

## WHEN HE STRUCK CANADA.

The Man Who Beat the Record Round the World Tells His Experience.

(From the London "Evening World.")

On Monday last I had the pleasure of a short chat with Mr. George Griffith, the champion globe-trotter, who returned to the London last week after having accomplished the feat of traveling round the world in 64 days and a half, that is to say 9½ days less than anyone else ever did the journey in. As may well be imagined, I had no long getting on the so-called liquor question, and I found that, rapid and all as his journey had been, he had found time to pick up a few points on the subject, naturally most interesting to readers of the *The Licensing World*. "As a matter of fact," said Mr. Griffith, "I found no liquor question at all until I struck Canada, after having travelled across the greater part of the globe. On the ocean it was practically no existence. It is true that there are what are called 'temperance steamers,' but they are only used by people of peculiar and somewhat narrow views, and diplomacies who are sent away for their good goods and liquor convenience for a sea voyage. They are said to be terribly dreary vessels to travel on, and I hear that the society one meets on them is rather eccentric than entertaining. On all the best boats there is, of course, everything to be had that a healthy thirst can require, but I may say that I never saw anyone the worse for drink, save once, during my whole trip.

"And where was that?" I asked. "It was in a colonial car in the Dominion, which is practically a Prohibition State. You see no intoxicants are permitted to be sold on a train running through the Dominion, so of course people take their bottles of whiskey along with them from the last place at which they can buy them, and I need hardly tell you that they don't buy too little. As far as I have been able to find out, the Prohibition doesn't work. Thus, for instance, when I got on board the train from Montreal to Albany I was asked, on asking the saddle porter of the Wagner car on which I was traveling, what not even a glass of wine could get until we had crossed the American border. In support of this he showed me the wine list, and at the foot of it I found a list of Prohibition States, the first of which was the Dominion of Canada.

"Just at this moment a Montreal man with whom I had made a brief acquaintance came across and said, with a meaningful smile: 'You can't get any wine yet, but if you want any more sort of drink, you'd better order a glass of water.' I ordered it, and when it came my friend produced a bottle of excellent rye whiskey, and I had my drink. I was also very much interested in the remarks made by every able-bodied man ordered drinks the moment the American frontier station was passed. As far as I could see, it was merely a sort of child-like annoyance which, if anything, worked against the intention of those responsible for it. I feel justified in saying this by the fact that, in spite of all the Prohibition legislation, Canada paid half a million dollars more in spirit duty last year than she did a year ago. Indeed, Canada is not only drinking more, but she is manufacturing more, and is beginning to export rye whiskey to a considerable extent."

"And had you any opportunity of getting the general opinion of Canadians and Americans on the Prohibition question?" I asked. "Yes," said Mr. Griffith, "I had very favorable opportunities of doing so. You see, although I was traveling pretty fast I spent a good many days and nights in railway cars and steamers, and all the time I was in pretty close contact with men who had had the best of

chances for forming an opinion. I don't want to say anything to hurt the feelings of people who, for all I know, may have the best intentions, but I should not be telling the truth if I said that I had met a single man who looked upon Prohibition as anything but the work of cranks or politicians who are angling for their votes, nor did I meet anyone who did not consider it a nuisance which simply worried people who could drink rationally without being the slightest assistance to those who could not drink without making boasts of themselves." "But do you think the Prohibition movement really strong in Canada and the States?" "It is strong in some and weak in another," was the reply. "There is undoubtedly a large number of people on the other side who would manage their neighbors' private affairs, and to some extent they are doing it."

"For instance, when I reached Montreal a Bill had just passed its second reading which, if it becomes law, will make it illegal to run any public place, be it a hotel, a restaurant, or to play games, or, in fact, do anything except go to church or stop at a house on Sunday. This, of course, is prompted by the prohibition spirit, and if Canadian prohibition goes on in this way, it will make good Canada a very good place to stop away from. This is really a great pity in a country which is literally starving for population and capital. People now to days will not go to a place where they are not to do as they like, and it is noteworthy that immigration into Canada has largely fallen off ever since the crank and the politician combined to try and stop the country on this point. I met a man of the name of Hope who said: 'Then,' I asked in conclusion, 'you don't think Prohibition works out to a success?' "No I don't," replied the globe-trotter, "judging from what I have seen, and I don't think the natives are doing much, if either. If I had met a single person who spoke favorably of it I would tell you, but as a matter of fact I didn't, and this is where the weakness of the Prohibition is, that it makes the man discontented, and I believe works against itself by making people drink when they can against the time when they can't."

TEMPERANCE AVIATOR.

## SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The Right and Wrong Way to Run a Tavern.

The question has often been spirited to me, says the Pacific Wine and Spirit Review, why the retailer, handling a low grade of goods, and competing with his next door neighbor who carries the best that money will buy, succeeds, while the latter gains no friends or patrons. The answer is simple. The man who handles the goods of the Sheriff. It is a conundrum that is hard to explain and easy to understand. We think we know something about the difficulties under which the average retailer labors, and we have no hesitation in saying that they are too numerous to mention in detail. We will take, for instance, an illustration as indicated in the foregoing sentence, and discuss the career of the man who has a desirable customer, he gives him poor whiskey and good treatment. He makes him feel that he is always welcome, and there is nothing in the house that is too good for him. Possibly he smokes at the cigar or pipe, and the beverages which will suit the palate of the stranger. Result—the stranger comes again. He has more good treatment and a pleasant conversation with the gentleman behind the white apron. He tells his friend

