

# The Canada Citizen

AND TEMPERANCE HERALD.

A Journal devoted to the advocacy of Prohibition, and the promotion of social progress and moral Reform.

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F. S. SPENCE, - - - MANAGER.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1883.

## THE EXHIBITION LICENSE.

Every day it is becoming clearer to any unprejudiced observer that the brand of public condemnation is on the Liquor Traffic. Law has hampered the business with restrictions of every sort, for the purpose of diminishing the terrible evils that result from it. Law has totally prohibited it on election days, and intended to totally prohibit it at all exhibitions or agricultural shows. When men slacken the busy rush of work-day life, and snatch a little respite from worry and toil, when impulse gets a little more rein than it can usually afford, there is special danger in the allurements of vice, and special need for their interdiction. It was because of this danger and this need that the following clause was placed in the Crooks Act:—

"The License Commissioners shall not grant any certificate for a license, or any certificate whatsoever, whereby any person can obtain or procure any license for the sale of spirituous, fermented, or intoxicating liquors, on the day of the Exhibition of the Agricultural Association of Ontario, or of any Electoral District or Township Agricultural Society Exhibition, either on the grounds of such Society, or within the distance of three hundred yards from such grounds."

Subsequent to the enactment of this law the Industrial Exhibition Association of Toronto was organized, and its annual Exhibition instituted. This annual Exhibition is called "Industrial," instead of "Agricultural," and Toronto is a city, not an Electoral District or "Township," so that technically a license can be granted to take effect upon the grounds of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition. Every person, however, knows that this Exhibition is exactly of the same kind as (in fact is one of) those from which the law intended to exclude the sale of drink; and it is sadly disappointing to find our License Commissioners and the Managers of our Industrial Exhibition taking advantage of a loop-hole in the License Act, to permit the sale of liquor at a time and in a place where it is certain to do an unusually great amount of harm. This is done too, in opposition to the earnest entreaties of the better disposed part of our community, as expressed by the deputation that waited upon the Exhibition Directors. Not only is the spirit of the law violated but public opinion as embodied in that law (and it is even stronger now than when that law was enacted) is utterly dis-

regarded, and the Toronto Industrial Association is going into the beer business under the shelter of a legal technicality, and in spite of the protests of a moral and peace-loving community.

It is hard to repress indignation at the humiliation and disgrace that such a proceeding must again bring upon the fair fame of our moral and well-reputed city, and we earnestly hope that it is not yet too late for the threatening evil to be averted. Surely our Exhibition Directors cannot believe that the citizens, the right thinking men who are our acknowledged leaders, the temperance men of Toronto, subscribed money for them to start a saloon. Surely our License Commissioners will not openly defy the wishes of the people whom they profess to serve, and the directly intimated intention of the Government by which they were appointed.

We want a public vacation time, we want to display the fruits of the many industries of which we are so proud, but we are not proud of our liquor trade, we do not want to exhibit our facilities for debauchery, crime, and shame. We do not want mothers and wives to look forward with trembling and dread to our great Provincial holiday. We do not want to have loving hearts ache with the terrible dread that the joyous visit to the fair may sow the first seed of utter ruin in the soil of some noble manly nature. We are not talking any unfounded sentimentalism, we are speaking of facts that are known to those who have the responsibility of decision in this important matter, and we earnestly plead with them for protection for our boys in the excitement of the coming show. Let truer wisdom and better motives prevail, and let us call the roll and hang out the trophies of our many achievements without displaying our weakness and shame. The President and Board of our Industrial Association Directors have worked nobly and hard to make the coming Exhibition a grand success. Let them spread out the evidences of our many national blessings without the accompaniment of our greatest national curse.

## THE ROOT OF THE MATTER.

"The love of money is the root of all evil." Of course the cause of wrong is not the riches but the passion for being rich. The golden calf was harmless in itself—it was its idolatrous adoration that "wrought folly in Israel." Lust for gain is the root, crimes and evils of every kind are the branches, and the strongest and most terrible of these is the evil of intemperance. The sin that weakened the hands of the Hebrew warriors, when Achan hid the golden wedge, is the sin that to-day paralyses the arm of many a soldier of truth, and that frustrates the efforts of those who are striving to make the world better than it is. The whole structure of the strong drink traffic rests on the unholy foundation of avarice, and if that foundation can be removed, the edifice must come down.

The business of the dealer in drink has been aptly compared to that of the wrecker. On certain wild and rocky coasts bands of lawless men live, who maintain themselves by plundering vessels that may be wrecked in those dangerous localities. Not content with the spoils that the tempests may bring them, they use all sorts of devices to lure vessels upon the shoals and rocks. Then, when, perhaps, in the darkness of the midnight, amid the roar of the storm, the gallant ship strikes the remorseless reefs, and the cries of despair rise higher than the roar of the surging billows, instead of seeking to succor those whom they have led astray, they gather up whatever spoils the waves wash to their feet, even plundering the drifting corpses of their victims, heedless that hundreds are hurried to eternity, and valuable treasures lost in the ocean, provided they gather in a trifling share of plunder. One of these scenes is vividly described in a subjoined poem, and an apt comparison made between this horrible occupation and the business of selling drink.