

more respect for us than for Australians. They tax their countrymen; so do we. It is a common practice among savage tribes to endeavor to get even with each other by poisoning the water; why shouldn't our Celestial friends, who there is plenty of evidence to prove, are not wanting in fiendish devilry, try to get even with us by poisoning our tea? The hatred of the poorer classes in China for foreigners is increasing fast and when they get a chance they are capable of doing almost anything. At any rate Mr. Foster's decision that tea adulterated with spurious leaf or with exhausted leaves, or which contain so great an admixture of chemical or other deleterious substance as to make it unfit for use, should be prohibited from entering Canada was not arrived at a moment before it was necessary.

CIVIC CATE.

Our friend Mayor Kennedy has been at it again. He can see no harm in riding on Sunday himself but it is a positive crime for the people generally to do so. Recently when in Chicago he did as the Chicagoans do and rode on the cars on Sunday. In Toronto he will not allow a car to move, not even if he has to drive around all day himself to prevent it. Hypocrisy, cant and humbug could go no further. But it has been said that the best way to get an obnoxious law repealed is to enforce it. Mr. Kennedy may yet find that he has gone a step too far and that Mr. Morellith's new by-law, instead of extricating him from a hole, has plunged him into one. The funniest feature of the whole affair, however, is that while the Mayor denies the people the right to ride on a Sunday, the police court clerk refuses to issue a warrant against Mr. Kennedy for doing the same thing. It appears to us that the police court clerk is taking a great deal upon himself, but if there is in Canada one law for the rich and influential and another for the poor and needy we ought to know it. It is only the other day that the Archbishop of York said he could not bring himself to vote for a measure of Sunday closing, because it was not right while the rich man had his club where he could drink at his pleasure to deprive the poor man of an opportunity to get his glass of beer. There spoke a true prophet of God and his church. Would that we had an Archbishop of York in Toronto!

The number of malt houses going up in the United States should warn Canadians that they have no reason to look for an improved demand for their product in that quarter.

The Prohibitionists of Des Moines, Iowa, propose to test the validity of the "mullet" law. As an initiatory step they have applied for an injunction restraining saloons from carrying on business under the \$600 penalty.

It has been decided in England that if a publican or licensee holder is wholly dis-

interested, if he has no direct pecuniary concern in the result, he "may not only sit to hear, but may adjudicate upon applications for licenses to sell intoxicating liquors."

Power from Niagara Falls, it is expected, will be supplied to Buffalo by October 1st. Electricity generated at the tunnel is to be raised to a potential of about 30,000 volts, and transmitted to Buffalo over underground wires. The route is not yet determined, but eight of way is being secured along three different routes.

It may interest critics of the Dominion Government's prohibition commission to know that a scheme is in progress in the United States to start an investigation on somewhat similar lines. It is proposed that the work shall be carried on by what is known as the Sociological Group, a body composed of educators, clergymen, physicians and experts upon subjects correlated to the question.

THREE thousand hotel men from New York State will visit Toronto in September. They will be entertained by the local association. What form the entertainment shall take has not yet been definitely decided, but a big barbecue is one of the things suggested. Mayor Kennedy need have no fear for his principles. He will not be invited to welcome the visitors, who, of course, will be duly informed of the reason. But they will be welcomed right royally nevertheless.

RICEKYS AND COOLERS.

Enticing Fabrications of Gin in which Hot Weather Thirsts are Assuaged.

(From the "New York Sun.")

Gin, as the alcoholic basis of a fabricated, sometimes called "mixed" drink, has grown in popularity enormously in recent years. "I notice its increase daily," says Host Lipman, who caters to thirty souls on lower Park Row. "As it is used in a gin cocktail and Martini cocktail it is familiar during cold weather, hot weather and moderate weather, and in a gin fizz it is used in all seasons to some extent, but is most popular when the thermometer is above 75 degrees. Added to these three familiar forms it is now used in three comparatively new forms: the 'Rickey,' the 'Remsen cooler,' and the 'Collins.'"

In the two former no sugar is used, and as the heating properties of a whole lemon make sweet drinks unpalatable in warm weather the "dry" drinks enjoy the most popularity these days.

The Remsen, or cooler—it is seldom called for by its full name—is manufactured in this wise: The peel of a whole lemon is cut off in one spiral, and in that spiral peel is enclosed as large a piece of ice as can be dropped, in its yellow stripes, in a large bar glass. Over that is poured a drink of gin, the customer, instead of the barkeeper, measuring out the quantity of gin in a separate glass. Over the ice, lemon-peel and gin a bottle of plain soda is poured, and a crook of the elbow does the rest.

A Rickey, named after its inventor, Col. Rickey, who "averts unfriendly legislation" for his clients in Washington,

would not be possible except for the introduction of the lime fruit from California. To make a Rickey a lime is halved, both halves are squeezed into a glass, and one squeezed half is thrown in with the juice. Ice is added, a drink of gin poured in, and the glass filled with carbonated water.