that he has found a nice place to get those liquids which the average citizen desires, and the friends of his friend tell their friends the same thing—and so goes on to the end of the chapter. The one side of the proposition. The other is that, in addition to this, the proprietor of a retail house should always have his place in a thoroughly clean and inviting condition, and never make the mistake of having his bar covered with bottles for the daily clean-up, etc., during business hours. It may not be generally known to the retailer, but it is a fact that the man who goes to the counter and finds it covered with miscellaneous bottles, and has difficulty in securing a place to obtain what he desires, is dissatisfied, and wonders why it is that the proprietor does not see it that the labor of polishing up the equipment of the bar is not done at a time which will not interfere with him. Among the other necessities of a successful house are towels before the bar, against which the hands are to be wiped as to absolute cleanliness. Another is, that one of the luxuries of the man that finds pleasure in patronizing the retailer is fine glassware. A drink of the finest "sour" and "soft" can be made in fine quality of the goods. Whereas, if the same whisky is served in a dainty, fine cut glass, all the flavor and rich bouquet will be appreciated. The same proposition is applicable to the serving of champagne, beer, ale or porter. To the man who delights in the draught of any one of these beverages, the average apologetic bartender is handed him a thick glass mug which he handed him, it was served to him in one of the modern thin glasses, it develops a flavor and general quality which cannot be discovered under any circumstances. The successful purveyor of poor goods and the unsuccessful dealer who handles the best in the market, it needs only to be said to the customer that the quality of the goods is overlooked, and his artistic treatment of his customers makes up for all other deficiencies.

This article is decidedly not an argument in favor of poor goods and good treatment for the public. It is simply intended to show to the average retailer that, under ordinary circumstances, all he needs to make his business a success is to keep an orderly house, give his customers good liquor, uniform courteous treatment, and make an invariable display of a desire to please, and his success is assured.

We will sum up the foregoing as follows: Dispense first-class goods among the decent community; they are always the cheapest. Be exacting in the matter of cleanliness; do not give the public the benefit of your fine goods in polishing your establishment and your bottles; have clean linen; treat gentlemen in a manner which will make them desire to call again; do not indulge in familiarity unless it is invited by your customer, and above all things, in a house commanding a large trade, do not permit the gentleman with the white apron either to gossip or drink, or shake dice with a customer. The observance of these few rules will be of material benefit to any house which deals with gentlemen.

## ROBIN IN BEER KEGS.

How It is Used by Brewers as an Inland Cochine of Kegs and Vats.

If you should happen to get a smuck of robin in your glass of beer, as it is quite likely you may at this time of the year, do not imagine that the brewers are substituting pine shavings for malt, and that the general introduction of insecticides electric lights, for any open light was liable to set fire to the fumes of the alcohol used in the varnish and produce disastrous explosions in which men were maimed or killed.

The brewers are guilty enough, perhaps as it is, with their substitutions of corn, rice and glucose for malt, but do not do that simply because you insist upon light-colored beer. The reason why you may detect a rosin flavor now is that this is the season when the brewers pitch their kegs.

It may interest you to know that the beer you drink never comes into contact with wood, either in the kegs in which it is delivered, or in the great vats in which it is fermented. If it did, the beer would sour and spoil the beer. The vat is protected on the inside with various coatings of shellac varnish, renewed whenever necessary. This used to be an exceedingly dangerous operation, before the general introduction of insecticides electric lights, for any open light was liable to set fire to the fumes of the alcohol used in the varnish and produce disastrous explosions in which men were maimed or killed.

The pitching of the kegs is an interesting process. When a keg is empty and bung and vent plugs are out, stick a single candle into the bung and look into the vent hole. You can see the bung as looking into a glass barrel. Every part of the inside glistens. The keg has a complete coat of rosin. After a year's use this gets many minute cracks in it and needs to be renewed. And the springing is the brewer's favorite time for doing this, before the great summer trade begins. The drivers do not enjoy pitching time, for they have to do the work, helping the brewery coopers. As they bring back their loads of empty kegs—sixty quarters and half barrels—these are ranked up next to the warehouse where a big kettle of boiling rosin is ready for use.

Before the new rosin is put in the old coating is to be melted out. A curious machine with two arms is the first of the devices that comes into use.

The kegs are hung on this, with an end of fire iron in each, and a steam pipe, a stream of boiling rosin taken from the open tap. The keg is taken, tipped over a barrel where the water is poured out, and passed to a cooper. The cooper, standing towards the leg if it is defective, but if not drives a plug of wood home in the vent, and passes the keg on. One man now pokes a long handled funnel into the top hole, and as other pours a ladleful of boiling rosin to the keg from the kettle.

A cooper seizes the keg, drives another wooden plug home into the top hole, and gives the keg some curious twirls which spreads the rosin over every part of its interior. Then he knocks both plugs out and tomes the keg up on a set of rollers going slowly around by steam power. Here the surplus rosin runs out and the keg rolls until the rosin which remains coats the inside.

The kegs are now rolled into the wash house, ranged up upon end, the men burned out of the vent and top holes are filled with water. The water is meant to soak out the rosin taste. As fast as these operations are finished a man with a paint pot and brush follows along the line and puts a dab of paint on the end of each keg. The kegs are set out with white at the last pitching time used red, or white if it was red before.

This is also the one time in the year when the brewer finds out just how many kegs he has, and consequently, the number lost during the year. Five thousand kegs a year is a small number for a big brewery to lose in a year, and some of the biggest ones, especially those which sell a great deal of beer out of town, lose times as many.

THOUGH "in the midst of life we are in death," it is both possible and advisable to postpone the funeral.



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