around town where rum is sold that unless they want to be sure of getting 'good stuff,' the residents generally patronize the nearest dealer when they want a drink."

I may here remark parenthetically that in Maine all sorts of intoxicating liquous are spoken of collectively as "rum." To the advocates of prohibition, every dealer is a "rum slope" and every place where he deals is a "rum shop, while everyhody who does no believe in the present liquor law is a "rummy."

"How strong is your opposition?" I asked the communicative barkeeper; "how many places are there where a drink may be obtained?"

He scratched his head reflectively, and presently replied: "Darreed if I know scacely; put it woods is full of 'em, and I guess the bush woods is full of 'em, and I guess the scale in the

The directory gives a list of 45 "eating houses" and 8 "oyster and lunch rooms in Portland, but I am inclined to believe there are more at the present time. There are comparatively few of these establishments at which beer is not solid ment. At three is no pretence of ment of the City Hall, I saw lager assed over the counter to persons, exist of the seller, as for the seller, as leading the seller, as the seller, because the seller, as the seller, as the seller, because the seller, the seller, as the seller, as the seller, because the eaters (who became the drinkers) called for a particular brand, which the water said was not in stock, whereupon they accepted his suggestion to try another sort. Furthermore, I drank a cup of it myself (it was served in coffee cups, and I know beer when I taste it.

"Hard stuff," as spirits are called, is also to be ob-ained at most of these places. A great deal of it, undoubtedly, justifies the name. I purchased what was called whiskey at three of these "eating houses," but, having some regard for the coats of my stomach, merely tasted it, and emptied my glass in a cuspadore while the seller's back was turned. The tastes and the odor were sufficiently vile to deter a braver man than I. In neither of these instances was there any hesitation in servions me.

I simply said: "I want some whiskey, please," and it was produced. At one place I was asked to step into a back room; at another, I was requested to take a seat at a table; at the third, the vendor filled the glass behind a counter from a pint flask which he took out of his coat pocks.

Speaking of my experiences at the esting houses to a Portlander, he declared that, taking into account seemal capital required, the result of the control of

you cannot procure any kind of liquor as easily as at a Boston bar. There's the business that pays! I know a couple of young fellows, clerks in drug stores, who not long ago decided tog on the business together for themselves. The procure of their stock or and the procure of the procur

I determined to ascertain for myself if injuor could be obtained of the apotheration, and visited five, all in the heart of the chains and visited five, all in the heart of the chains and the chain of the chain of

A friend of mine in Portland owns a lorae which is laune, and his man is daily spending and of time rubbing the animal him the five hair-points [1] to the front the apothecaries for use on the lorse. "Good heaven!" he exclaimed. "I don't want to blister the poor beast's leg! That stuff would burn the hair off a castirend og." Which shows that some Portland people have little confidence in the purity of Portland whisky.

But there is a great deal of "hard stuff" inhibided in Porcland compared with which the whiskey of the drug-stores is nectar and ambrosis. They call it "aplit," and by all accounts it is the cheapest sort of alcohol, slightly diluted, flavored with the drugs best known to whiskey blenders, and colored with burnt sugar. It is said to have a smoky taste, and, according to current report, about tree stiff drinks of it will render a man crazy drunk. This is the stuff principally sold in the kitchen bar-rooms, and as the price is only 5 cents a drink, a great quantity is disposed of.

I wanted to see some of these kitchen bar-rooms, but doubted my ability to get into them if alone, and was somewhat apprehensive that I mighta't be able to get out safely, if by any chance I succeed ed in entering. So, by the kind offices of a friend, I procured an introduction to a voung man who has the reputation of negotiations with him for his and protecting care on a bar-rough the regions where "in the summary of the regions where "in the favorite tipple. Jimmy call him Jimmy because that is not his name—would be an ornamen material him his name—would be an ornamen to be suffered to the summary of the ordinary whiskey of commerce before tackling Portland "aplit." He excepted me one evening into two places in the rar of little shops not far from steamer wharves, and introduced ine most elaborately as his friend from Montreal. I feit safe in sipping some very fair Portamouth ale, but Jimmy's sael owned ingly loquacious with his scened and pagnacious

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with his third. At the second place we visited he informed me in a hoarse whisper, which must have been audible on the sidewalk, that the occupants of the room suspected me of being a detective, and, as he regarded this as a deadly insult, he offered to lick the whole crowd, individually and collectively. If Yo only give him the word. As the "crowd" included half a dozen brawny fellows, any one of whom looked capable of throwing Jimuny across the street with one hand, I thought it best for Jimuny and me to part. Thereupon we parted. That is to say, I parted, and have not seen Jimuny since. I sincerely hope he was not 'tilled that night.

THE MOTHER.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.
INTO her baby's face she looks,
To her it is the best of books.
And writ therein her eyes can set
All life's sublimest poetry.

She hearkens to her baby's voice, That little "goo" makes her rejoice; Tis sweeter to her listening cars Than all the music of the spheres.

She clasps her baby to her breast, No regnant queen is half as blest. No Ill-browed hours portend her harn Her world is safe within her arms.

MIGHT DO THE WORK HERSELF.
"I can never," he protested, "love

"I can never," he protested, "I another."
"Harold——"

As she spoke she gazed into his deep, gray eyes, and it seemed obvious that the words of her lips came from the bottom of her heart.

"—I cannot doubt you."
However, after they were married, she always insisted that the hired girl must have red hair and cross eyes as the very first qualification required for satisfactory service in her household.

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