

ran in and taking the bear by the chain made his escape as the infuriated brawler, blinded by the syrup streaming down his face, rushed out swearing vengeance against brain and his master. In the street the brawler ran against one of his own horses, and, mistaking it for the bear, began to strike out from the shoulder in blows that would have almost laid the bull. The other horse in the stable to escape fell over on the botter, and by the time the boys had pulled him out and scraped the syrup off, the bear and his owner had disappeared down the railway track, and for two weeks afterwards not a smile lest it would be construed into merriment over the ludicrous recollections of the bear fight.

LOUIS REDON IS DEAD.

The Best Known Hotel Man on the Pacific Coast.

(From the Victoria Times.)

LOUIS REDON, one of the proprietors of the Grand Hotel died suddenly this afternoon from the effects of a paralytic stroke. His demise was a terrible shock to his family, and will be to his many friends. He had not been by any means a well man for years, and the stroke which killed him was the third of its kind, although the former two were much milder. He was quite ill two years ago, and by the advice of his physician, Dr. John Davie, took an extended tour through the Southern States. He came back in apparently good health, and greeted his friends with his cheery smile as of old. Those who knew him well believed that his life would be spared for many years. This afternoon some trivial matter of business disturbed him and he became rather rattled over it, and he was after it was over, for he went up stairs to his room. He sat down for a few minutes and grew worse, finally swooning. The family were called, medical assistance summoned and everything possible done for him. It was of no avail. He never recovered consciousness, breathing his last at three o'clock.

Louis Redon was perhaps better known to the travelling public of the coast than any other man in the hotel business in the west. He came here over twenty years ago, and was first associated with Mr. Lucas in the old Colonial hotel. He then engaged with the late Mr. Harting for fourteen or fifteen years ago and later, at that gentleman's death, with Gus Hartnagle. He was a native of Périgord, France, and about 56 years of age. His wife and his brothers, who live in New Orleans, survive him. Victorians generally will learn with the keenest regret the shocking news of his sudden death, for he was a kind-hearted, popular man, who did his share as a citizen of the city.

READ THIS.

It Will Show Why Organization is Necessary and What It Can Do.

At the fifteenth annual dinner of the Fullam and West London (Eng.) License Holders' Association, President Loftus, in proposing the toast of the evening, said in part as follows:

At the outset, permit me to call your attention to the satisfactory state of your Society. (Cheers.) From statements supplied me by your energetic secretary, Mr. Harrison, I find you were established in 1878 for the purpose of defending your rights against attacks in Parliament, and to uphold your local interests in such important matters as

assessments, and the unjust or frivolous prosecution of members. So well have your funds been managed that you now have a good balance in hand, which I hope will be considerably increased by the results of this night's dinner. (Hear, hear.) And I must congratulate the trade in the important district of Fullam upon the fact that you have had, during the past year, so many hard workers and public spirited men, and that you are now one of the strongest and best managed Societies in the whole of the metropolis. I am sure you will join me in the pleasure I must express at seeing amongst us tonight one of your first members, and your first chairman, in my old friend, Mr. John Bishop. (Cheers.) The times have changed in a wonderful manner since you were first founded, and to-day you are face to face with difficulties that were never thought possible even ten years ago. No one could have thought then that a

period would ever arise in the history of the trade when reasonable Government would have taken up the question of the Local Vote on confessional lines; but, as you all know, that is the state of affairs at the present moment, and that is quite sufficient to account for finding yourselves together to uphold not only your legitimate business but also to protect your hearths and your homes. (Hear, hear.) No man who has given slight attention to the licensing question could blind himself to the fact that license property of every kind has been, and is now seriously threatened by the action of the present Government. Lord Rosebery, in his speech at Glasgow, said that it was the intention of the Ministry during the next Session to re-introduce a Local Vote Bill, and to press it forward as far as Parliamentary time and circumstances permitted of them so doing. On that point, there may be a great deal of truth; there may be nothing in such a qualified promise. His lordship, doubtless a good judge of a horse, but, I venture to think, has a very poor judge of the habits of the people when he pleads in regard to it the real state of the question. Had it not been for societies such as yours, and for the able manner in which they have been conducted, it seems to me by this time you would not have been so well as you are. (Hear, hear.) Again, it is a remarkable fact that, although the Chancellor of the Exchequer has introduced a Bill intended to cripple your trade and decrease the sale of drink, he flies to every trade to get him out of his financial troubles. I am afraid he was more in earnest over his Budget that he was over his Bill; at all events, we have had to pay the piper once more, and I should pity any Chancellor of the Exchequer who had not got the Excise revenue to fall back upon. Under the circumstances to which I have briefly called your attention, I think every trader in this room will agree that it is the solemn duty of every licensed victualler and brewer to become a member, and a working member, too, of his local association. (Hear, hear.)

