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THE TEMPERANCE HERALD,

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"FREEDOM FOR THE RIGHT MEANS SUPPRESSION OF THE WRONG."

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## CRIME IN TORONTO

### MATERIALLY LESSENE.

Saloons Closed Down—Vagrancy Diminished—Great Good Accomplished

MAYOR HOWLAND has demolished the flimsy arguments which the liquor men have been putting forward against a further reduction of licenses. It has never been Mr. Howland's method to do anything by halves and the thorough way he has cut the ground from beneath the feet of the liquor advocates will have a great effect on the vote for the Fleming by-law. Every man should read and understand the position of the city as explained by Mayor Howland. In his address at the Pavilion meeting last week he dealt with the question as follows:—

Representations are being made about the increase in drunkenness and crime. I am going to give you a few cool facts. Since 1884 this city has increased from 105,000 in population to 125,000. I am of the opinion that at the present time it is a good deal nearer 150,000. But I have given you the actual official figures. There has also been a remarkable increase in the area of the city. It has increased from 5,678 acres in 1834 to 9133 acres in 1887. It is therefore nearly double the size it was in 1834. It is a rule in cities governed by the liquor traffic that crime increases at a greater ratio than the population. Larger masses of corruption herd together they spread faster, and the criminal population becomes larger.

### A Decrease in Crime.

What do the criminal records of Toronto show? In 1885 twenty-five burglars were convicted in Toronto, and in 1887 the number was twenty-one. Remember now, 20,000 more people, twice the area, and yet a reduction of this crime. Of course they never told you anything about this. They did not tell you that burglaries were fewer in Toronto. Now look at the important crime of larceny. In 1884 there were 845 cases, in 1885 there were 797 cases, and in 1887 with a much greater population, only 790 cases.

### Less Vagrancy.

Now take the vagrants, who are people arrested for being suspected of crime. In 1884 there were 439 vagrants arrested. In 1885 there were 470, and in 1887, with a larger city, we will have only 425. These figures show an actual reduction and a largely increased population. They are calculated to the remainder of the year on the basis of the preceding months.

### What Swelled The Record.

The next class of offences to which I will draw your attention is the enforcement offences. An increase in these figures must show that this class of offences has been reduced by the system of government. This class of offences also shows the activity and energy of the police. If you want to know why there are so many more of this kind I point you to the fact that our police force has been increased from 200 to 250 men. In olden times it used to be a bad thing for a policeman to bring up men. It was an unpleasant thing. It gave them a great deal of extra work and they were not looked on kindly for it.

We have altered the whole system. Under the old arrangement the inspector sat in his office while the sergeants walked around to the beats at certain intervals. Now the sergeant is located at the station. The patrol sergeants visit the men on duty at irregular intervals. The inspector is free from ordinary duty. He is held responsible for everything in his division. There was no responsible head in each division before. That is the cause of more convictions of a certain sort. I am awfully sorry, but I cannot help telling it. In 1884 there was one prosecution for cruelty to animals. There were 103 this year. That's one of the things that swells the list of offences. In 1884 there were 44 prosecutions for keeping houses of ill fame. There were 72 in 1885 and 90 in 1887. Take the city by-law on. Instead of builders being allowed to distribute their material over the sidewalks of the city and compel citizens to walk around through the mud, they are compelled to lay down sidewalks, and build a shed over them to protect pedestrians. All these things add to the police court cases. There were 607 city by-law prosecutions in 1884, 625 in 1885, and 1,392 in 1887. Don't you see now how the great increase in police court cases is to be accounted for.

### Drunkenness in Toronto.

Drunkenness is what is called a permitted offence. If a man is going to steal and a policeman sees him he will arrest the man. But a man may determine to get drunk, and he cannot be arrested until he is drunk. So it is a per-

mitted crime. When you are dealing with this class you have to do so on a different basis. If the police force had been worked as it was in the old times we would not have many of these arrests. When I went into office it was stated by some gentleman, among them Mr. O'Keefe, the brewer, that there were at least 500 unlicensed places in this city selling liquor. We could have gathered up in one night from these places nearly as many as we arrest now in a year. What would have been the result if there had been the same enforcement then as now? Just so long as we have these places people will get drunk. You have not got rid of the saloons. Remember that drunkenness is a permitted crime.

