

Canada Temperance Advocate.

Temperance is the moderate use of things beneficial, and abstinence from things hurtful.

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HE SMELLS OF DRINK.

"There is a shopkeeper, a Mr. —, wants to buy a load of flour on credit" said the shopman to Mr. Cautious, who was in his private counting house, "shall I let him have it?" "What is he? Do you know any thing about him?" "No; excepting this that *he smells of drink.*" That is enough; tell him we have too many trust customers already.

"Pray master can you give me a trifle of any thing; I am very near hungered to death" said an old man who knocked at the door, with a most melancholy looking countenance. "Is it likely I should relieve you," said I, "*you smell of rum.*" "I assure you" answered the old man, "I have not *spent* any thing; for I had not a halfpenny to spare; a friend of mine *gave* me two pennyworth." "No matter, I cannot relieve you now."

"Well, Mr. L., I hope you will favor us with a good order this journey, we have an excellent article to offer you," observed a traveller for a paper warehouse, who came in rubbing his hands, with full blown cheeks, "I will be candid with you Mr. —;" was the reply, "if you wish me to do business with you, always call before dinner; you *smell so strong of your wine* I cannot endure it." The young gentleman blushed still more, and said "It is a bad practice I know, and I heartily wish the fashion of drinking at dinner was done away."

"I've a small bill against you ma'am," said a traveller to Mrs. Dean, "for a cask of mustard." "I was not aware that I owed you any thing; I believe I paid your young man the last time he was round." She then presented the receipt. "You see the account is settled, and I have the receipt for the money; but I was afraid there would be some mistake, for I remember that when I paid him *he smelled as strong as a brandy cask.*"

A stout looking young man stepped in one evening with a small book, begging for the unfortunate work-people who had lost their employment, in consequence of a mill being burnt down near Lancaster. After stating his case, the master, looking earnestly at him, said "However I may feel for their misfortune, is it likely that I could trust my money with a man *who smells so strong of ale as you do?*" My young man, if you would serve these unfortunate people, *abstain from drink*, for depend upon it although others may not be so plain with you as I am, you will not get much while *you smell so strong of alcohol.*"

Surely there is a dearth of *caraway seeds*; or have the dram shops bought them all up? Gentlemen travellers, at a guinea a day, at any rate, might afford a few. Perhaps "a Commission" to inquire into this subject might be desirable!—*Livesey's Moral Reformer.*

WHO WOULD DARE BE A RUM-SELLER?

On the 30th of March last, Mr. Josiah Moore, of Canterbury, N. H., whose head was frosted by his sixty-ninth year, left his home for Concord, drawing on a hand sled a bushel of oats and a gallon jug. He drew his sled as far as Sewall Falls Bridge, a distance of more than 4 miles. Here he left his sled and shouldered his oats, and taking his jug in his hand, he proceeded to the street, laden like a beast of burden, and exchanged his oats for rum. He then returned to the bridge, placed his jug upon his sled, and went towards home. When he came within half a mile of his home in the early part of the evening, the rum and his long walk had such an effect upon him that he could go no farther. He left his sled in the middle of the road, carried his jug a little way farther and sat down—went a few rods out of the road and fell upon the ground. He remained there until eight o'clock the next morning, when he was found. He was covered all over, not even excepting his face, with a thick coat of sleet, which the slight rain and cold had woven over him. He was not quite dead, but was so far gone that he could not speak and tell the name of the man who had sold him the waters of death. He never spoke again. A few hours afterward he ceased his painful breathing and his spirit fled.

If but one such instance had occurred in the world within a thousand years, who would dare be a rum seller?

If we did not know it to be true, could we believe it possible that a man who had ever had a father's counsels or a mother's prayers, could know such a fact and yet continue to scatter abroad the deadly poison which is daily carrying fathers to a dishonorable grave, and piercing the hearts of mothers with unutterable anguish?

Would it be right to say that the old man was murdered?—*Northern Banner.*

DIALOGUE BETWEEN AN ANTI-TEETOTALLER AND A DRUNKARD.

Anti-Teetotaler.—Let me entreat you to put down that glass for a moment.

Drunkard.—Why, what do you want?

Anti-T.—To convince you that you are killing yourself. Look at your palsied hand! I wonder any man could have the conscience to sell you liquor.

Drunkard.—I wonder you have the conscience to drink wine, and have the impudence to speak to me about whiskey.

Anti-T.—You know wine is not forbidden by our pledge, and a glass may be safely taken by any body. It has neither the taste nor the intoxicating power of that poisonous drug you were just putting to your lips.

Drunkard.—As to your pledge, I care nothing for that. But as regards sa-a-fety, there is as much da danger in the glass of wine you drink, as in my three cents worth of whiskey. As to taste, every man must be his own judge.