

THE ADVOCATE

VOL. 1.—No. 34.

Toronto and Montreal, Canada, Thursday, September 27, 1890.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

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 Montreal Recorder has decided upon a table of fines for drunks. Ordinary week-day inebriates are to be charged \$5 while the Sunday fellow will have to pay \$5 as a tribute to outraged virtues.

The Prohibitionists of New York City have nominated a complete city ticket, and have agreed to raise a campaign fund of \$1,000. Just think of it—a cool thousand to fight against Tammany's millions! What a revolution there will be!

It is stated that the Patrons of Industry of Manitoba and the Prohibition party of that Province are talking of sitting on a common platform. It is one of our concerns what they do, but we hardly imagine one will add strength to the other. All Patrons are not teetotalers, and all Prohibitionists are not Patrons, either in theory or belief. If, however, they choose to unite we shall not oppose, for their differences will be our strength.

The Knights of Pythias have not only resolved to convert themselves into a temperance society, but they have forbidden the use of the German language in the ritual. It is hardly to be wondered at that some of the lodges in Milwaukee and other German centres have resolved to quit. The K. of P. resolution passed at the recent session of the Supreme Lodge

spoke of "liquor-sellers, bartenders and gamblers." Liquor sellers and their employees are no more entitled to be classed with gamblers than prohibitionists are with infidels.

BISHOP WATTERSON, of Ohio, is quoted as saying: "I have never condemned the business of selling liquor as being evil in itself, but because of the abuses that have attended the traffic I made regulations in the disease." The more the recent Sattoli-Watterson incident is sifted the more it becomes plain that its importance has been greatly exaggerated. It was stated that Bishop Watterson was a stout and determined Prohibitionist; now it appears he is nothing of the sort and that, like every other right thinking man, he is an enemy to abuse and not to use. Still his lordship should not seek to punish the innocent for the sins of the guilty. His decree called upon Catholic societies neither to elect to membership nor to office men engaged in the liquor traffic. Now, if the selling of liquor is not evil, and his lordship admits that it is not, then those who sell it are entitled to all the liberty and rights of mankind that other people enjoy.

Mr. Gladstone in power and Mr. Gladstone out of power are two very different personages. Mr. Gladstone in was in favor of the local option law for England; Mr. Gladstone out is in favor of the Gothenburg system. One is nearly as bad as the other. The revelation of a change in his opinions was made by the Grand Old Man in a letter to the Bishop of Chester, who recently has gone in for the Gothenburg bid hot and strong. Mr. Gladstone now says the local option system is little better than an imposture. The right honorable gentleman is strictly correct that far in his conclusions, but he should be sure the Gothenburg idea was something not only practical but not a violation of the most important principles of commerce before giving it his influential endorsement. Sir Wilfred Lawson thinks Mr. Gladstone's change of front a heavy blow to the temperance cause. Sir Wilfred perhaps is right, seeing that it shows the leading statesman of Great Britain at last recognizes that the people have some kind of right to say what they shall drink; in other words are at liberty to consider for themselves what they most need in the shape of food and refreshment.

One of the great features of the present day (says *Land and Water*, published at London, Eng.) is the large number of fads and the zeal with which the faddists advocate them. Socially, politically, morally, fads are upon us on all sides. There is the temperance faddist, the purity faddist, the anti-vaccination faddist, the anti-opium faddist, and the hundred and one others that will occur to anybody. Her Majesty's Government consider the faddist too important a person not to be made the most of, as he usually can command a few votes; but really he does not so many as is supposed, and therefore the adventurers who now make up Her Majesty's Ministers are willing to become all things to all faddists, and promise to each the legislation they demand. The Chancellor of the Exchequer "contesting" Local Option is a good instance of this. The Government no more intend to legislate on Local Option than they do on the House of Lords, yet the temperance vote must not be lost, and in his most solemn and most heavy manner Sir William Harcourt every year tells the temperance faddists he is burning with anxiety to bring in a Bill to establish Local Option, and the faddists rest satisfied with the assurance and speech of Sir William Harcourt as a great and enlightened statesman; such is the effect of fads. All of which show that professional political methods are about the same all the world over.

At a recent meeting of the African Methodist Episcopal conference in Tacoma, Wash., the following resolution was passed by a rising vote:

"Inasmuch as approximately all of the hops grown in this State was used for brewing purposes, be it resolved, that the Puget Sound conference put itself on record as opposed to the hop industry, and insisting that the subject be brought before our members by presentation of facts and Christian admonition until they shall cease to be affiliated directly or indirectly with this business, which is surely in league with Satan. We are not unmindful of the pressing wants of many who seek employment, but the Methodist watchword is 'no compromise' with intemperance whatever, even if it should require temporal sacrifices. This is a relentless warfare. We dare not camp on the enemy's ground while he is still in possession. Let us be more decidedly a peculiar and separate people in the temperance cause in the name of Christ, and looking to Him for leadership we will never lay down our arms until victory is His, the saloon extinguished and there

prevail righteousness and peace and soberness."

