

## The Advocate.

LOUIS P. KRIBBS

Editor and Proprietor

ISSUED EVERY WEEK

HEAD OFFICES

ABERDEEN CHAMBERS

Corner Adelaide and Victoria Streets,

TORONTO, CANADA

Subscription:

Per Year, in Advance, \$4.00

Advertising:

Card of Rates on Application.

Toronto and Montreal, Thursday, March 1, 1894.

## BE TRUE TO YOURSELF.

We live in strange times; in times when attempts are being made to revive and enforce the worst of the blue laws, and even to re-enact that relic of barbarous tyranny, the Curfew Bell, which was only allowed to exist thirty-two years and was abolished in England eight hundred years ago. In short, the fight we are called upon to shoulder arms in is not one of political doctrine or of creed, but is one entirely of personal liberty. In that contest all people are concerned, although many appear to think, as proved by the smallness of the vote in the late plebiscite, that it is a matter that does not affect them. When it is too late, and swayed by fanatics, the local government, if not that of the Dominion, passes laws that bring them to a state of serfdom that has not been known since the days of Wat Tyler, they will probably arouse themselves. This is exactly what occurred in connection with the Scott Act. Properly enforced the Act meant Prohibition, but the Government and the municipalities discovered that to enforce it would cost money, while at the same time it reduced their revenue. Thus, so far as they were concerned, the law became a dead letter. But the effect on the people—what of that? It simply proved at once the most tyrannical and demoralizing act ever put on the statute book. As a result the people, rising to the sense of wrong under which they were suffering, sought an early opportunity to smite it hip and thigh and cast it from them. Total Prohibition means on a larger scale the Scott Act over again. When it comes into force the people will once more recognize the giant of illiberality and tyranny that is ruling them. This question of personal liberty has had to be fought in every country of the world. In England it was fought in the times of King John. In Canada it is being fought in the days of Sir John, Sir Oliver and others of lesser moment, but not necessarily of lesser light.

When the Scott Act prevailed former license holders kept their houses open for the accommodation of the public. Some owned the premises and hated to refuse their neighbors that hospitality they were accustomed to. Some recognized that to shut down meant damage to the community and a lessening of the value of property. So they kept their doors open even at a loss, and though the clink of the

chains of injustice rung in their ears all day long. Some thought they might as well hang on and hope for better days. At any rate, out of such trade as came to them they might scrape enough to furnish them and their families with food and firing. So they kept their doors unlatched. But many were despoiled of all they had and to this day they have not been able to recover lost ground. Not only was their means taken from them by the Scott Act, but when a wave of sense and justice came to the people and their rights and property were to some extent restored, the political octopus stepped in and their state was worse than ever. Not only had they to pay a high fee to continue a trade that God and the law have declared legitimate, but they had to subscribe to politicians who with their mouths denounced them and with their hands begged or with their power enforced toll. We are not here speaking in a party sense, for no politician ever existed that wasn't a squeezer, whether against or with the Government. And license holders have had to submit. They have had no redress, no remedy. Why?

Because they were not cohesive; because they did not act together; because they were divided among themselves; because they did not make common cause among themselves; because they did not stand shoulder to shoulder, not for a sentiment or on account of a natural inclination towards fanaticism like their enemies, but for their livelihood, their home, their families, their property and an honest and necessary calling. That is why. They refused to look around them and note what was going on. Were they behind or were they wanting in self-respect? Their hands were always open to the politician and to the charity solicitor. From their table they rarely turned the pennyless, lazy tramp away. They had intelligence, wit, an obliging disposition and good nature. Surely such men could not be blind to what was going on right under their noses or could be wanting in that truth to themselves that prevents them being false to any man and thus involves self-respect. And yet beset by many foes, who hemmed them in on all sides, they either hesitated or declined to take advantage of the only protection of any class—organization. Workingmen have their trade unions, not only local, but that act in harmony all over the country and all over the world. Farmers have their institutes and their granges. Politicians have their associations and their clubs. Druggists and doctors have their councils and their colleges. And so it goes through every class except—the license holder, the licensed victualler, who calmly sits down and allows himself to be made the shuttlecock of every association, every society, every party, every club, every institute, almost every man and every woman, who chooses to lift his or her voice or strike. All this must be changed; or what will and must follow is loss of home, deprivation in the family, enforced exile, degradation of property and ruin, yes, absolute and irrevocable ruin. We put one question to our friends

and then with this phase of the subject we shall have done. How would they like to be driven from their native land and from the homes they cherish not in units, not in tens, not in hundreds, not in thousands, but in tens of thousands; hunted like convicts, beggared in a moment, and compelled to seek new means of making a living for themselves and their families, and perhaps not find it? Yet that is the fate that possibly awaits them if their enemies prevail.

