

wise but absolutely imperative, when war has once broken out, to take advantage of every lull in the actual fighting to strengthen one's defences and weapons of attack, and generally to put one's self in the best possible position to carry the war to a successful issue. There is such a lull just now in the long struggle between the Trade and its unscrupulous and vindictive foes, and we and all concerned in the Trade's defence are bound to utilize the interval in the wisest way by preparing for an early resumption of the fight, unless we are to prove untrue to the vast interests entrusted to our charge.

Our foes are making use of the interval to gather in the sinews of war with almost feverish haste, and the defenders of the trade can by no means afford to lag behind in this most necessary work. Expert and keen as the U.K.A. Executive is, and always has been, in the art of begging, it has never displayed those qualities more systematically and all pervasively than it is doing to-day. The 'Temperance' Leaguers, the Good Templars, the C.E.T.S., the Manchester and Westminster Committees, and all the other sections of the teetotal army, national, provincial and parochial, are following the example of the U.K.A., and sending round the hat with an adroitness which shows how much they have learned from the practised skill of the older association.

"These preparations are of themselves a sufficient proof that a more than usually determined attack upon our interests is in contemplation, and may be looked for in the near future, and there is abundance of other evidence pointing to the same conclusion. New schemes are continually being launched against the trade by all sorts of would-be legislators, from the veteran brigands of the U.K.A. to the most callous of fledglings who take up 'Temperance' as a ready means of wafting themselves into a spurious notoriety, and the sheaf of bills directed to the regulation, restriction, reformation or destruction of the Trade promises soon to overwhelm us by its mere bulk. All these are signs which he who runs may read, and we should be stupid indeed if we mistook their import. We must be prepared, as soon as Parliament meets, to be shot at from all quarters by a multiplicity of foes possessed of replenished coffers."

SUNDAY BEER.

MR. MOOREY was wrong, unintentionally so indeed, when he said that Sunday street cars had brought in their wake Sunday saloons in New York. The bars are closed in that city on Sunday, that is, the law says they are to be closed, and at times the police close them. But the great moral regenerating wave that has just swept Tammany off the earth is going to bring the open Sunday saloon. The German element in New York was a great factor in the recent movement, and they propose no longer to submit to a restriction which to them seems unnecessary, and to which in the Vaterland they

were unaccustomed. He can see no reason why he should drink beer openly on Saturday and have to sneak after it on Sunday, and does not propose to do anything of the kind. Having shown his strength at the polls, he proposes to show it in the Legislature, and there is no shadow of doubt that he will be successful.

The saloon keepers, however, do not care to have open sale all day. They suggest that the hours be from six to nine in the morning and from two in the afternoon to ten at night. They further suggest that the blinds be drawn on that day, the front door kept closed though of course not locked. This latter is done now in St. Paul and appears to work well though there are no closing hours. Some such plan at any rate will be adopted in New York.

THE CAPTIOUS ONE.

THAT most excellent writer in the *Sunday World*—we violate no confidence in saying that he is equally well known as a Good writer and a Good sporting authority—who makes his deliverance under the above caption, makes some remarks in the last issue that are especially good to our way of thinking. Speaking of the proposal to advertise Toronto as a summer resort or place of visit, he says: "My own belief is that largely owing to our hypocritical sanctimoniousness, and to narrowness in public affairs, we offer mightily little to the Nomads of the earth to come to us; and later, referring to the sporting fixtures as an attraction:

Saying that the yachting and rowing people choose to bestow their favors elsewhere—a fact that I would like Mr. Mulock to remember when he next speaks of our being indebted for our racing to a resident of another city—I do not know that we have much to advertise in a sporting way that outside people are interested in beyond the race meeting at Woodbine and the amateur championship athletic meeting at Rosedale. We will have a few lacrosse matches that, judging from this year's experience, are hardly likely to redound to our credit, and two or three bicycle meetings at which the advertising of certain wheels will be the most prominent feature; but beyond these things I really don't see what we have to offer visitors in the way of delectation. Of course the sail across the lake and the natural beauty of the city and its suburbs count for something, but to set against them there is our lack of public spirit, our pettiness and our narrow-minded Puritanism. If Toronto would be great she must be liberal. Bigotry is detested the world over, even by its best professors when they are on the road. Else would they forego a little of their comfort and lodge at temperance houses.