Now, if our good friends the Africans will only go a little further as regards their the-house-that-Jack-built idea, and advocate the abolition of the earth in order that what they call temperance may be served, we shall be in a position to judge of the full logic of their reasoning. Hops must go because they're made into beer! By the same reasoning, so must water; so must barley, rye and, in fact, pretty well everything, for just as alcohol is a prime element in many foods that even temperance people partake freely of so do the processes of ordinary manufacture enter into the making of beer, whiskey, wine, etc., etc. Truly this species of the genus Africans is a peculiar and separate people.

REVOLUTION upon revolution follows. Miss Frances E. Willard, the friend and companion of Lady Henry Somerset, an equal leader with her in the proposed world's campaign, has seen new light on the temperance question. The news is too alarming for either comment or immediate consideration by us. We will, therefore, quote the words of a contemporary, who says:

"She has, it seems, devoted much study to the question during her recent residence in England, and she has arrived at the conclusion that it is not only useless but mischievous for a government to attempt to force prohibition in any community where such a law is not sustained by a very great preponderance of public sentiment in its favor."

"In future Miss Willard's efforts in the direction of temperance will not be put forth to compel people against their will to stop drinking, but to persuade them by exhortation and reason and good influence. Her future policy will be along the lines of love, not force."

"This complete change of front on the part of Miss Willard has caused intense excitement in the W. C. T. U. Some of the more aggressive ladies in the organization do not hesitate to denounce their leader as an apostate, and have hastened to repudiate her new opinions. So bitter a feeling has been engendered that Miss Willard was accused the other day of actually drinking wine out of a bottle in company with her friend Lady Somerset. The alleged crime occurred at Chautauque park. The accused ladies admitted that they had drank out of a bottle, but explained in their defence that the beverage was nothing more deadly than unfermented fruit juice. Even this explanation did not modify their accusers, who exhorted them for not avoiding the very appearance of evil."

After this, what? We fear to anticipate.

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GOTHENBURG AND DRINK.

A System That is as Great a Failure as Out-and-Out Prohibition.

(From The Licensed Victuallers Gazette.)

When anyone becomes enamoured of a custom, system, or idea he colors and magnifies everything relating to it so as to fall in with his own notion. Thus, in fact, regards it through a false medium. Because eloquent about everything in its favor, but loses sight entirely of whatever may fairly and truly be urged against it. He only sees what he wishes to see. So it is with the Bishop of Chester. After enormous thought, correspondence and talk his mind has become so saturated with the Gothenburg plan that he has literally got the Scandinavian scheme on the brain. As Portland, in the State of Maine, is the headquarters of the abominable Prohibition of America, so is the Swedish port the foundation of an absurd project which the Bishop of Chester most anxiously and earnestly desires to see upon England. We may be glad of the timber, tea, coal, or other products that may reach us from the distant port, but we will not receive its strange licensing device as one of the exports. We don't care about the color, shape, possibilities or prohibitions, when a change of manners and customs, as existing in a foreign land is proposed to us. No; but we do want to know something about the true state of the case, and how the new-fangled measures work in those countries adopting them. We can find nothing in the drinking habits of the Swedes or Norwegians that would be good for us to imitate, neither in early nor recent periods, and certainly not their practice of today, loudly vaunted that it may be. We are now favored with some practical and most valuable information from the pen of Thomas R. Dewar, of Messrs. John Dewar & Sons (Limited), Perth, N. B. and London, direct from Gothenburg, visited by him during the present month, and he tells us what he has himself witnessed. It is not circumstantial, but direct evidence. From his long letter, which is, indeed, a treat upon the subject, we find facts that are recorded nowhere else, and they cannot be controverted. He says this: "While walking through the streets I was somewhat puzzled to see corkscrews hanging outside a large number of shops, until I was enlightened by seeing a man come out of a place with a bottle, draw the cork, drink the beer, and take the bottle back. This is how things are managed in Gothenburg. The trader, not being allowed to permit his customer to drink in the establishment, he obligingly places a corkscrew just outside the door, so that the customer may use it should the idea enter his head. Now about a glass? Well, if a customer asks for the loan of a glass for a few moments, would it not be churlishness if it was one of the proprietor to refuse? How does he know what it is for? Besides, Scandinavians are very obliging, and if anyone borrows anything he is sure to return it." This is what is done in Sweden.