The other phase of the question is that of self-respect. Some people and some societies speak and treat licensed victuallers as if they were outcasts or outlaws. This is fanaticism run mad. A matter of fact in the case of societies it is illegal. And the victims of such treatment submit to it as if it were their due. They seem to forget that their rights are the same as those of any other men. We would not have them aggressive in an over-sensitive way; but we would have them let the world know that their calling is an honest and a useful one; that it exists and receives legal recognition in every civilized country; that entertainment of the traveller is as important a function as that of the doctor that attends on his ill, the druggist that fills his prescription and the tailor that clothes him. In short, we would have them stand manfully by their rights, and so prove that their calling is as honorable as any in the world, and that their customers are as much beholden to them for meat, drink and accommodation as they are to the physician for his drugs. And further to remember that they have as much right to combine one with the other for the benefit of their own special community, and to put puzzling questions to political candidates, as have Messrs. Maclaren, Spence & Co., and others of the party of intolerance and true intemperance.

## IOWA UP TO DATE.

The position of affairs in Iowa up to date is this: The House appointed a Committee on "the suppression of intemperance." One Funk, a rabid Prohibitionist, was selected as chairman of this committee, and brought in a "mule" bill which proposed a mule of \$500 to \$1,000 and expressly stated that the aforesaid mule did not protect the "wrong-doer" from any penalties now provided by the Prohibitory law, but was on the other hand an "additional penalty." As the people had voted by an enormous majority against Prohibition, and as the object of the appointment of the committee was to devise a means of abolishing Prohibition without abolishing the law, Mr. Funk's proposal placed the dominant party in a funk indeed.

To find a way out of the difficulty was relegated to a sub-committee. These, not to offend Mr. Funk and his friends, adopted the "mule" idea, placing the tax at \$1,000 annually, payable quarterly, and providing that it shall apply only to towns and cities exceeding 2,000 in population. But they made this important change, that payment of this "mule" tax is to act as a bar to prosecutions under the

present law. In other words, the State law prohibiting the sale of liquor is to be retained, but anyone willing to pay his tax in advance need not obey the law. As a specimen of prurient hypocrisy we commend this proposition for general consideration.

The sub-committee's report having been adopted and drafted into a bill, delegations from the leading towns of the State have been invited to attend, and "hearings" are now going on. The Governor, some of the Republicans who wish to keep faith with the platform upon which they came into power, and the Democrats, are in favor of local option. The fight is therefore between local option and a "mule." The straight Prohibitionists are as cantankerous as ever, are "agin" everything and everybody and are pawing the earth in default of anything better to occupy their time.

## REV. FATHER MURPHY.

At the temperance gathering in the Toronto Pavilion on Sunday week Rev. Father Murphy, of Gold Cure fame, was the speaker. On the following day the Toronto News published an old charge against the reverend gentleman, which drew from him later an indignant denial of the truth of the allegations.

With Father Murphy's Gold Cure work we have but to say that if through it he is leading men from drunkenness, he has our warmest sympathy and will have our heartiest encouragement. Drunkenness is an evil thing, deplorable in its consequences, both present and remote, and not susceptible of defence or palliation. No person in the trade cares to have a drunkard call his place any more than a church willingly acknowledges its defaulting Sunday School superintendent, or upholds the sanctimonious elder who elopes with the pretty organist.

As to the Rev. Father's character we are not concerned. We assume it to be above reproach when it is in evidence that he has the endorsement of his ecclesiastical superiors. A cruel, cowardly, damnable slander drove into the ditch and destroyed the life of D. I. K. Ring, a man of the truest impulses and devotedness of character, and with that kind of thing THE ADVOCATE will never have fellowship.

But some, at least, of Father Murphy's platform utterances are open to argument, and with these we propose to deal shortly. We object to the following statements:

"Alcohol is a poison."

"Liquor is no more a gift of God than cholera."

"The few selfish clergymen who were rash enough to denounce Prohibition before the plebiscite have gone into their holes and taken the holes in with them."

With regard to the first proposition, nearly everything we take as food contains poison. Common salt is a most virulent poison. Tea is a rank poison. Coffee is nearly as bad. Pork and beans are stimulants—narcotics of the highest order. Will Father Murphy turn loose the thunders of eloquence upon these articles?

As to the second statement, we will only quote in answer the words of one of Father