With all of which we most heartily and cordially agree, as also to a great extent with the following:

By a natural sequence this brings me to the recent visit of that genial and large-hearted man, the Very Reverend S. R. Hole, D.D. It holds me surprised and grieved me that more importance was made of the occasion. Elsewhere Dean Hole has been lionized to an extraordinary extent. Here His Lordship, the Bishop of Toronto, treated him to a street-car ride. It was hardly treatment worthy of one of the first cities of Great Britain

to one of the foremost and most learned dignitaries of the church of the parent country. No wonder the Dean lost no time in scurrying away. Bishop Sweetman, who, it cannot be said, appreciated advantage by the side of the Dean, stated that there were 26,000 Episcopians in Toronto. I do not credit the statement, but of a surety the number is large enough to promise a bigger turn-out than there was on Monday night at the Massey Music Hall. Twelve hundred would include the whole, and of that I fully believe there were five or six hundred of other persuasions. The manager was not to blame. He advertised the lecture sufficiently, but the church people themselves were as usual apathetic. It is no wonder that the English Church compared with other denominations in Canada is at a standstill. In New York the Dean was startled with hospitality and receptions. At Detroit it was the same. At Chicago this week he is to be publicly dined at the Auditorium, to be received by the Twentieth Club, and to be otherwise sumptuously entertained, while at Boston he is to give a public reception in the Music Hall. This last affair is to be on a particularly magnificent scale. It is to be what is called a "rose reception." The Dean is a great flower-turist and his fancy is to be surrounded with a gorgeous display of his favorite flower—the rose. This will be at once a graceful and becoming compliment. It is possible that his reverence's well-known liberal views may have had something to do with the lukewarmness that attended his visit here. If that is so, it is well that the narrow-minded and the bigot did not attend, for they would not have been gratified by certain home thrusts they would have received, nor by the applause that followed them. Dean Hole at seventy-five years of age is a splendid specimen of a man. Hale, hearty, robust and genial, he stands six feet four inches, and in wit, variety and point rivals that other liberal dignitary of the church—the revered and never-to-be-forgotten first editor of *The Edinburgh Review*, Sydney Smith, who, like Dr. Hole, was the trust of Democrats. With men like them in liberty all people are equal; there are no privileged classes.

HE DARES TO SPEAK.

HIS GRACE of Rochester has made a declaration that will call down upon his devoted head the withering invective of the whole line of prohibition fanatics. He has actually dared to declare that a workman should be able to get beer on Sunday. Dean Hole, in an interview at Detroit, said:

"While I cannot agree with the opinion of many, that saloons should be open all day Sunday, I certainly think they should be open a part of that day. I don't know to what extent your laboring people drink beer in this country, but the workman in England must have his beer with his Sunday dinner, and I cannot see any wrong in that. Some say, 'Let him buy it on Saturday night,' but he wants it fresh. The rich man can get his soda, his brandy, his whiskey, his wine at his club on Sunday; why must he have privileges the workman may not have? Therefore, I say, have a certain time before the customary dinner hour when he can get it as he wants it."

And no roof fell and crushed him, no rent in the earth appeared to swallow him up, no lightnings blasted him; he simply

went on his way and did not seem to care a rap whether his views pleased the goodly-goodies or not.

Now give politics a rest and business a boom.

Now, Bro. Buchanan, is Mr. Marter a Moses or a Joshua? Or is he a Jonah?

VERILY there are more shels to be had in keeping a drug store in a prohibition town than in running a saloon in a great city.

ONE of the most noticeable effects of Prohibition is the wonderful development of the fatal eye habit in persons who enter drug stores.

BELLEFONTAINE is one of the towns that enjoys the blessings of Prohibition. Seventeen empty whiskey kegs taken from the cellar of a single drug store were the net results of a six months run of the soda water fountain.

A CHEMIST has found a way to solidify whiskey and form it into tablets. Now if he would go on and find a way to solidify wisdom into chunks and place it within the reach of Prohibitionists, it would be better than the old style of placing a brick within a plug hat for the energetic to kick at.

MR. ALD. STEPHEN ROBERTS, one of the governors of the Incorporated Society of Licensed Victuallers of England, has just been elected Mayor of his native city, Richmond. In what a deplorable state must be the wretched denizens of that city to elect to the chief magistracy the vile agent of an accursed traffic! Let us all weep.

THE REVELATIONS in an English pilot coat recently present the ardent teetotaler in a new light. It was proved that a vendor of temperance beer was selling a liquor that contained rather more than seven per cent. of alcohol, a quantity in excess of the alcohol contained in ordinary beers, and some three per cent more than is found in lager beers. The conscience stricken teetotalers who have been imbibing these too exhilarating fluids will have learned another lesson in the universality of alcohol.

Let the whole line advance. That we are in for a campaign for license reform is evident. The proposition to reduce the hours in which liquor may be legally sold commends itself very strongly to many friends of temperance. There are then these two clear lines of attack upon the liquor traffic open to our friends throughout the country, and we urge they do all in their power to secure victory along either or both lines.

The above is from the *Temperance*, the leading organ of the Prohibitionists in Canada. Again we warn the Trade to prepare for this fall's campaign. Reduction of licenses, and of the hours of selling is the temperance idea, and they propose to work through the municipal councils.