

FARCE AND FAILURE.

The Judgment of New Zealand and Australian Papers.

ADVERTISING in the Legislature and to which we referred in these columns last week, should the Bill pass and district Prohibition be established by law in the colony, the Government will, with their eyes open, be adopting a foolish policy which is bound to end in failure. It appears that they have had the benefit of a report by Mr. Faushawe as to the results of Prohibition in America, and that gentleman unhesitatingly declared that the whole thing will be practically a blunder. Quoting the reports in question, the *Otago Witness* says, "Pauperism in Maine, if 'outdoor' as well as 'indoor' paupers are reckoned, is considerably in excess of the average of the nine States. Of all the towns of Kansas, except Topeka and Lawrence (not over 2,000 inhabitants has Prohibition done much better or worse than to drive liquor traffic into the hands, causing an evil worse than any regulative license, unless in cases where the civil authorities have openly disregarded the law and substituted periodical fines on liquor sellers for the usual license system. The executive authorities of the law thus joining in law-breaking. A complete nomenclature of illicit enterprises has found its place in the language of the people, and even takes its place in the language of a State. 'Bloodroot' clubs, joints, dives, kitchen bar-rooms, speak easies, dumps, blind pigs, blind tigers, holes in the wall, pocket pedlars, tenement sellers, represent some of the various forms of illicit trade, which are sprung up under local option and Prohibition; while the druggists and apothecaries constitute a class of great importance, carrying on under the shallow disguise of medical necessity a very large trade in alcoholic liquors. The police are made acquainted by the authorities of any prohibitive State, for they have to obtain a license from the Federal Government, the taking out such a license being in itself illegal in a prohibitive State or local option district. In Maine alone there were in 1892, 808 of these, besides 214 who paid the tax on malt liquors, and yet they do not appear to be dealt with."

WHY?—A VERY PERTINENT "WHY?"

Our Colonial contemporary concludes with the following remarks:—"We cannot close this paper without a serious warning. We know that in a democracy the greatest danger is the impotence of law, and that to maintain the authority of law and the respect of our people for the law is of the highest and most pre-eminent importance. There is already a serious risk in the crude and hasty and empirical legislation of the day weakening this respect. Year after year there are added to the Statute Book penalizing statutes bearing on every social subject. All trade, all labor, all social life is being bound together, thousand-spiked, by a ring of laws, of threatened prosecutions and frequent convictions in criminal courts, of monetary fines, with the goal as the only alternative. Laws which the majority of the people resent and resist, and which they determine to treat with contempt and deliberately break, are in their essence a great public evil and a mischief and danger to the colony. The Prohibitionists appear to care nothing about the reign of law so long as they can obtain that their opinions may be declared law. We care much more about the maintenance of law and the spirit of respect and obedience to law than we

care about the abuse of liquor. We know that the abuse of liquor is a diminishing evil, and may be still further restrained by laws, restrictive, and regulative legislation, and by honest administration. If an all-comprehensive, elaborate, drastic prohibitive law, filled with the most severe and best provisions, could be stopped the liquor traffic, assuredly the States of America would have suppressed it; but these States have found that the most difficult law to enforce is the severest and most highly penal, and the most impossible to carry out, one which is opposed to the conscience of liberty, and which attempts to convert what is harmless into a crime. Why should we in this colony be hurried by an active minority playing upon the fears of the Government into hasty legislation, which it may be hard to repeal, and which may work incalculable evils?" Most heartily do we re-echo the question.

PROHIBITION THAT PROHIBITS NOT.

Similar views are expressed in the *McLaurie Leader*, which in a recent article on the Prohibition question in Australia, observes that: "The teachings of experience, as well as the teachings of common sense, give rise to the consideration whether Prohibition is the most effective method. In the United States, where this principle has been tried with logical persistence, the results are not encouraging. Maine supplies the most favorable illustration, but even there the account of illicit drinking is very large, and a recent authority not prejudiced in favor of the traffic declares that, 'judging from the amount of whiskey sold as medicine in Portland, a considerable portion of the inhabitants of that place must be chronic invalids.' In other districts the attempt to enforce regulations in arbitrary disregard of popular sentiment has resulted in complete failure. Prohibition that does not prohibit is worse than useless, for it creates a spirit of evasion which is not conducive to the improvement of national character."

THE WEEKLY GLOBE.

For 50 years The Weekly Globe of Toronto has had an enviable reputation as the one great Liberal weekly of the Dominion. It has always been a high class journal, and a welcome visitor in thousands of homes. It was never better as a newspaper than it is to-day. The Globe's enterprise is proverbial. Its correspondents have traversed and written up almost every section of the country. All great events have been fully reported. The speeches of leading politicians, whether on the floor of Parliament or on the stump, have been presented as they were uttered, and all are fairly treated, whether Liberal, Conservative or Patron. The Globe is the only weekly paper in Canada that gives such full and fair reports of Parliamentary proceedings, great church meetings, and other similar occurrences of Provincial and national interest. Among leading features of recent numbers may be mentioned speeches by Mr. Laurier, Sir John Thompson, Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Martier, Mr. Haycock, members of the Ontario Cabinet, and others; letters from members of the Globe's editorial staff who travelled through the Province of Quebec and the Valley Canal, interviews and letters on that most important question the reform of the law system, long reports from the scene of the Jessie Keith murder, the McWherrill trial, and other sensational events. The Globe is to be trusted. The Globe has the best cable and telegraphic service obtainable; its foreign, American and Canadian despatches are unexcelled, and every week

the whole world is brought under review. The agricultural department is right up to the times; the crop and market reports are full and reliable. Reasonable space is given up each week to lighter reading, and good stories is one of the Globe's attractions. Another popular feature are the weekly contributions from the Khan's poetical pen. As a family newspaper The Weekly Globe is unrivalled.

