

HOW THEY DRINK IN NEW MEXICO.

The man from New Mexico and his Chicago friend stood against the bar in one of the palatial saloons of Chicago. The dispenser put out four glasses.

"Where's your beewax?" asked the New Mexico visitor.

"I ain't got on," responded the dispenser.

"Never tend bar in New Mexico?"

The dispenser said he never had the pleasure.

"The pleasure nothin'. Tain't no pleasure, I tell you. It's such a man's life is worth. But I see you don't save about the beewax. Well, I'll tell you how they drink in New Mexico. There's only one thing to drink—that's whisky liquor, see?"

The bartender set up one glass. He ain't got no whole lot of glasses, like you. He just sets up one big glass. Then he takes out his beewax and he marks the glass for as many drinks as there are drinkers in the party. Say there's three. He puts two beewax marks on the glass about so far apart. Then he fills the glass himself with liquor to the rim of the glass. The first man in the party drinks down to the first beewax mark, and then he passes the glass to the next man, and he drinks down to the second beewax mark, and the third man drinks to the bottom of the glass. It ain't no fun, is it? Well, I'll tell you how they drink in New Mexico. There's only one thing to drink—that's whisky liquor, see?"

"Oh, yes. Plenty of water."

"Well, set 'er up. And if there's anything extra for it, I'll pay the cost. Say—this is the first time I was ever in the idea of setting up four glasses for two men to drink out. I reckon there ain't another town on earth where such extravagance is used."

THE NEW LAW IN OHIO.

The food and liquor adulteration laws are being vigorously enforced by the Ohio Food Commissioner. Local liquor dealers have received rules and regulations and labels for their guidance. Every article must be sold for exactly what it is. For instance, Gin must not be sold for "Holland" gin, unless it is manufactured in Holland, and "Cognac" or "French" brandy must not be sold unless it is manufactured in France. The sale of brandy is prohibited, unless it is distilled from grapes or grape juice, and when manufactured in this country must not be sold as foreign brandy; and apple and peach brandy must not be sold unless distilled from the fruit.

The laws of Ohio on the subject of wines are very clear and very strict. Pure wines must be fermented juice of the grape and nothing else, and only such wines can be sold and branded or labeled as "Pure Wines."

Every jug, bottle, flask, keg, barrel, or other receptacle in which intoxicating liquor is sold or delivered, must be labeled or branded with the words "Containing no poisonous drugs or other added persons," together with the name of the person or firm preparing the package.

ALL THE SAME, ANYWAY.

A MAN went into a restaurant the other day and took a seat on a stool. He looked at the bill of fare a minute and then beckoned to the waiter. "Hay," he said, "gimme a second child!"

"What's that, sir?" asked the waiter,

as he brushed the crumbs into the man's lap and handed him a glass of water in which his thumb was immersed beyond the first point.

"Gimme some veal."

"Veal?"

"Yes, veal."

The waiter wandered off to the kitchen and held an animated conversation with the cook. Pretty soon he came back and put a plate of dark red meat in front of the customer and began to pay close attention to the electric fan.

The customer turned the meat over with his fork. He inspected it on both sides. Then he said: "Hay, waiter, come here."

"I asked for veal," said the customer, inquiringly.

"Yes."

"This hain't veal. It's roast beef."

"Roast beef?" repeated the waiter, in great astonishment.

"Yes, roast beef."

The waiter turned to walk away.

"Well," he said, "what's roast beef but veal in a second childhood? You gimme a pain."

PETTY TYRANNY.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET became a publicist in the way of restricting, or inducing the Government to restrict, the public as to how, when and where they should take anything to drink, and what they should and should not drink. This looked to some of us like a love of tyranny. What does she do at home? At the end of her ladyship's park is one of the prettiest footpaths in the neighborhood, and this she proposes to close, apparently in order to prevent the public from oversteering her son's shooting ground. Lady Henry is good enough to offer another piece of ground for a path in exchange for the "prettiest walk in the neighborhood," but this proposal the authorities have not accepted. Now she has threatened to erect a huge wooden partition along the whole length of the footpath, so that the Regatta public shall not be able to overlook her grounds. She has already, so it is reported, put up two sections 9 ft. by 7 ft. This is precisely the spirit in which well-to-do prohibitionists appear to desire to deal with the public. Lady Henry Somerset has prepared well-stocked game preserves for her son. The public footpath is inconveniently near them. But the public like to take a walk sometimes where a pheasant or a hare may be seen now and again. Oh, no! They must go elsewhere. Just so! Well-bred people may have champagne, port, brandy, pale ale, or whatever they please, but the public must not have any place where they may touch or taste anything of the sort. This may be petty government, but it is not also petty tyranny!—*Licensing World.*

A MODERN PURIST.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET, mist, it seems, be classed with the great array of professors whose practices do not by any means coincide with their preachments. According to the *Morning*, this lady, who has been the embodiment of all the Christian virtues, derives a handsome portion of her income from a "fetid sink, a sink of all the corruptions, which stands in her name in the books of the St. Pancras authorities."

Many portions of her Sonnet Town estate are described as being "filthy and pestiferous," and are condemned in the St. Pancras Health Report for the current year. One portion is said to be a narrow, lathouse alley, in which one meets types of humanity that would cause to believe never existed than to try

to describe." Another portion, York buildings, "a collection of ramshackle shelters for the lowest class of laborers," has been condemned, and is to be demolished, and a similar fate awaits more of Lady Somerset's property off Church street, where men, women and children lounge about on floors and in doorways

"in a condition of squalor and misery which it would be hard to match in all London." We are further told that "misery and pain present themselves on every side, and that the neighborhood is worse than Seven Dials or Whitechapel."