### Rolling Them in and Out

We have got a certain lot of old staggers who are bound to be taking into and turning out of the gaol. In September, when there was so much talk about the increase of drunkenness, I had this return made up by the governor of the gaol. Out of the 170 people there 28 persons were lunatics and the remaining 142 persons represented 1,500 convictions. Here we are rolling them in and out all the time; out of the tavern into the gaol, out of the gaol into the tavern, out of the tavern again into the gaol, and then again out of the gaol into the tavern. So we go on rolling them in and out. Fancy 142 persons representing 1,500 convictions. You have got to treat these people differently before you can get them better. We are going to cure them, I hope.

### The Saloons Closed Down.

We have knocked off a hundred drinking places. They don't squeal. They were bound to keep up the drunkenness. If you noticed, almost immediately after the places were closed the papers influenced by the whisky ring began pointing out that drunkenness had increased. They did everything they could, except to open their places; but they don't do that. What better evidence of the enforcement of the law could we have than the fact that in one night these saloons were closed down just like a jack-knife? Visitors who have been taken around the slums of this city tell me there is no city in the whole world where there is anything like the law enforcement we have. You have also to remember that the one hundred saloons have only been closed down for six months. The arrests for drunkenness this month will be about 364. This will bring us back to the average of last year. If you have the same kind of enforcement next year you will have such a reduction in drunkenness as will surprise you.

### The Unlicensed Trade.

Now, with regard to the actual unlicensed places, I have received a report from the inspectors of the various police divisions on this subject. They could have no object in deceiving me. A man may buy a dozen of beer on Saturday and take them home and drink them with his friends, but there is very little of that. We sent around reporters on a Saturday night recently with the police officials, and though many suspected places were visited little or no liquor was found. They are watched so closely that they cannot keep liquor if they try. The inspectors report that there are only twenty-eight places where any attempt is being made to keep up the unlicensed sale. Nine of these places are among those who were cut off last summer. There are eighteen known houses of ill-fame. There is nothing like this on the whole face of the earth. I come before you at the end of two years, having had as good a support as man ever had. If you just make up your minds, you are going to have this city all right.

### Out and Out Men Wanted.

There is no way of getting these things cleaned out except by an out-and-out position. Any man who has liberal views on moral questions, any man who believes in allowing a certain amount of evil, is going to have a dozen times the amount of evil he may be willing should exist. This will always be found in large cities. Toronto has probably got the least amount and we can keep it there. You must have a man who believes that when a thing is wrong it ought to be stopped. The thing which is contrary to God's law will have to be stopped. Never compromise. Never acknowledge the slightest reason for its existence. Strike it; strike it, every time. This is the only means by which you can keep it down. The moment there is the least let-up it will sweep away those who resist it and you will have it in the government again. That which is wrong ought to be fought, fought, fought, with all the strength there is in the Christian people. I do not understand that Christian people can permit anything wrong without striking it. That which is wrong is wrong and wicked, it is not right and should be struck down whenever it is found. I believe in the Christian government of large cities.

## CLOSE THE SALOONS

### BY VOTING A TEMPERANCE TICKET

Story of a Hard Lesson—Death from the Brain Shop—How a Voter Came to the Conclusion That the Saloons Must be Closed.

"Of course you intend to vote the Prohibition ticket, Henry?"

"Of course I don't."

"You don't? Not vote the temperance ticket?"

"No."

"You astonish me! A temperance man, too! I thought you had more interest in the matter than to let that go."

"I have too much in my business to do it. Now see here, Mary, don't look at me like that. I am no worse than other men. You know I am a temperance man, but I must consider my business, and it hurts a man to be too strong a temperance man."

"Well then, I would be hurt, I would do right and take the consequences."

"Oh, that's very easy for you to say, but it's another thing for me to do. I'm willing to do everything in reason, but I can't be a saint."

"So you'll vote with the whisky men?"

"I shall vote with the same party I've voted with for years."

"Yes, the party that has licensed these saloons. I think you will have to answer for your share in the business then."

"Nonsense, Mary, don't be so extreme."

