and enthusiastic meetings are reported. He is a gentleman of ability, and well informed in regard to the question. We understand that Mr. E. King Dodds has been employed by the Licensed Victuallers to represent their cause in opposition to the Act, and has also arranged to address meetings in the county.

ST. THOMAS.—In view of the movement for the adoption of the Scott Act in the city of St. Thomas and the adjoining County of Elgin, the licensed liquor sellers of St. Thomas and their friends are reported to be now raising a campaign fund of \$4,000 to defeat the Act. Business men are being appealed to for subscriptions on the plea that business will be injured by its enforcement. These parties are not paying any attention to the County. Whether this is because the case of the County appears hopeless, or because it can well take care of itself, deponent saith not. It is evident that a hot campaign may be looked for.

PEEL COUNTY.—A County convention of the temperance men of Peel was held in Brampton, on Wednesday, 7th inst. The meeting was held in the Methodist church, and there was a large number present, representing the various parts of the County. It was resolved to make arrangements as soon as practicable for the submission of the Scott Act to the electors of the County, and a County Association was formed for that purpose, of which the following persons were elected officers:—President, J. C. Snell, Esq.; Secretaries, J. P. Rice, and D. J. McKinnon, County School Inspector; Treasurer, T. Holtby. A Vice-President was appointed for each municipality. It was also resolved to raise \$1,500 to meet the expenses of the campaign. In the evening a mass meeting was held in the church, and stirring addresses were delivered by Rev. D. L. Brethour, of Milton, Mr. F. S. Spence, Secretary of the Alliance, and W. H. Howland, Esq., of Toronto. Peel County adjoins Halton, where the Scott Act has been successfully in force for two years, and the people have enjoyed good opportunities of seeing its success. The adoption of the Act is confidentially looked for by its friends in that locality.

DRINKS DOINGS.

A YEAR'S VICTIMS.—An English paper says that the verdict in five hundred cases of coroner's inquests in that country last year was "Died from excessive drinking." It is not likely that this number, large as it is, includes one-half the cases of that kind.

STABBING AND IMPRISONMENT.—On the 9th inst Michael O'Reilly was sent to the Central Prison by the Toronto Police Magistrate for stabbing his brother-in-law, William Kearney. Mrs. O'Reilly stated in her evidence that her husband had been drinking heavily for two months past, during which time she was compelled to support him, and she needed an order of protection from him. It was in a drinking bout that the stabbing took place.

A MAN KILLED.—A few days ago four men named James Townsell, Peter Graham and John Korvin, left a tavern at North Augusta, Leeds Co., Ont., partly under the influence of liquor and with a whiskey bottle with them. They met Daniel Cutway, a neighbor, on the road, with whom they got into a drunken quarrel of some kind. Cutway was afterward found with his skull broken and he died a day or two later in consequence of his injuries. The tragedy appears to have been the direct result of a drunken row. The four men have been arrested and are now in gaol at Brockville.

FOUND DEAD.—On Thursday morning of last week an old man, named John Wright, was found lying dead beside the railway track near Toronto. The *Globe* says:—"He was of very intemperate habits. It is about a year ago since his wife, Charlotte Wright, was found dead in a hut on Eastern Avenue, in which they had lived some time, when the old man was too drunk to know what had happened. For some days past the deceased had been drinking very hard, and it is surmised that, last night returning to his lodging in a state of intoxication, he must have fallen, and being unable to rise again, he met with his death."

DRINK AND MISERY.—In the shanty of Patrick Fitzpatrick, of Bathurst street, Toronto, on Friday last, it was reported to the police that the dead body of a child was lying. The parents were reported too poor to bury it, and so an order was given to have it done at the public expense. The mother was found lying drunk beside her dead child, and before the burial took place a quantity of whiskey was brought into the miserable home and, as a result, a fight was soon in lively progress, and the police had to be called in to stop the row and prevent bloodshed. The dead child was lying there all the time, and was left uncared for until the police authorities saw its removal. Death must be a friendly hand to a child with such parents and such a home. These are direct results of the drink traffic, such as are being constantly produced.

The Actual Results.

At the recent Peel County meeting the Rev. D. L. Brethour, Methodist Minister, of Milton, made the following statements in regard to the practical workings of the Scott Act in Halton County. As the speaker is a resident of Milton, the county town, he has had an excellent opportunity to know whereof he affirms. He is a gentleman of high standing in the Methodist Church and the Christian Ministry, and his word may therefore be accepted without question in this matter. Mr. Brethour said:—"The temperance people were satisfied with the law. In some respects it had done more than they expected. There never was a time when there was less liquor sold in that county than at present. Even the opponents of the Act acknowledged that it had lessened crime. Last year there were only seven persons committed to the county gaol for drunkenness, and four of these came from an adjoining county. This year there had been but two persons committed. The county constables have nothing to do; one, whose fees for the year previous to that in which the law went into force, amounted to \$70 has not received a dollar during the past two years. Magistrates' courts were unknown outside the towns and incorporated villages. The marked improvement on county show days, when compared with those of former years, has converted scores of opponents into friends and supporters of the Act. Men who at first violated the law had now a wholesome dread of it, and many of them had left the county for the county's good. A comparison of the sixteen months preceding with the sixteen months following the enforcement of the law showed a decrease of 70 per cent in the crime of the county. A majority of the leading business men of Milton, Georgetown, Acton, and Burlington, declare that the Act has not injured business, and in some instances they state that their trade has largely increased."

