

associations in connection with all the religious denominations in this country—not so much for converting Christians to total abstinence, as for enlisting them in the active work of the crusade against the drink traffic in all its forms.

ON THE ISLAND IN TORONTO BAY,—visitors to the Wiman Baths—and their number is constantly increasing—must be impressed with the wisdom of the License Commissioners in refusing a liquor license to Ward's new hotel adjoining the Baths. Not only are visitors pleased by the perfect immunity from the annoyance and disgusting scenes which always accompany the unlimited sale of intoxicants; but, Ward's hotel itself, as a temperance house, is doing a more successful, as well as a more respectable business, than if it were licensed. Every room is occupied by boarders.

The Toronto Temperance Reformation Society's Sunday afternoon meetings at the Queen's Park attract the largest number of people who frequent that delightful resort with a disposition to listen. The well-tried leaders—Mr. Wardell as conductor, Prof. Wood, who leads the singing, Messrs. Flint, McFedries, Morphy and the rest, are still to the fore; while several new faces of younger men can be seen among the active workers. Last Sunday Mr. Wm. Munns was one of the speakers. A project is on foot for the purchase of a large tent to be placed on the grounds for use throughout the summer. The cost of covering and furniture would be about \$500—a sum which it should not be difficult to raise in a city like Toronto, which numbers among its citizens so many wealthy and benevolent people, and in which the temperance sentiment is so strong.

It is reported in the press that the Toronto License Commissioners are withholding licenses from a number of applicants on account of their lack of accommodation for travellers. If the Commissioners acted strictly according to the law in the premises the total number of hotel licenses granted this year would be reduced by about one-half, for, according to the statement of the Commissioners themselves, there are nearly a hundred so called hotels which can not furnish meals. The law distinctly stipulates that every licensed house—whether hotel or saloon—must be proved to the satisfaction of the Commissioners to be "a well appointed eating house." Taking the statement of these gentlemen themselves, we judge that they are very easily satisfied on the gustatory point. We are not without hope, however, that they will gradually reach the full standard of duty contemplated by the Crooks Act.

Mr. Richard Snelling, L.L.B., barrister-at-law, of this city, recently wrote to the *Globe* a letter, in which he commended the high-license agitation now going on in Chicago. As one result of the publication of this letter, he had received up till last week nearly a hundred private letters from all parts of Canada and the United States, containing arguments against high license, and such facts as convinced him that pure prohibition is much more easily attainable than he had at first supposed. He wrote a second letter, in which he strongly urged prohibition, though still believing high license agitation preferable to inaction. The fact of so many letters having been written to Dr. Snelling is in itself very strong evidence of the high-tide of temperance sentiment in Canada. Is there any other question which would call forth such widespread expression of opinion—all of the same tenor? We trow not. Temperance advocates, and prohibition preachers, be encouraged!

The *Licensed Victualler's Journal* is dead. Its name was against its success, but even the change of that to one more mild and insinuating did not save it. One would think that, considering the enormous profits of the liquor traffic, those engaged in it should be able—and anxious—to defend "the trade" from the encroachments of "temperance fanatics." But something more than money is needed in a newspaper; it must have principles and arguments. In this important capital the organ of a whisky-party must always be wanting, even ability and attainments cannot compensate for the deficiency, and the demise of the *Weekly Review* is doubtless owing to the strong tide of temperance sentiment against which it could bring no adequate opposing logic.

It is pleasing to note evidences of the growth of this temperance sentiment among the various classes of the community. The bicyclists are becoming very numerous in Canada. A few weeks ago about four hundred of them met in London, Ont., to receive a company of bicycle tourists from Chicago. Throughout the Dominion the young men who belong to bicycle clubs may be numbered by thousands. This pastime is one that combines, in a remarkable degree, physical exercise with exhilarating pleasure. It is a fundamental tenet that a bicyclist must be a teetotaler. He must "keep his head" lest he take a "header," and liquor of all kinds is rigorously excluded from their banquets and club rooms. We are also pleased to learn on good authority that very few shorthand writers—a class which is growing very rapidly, and which includes young men in literary, legal and commercial occupations—indulge in intoxicating liquor. On the other hand, among them are some of the most pronounced temperance advocates to be found in the Dominion.

James Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Correspondence.

PICKING MEN UP OUT OF THE GUTTER.

Editor Citizen:

This is a street-figure which is sometimes literally correct, and frequently made use of to describe what is meant by that praiseworthy but most difficult department of Temperance work—the restoration of men to habits of Temperance after the Liquor Demon has besotted them.

"Picking men out of the gutter" is the theory that some people profess to entertain as to the true and most effectual way of working in the Temperance Reform; and foremost amongst those who advocate this as the legitimate line of action, will be found all whisky professors, from the bloated bar-keeper (down or up) to the demure and devout distiller, all claiming their right—whether by business practice or social example, to make wrecks of men and women, and then coolly pointing the temperance reformers to the results of their doings and asking them to rescue and restore the victims.

It is not uncommon for the liquor vendors of high or low degree, to make a show of their good wishes for these victims, by expressing sympathy for them; but the value of their professions, as well as their belief in the practicability of restoring their victims, may be seen in the fact that not one of these traffickers ever contributes money, effort or influence, to sustain the agencies that are put forth to lift men from the gutter into which the traffic has dragged them.

With that shamelessness of face, only known to liquor-dealers, they profess not only to advocate the picking of men up out of the gutter, but they specially point to this as their approved sphere of Philanthropy, and although they thus profess, and although they have got the victims' money too, who ever heard of the liquor seller aiding any movement intended to rescue such victims from the gutter of their traffic, or to save others from falling into it?

No one knows better than the liquor dealer himself, that the only logical or effectual way of getting men out of the gutter, is for all hands to join in sweeping the gutter away from the men; for, as long as the foul pools of liquor bars are allowed to exist, there will be more floundering victims than the world's philanthropy can free from their polluting effects.

The curb stone of restrictive license laws only helps the more to continue the existence of the vile flood, endangering all passers-by. To follow up the figure, let the sunlight of truth shine upon this gutter to show its deceiving and hurtful nature and to dry up its fountains. Let all church windows admit and refract these rays. Let the culverts of licensed bars be cleared out; let the crossings of social drinking customs be razed, let the sewer-traps of interested capitalists be cleaned out; let our highways and byways be flushed with a cleansing stream of knowledge as to the nature and doings of the traffic, and let the whole befouling system be swept into the main drain of public condemnation, there to be run off out of sight and into oblivion. Then may men, women and children traverse our thoroughfares without being contaminated, and let those whose hearts allow them to make money out of such a traffic, go to some business that will contribute to the world's wealth and happiness, instead of its degradation.

In a word, give up the slow and comparatively ineffectual process of picking wrecked men out of the gutter and let us sweep away the gutter—the liquor traffic—that man may not fall in, nor get wrecked.

H. K.

Tales and Sketches.

THE DEACON'S WEEK.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and people were waiting for Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table and looked about on his church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do his Lord's work, and to do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics. So he had to contend with the keen brain and sceptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on their power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while, perhaps, he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity. The minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give any notice to that effect, that this week is the Week of Prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it for this once a week of practice instead. Perhaps you will find work that ye knew not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method, please to rise."

Everybody rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him, imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary—as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the sheet placed in the hymn books for the purpose