One exceedingly pleasant thought comes now to my weary mind:—That I may be able to give you some Christmas cheer again!

ORIGIN OF THE MINT JULEP.

THAT the julep originated in one of the Southern States is certain, but the patient historian has reduced it to a question between Maryland and Virginia, and the weight of authority now points to the latter State. No state, however, but only a colony when the graded leverage was first coined.

In older days the julep, a mixture of whiskey, water and sugar, steeped in mint, was held to be a sovereign antidote for malaria, and in all the great houses it was customary to administer a proper modicum before breakfast to every member of the family, tapering off to a mighty forum for the elders to a mere thimbleful for the baby. In many an old-fashioned household the blessed custom is still kept up to this day.

So much for authentic history. But the julep, too, has its folk-lore. Oral tradition has woven for it a legendary history as recent origin as the year laid in Kentucky. Once upon a time, it is said, a horseman stopped in front of a farmer's house and begged for a glass of water. "You shall have it," said the farmer, "and you shall not come out of my door of the good old stuff in it." "Not a bit, my friend," answered the traveler. (It will be noticed that the dialogue was carried on in a form of speech that indicates a recent origin for the story and so casts new doubt upon its authenticity.) Away went the farmer to supply the wants of the rider. He returned with a glass of clear spring water mixed with a generous quantity of the good old stuff. Meanwhile the stranger's nostrils had caught the fragrance from a large bed of mint in the adjoining kitchen garden. He asked for a bunch of this, and having accepted it, dipped it into his glass until the beverage was nicely flavored. Then he drank it off with many manifestations of delight. The host's curiosity was aroused. To his many questions the stranger replied by suggesting that he should mix a glass for him. "Good," said the farmer, and after drinking he sneaked his lips and added, "Grand!" The traveler thanked his host and proceeded on his way. He had missed the first mint julep ever heard of.

Four years later the traveler passed along the same way. He again reined his horse before the old farmhouse to ask for a glass of water. But no good old farmer appeared to greet him. Instead there came out a nice old lady in a black bordered cap. "May I have a glass of water?" asked the traveler. "Certainly," was the kind reply. The stranger looked a trifle surprised, but he should mix a glass for him. "Good," said the farmer, and after drinking he sneaked his lips and added, "Grand!" The traveler thanked his host and proceeded on his way. He had missed the first mint julep ever heard of.

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"Well, you see, sir, about four years ago my husband was run over and I thought the poor man how to drink his whiskey with grasses. After that he never drank his whiskey without grass in it, and when the grass gave out he died."

From whiskey to brandy was but a step—the nighty step, however, from the ridiculous to the sublime. When Captain Maryatt came over to this country in 1857, he found the mint julep, as we know it and love it at present, the reigning favorite of the barroom and the racing board. He surrendered a willing victim to its fascinations. In his diary he has this note: "I must decant a little upon the mint julep, as it is, with the thermometer at 100 degrees, one of the most beautiful and insinuating potations that ever was invented, and may be drunk with equal satisfaction when the thermometer is as low as 70 degrees. There are many varieties, such as those composed of claret, Madeira, etc., but the ingredients of the red mint julep are as follows: I learned how to make them and succeeded pretty

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A good rubbing with the Oil after a day's outing will both surmise and delight you.

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well. Put into a tumbler about a dozen sprigs of the tender shoots of mint; upon them put a spoonful of white sugar and equal proportions of peach and orange brandy so as to fill it up one-third or perhaps a little less. Then take rasped pounded ice and fill up the tumbler. (It will be noticed that the dialogue was carried on in a form of speech that indicates a recent origin for the story and so casts new doubt upon its authenticity.)

When I was young and in my prime, My pockets always held a dime. And I always paid my tax. But now I've got a wife and six, And I am always in a fix, And always with my pay.

WINE A HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

A PARCEL of Tokay wine about 100 years old was recently sold to H. H. the Prince of Wales by Messrs. Barwell, Sons & Challoner, of 19 Conduit street, London and Norwich. We afterwards called on Mr. Challoner at Conduit street and tasted the last bottles of the wine. The wine has been in the family upwards of seventy-five years, having been imported in 1818 by the late Mr. Barwell who was in the business in 1810 on the site now occupied by his law office cellars in Norwich. Twenty years ago the wine was reworked, and is now in perfectly sound condition, with high flavor somewhat like Malmsley Madeira. It has deposited a heavy crust of the quaint old-fashioned English bottle. It was imported from Austria via the Mediterranean, and was transhipped at Sicilian port to avoid the heavy duty of "foreign bottoms," which paid in those days a higher rate than British vessels.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT
The Washing
TRY
SUNBLOT
—SOAP—

It will save you much trouble and
It will bring you comfort and
It will save your clothes and
It does not require washing