And Mr. Lane, influential and official member of his church, went to his store in a slightly ruffled state. He met a lady on the way who bade him good morning.

"It's terrible, isn't it?" she said, making a slight gesture toward the saloon close beside them, where a man was sweeping out the accumulated filth. "These places all along the best streets, too, where one can't avoid them. I hope the new party will be strong enough to do away with the whole business before long. That is your party, I suppose, Mr. Lane?"

"You ladies seem to be going into politics in earnest," he answered, evasively. "My wife talked nothing else at breakfast," and he raised his hat and passed on. But he did not feel altogether comfortable. He had known this lady, Mrs. Lewis, since she was a child—her husband, too, a fine man, but he would drink, sometimes. Mr. Lane wondered if he was at it now. He remembered that Mrs. Lewis had come out of a drug store; she looked pale, too, and it was strange, her being out so early in the morning. He had not thought of it before, but he had not seen Lewis for some days. That must be the trouble. Why couldn't the man be a man, and let liquor alone, he asked himself, impatiently. Then, like a flash, there came the remembrance of a pale face, and he seemed to hear the words, "You don't know what a struggle I have every day of my life. Oh, if the saloons were only closed!" He hurried on to his store, and cast aside all thought of the matter in attention to his business.

In the afternoon, as he was passing along the street, he came suddenly upon a knot of excited people. Two policemen stood there grim and silent. The men were speaking in low, quick tones.

"He's dead!" said one; "I'm sure of it. The bullet went through his brain, they said." A young man stood in the doorway motioning the people back from the closed door. His face was deathly white, and there was blood on his hands, and on the piece of goods he still held mechanically. Mr. Lane started when he saw him, it was Mr. Lewis' brother, and this was Lewis' store; he had not seen that before.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked excitedly. The young man opened his lips, but made no sound. "Lewis has shot himself," said a man at his elbow in a low tone; "he's been on a spree for a week, and he got away from home and came here and shot himself. I beg

pardon for being so blunt about it. I did not know you were a friend of his, come in here and sit down a minute," and he drew him toward the next door, for he had grown so white it frightened the man. But Mr. Lane shook his head.

"Lewis shot himself," he said slowly. "He could not make it out. Why, he had been almost like a son to this middle-aged man standing there half paralyzed by the terrible news, Lewis shot himself."

It could not be. How did he shoot himself? he saw it every day in the papers, but not like this. Why, he knew this man, such a smart, hard some young fellow, and now he had shot himself!

"You don't know what a struggle I have every day of my life. Oh, if the saloons were only closed! The words flashed through his mind. He looked around at the wagons rattling up and down the street, the people hurrying along the sidewalk, the green policeman, the white-faced young man with the blood on his hands, and the hot sun glaring down on them all, and over across the street a big white sign, "Wines and Liquors."

He felt a sickening feeling of terror. "You had better come in here and sit down a minute," said the man at his elbow again. He shook his head.

"His father and I were friends, you see, and I've known him since he was a boy," he said, by way of explanation, then he walked slowly along down the street.

An acquaintance met him, rushing excitedly along the street. "Where is Dr. Hammond's office? You know about Lewis? Terrible, isn't it? and I believe it's killed his wife! Where is Dr. Hammond's office?" He rushed on and Mr. Lane went slowly on toward home. His wife met him at the door. "Have you heard?" she cried, but she saw by his face that he had.

"They have shot him, they shot Stella is dying," and she stepped into the carriage that stood waiting for her, and was driven away. Mr. Lane will never forget the hours that followed, as long as he lives. "I am glad Stella lived, Mary," he said that night. "I couldn't have endured it, if she had died too. I helped to kill her husband, for I voted for these men that licensed these saloons, but I'll never do it again, never, not if it costs my last cent to be a prohibitionist. It has been a terrible waking up for me, but I'll never countenance half-way work in this matter. The saloons must be closed." And when men once get it deep down in their hearts, as he has, they will be closed.

—Emma Hartman, in Union Signal.

## PROTECT YOUR HOMES.

The Following Reasons are Given Why Women Should Vote.

BREASTS women will measure all questions of the public welfare by the touchstone. "Is it right?" Men are too much given to measuring politics, by—"Is it expedient?"

