

## MR. MARTER AGAIN.

LEADER of the Opposition Marter has again unboomed himself, this time to the *Templar*, and his remarks will be found in another column. The worthy gentleman says he did not say what he was reported to have said, that the newspapers have misrepresented him, that he never had any intention of backing down on Prohibition, that his principles were not for sale, and that he will still stick to the Prohibition programme. This in effect is what the Leader now says. What he will say next week no man nor the son of man can tell.

We have no intention of quarrelling with Mr. Marter. If he says the newspapers misrepresented him why of course they did. In that case we also are guilty and beg to tender our most humble apologies. We had the impression heretofore that we understood the English language when it was spoken but it appears we were wrong. So were all the reporters of the daily papers and the hundred odd other gentlemen who were present. All these owe Mr. Marter an apology and no doubt it will be forthcoming in due and proper time.

It is strange how hallucinations will at times seize upon the multitude. When Mr. Marter spoke upon the Separate School question every man in the room understood him perfectly but as soon as he touched upon Prohibition there was absolute unanimity in misunderstanding him and misrepresenting him. It is strange but true. It must be true because Mr. Marter says so. In fact there are circumstances that tend to show a wide-spread conspiracy. For instance, Mr. Marter says to the *Templar*, that he wrote to the *Empire* and "denied in explicit terms that I had any intention of abandoning Prohibition." His letter which appeared in the *Empire* does not contain the word Prohibition in any part thereof. Is not this suspicious, to say the least, on the part of the Conservative organ? Does it not indicate that Mr. Marter's letter was tampered with, as his views were misrepresented and his speech misreported?

Perhaps that is the reason why with this exception Mr. Marter took no action to correct the reports in the Toronto papers but made his explanation in a Hamilton weekly that would not be seen by those who attended the meeting. Yes, it must be so.

However, there is no doubt we were all wrong. Mr. Marter did not say anything, and it was only a ward meeting anyhow, and he was totally unprepared to speak, and he didn't think it would be considered important, and he is a Prohibitionist, and will fight, therefore, and his principles are not for sale, and as everybody knows newspapers are wicked away. Just so. We have no fault to find. He can advocate just what he chooses and as for his principles we are not aware that anybody wants to buy them nor what the market price of such principles may be. But we will point out this. No matter what Mr. Marter may have intended to say we know what the Conservative press

and the Conservative party did say when his speech was "misreported." Every paper that has spoken, every man that has spoken has declared against Prohibition. The party has declared against it through its organs and its representatives. There are Conservatives in the Legislature who will resign before they will be committed to that policy.

Very well then, Mr. Marter on the one hand, the party on the other. Mr. Marter says he will stick to it. Then there is nothing left for him but to resign the leadership and the quicker the better. He will either resign the leadership or the party will resign him.

And so endeth the history of another Marter.

## A FORCIBLE ARGUMENT.

THE other evening the villagers of Little York in Warren Co., Ill., were awakened by a terrific explosion. Dynamite had been placed under the premises of James Richmond and set off. The building was completely wrecked, the proprietor was killed and another inmate was badly mangled. It appears that Richmond was selling liquor and that "good" people of that place, according to the despatch, were determined that liquor should not be sold "either legally or illegally" and "had adopted the dynamite argument as the most effective."

Certainly the argument was effective as Richmond will sell no more liquor or anything else. Possibly, too, as a result a few of the "good" people will be hanged which will be an argument the other way as well as a cause for consternation. But supposing the people who believe that liquor should be sold legally should adopt the same argument and dynamite their opponents. Would there then be a howl?

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MR. MARTER appears to be not even a Jonah.

NEW YEARS and the municipal elections are coming.

HOW DOES THE ADVOCATE strike you as a Christmas Present.

A PROHIBITION contemporary says:—"Our duty is plain. The next thing for Prohibitionists to do is to go ahead." Quite so. They have been going ahead all summer after the manner of the crab.

A competent gentleman well acquainted in Ontario wants a position as a hotel clerk, night or day. Any of our hotel friends having a vacancy will oblige by communicating with this office. The gentleman will be a first-class acquisition to any house.

TORONTO was favored with another itinerant from across the line at the Pavilion on Sunday, in the shape of a certain Hon. M. J. Fanning. From this gentleman it appears that the evils of the drink traffic arise not from the saloon-keeper or the drunkard, but from the

moderate drinker, whom Mr. Fanning is reported to have "denounced in the most forcible language." Next!

MR. G. W. MARTER, M.P.P., leader of Her Majesty's loyal Opposition in the Ontario Legislature, says he didn't say what he said. Mr. Marter has competed for the title of Moses, Joshua and Jonah and failed in all three. From his capacity for swallowing things we should judge him to be at least a lineal descendant of the whale.

LEWIS CONKLIN, of New Jersey, was the moral lad of his Sunday School class. As he grew up he developed in grace and became the leader of the Christian Endeavors. He was many sided, was Lewis! After leading in prayer he would go forth and burgle the houses of his fellow Endeavorers. He polished his revolver with the "Sunday School Quarterly," taught his class with great fervor and that night robbed the church. He spent the evening in goodly converse with his pastor and later on pillaged the parsonage. In addition he has looted three churches, two schoolhouses and a number of private dwellings. Now he is in jail. Lewis is wicked but—No drink!

