

The Rev. Dr. McFadyen, of Manchester, Eng., read a paper before the meeting of the National Temperance Congress at Liverpool, and in that paper gave the following facts:—"There is in the city of Liverpool a society called the "Liverpool Popular Central and Drink Reform Association." This society has issued a series of maps showing "the number of places for the sale of intoxicating liquors in the main unhealthy parts of Liverpool. The death rate, according to these maps, in Sawney Pope street, was 55.86 per 1,000; in Addison street 45.40 per 1,000; and in Lace street 45.70 per 1,000, while in Rodney street, when there were no public houses, the death rate was 10.71 per 1,000." In this calculation we see the advantage of no grogshops. In the first instance above, the difference is 45 lives in a 1,000; in the second and third 35 in every thousand. Banish the grogshops from our land and prolong human life.

Sir William Collins, of Glasgow, in an address at the same Congress reported that Dr. Richardson estimated that the universal practice of total abstinence over a population of 35,000,000 would be equal to the saving of the lives of from 210,000 to 240,000 individuals annually. Say the population of our Dominion is 5,000,000, and at the same death rate as in the old country we would lose in valuable lives as the direct and indirect result of the liquor traffic from 30,000 to 35,000 every year. That statement is appalling. Make it less if you please, say the death rate is only half as great, which is putting it very low, and we kill by the drink traffic every year from 15,000 to 18,000. It is this murderous trade that the Halton liquor sellers and their friends in the province are trying to persuade us to license and make respectable. They want this county to give 40 of them the legal right to sell a poison whose results fill the poor houses and jails and make 75 criminals in every 100 in the land.—D. L. BRETHOUR, in *Halton News*.

#### LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASSOCIATION TO E. K. DODDS.

SEPT. 10th, 1884.

Oh, Dodds, *King Dodds*, say, where are the odds  
You promised without e'er a doubt?  
Should be ours this day at the end of the fray,  
Bringing victory, yes, and a rout?

The odds we can see, and no doubt there will be  
A rout, but say, "What is the matter?"  
Why the odds are not ours, and, oh, by the powers,  
It's the Antis who tumble or scatter.

Do you mind how you'd boast, and t'other chap roast  
About a lame chicken up here?  
It must have been game, or not very lame,  
For it's crowing remarkably clear?

You howled, and we *paid*, the teetotalers prayed,  
And don't it seem awfully funny,  
That in this day of light, prayer wins in a fight,  
And that faith should be stronger than money?

How the table you'd thump, when you spoke of the trump  
That Halton would prove in the race,  
You played, and you goose, you had only the deuce,  
While the others came down with an ace.

When the learned D. D. who lives out at P. P.  
Gave us scriptural arms for the fight,  
And every scamp, grogseller, and tramp,  
Commended this mountain of light.

But mothers and wives prayed, as if for their lives,  
Against his advice and his wine,  
And the Lord from on high, heard and answered their cry,  
In spite of this learned divine.

There's a crack in our *Bell*, and you look unwell,  
And we, well you know how *we* feel,  
When with money, and Carry, and you, and Old Harry,  
We then could not carry repeal.

*Oshawa Vindicator.*

#### A LIQUOR-MAKER'S CONFESSION.

I manufactured liquor for twenty-five years. I began the liquor business selling beer over my father's bar when I was fifteen years old. I know all about it and can make any kind. The adulteration of liquor is something you know little about, and the extent of it will surprise you. A man stands about as good a chance of being struck by lightning as to get a pure article of brandy in New York. With rectified whiskey as a basis we can imitate any kind of brandy. The French are more expert than we are; we begin where they leave off, and God pity the man who drinks the stuff we make. We make champagne which you buy for the genuine article. It costs to manufacture \$4 a basket; we sell it for \$10 to dealers. We make the stuff and put it in our own bottles, make a *fac simile* label of the genuine, import Spanish corks for the bottles and French straw and baskets to pack them in. We want to make a genuine imported wine. We buy one barrel of it. Our cooper takes the barrel as a pattern and makes ours by it. They are new and bright. We put them through a staining process and they come out old and nasty and worn just like the genuine importation. Thirty-two deadly poisons are used in the manufacture of wine. Not one gallon in fifty ever saw France. We sell thousands of gallons of whiskey to France to have them come back to us something else. Of all poisonous liquors in the world Bourbon whiskey is the deadliest. Strychnine is only one of the poisons in it. A certain oil is used in its manufacture; eight drops of which will kill a cat in eight minutes and a dog in nine minutes. The most temperate men in New York are the wholesale dealers. They dare not drink the stuff they sell.—*Major C. B. Cotton, New York.*

#### SHOCKING BUT TRUE.

We clip the following from an exchange:—

An Irish temperance paper says: Lately the body of a young man was fished up from the slime of the Mersey. An inquest was held and a note taken from one of the nockets of the deceased was read. It was to this effect: "Make no inquiries about me. Let me rot. Drink did it." The inquest was, of course, a public one, and the tragic note was duly reported in the papers. Within ten days the coroner received more than two hundred letters from parents asking for particulars as to the deceased. What a horrible fact this is. Within reach of the Liverpool papers there were two hundred mothers who feared that the writer of that ghastly note might be their "wandering boy."

There is the usual "of course," as we read that "drink did it;" but what a revelation is the reception by the coroner of two hundred letters from parents asking for particulars. The wandering boy opens a door to how many mother's hearts. In the thickly populated Mersey district the tragic fate of the young man as reported in the newspapers was read by two hundred suffering mothers. Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night? A saloon-keeper tempted him to drink, planted the hellish appetite in his system, plyed him with the bottle until morals, character, will, manhood, and all was wrecked and ruined. His body is rotting in the bottom of the pond or river. He is assassinated by drink. The saloon-keeper drives up in a carriage to the mayor and renews the license to ruin some other parent's boy. Did you vote for license or prohibition?—*Iowa Prohibitionist.*

#### THEIR IDEA OF LIBERTY.

The idea of personal liberty is a very selfish one on the part of the liquor-dealers, inasmuch as they refuse to allow the Prohibitionists the privileges which they demand as their inalienable rights. While they believe in every man doing as he pleases, they denounce the man who proposes to do differently from what they wish him to do. Their actions and beliefs are similar to those held by General Soult, and published in the arry order at Coblenz just before the election in 1804. The following is the order:

LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE RHINE:—The citizen-soldiers will vote to-morrow whether Napoleon Bonaparte, Consul for life, shall be Emperor of France. It is not my intention to influence the opinion of any of my soldiers, but any one voting "No" will be shot before the front of the regiment. Vive la liberte! SOULT, General.

The temperance people may do as they please in Iowa as long as they please the liquor-dealers, but if they attempt to enforce the law they will be tarred and feathered, egged, beaten and probably shot. Long live liberty! This is a free country, and woe be unto the man who attempts to make the law effective. It is not the intention of the saloon-keepers to influence any man's opinion regarding the enforcement of the law, but any one who works against them must be killed.—*Northwestern News.*