Because the human race is made up of men and women, and neither, in the nature of things, can legislate for both—both together must study for what is best for men and women. A government run by men alone is as untidy, as ill-done, as comfortable as a house kept by men alone.

Because women are more religious, and the world needs their aid to grow more in the worship of God, and the ballot in the hands of women means God in the government.

Because the drams and the liquor traffic must be done away with, and women, because they have its miseries to endure, are the deepest foes the dram shop has. When women vote, and help elect legislators, judicial and executive officers, the best laws will be made, administered and executed. No liquor man will get an office.

Because the cities and towns are full of impurity. When women elect officials, no house of bad repute can exist. Their hands and hearts and brains can create methods, and then with the ballot, apply them to the evil's cure.

Because the schools need to be improved, and women, with the ballot, can correct evils and put into practice better methods of teaching than heretofore.

Because, the whole world needs a mother's as well as a father's heart to look after its best welfare; and, as at present constituted, the world is politically motherless.

May God hasten the day when women may have their voice in all matters pertaining to the world's welfare.—Friend of Home.

## MEDICAL OPINION.

### DOES BEER ASSIST DIGESTION?

No Nutrition in the Brewer's Drink—A Scientific Opinion as to the Effect of Beer-Drinking

PROF. H. A. HARE, M.D., of the University of Pennsylvania has recently been subjected to scientific tests the popular idea that beer is an aid to digestion. It has long been supposed by many that the lighter forms of alcoholic liquors, particularly the various forms of beer, are an aid to digestion. The experiments made, however, very clearly show that beer distinctly retards both ordinary and gastric digestion. This was true with reference to every specimen of beer examined, some seventeen in all. In more than two-thirds of the specimens of beer examined, the stomach digestion was delayed considerably more than one hour, and in some instances the delay was nearly two hours. Some recent experiments made by Prof. Duggan, M.D., more, at the Johns Hopkins University, shows that alcohol in all its forms retards digestion in a very marked degree. These two sets of experiments together show very conclusively that beer retards the digestion, in consequence of the alcohol which it contains. When it is considered that the nutritive value of beer is so exceedingly small that a whole hoghead contains no more actual nutriment than a single loaf of bread, it will at once appear that the popular faith in beer as an aid to digestion or to nutrition has no foundation whatever. *Manhattan Express.*

### A Valuable Opinion.

For some years a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whisky and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute and other compounds. This is founded on the idea that beer is not only full and contains a large amount of nutriment, also that it has some medicinal quality, which will neutralize the alcohol which it conceals. These theories are without confirmation in the observation of physicians. The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, and preserver of functional activities, local inflammation of both liver and kidneys being constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor almost amounting to a paralysis, arrests the reason, changing the highest faculties into a mere animalism and sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. It is our observation that beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of mediocrity, closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous class of ruffians in our city are beer drinkers.—*Scientific American.*

### Home-Made Wine and Cider.

A next theory of those who are unwilling to accept total abstinence as a trust comorbance, in the line of liquor-drinking is that pure wines and ciders are comparatively harmless in contrast with adulterated liquor. Yet there is no form of drunkenness which has more of brutality in it than that which is a result of cider-drinking; and from the days of Noah to the present day, a man who has been made drunk by home-made wine is likely to be as disgracefully drunken as if it were strychnine whisky which had brought him down. Only a few days ago a silk-caver in Hebron, Conn., murdered his wife and two children and then set fire to the house. He was a Swiss immigrant, and believed in home-made liquors. The telegraph reports roads. "He had half-a-dozen barrels of home-made wine and cider in his cellar, and drinking from these made him crazy, and promoted the murder." If the blood-stained ashes of his household show the sort of home-made wine and cider, total abstinence from these liquors would seem to be the truest Temperance.—*S.S. Times.*

## VOTE EARLY.

The Right Hon. G. O. Morgan, Q. C., M. P., says that he has travelled in almost every country in Europe, and during the whole time he had not met with as many drunken men and women as he had seen in a single day in London. He maintained that the present licensing system had been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

We want no saloon rule in this city.

VOTE AGAINST THE SALOON EVERY TIME.