GEORGIA is getting ready for a state dispensary law. The bill now before the Legislature provides that in incorporated towns where liquor is now allowed to be sold a vender may sell it only on a petition of a majority of the freeholders of the town or city to the mayor and council. He shall then give bond in the sum of \$5,000 for faithful observance of the law. He shall pay \$100 to the State and all municipal and national taxes for the year. He shall only purchase liquor to sell which has been pronounced by the State chemist pure and unadulterated, and to retail in quantities not less than one-half pint and shall not sell to minors or habitual drunkards. No liquor shall be drunk on the premises. Georgia is in for an era of "blind tigers."

## PETER'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.

OUR Peter Moody, from his eldest chair, (You won't style it "easy" if I were yours!) Looked out upon the street, so cold and bare, And cursed the shaking windows and the doors.

Two Christmas Eves the pale moon shed her light Upon the winter's earliest gift of snow; The blustering north wind in his noisy flight Clutched at the leafless trees and bent them low.

As Peter gazed, there passed a tenebrous crowd With ivy garlands for the village church; Far over the snow drift rang their laughter loud; As for the hidden path their feet would search, Each rowy cheek was bright with youthful glee, And Peter muttered as he turned away: "This closing year was hard enough for me, I'd like to know what cause for joy have they."

"A wretched outlook! Stocks have tumbled down. The crops have failed, and every farm 'in debt'."

The trades are at a standstill in the town, And 'failures' fill each newspaper I get; My income's fallen off a big per cent; The railroads pay their dividends in scrip;

My tenants in the town can't pay their rent, And—oh!—I half believe I've got the grip!

No wonder that the children never played In sight of that inopportune gate! No wonder that each happy lad and maid Would hurry past it when the hour was late. For Peter's eyes were ever searching on it, The weeds that grew amid Life's wealth of flowers.

His heart was full of discontent and doubt; He never saw the sun between the showers.

"A wretched year!" he grumbled, as he drew near to the flickering light to take a nap. The merry voices faded and fainter grew; He dozed a moment when there came a rap! A rat-tat-tat upon the window pane, and And laughter from a dozen throats or more; He hurried something more or less to the door, Then slowly shuffled to the entrance door.

Upon no stranger sight could mortal gaze! The lawn was filled with figures young and old.

Quaintly costumed in styles of distant days, The dresses of the great-grand old, Cold. The white peruke, the crimoline, the fluff, The satin breeches and the velvet coat, Three covered but, and of what high thinghood Worn by the "blades" of whom our living wrote.

A stout old chap who led the motley crew, Exclaimed, "Why, Peter, don't you know your dad?"

Your ancestors, since sixteen ninety-two, Have come to you, say Merry Christmas, lad!

Before the startled man could make reply They filled the stairs, the parlor and the hall; They lit the lamps and pulled the pine knots high.

And settled down to "business" one and all, Their trembling host's great-grandfather presided.

A mighty punch bowl of the good old style; The orange soddy parcels lay unopened, And "guzzled head put the water in his bile."

Said he, "I never overlook my cheer, Especially on Merry Christmas Eve; We soon shall end a very blithesome year; If all to come were like, who could grieve?"

A sturdy little Dutchman then arose, Thoughtfully pulled a pipe of wondrous size, And told some anecdote of Indian fees, And helpless settlers taken by surprise;

Of cabins free-swing in the frigid night, And children slaughtered on the crimson snow.

Those were the years to rob men's hearts of light, When Amer was queen, two centuries ago.

Then Peter's mother told of those dark years, When civil war could number not its days; When women's eyes were filled with silent tears.

As memory gave the last line o'er again; When famine's spectre o'er the country rode, And anyone heard a sister's fall for food, She trusted that a moving loving food.

From each sad year the nation would win hold.

The fragrant punch was steaming in the best; A flag in the hand of each pale guest; Their eyes seemed riveted on Peter's seat.

And then they heard the cry, "Atlast! Peace!"

Quickly I grew into a dozing slumber; Poor Peter rose, his head he humbly bent, And through his falling tears he clammored on.

"May He who made us give us all content."

Each glass was drained, and then as each arose, Spectre and punch bowl changed to dainty gloom.

The lamps were out, the fire was dead; In the midnight and silence reigned within the room.

Softly to Peter's wondering ears there came, With hushing hush he listened: "Yours is the same."

That seemed a discord one short hour ago.

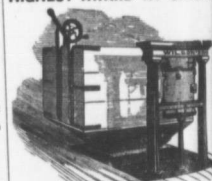
Sooner and sooner drew the joyous lead, And then a wonder burst upon their sight. The house was changed as by some fairy hand, Its windows were aglow with rosy light.

And there was Peter at the open gate, Bidding them enter to the warmth and light; Wishing that all the world could revel here—

"A Merry Christmas and a glad New Year!"

THOMAS FAY.

## HIGHEST AWARD AT CHICAGO



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