

We send this week to a great many of our subscribers extra parcels of specimen copies of *The Canada Citizen*. Our friends will very much oblige us, and also aid the good cause materially, if they will kindly distribute these extra copies, at once, among persons who will be likely to become subscribers.

### A LIQUOR-DEALER'S TALK WITH HIMSELF.

By Lynn Whitling, D.D.

#### GETTING STARTED.

"No small job, 'Kiah (which means myself), this of bringing a decent man down to go into this damned business! If we liquor-dealers don't know that, nobody does. Now, I had first to choke out my conscience, and it was a small bit compared to some people's. But I had enough to give me a sharp quake when I began thinking to go into this. I had to stuff down my throat over and over, *license makes it all right*; which any fool knows is just a *sham lie*. Then I had to stiffen my heart hard, as to all my old father and good mother had said a hundred times in my hearing, about the shame and mean guilt of the dirty business. What I used to hear in church and Sabbath-school (where I went when a boy), just matched with what they said. My wife, too, and all our folks—tho' some of them drink and vote for license—all disliked it, I knew, and wished I'd keep out of it. But the devil in me held the bridle, and I went in.

#### OH, THE COMPANY!

"And such company as I had to come down to—their talk, ways, and character! Bah! And worse still, I must have them round me day in and day out, and really entertain them, or seem to. Long days ours are; earliest open, last to shut, is the rum-hole's time-card. Then the bartenders we must have are a tough set. Fellows that can curse and fight, use knife or pistol, are the sort we have to have. No matter if they can't write their own names, or read them after they are written, or if just out of prison, if they know five cents from a dime, and are ready for anything, they make the best fist, specially in a saloon fracas. I tell you a man that's had any decent bringing up, feels mighty mean to be in a business with such stock to carry it on for him. I do for one!

#### KICKED OUT.

"Next, I found liquor-sellers don't expect to go into much, if any, decent company. Very seldom any of us go into a church; (most churches make and keep it too hot for us); and our back doors keep us 'on the sly' Sundays. We don't go to the school-meetings, lectures, readings—indeed, I've found no really respectable people ever ask me to a party; hardly to a wedding. So this dirty business drives us out of all decent company—as it ought to—and we go skulking behind screens and daubed windows, and there we have to stay, and hear the maudlin gabble and vile slang of customers. (*Don't I hate it!*)

#### THE MEAN, MEAN BUSINESS.

"Don't I know, as an honest man, that this whole business is a *mean fraud on society*? Do I not know that not one grain of wheat, not a kernel of corn, or so much as a flat turnip is raised or added to the common stock by me, from year's end to year's end? Not one stroke of work, adding a farthing's value to anything! *I do nothing but destroy!* Destroyed bread-corn makes the liquor. Then I take it and go about destroying hands, feet, eyes, minds, bodies and souls, and with them go farms, mills, banks; everything labor gets or uses. The man or business can't be found, from pulpit and Senate, from hod-man and scavenger, who can stand it, once I get my hand fairly on them. Give me a chance, I'll upset any living man, or any workman can do. *That's the business!*"

"So, of course, I have to set myself like a cross donkey, right against everything men call good—State, church, business, life. I have to hurt, and to hate, pull down, destroy, kill, *that's my business*. Licensed for that!

"Never earn a cent, never add a mill to anything that can feed or clothe, or help a fellow-being a mite; but rob, ruin, use up everybody, and all kinds of property I can get my hand on—*that's my business!*"

"Next; it's a mighty extortion I live by. Other businesses get ten or twenty per cent. profit, and can 'live and let live.' Look at mine. I give \$60 for a barrel of whiskey, double it at once with water, retail it at 10 cents per glass, or at nine hundred per cent. advance! We know that a drunkard, in his thirst torture, will sell his blood for drink; and so we put the price on. There is no other extortion like this known among men. Why, if a set of men were licensed to do all the flour business, and should buy it at \$10 per barrel, and force the buyer to pay \$90 (one-tenth our advance,) it would wake up a bread riot the land over, and ought to. I wonder our robbery don't do the same.

"Then it's all cash down; pay me by the glass, no matter who else isn't paid. I'm licensed, and if it's blood-money, have it I will. The grocer, the baker, the 'store,' everybody selling what the family needs, may lose the last cent for what they sell (the fools deserve it, for they'll go voting to-morrow to license us liquor men, to make these paupers for them to support), but my pay for drinks, I'm sure to get! Licensed, eh?

