

# THE ADVOCATE

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## Comment.

A NUMBER of complaints have come to hand from subscribers to the effect that they do not receive THE ADVOCATE regularly. While sorry of course that there should be cause for such complaints we are pleased when our subscribers take the trouble to advise us. We, therefore, request each and every one of them who fails to receive even a single copy to lose no time in notifying us. If that is done we will not only supply the missing number, but will take such steps as will ensure regular and prompt delivery in the future. Subscribers to a paper who do not advise the publishers of non-receipt are guilty of an injustice both to the paper and to themselves.

THE *Temperance Record* has about concluded that "temperance" ales or beers are dangerous. We are sure of it after having sampled some in Maine.

WRITE Gladstone, Lady Henry Somerset and Francis E. Willard, all gone back on the Prohibition crowd in one week, it takes the wind blow cold through Bro. Babahan's First Dispensation whiskies.

ASK how the *Citizen* impliedly finds lack because none of the visiting New York hotel men got drunk. It is too bad. A visiting "temperance" delegate perhaps would not have been open to the same reproach.

ROBESON, Ill., has five open saloons, and on Labor Day, though the police were very vigilant, there were but four arrests. Macomb, a near neighbor, has no saloons, but on Labor Day there were sixteen arrests—sixteen of them for drunkenness.

THE Prohibition press do not take kindly to the idea of establishing inebriety asylums. Of course not. They would sooner have the drunkard thump the family, smash the furniture and break the heads of the police than run short in their beds of "horrible examples."

In New York City the war cry in the

elections just being entered upon is "down with Tammany." The Prohibitionists have raised one thousand dollars (\$1,000) wherewith to accomplish the "downing" process, but the Tiger has not yet even deigned to curl his tail.

WHILE favorable to the utmost possible individual freedom, we still cannot help thinking that Lady Somerset and Miss Willard did wrong in drinking out of a bottle at Chatsouga. Example goes for a deal among the great. They should have used a glass.

SECRETARY of the U. S. Treasury Carlisle has decided that whiskey in bond, and not taken out before the new tariff went into effect, will have to pay the present duty of \$1.10 instead of the former duty of 90c. This means a loss of several millions to the distillers and wholesale dealers.

JOSEPH FIELDS, aged 102, died at Red Bank, N.J., on Sept. 27. He had been a moderate drinker all his life. Of course we don't attribute his green old age to that fact, but had he been a temperance advocate his friends would doubtless have exalted him as a notable instance of the power of cold water.

A FITS contemporary exultingly proclaims that the Good Templar order has been planted in Mashonaland, "where unfortunately intoxicating liquor had previously been introduced." Why, bless your simple little heart the natives of Africa made beer before Mashonaland was named or Good Templarism dreamed of.

"OVER 11,000 convictions for drunkenness in the Dominion last year," wails a temperance contemporary. Quite true, and the convictions for drunkenness in New Brunswick, the banner Prohibition Province, are nearly double in ratio of population to what they are in Ontario under a license law. Prohibition does not prohibit.

A RECENT discovery will make prohibition harder than ever to enforce. It is the invention of a New York druggist, who has succeeded in solidifying the properties of whiskey and other liquors into tablets like chocolate. A piece of the substance is dropped into half a glass

of water, and a liberal drink of whiskey is forthcoming.

EXCISE Commissioner Meskin, of New York City, declares that twenty-five per cent of the men in the liquor business in New York State cannot write their own names. Although no statistics are forthcoming in this important matter, the officers of the New York State hotelkeepers' Association brand it as an unmitigated lie. Hotelkeepers are as a whole as well educated as any other body of tradesmen.

WHAT has become of that great voyage that was to be taken on righteousness' account; that voyage during which every monarch was to be told what he should eat and drink and whom he was to marry? It was understood a start was to be made this fall and Lady Henry Somerset was to be the bright particular star; but Lady Henry says she proposes to devote the next six months to study and to her son, who comes of age next year. It is a pity if the scheme has gone to the wall, for the world really needs regenerating.

DR. Brennan, of Montreal, is reported to have said at the recent meeting of the American Health Association, that "within the last four months he had seen four women, each the mother of several children and moving in good society, die from the effects of chronic alcoholism." Dr. Brennan should be made to prove his statement. He should first be compelled to give the names of the women referred to and then be confronted with what he returned as the cause of death. Such statements are easily made, but not so easily substantiated.

THE *Citizen* and *Home Guard* points to the case of Green, arrested for the murder of one Coggrave at Cornwall, as a fearful example of the effects of over-indulgence in strong drink. Within a hundred miles of strong drink. Within a hundred miles of our contemporary's office a man was sentenced on Friday last to a long term of imprisonment for robbery, embezzlement, fraud and breach of trust in the wrecking of a financial institution of which he was president. This man was a leading church member, superintendent of a Sunday school and a great light in temperance circles, yet he ruined scores of poor people. Would Bro. Casey argue from this an awful ex-

ample of the effects of attending church and being a total abstainer?

It may be the popularity of cycling, writes an English correspondent, that is most responsible for it, but whatever be the cause, it is certain that the old-fashioned country inn—following the old-fashioned inn of the towns—is beginning to succumb to what is known as modern improvement. Few long bars are taking the position of the little places that did not hold more than two or three customers at a time, long windows have monopolized the places of long dead walls and old-fashioned eusements, and the most ordinary of ordinary tap rooms have blossomed forth into private sungs or smoke rooms rather luxuriously furnished. The long bar may be unwelcome, but one is not sure that the other alterations are not for the best, as increased comfort for those who care to use the taverns are at any rate forthcoming on every hand. As a rule, the country innkeeper has, however, failed to follow the example of some of his town neighbors. Managers are at a discount, the landlady is really the hostess of the house in which she presides, and the landlord is truly "mine host," ready to do all he can for the comfort of his guests, and willing to put his hand to anything that will facilitate business. Regarding this propensity a hale, tall, heavy, but energetic Northumberland innkeeper tells a good story against himself. He was working away like a laborer in the stable yard one day when an aristocratic looking individual drove up by trap, in which two ladies and himself were seated. The landlord commenced to attend the horse, when the driver thundered out: "Look here, fellow, don't you see there are two ladies here, get a chair for them to get out." The chair was procured, and the party afterwards had dinner in the house, in the course of which the swell—pointing out to mine host, whom he evidently took for the ostler—said to the landlady, "And does it pay you to keep that great lumbering fellow halting about?" There was a twinkle in the landlady's eye, as she quietly answered that it did, but the questioner was not enlightened as to his mistake. He had evidently been used to town landlords and town ostlers, and the ruddy-faced country innkeeper ready to turn his hand to anything, was beyond his ken.