Josh Spillit's Dram.

The quaint, backwoods dialect which the *Arkansas Traveller* puts in the mouth of the hero of the following incident rather adds to than detracts from the pathetic power of the story, so universal and so sadly illustrated in current domestic history. And its pathos is intensified beyond measure in the reflection that the tears of so many thousands of

wives and mothers are daily quaffed with unfeeling recklessness by those whose experience is identical with that of the old toper.

"Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us. You are chief of the mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spillit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and stood along the bar. Every one turned to Spillit, and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water."

"What, water?" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink on me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article. Lomme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago, as a parcel of us went fishing, we took a fine chance of whiskey along, an' had a heap of fun. Long towards evenin' I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey an' came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me out there drunk and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got a hold of the report an' told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night and when I woke in the mornin' thar sat my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up and looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin'."

"I wish I had suthin' to drink," said I. "Then she tuck a cup what she foteh with her, and went down to whar a spring biled up, an' dippt it up a cupful and foteh it to me. Jes as she was handin' it ter me she leaned over ter hide her eyes, and I seed a tear drop in the water. I tuck the cup an' drunk the water an' the tear, an' raisin my hands I vowed that I would never after drink my wife's tears agin', that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was left me drunk. You was all in the gang. Gim me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender."

Humble Pie and Poor-Man's Soup.

BY MARY DWINELL CHILLIS.

"Hello, Rob Westgate! So you are to eat humble pie the remainder of your life, are you?"

No reply was made to this sneering remark until the speaker, Eustace Clare, called loudly enough to be heard by every boy on the playground.

"Rob Westgate, have you turned deaf all of a sudden?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked a bright-eyed lad in response to this question.

"I should think I was. Your name is Rob Westgate isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; that's my name every time, and I never mean to do anything to make myself ashamed of it."

"I should be ashamed to eat humble pie and poor-man's soup; but some people never seem to be ashamed of anything."

"Of whom do you count me one?"

"Yes; if you have started in the track you intend to follow. You have signed old Willowdale's pledge, haven't you?"

"I have signed the pledge Mr. Dale is circulating, and it wouldn't hurt you to sign it."

"It would hurt my disposition. I don't intend to give up all the things in life quite yet."

"In signing Mr. Dale's pledge you would not give up a single good thing."

His pledge is against bad things. Have you seen it?"

"No, and I don't want to!"

"Tell us about it, Rob," said another schoolmate who was standing near.

"I can tell you," responded Eustace Clare, without waiting for anyone else to speak. "Old Willowdale's pledge is a promise not to do a dozen different things a boy or man of spirit wants to do."

"So that is your version of it," remarked Rob Westgate. "Mr. Dale's pledge is against using profane language, tobacco or intoxicating liquors of any kind. That is all there is to it, and according to my idea that is just what every boy of the right spirit will be willing to promise."

"Does that cover cigarettes and cider?"

"Certainly; although some cigarettes have very little tobacco about them."

"Well, I smoke cigarettes, and drink cider and beer too; and it is none of old Willowdale's business. He is nobody. Wouldn't have a roof over his head if it weren't for somebody's charity."

"He would have had a better roof over his head without charity if all belonging to him had kept such a pledge as I have signed," said Rob Westgate. "Father says he was a splendid scholar, but he wasn't always as strong a teetotaler as he is now, and his children went wrong before he realized their danger. Now he is trying to save other people's children, and I am going to help him, if I do eat humble pie and poor-man's soup. So you may all know where to find me on the temperance question."

"A temperance lecture, free gratis, for nothing!" exclaimed Eustace Clare as the last speaker hurried from the playground. "Now let's go down to old Willowdale's to-night and have some fun."

"What kind of fun," was asked.

"Oh! pretend we want to sign the pledge, and then tell him we were only fooling."

"I won't do so mean a thing as that," was the quick response, echoed by a chorus of voices.

Eustace Clare found himself in the minority, and although he still talked of humble pie and poor-man's soup, he was more civil in his manners. At length he was asked to describe this pie and this soup, when he answered—

"The soup is mostly clear, cold water, and the pie is any kind of poor trash, without seasoning—like mine pie without brandy."

"If it is nothing worse than that I can eat it with a relish," said Rob. "My mother makes tiptop mince pies without a drop of brandy in them, and cold water is the best drink in the world. So you may take your brandy pie, with beer and tobacco, if you will, but I advise you as a friend to take Mr. Dale's pledge."

"Not if I know myself. I am going to take the best I can get, and make the most of it."

Their opinions differed as to what the best might be, but each went his own chosen way, and at the end of ten years no one could doubt which had chosen most wisely.

Eustace Clare was small and weak, with a pale pinched face, and in everyway inferior to his old schoolmate, who was a large, grand-looking fellow, able to help himself and others. Clare would then gladly have exchanged his lot for that of Rob, to whom no good thing seemed denied, whilst he lived on the miserable and uncertain wages earned in a low drinking saloon.

Yet he clung to tobacco, beer, and whiskey, eating with these the humblest of pies and the poorest of soups, realising, as he did so, that he was sinking lower and lower in poverty and wretchedness. He might not have acknowledged that he was ashamed of his position, but the care with which he avoided his former companions betrayed his sense of degradation.

THE WINE TRADE.—Last year, it is said, that in France 21,500,000 bottles of champagne were produced. Of these 2,686,500 were consumed in the country, and 3,600,000 sent to the United States.