The Collins is really a large gin fizz, for which you pay 25 or 30 cents, instead of 15 cents; the only difference in its component parts being the use of bottled soda instead of carbonated water. This is the way a Collins is compounded: In a mixing glass put a wine glass of lemon juice, a small tablespoonful of sugar, and a "good" drink of gin. Shake up well, and strain into a Collins glass, that is, a long, straight bar glass, add a bottle of plain soda.

There is a belief held by some beer drinkers that a drink or two or three of some kind of gin fabrication has a tendency to counteract possible damage to the liver by beer. That is the reason some people start in the day with a Rickey, a Collins, or a cooler, after a night devoted to beer, or thus conclude the night of a day devoted to beer. Some simple folk drink them because they like them.

AT THE SODA COUNTER.

"It is interesting to see how differently people drink," said a Portland soda counter boy. "Some people never lift their eyes over the rim of their glass; others look all around the store, and read every label. I used to have a curious customer. A little nervous man who went up and down on his toes when he drank; every time he raised the glass to sip he went up and then down again, and I always had to turn my head to avoid his seeing me smile." His curious, too, about others. "Blondes usually prefer the colored fruit juices, while dark complexioned people take the plain varieties. And another thing I have noticed is that anyone in a hurry will always drink the glass dry, partly from nervousness, I suppose. Yes, we see some funny sights, but one of the best was when a young man about town came hustling in one evening with his best girl, ordered two lemon ices, and putting his hand in his pocket found he had left his change in his other trousers. He turned red, then white, and looked at me appealingly. I tumbled, and said, 'that's all right, old man,' and the girl looked conveniently the other way. He thanked me the next day."—*Am. Druggist and Pharm. Record.*

A COMMUNITY OF SHEEP.

It is a long time since I came across more pitiful reading than the report of the Commissioners of Massachusetts to the Gothenburg licensing system, to which I alluded last week. Far down indeed in the scale of mankind and independence must the descendants of the sturdy and freedom-loving Norsemen be when they can submit to the mean and pitifultying tyranny of the sour-sold Stiggins whom they have within the last twenty years allowed to set their feet on the neck of individual liberty. "Spirits may not be sold at or nearer than three miles to a place where an auction, fair, market or parish meeting is being held, or on the occasion of any unusual gathering of the people, or when other valid reasons are at hand." "Ale and porter may only be sold when food is ordered." "Lists are made of regular customers, and the quantity of liquor bought by them noted." "Smaller drink classes were ordered, and the rule made that only one dram once in three hours must be served to each person." "A

number of habitual drinkers (not drunks, be it noted) were notified that in future they would only be allowed to visit one particular shop." "When the liquor ordered has been consumed, the person in question must leave the premises at once, and a prolonged stay in the same is not permitted." "At the request of a man's family (this will be, possibly under the thumb of Stiggins) no liquor may be sold to him." "The bar-rooms offer attractions; not even nudes are found. All invitation to lounge is lacking."

These are a few extracts from the report. At first sight they look like extracts from some crack-brained anti-social scheme drawn up by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, the able assistant of Lady Henry Somerset. But they are not. They are descriptive of a state of affairs actually existing in a so-called free and civilized community. It is no wonder that such a community of sheep, descended by some queer freak from an ancestry of lions, should have made itself the laughing stock of Europe. But it ought to be something more useful than this. It ought to furnish an object lesson in legislative tinkering with conditions that should make nations like ourselves, who have still got bones in our backs, take very good care that Stiggins never puts his sour visage inside the temple of our liberties without getting that on another part of his anatomy which shall send him sprawling with more haste than dignity from the door. Scandinavia has shown us how low the uncivilized babo can bring a race that once was free, and whether we laugh or weep at the spectacle, we must remember that this is only the logical outcome of the pernicious theories which are enfolded or disguised in such measures as the now happily defunct Local Veto Bill. It is not a question of sobriety or drunkenness. It is a choice between popular liberty and Parliamentary tyranny, and a tyranny at which, is, after all, ineffectual, since we learn that the net result has been that "the the total consumption of spirituous drinks has not been diminished," although "the traffic has been reduced to the lowest point consistent with public safety." In other words, even the modern Swedes and Norwegians would kick if the tyranny got more grievous. —*Temperance Advertiser in London Licensing World.*

ALCOHOL VERSUS TEA.

It is one of the conventions of Budget night, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that everyone, journalist or member of Parliament, shall pretend to be delighted at the increase in the consumption of tea. We regret it. Miss Ellis lately told a Departmental Committee how tea is destroying the physical strength of the Welsh mining class. Mr. Wilson Fox, one of the assistant commissioners of the Labor Commission reports that he has lowered the general average of robustness among the navvies in the west of Ireland. Women who are employed in manufactures where lead is used, handicap themselves in the struggle against poison by drinking a weak, bitter and pernicious brew; even domestic servants, who get good food, rob themselves of its benefits with tea. We ourselves have recently been taken to task for insisting, not that the tea which the middling class drinks is generally bad, but that the wine among them have not only degraded it, but And yet the world pretends to rejoice in the increased use of this stuff which unmans the nerves quite as much as spirits do. Fortunately, the House of Commons does not live up to its annual conventional cheers. We are, by the way, told that the Refreshment Committee has just ordered seventy-two gallons of whiskey. There is still some hope for the House.

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