We are further told that "misery and pain present themselves on every side, and that the neighborhood is worse than Seven Dials or Whitechapel."

If Lady Henry Somerset is simply an ordinary property owner, such charges as these must, if proved, relegate her to the ranks of those who fatten upon the misery, vice and crime of their fellow-creatures; but when, with such a terrible record as this behind her, she poses as the champion of all that is light and beautiful and pure and virtuous, her audacity rises to a height of sublimity which ordinary language is inadequate to describe.

"I am going to know that, notwithstanding her pronounced views upon Prohibition, she derives a large share of her income from public-house property, and, quite fittingly, we now find that the instigator of a crusade against "vice" at the Empire derives a further and probably a larger slice of revenue from the rents of rookeries which are hotbeds of filth, vice, disease and crime."—*The London World.*

THE AUDIENCE LAUGHED.

AT one of Sir John Ripley's meetings a young Free Church minister at question time got up, and timidly said, "May I ask if Sir John is a teetotaler?" The reply, quick as lightning, was delightful and characteristic of the man: "He is a teetotaler? Certainly not!" And how the audience laughed! Sir John is a confirmed lacholer, an enthusiastic angler, such an early riser that after striking a brief, he usually prepares himself for the day's labors by a ride, and whilst so engaged may often be encountered in Hyde Park. Shooting is, however, his chief relaxation, and he invariably seeks it in the Scottish moors. Sir John is just sixty years of age, having been born in 1834 at Runcorn in Cheshire. He was educated at Liverpool Collegiate Institute, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He graduated Second Wrangler and Second Smith's Prize in 1856, and second class in the classical tripos, and was elected a Fellow of his College. In 1860 he was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, and acted as Junior Equity Counsel to the Treasury from 1875 to 1881, in which latter year he became Q.C. and three years after Bench of his Inn. He was appointed Solicitor-General and knighted in 1892, and succeeded Sir Charles Russell as Attorney-General during the present year.

PROHIBITION AT MEDICINE HAT.

The following communication appears in the last issue of the *Regina Leader*:

DEAR SIR,—Ever since the people of the West have had an opportunity of expressing their opinion upon the Prohibition question, it has been continually dinned into our ears by the moralists of the godly Province of Ontario how that our fair country has been dragged into the foul mire of "high license" from the pedestal of "pure Prohibition, which she enjoyed in the savory old permit days."

We have likewise been warned as to the action which these purists would take in election matters when they had the chance. How they would rise in their

might, march in their battalions to the ballot box and bring us back to the old slough water days once more.

Of course, when such a chance arose there would be no question about their candidate. He would be a Rehebeite of the Rehebeites, with not the slightest trace of the "unholy thing" about him.

Well, sir, here in Medicine Hat, these people had a chance of bringing out a candidate of their own. Both Messrs. Tweed and Fourn are well known, and neither up to the present day have posed as Prohibitionists.

The temperance outfit have now endorsed Mr. Tweed's candidature presumably upon his plan of amendment to their peculiar ideas. Now, where does their high morality and ranting come in?

Tweed is not a total abstainer, and still draws a revenue from the "cursed traffic," yet upon giving a catch-vote "pledge" at the eleventh hour our temperance friends nuzzle their drums and toe the mark like little men, the same as the rest of the "have-to's." Is it not true, sir, that these political peacocks and snivelling chadsaws were taught a lesson by every elector who is opposed to cast his pecuniary? CONSIDER.

Medicine Hat, Oct. 21st.

INTERESTING EVENT AT BURTON.

THE Burton Brewery Company recently completed the extension of premises for co-ownership purposes at a cost of something like £15,000, and the same day the first firm of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton and Company celebrated the twenty-first year of its establishment in the town. During the ceremony associated with the former event the chairman of the directors expressed the hope, which was of course shared by all present, that the occasion marked a new epoch in the history of the undertaking, and, with the like approval of the vast audience, the directors the alterations which would tend to the consolidation and stability of the concern were of greater moment than the temporary absence of dividends. Commenting on the event, a Burton contemporary remarks that some interesting reminiscences are awakened in a review of the house of business which is known the world over by the ensign of the "Black Eagle."

Mention is made of the antiquity of the London section, in whose cellar there are deeds which show that their trade had its existence as far back as 1696, and it may not be generally known that John Tins, in one of his interesting books of research and anecdote, records an incident of later date, created by the burning of an immense vat of porter said to be the largest in the world. The liquor descended with great and destructive force into the vicinity of Brick Lane, inhabited by the poorer portion of the population, and had fortunately received timely warning from the firm's surveyor. Even more recently the Burton branch has enabled the London centre in great things, for a few months ago it received into its enormous cask a copper altogether unique in its diameter.

A SOAKER.

Mr. Bilber—"I just came down in the kitchen, loo, to get a point or two, but if you go away next week I'll have to say sorry. I'm sorry. What are these people dumping in the pan? Beans? Who do you have to soak 'em before cooking?"

Mrs. Bilber—"Of course."

Mr. B.—"That's funny. Now, I was going to cook myself, but you were going to cook yourself any additional soak was unnecessary."