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THE WAVERLEY TEMPERANCE HOTELS.

The observant traveller whose duty requires him to be continually touring through the Dominion will have noticed that, though the smallest apology for a village will boast as many as three establishments dubbed "hotels" it is rare indeed that one is found which offers any but the most wretched accommodation. It would be absurd to expect the luxuries and luxurious op-pointment looked for in city hotels, but the travelling public undoubtedly have a right to expect cleanliness, quietness and a certain amount of refinement in the serving of food. But alas! the average country hotel is simply a disguise for the Bar. To the demon of drink all else is sacrificed. I have in my mind's eye as I write a fair sample of this class of "hotels." A very pre-tentious sign sets forth the name of the house, but a glance at the surroundings speedily destroys the favorable impression made by the signboard. Heaps of ashes and sweepings are on the road-way; the doorway is foul and grimy; the windows are dirty and the blinds slovenly. Within, the same disregard for appearances is manifest. A room apparently intended to be a reading room or parlor, is furnished with several large spittoons, a rickety table and

half-a-dozen odd chairs. The walls are adorned with pictures of famous trotting horses in impossible attitudes. On the table are two or three old newspapers, which from their tattered appearance seem to be regarded by the *habitues* of the house as intended to supply material for pipe-light. On the opposite side of the passage is the Bar. Here the energies of the master of the house seem to have been expended. Looking-glass, fancy bottles, and miniature casks, with a great display of crystal go to make up the adornment of the altar before which the worshippers of Bacchus prostrate themselves. Around the stove, loungers, waiting for some one to "treat," are to be found from early morn till "the wee sma hours." Away in the back portion of the premises is the "Dining-Room"—a dingy evil-smelling apartment. In my roamings I have noticed that the cruet-stand is an un-failing hotel barometer. In such a place as I am trying to describe the cruet-stands are large plated affairs with many bottles, but the plated ware is blackened and spotted, and the bottles are dirty and repulsive. The mustard pot is grimy; the mustard is mixed with vinegar so that it will "keep" longer; the tomato ketchup