

## BREWERS' POOL COLLAPSED.

The *Brewer and Maltdr* says "The Chicago and Milwaukee Brewers' Association, which was formed May 27, 1892, did not live out its agreement. According to which it would have expired May 27, 1895. It voted itself out of existence at a meeting held on the 6th of this month. Disharmony among the members of the pool had reigned for some time. Several propositions as to a new agreement having been made in vain, dissolution was thought to be the right thing in order to find a more suitable basis to form a new combine upon, which is understood will be done at once. The principal reason for the internal dissensions was the impossibility to enforce the agreement, which was constantly violated by various members. According to our information all the members of the association, with very few exceptions, are anxious to come to a better and more practical agreement." These trade arrangements are matters hard to perfect as to make workable, and still harder to keep in running order as once started. And yet they are very essential if the manufacturer is to have any reasonable return for his outlay. The keenness of competition has to a large extent deprived the brewing industry of Canada of a living profit, while at the same time the retail trade, through causes well known, have not benefited to any extent. Everybody knows what occurred when an attempt was made to raise the price of whiskey to ten cents in Toronto. Why should not the trade in all its branches come to a business understanding?

It is thought possible the U. S. government will propose at the next session of Congress an additional tax of \$1 per barrel on beer and malt liquors.

The *Boston Herald* says very truthfully that "It sounds queer to hear about a cowboy riding a bucking broncho through the window of a liquor store down in Bangor, where they still have a prohibitory law."

## ENGLISH OPINIONS.

### Discussion of Trade Matters in the Mother Land.

(From the *Licensing World*.)

The end of the Local Veto Government is fast approaching. Even the Radicals admit it after the defeat of their candidate, Mr. Reckitt, at Briggs on Friday, and the glorious victory achieved by the Trade, thanks in no small measure to the exertions of Mr. Dunne, the energetic agent of the National Trade Defence Fund, who so skilfully brought to bear the full voting strength and influence of the liquor industry in the division in favor of Mr. Richardson, the Unionist candidate and the opponent of the Veto and the other projected measures of non-association that form the programme of Lord Rosebery and his now discomfited band of brigands. Yes, everybody knows well enough that Briggs, so closely following on the heels of Forfarshire, betokened—and that, the speedy downfall of the present Government. It is understood that Mr. Balfour, emboldened and elated

by a sense of triumph occasioned by the recent victories at the polls, will force the Government at the beginning of the Session to disclose their secret as regards the terms of their revolution—resolution. This the leader of the Opposition will do in an amendment to the short address in reply to Her Majesty's speech; and if Lord Salisbury, to say nothing of Messrs. E. H. Bayley, Kirk Hardie, and Saunders, and other Ministerial malcontents, practice what they preach and take part in the division against the Government, certain defeat awaits it.

### THE END NOT FAR OFF.

It may be, however, that Mr. Labouchere will not wrick the Government at the very beginning of the new Session, which will commence on Tuesday, February 5 next, and that the Radicals will just manage to win on a Vote of Censure. In that event the Government will probably be able to hold out for a few weeks longer, during which they will introduce the bag of measures that represents the unfulfilled promises of the Newcastle programme. In spite of Lord Rosebery's somewhat laudable utterances at Devonport, he and his Government know very well that with a majority of 12 they will not be able to pass a single Bill; but still, the introduction of the whole lot of their legislative proposals will please the various sections of their supporters, and so help to keep them together until the inevitable hour of their downfall arrives, and the Dissolution can no longer be delayed.

### A DISHEARTENING REVERSE.

Harking back to the Briggs Election, our views are in great measure supported by the *Daily Chronicle*, which says that the result of the contest does not come in a happy hour. It is not pleasant to have to face Parliament with a majority which must be reckoned at a maximum of thirty-two and a minimum of fourteen or even twelve. It is still less agreeable to feel the doubt of the strength of the party at a most critical moment in its fortunes, when it has taken over new responsibilities and entered on a controversy of the first magnitude. It is disheartening to meet with a reversal in the very class of constituencies in which the Government had a right to expect a special measure of gratitude. And the fact that the Opposition may be stimulated to something very like obstruction does not make in favor of the Sessional programme. All these things are to the bad, and it is also possible that the result at Briggs is symptomatic of the reaction which often sets in in English politics when a party has had a certain spell of power.

### AND ITS TRUE REASON.

It may be so; but it should be remembered by our countrymen that the "spell of power" of the present Government has been, compared with its predecessor, remarkably brief. The true reason for the "disheartening reverse" the *Daily Chronicle* will find in the following extract from a letter written on the subject by a Radical, who says:— "I have been reading with a considerable amount of interest and amusement the rejoicings at, and excuse for the Liberal defeat at Briggs, but in my estimation the result has up to now been overlooked. At the beginning of the conflict Mr. Reckitt was approached by the emissaries of the United Kingdom Alliance, and immediately pledged himself to support the Local Veto Bill, in return for which the teetotalers promised him their votes and energetic assistance. As a natural consequence, this stimulated the opposition of the 'Trade,' with the result that once more the weight of non-cooperation at the polls at the ballot box has proved to be a minus quantity. This same condition of