#### WE ARE OUTLAWS.

"Besides this, liquor-sellers as a class must, all the time, *defy society*. We know as well as anybody what an infernal trade we are in. We know every good man or woman and all little children abhor it; and we, in our better moments, feel much as they do as to it. We know the awful slaughter of young men, caused by the traffic. We know that the cries of widows, the choking woe of orphans, and graveyards, foul with drink-bloated corpses; that murders, and the whole herd of human crimes are all piling up a reckoning for us. I, for one, haven't lost all idea of a judgment day. I got it at my mother's knee. Never a mother would train a boy to be a dram-seller. Sixty thousand going down by our bloody sickles every year. Ah! that isn't a comfortable work to have to think over. We couldn't bear to think of it, if we did not get used to *defying society*. I couldn't.

"These temperance doings—we liquor men know about them?—of course we do; and we know, too, that if one in ten of the temperance people were as determined and fearless of us as we liquor-sellers are of them, our deadly business couldn't live a month. *We know they are not*. So we defy society. See this:—We in this traffic, count a few thousands, may be; and we defy millions—the population of the country; nearly all of whom, in heart, wish the accursed work was done away. A judge here, a party hack there, a City Council, or County Board yonder, quake at the shaking of our spear—about their offices—so we shake it, and defy millions of outraged people. It can't be so always, I know. Sometimes I wonder why ministers, churches, judges, courts and the masses do not rise upon us with halberd and brand, as they would do upon any other band of organized murderers; for that's what we really are. The Thugs of India were not more so. They struck in secret, and swiftly; we, under cover of law, murder openly and slowly, but we yearly make away with more victims than they did. Then the lying, downright lying, we liquor men have to hire, and pay for too, specially of late about Maine and Kansas, and all law-work, this stark lying goes against the grain, when the better nature gets up in me. Lying's so infernal mean, but of what account is truth, when countless precious lives quiver on our spears?

#### OWNING UP.

"Ah! never could I tell a tithe of the biting shame and the down-dragging of this bitter business. From first to last, it is a good deal closer to hell's door stone than I like to stay. Thus choking down of conscience, and all fellow-feeling for those around you, this daubing-over front windows so as to keep out of sight, giving up all decent company, and having, instead, the vile-tongued pests of society hanging about you, and to know that everybody who prays is praying against you, and that everybody who curses is cursing you, and that every glass of liquor you sell may have in it a murder, a robbery, or other crime! Now I tell you, 'Kiah (that is myself), it's a business too awful black—both for this world, and for that to come—to let any decent creature stay in it. Would to Heaven I was out of it, never got into it. Out of it, yes, I'll get out of it, if it costs my last cent.'—National Temperance Society Tract.

### Our Caskel.

#### BITS OF TINSEL.

A man is often called a bar-tender when in reality he is only a bar-tough.

One swallow does not make a summer, but it may make one fall if the liquor is strong enough.

While her mother was taking a fly out of the butter, little Daisy asked, "Is that a butterfly, mamma?"

A physician says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it"; but he doesn't state how long the child should be boiled.

A jolly-looking Irishman was saluted with the remark, "Tim, your house is blown away," "Deed, then, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the key in my pocket."

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sur, as you are a man of nolege i intend to inter my son in your skull."

"What do the Puritans come to this country for?" asked a teacher of his class. "To worship in their own way and make other people do the same," was the reply.

Pat: "And who is it that lives there, Mike, in the big house?" Mike: "Why, that old gentleman I was tellin' ye of that died so sudden last winter of a fever."

"Why, Sam! how do you expect to get that mule along with a apur only on one side?" "Well, boss, if I gets dat side to go, aint do udder one bound to keep up?"

A dandy with a cigar in his mouth entered a menagerie, when the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits.

An Irishman put up the following notice:—"Whoever is caught trespassing upon these grounds will be given forty lashes on the bare back. Half the penalty will be paid to the informer."

"Have you a life lease of that mouth of yours?" said an ill-natured man to a friend whose mouth was very large. "No," was the good-humored reply, "I only have it from year to year."

"You ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easily enough," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

A teacher, wishing to test an original method of training the young idea, gave the word "hitherto" to one of the scholars to spell and pronounce without any assistance. This is the way it was wrought out on the one syllable plan: "H-i-t hit, h-e-r her, t-o toe, hit-her-toe."

At a Dublin Mansion House dinner, one of the livery servants went up to a gentleman who was carving a joint of beef, and said: "I'll trouble ye, if ye please, for a slice for me master. 'Certainly! How does your master like it?"

"Bedad!" cried the valet. "how can I tell ye how he loikes it until he has tasted a bit!"

A little girl had been given some verses to commit to memory by her Sunday-School teacher. She told her mother about it on coming home, and said they were the first three verses of a chapter in St. John. Her little brother, who was in the room, at once exclaimed, "Papa, don't let her learn them! That's the man who beat Blaine!"