DOWN IN GEORGIA.

WHAT is in store for the liquor trade in Georgia may be learned by the following:

Upon the organization of the present Legislature, Speaker Fleming appointed on the temperance committee men who are known as determined enemies of the liquor traffic. They have resolved to report for adoption what is known as the Busch bill. This bill provides that it shall be a felony for any citizen of Georgia to engage in the sale of liquor selling. In place of the present liquor license, it is provided that there shall be established in each county a State dispensary, supervised over by a discreet man, who shall keep a record of all liquors sold. It is also provided that there shall be a State Inspector who shall test all liquors offered for sale. This officer will be clothed with the most despotic right to enter upon property for purposes of investigation and to destroy contraband goods.

A SALOON LICENSE FOR LIFE.

The late Absalom Hughes, of Cedar City, Mo., who died recently at the age of eighty-four, had the distinction among Missourians of keeping a drinkshop without a license. Mr. Hughes distinguished himself in the Mexican war, and as a soldier of whose bravery and daring the State was proud the Legislature of 1844 determined to reward him. Medals and trinkets were sent him as a gratification, but Mr. Hughes plain old fellow could hardly be expected to wear and appreciate them. Lands were not to his liking; he had no desire for office; and money at that time was not to be had for such a purpose. So it was decided to give him a perennial saloon license, good until he died, and so he settled across the river from Jefferson City, in Callaway County, and there passed the last fifty quiet, uneventful years of his life, happy, it is to be supposed, in the possession of an honor which never had and probably never will be bestowed upon another person.

MISTAKEN IN ONE LETTER.

The Hotel Man Telegraphed for Cots and Got a Consignment of Cats.

WILL JOHNSON, who is in charge of the Hotel Johnson during the absence of the proprietor, E. L. Johnson, who is at Atlantic City, received a dispatch from the latter which read: "Ship forty cats at once." Mr. Johnson was puzzled. He could not imagine what his relative could want with a few of his assistants, and the only solution they could arrive at was that rats must have been discovered in the Atlantic City hotelery. They unanimously decided, however, that it was no rats but rats, and why rats but to get cats and ship them to Atlantic City without delay. A rush was made for all the establishments in town which deal in pet animals, but all the cats on hand were of the Maine Angora variety, and it was decided that

they were too expensive. As a final result the genus *felis* was called into requisition, and before nightfall there were eighteen feline prisoners at the Johnson. There were no more in sight, though, and it was decided to ship the first instalment that night and make a further consignment next day. A telegram was sent to Mr. Johnson at Atlantic City, which announced:

"Shipped eighteen cats; none to Morrow."

Mr. Johnson has a reputation for wanting things in a hurry when he doesn't want them, so his assistants at the end of the line were well satisfied that they had acquitted themselves with great credit in a sudden emergency. Early the next morning another dispatch arrived which informed every one concerned with a desire to sneak away somewhere and begin life anew. It read:

"To Shanghai with your cats. No cats, cats, cats."

To complete the story it is only fair to state that Mr. Johnson writes a fortnightly had, and those interested in the says the operator must have mistaken cats for cats,—"Washington Post."

THE DEMURE LITTLE WOMAN.

A DEMURE little woman who occupies the next section to mine amused me a good deal. She was so demure and fine. Her little looks show like mine as her little bangs waved like the fringe of a cosset lamb. Her little dress was scented with satchet powder and her hair dress skirt as immaculate as the foam on a wave. No, a queen, not a queen, she was allowed to sit upon her immaculateness. She would dust and defilement of with a little and deprecatingly arrested the fight of any stray gossip about to settle upon her. "I have to travel," said she, "it is so dirty work." And I, peering forth from the gloom of my sooty boots, made answer, "I like it." I wanted to add, "I love to be grimy and disreputable as bad!" I love to be like a chimney sweep and have the cinders rattle off me when I move, like rain-drops from a duck. But I didn't say it. The little woman looked so mild and peaceful that I didn't care to shock her. Later on I found my forbearance was wasted. We were passing through Ohio at a high rate of speed. Small towns reeled by as we went. Anything but prohibition society, or tipsy spires circled round like so many Bacchantes. The little woman came out and sat down by me. "The porter told me," she murmured, "that we can't get anything to drink in Ohio."

"What?" said I, "there is no water after these heavy rains?" "Oh, no, not that," replied the little woman. "I am so dreadfully thirsty, but water does not allay my thirst. I saw some whiskey and they won't sell it till we get out of the state."

W.C.T.U. to the front! Room for sleepy camp! Bring out your luggage, hold your banner, and charge to the front. It is not always the big man with the nose and the heavy beard that you find to be so worthy of your steel, let me tell you. Look out for the little ones, the small sleek ways and wondrous ways for they often carry the drum and wand and march at the front of the whole battalion!

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