affairs has manifested itself at several by-elections, when the Liberal candidate has been defeated, and also at Hackney, when in consequence of Mr. Fletcher Moulton's promises and the frantic efforts of the teetotalers hundred of votes were alienated from the Liberal candidate, and the enormous majority previously obtained by Mr. Charles Russell nearly wiped out. When, I wonder, will the Government realize the fact that they have fallen into a grievous error in supposing that by pandering to the United Kingdom Alliance they are going to gain votes at the polling booths, or that by advocating coercive measures like the Veto Bill they are carrying out the wishes of the democracy? The real truth of the matter is that the teetotalers are ubiquitous enthusiasts, who will travel to nearly all parts of the country to attend demonstrations, and consequently the fallacy is propagated that each district is inundated with so-called 'teetotalers.' Ideas, whereas the same individuals 'demonstrate' in probably hundreds of places during the year, and it is only at the ballot box that we find out the numerical valuelessness of their support. The British democracy is anxious to obtain as much really progressive legislation as the Government will propose, but Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt will find it difficult to keep the rank and file of the Liberal party together if, at the instigation of a clique of fanatics, they persist in their policy of advocating retrogressive measures like the Local Veto Bill, which, if once passed into law, would soon land us back into the ancient tyranny of the curfew bell.

We believe that the Government are not such fools as to be able to see for themselves the truth of this; indeed, we think they would drop the teetotalers like a very warm porridge *de terre* at the present moment if they could only do so. But they are, at such a tight corner for votes that the pleasing process of dropping the cold-water party has to be deferred for a few months longer.

It may be of interest to mention that the hero of the hour—Briggs's new member, Mr. Richardson—has always proved himself to be a good all-round sportsman. He was in the Harrow Eleven in 1864 and 1865, in the Cambridge Eleven in 1866, 1867, and 1868 (and was on the winning side in the inter-university match in each of the two latter years), and subsequently he played for his county and for the Quindams. He rode the winner of the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase when he was twenty-four, the winner of the Liverpool Grand National in 1873, and again in 1874, and also the winners of many other great steeplechases. In 1878 he rode more winners under the National Hunt Rules than any other amateur. His racing colors were, first, "blue body and orange sleeves," and afterwards "amber, black cap." In 1874 he was elected a member of the National Hunt Committee. No good a sportsman could scarcely be in sympathy with the teetotal party; and the members of the Trade in the division are to be congratulated on having chosen for their representative one who as a cricketer has so distinguished himself for his skill and manly play, and as an amateur rider has proved himself such a determined and skilful horseman. Such a member is pretty certain to be heard of and to make himself heard at St. Stephen's.

### THE PLEDGE AN ACT OF ENSLAVEMENT.

Writing on the subject of "Liberty" in the *Echo*, Lady Cook, gives the teetotal party some more of her hard knocks. Says her ladyship:—"A man may propose a resolution on himself for his own preservation, and he will still be at liberty so long as he does not place it beyond his power to retract without injuring others,

should he afterwards wish to do so. If I promise myself to drink neither wine nor strong drink I can alter my mind subsequently if I think fit. I have not parted with my liberty of action. But if I take a pledge of total abstinence to a Teetotal Society, and an enrolled as a member, my liberty is no longer mine. I may have been before this a slave to drink, and the pledge may have been necessary, but what a wretched despicable being it renders him who is so unfortunely will, that I of my own free will, become a corporate vassal! No pledged teetotaler, then, can truly say he is a lover of liberty, and anyone who asks another to take 'the pledge' proffers him an act of enslavement. The slavery of the body is a great evil, but it is as nothing to the slavery of the mind. Yet most people think much of the former, and little of the latter. The physically free are often the greatest mental slaves. 'Keep was a slave; so was Epictetus. But who is there who would not wish to have been either? It is in servitude that a man more frequently appreciates the state of freedom, and the more he knows their master's chattels have compassed themselves by enlarging their mental bounds. Tyrants must shackle the limbs but not their souls.' But, her ladyship might have said, 'that who vote for the Veto are blindly doing so on their own.'"

## THE DEVIL'S CHAIN.

### A Gambling Adventure with Satan.

I WILL repeat one of my legends told me by a charming Swedish lady about the family of Count Piper, the well-known minister of her country to the Court of St. James. Once upon a time the head of this house was bored to death in his study, and he yawned his thousand yawns and said: "I would I have even the devil to play cards with me, and at the word Satan himself appears in the guise of a gentleman, and in his right hand he carries a metal box, and the devil lost his money, and having none in his pockets, for reasons best known to himself, he offered the count, in full quitance of all claims, an apparently perfect chain, remarking incidentally that the count's own chain was lost or injured in the castle of the Pipers would infallibly be burned.

This unusual announcement aroused the winner's suspicions, and, hapless look under the card-table, he beheld a lock of hair. Instantly he sprang to his feet to reach down his sword, for even in those days, the date of which I cannot exactly give, were always ready to draw their swords and fight with their hands. But the devil got away, and the chain alone remained. On examination it proved to be long and thin, with innumerable links, such a chain as old gentlemen wore around their necks for watch-chains not long ago. An accidental discovery of the metal to be something other than gold, but could by no means determine what it actually was. As a accidental injury to one of the links he owed, caused by the hammer of the smith, cost the count a large sum of money. The count seemed to have a temporary loss of the chain having resulted in a new one, and in a third fire, it at once became apparent that the devil would keep his word. Each successive head of the family has sworn that chains around the neck of a chain were the day of his accession to day of his death.

"BRIDGET, I am tired of your nonsense. Only look at all that talk about the devil's chain. It is as good as the very least."

Bridget (very dignified)—"Then I no fault of mine. You know very well, that I have been with you for three weeks."