"It was one of the best houses and had about 150 bedrooms, and one evening while I was there I had a few friends with me sitting on the balcony. I asked the landlord if he had any gin or brandy. He had both, so I asked for some to be sent out on to the balcony; but no, this could not be done. There was a difficulty in the way, but he would be very pleased to send it up to my room. Compelled to send it up, I returned there, but there was a fair amount down for sherry, although I had not had a single glass. This, it was explained to me, had to be done, as the house possessed no spirits license. Such a tricky system as this, we are informed by persons who have resided in the United States, is quite com-

mon there under the prohibitory law, evader in every shape and form being the order of the day. Mr. Dewar tells us that the number of cases of drunkenness meeting his eye was such, that he wondered what the previous state of the place could have been. For example, on a market day he drove out of Gothenburg, and came to the conclusion, that it was evidently the custom of those coming in to buy bottles before leaving again for use on the "return voyage"; for while driving along he counted some six or eight cases of drinking drunk in different parts of the city. He found that during 1892 there were 4,066 convictions for drunkenness in Gothenburg, and this in a place of about 108,000 inhabitants speaks for itself, for the police "spotted" one in twenty-six if the inhabitants, some people may wonder whether there were any more whom the intelligent Scandinavian "Robert" failed to see. In England the convictions for drunkenness are not more than three per thousand. In Gothenburg the ratio per thousand, is thirty-eight per thousand. Surely the Bishop of Chester cannot wish to level us up to such a figure as that.

The letter concludes with these sensible remarks: "I am always ready to help in any cause for the promotion of temperance, as is every right-thinking person, and when some system is brought forward in England which will advance the cause of temperance without turning a legitimated trade into illegitimate channels, it will meet a hearty supporter than myself; but at the same time I must say I believe in what Lord Salisbury said recently, that public opinion, if allowed to grow, will do the work that legislation is powerless to effect."

BARMAIDS IN ENGLAND.

Their Abolition being Ser-ously Discussed.

A CONTROVERSY is going on in England as to whether barmaids should be abolished in Great Britain and Town writes.

"The supremacy of the barmaid indicates that drinking is a lost art in England. Only the day before yesterday I went into a hotel of considerable reputation and asked for a glass of Chablis. The young lady behind the bar went to another place and produced a champagne bottle, which she energetically shook into a state of frothiness. I remarked that it was not champagne. I wanted, but Chablis, upon which, after a conference with some one in the front bar, she grabbed a bottle of claret from the cooler and poured out a glass thereof. I accepted it without a murmur. It seems to me that the office of dispensing drinks should not be in the hands of irresponsible females, many of whom are only new arrivals from country houses and know nothing of the work which they so willingly adopt."

AMERICAN EXPERIENCES.

"Three years ago I was in New York, when it was made known to me by a bar-tender of a popular saloon near the Manhattan end of the Brooklyn Bridge that the 'boss' purposed importing three English barmaids. The head bartender, who went by the name of 'Billy by the Bridge,' shrank visibly at the intelligence. He was a genius in his way, as many of his fellows are. Who but an American barman, for instance, would have discovered that the piquant juice of lemon juice was nature's own corrective against the rains of the 'morning after?' Billy confided in me, in the idiom of Manhattan he was a 'slandy drink sling-er,' but he was not—as many of his fellows are—a 'nut of culture.' Said he: 'Den I had the towled-headed English gals know nuthin' only how to pull the handle of a beer engine. S'pose anybody comes in an' asks for a 'Widow's Smiley,' 'A Sweet Recollection,' 'A Corpse Reviver,' 'A Gin Sling,' or even a 'Mint

Julep,' not to speak of such a thing as a 'Poison Cafe,' or an 'Absinthe Frappe,' where are they? Why, they arrived it chanced that one of them was an old Londoner in London as 'Siz' here a high acquaintance of a 'masher' barmaid. Billy resigned instantly. During the first day the house was crowded, but it was noticed that every man ordered 'straight' drinks. The force was played out on the second day, for Americans 'save some' enough to regulate philanthroping to a proper place—which is not in a drinking saloon—and the British maids returns in kind the blandishments of unknown patrons of her bar! I have seen this unhappy young man many times. He sits apart upon a high stool and glares upon the offending parties. At times when there is a wild lark in his eyes, and then he goes out and buys a cheap pistol, and returning, shoots the girl's ear off. Sometimes he shoots her more fatally, as Josh Billings might have said. At any rate, nobody will deny that had the bar, lately occupied by a male bar-tender, the latter would have been in no danger of revolver bullets. If the barmaid system has failed to gain a grip in America, it has, on the other hand, become such a factor in the degeneration of such of our

ANOTHER ASPECT.

"There is another aspect of the barmaid question which I want you to consider, Mr. Editor. I should like a return to be laid upon the table of the House, or upon your desk, stating the number of crimes of violence perpetrated in connection with the barmaid system. Sad, indeed is the fate of the young man who falls in love with a barmaid in kind the blandishments of unknown patrons of her bar! I have seen this unhappy young man many times. He sits apart upon a high stool and glares upon the offending parties. At times when there is a wild lark in his eyes, and then he goes out and buys a cheap pistol, and returning, shoots the girl's ear off. Sometimes he shoots her more fatally, as Josh Billings might have said. At any rate, nobody will deny that had the bar, lately occupied by a male bar-tender, the latter would have been in no danger of revolver bullets. If the barmaid system has failed to gain a grip in America, it has, on the other hand, become such a factor in the degeneration of such of our

Australian cousins, who dwell in cities, that it is not easy to write calmly on the subject. Sometimes good men marry good barmaids, and live happily ever afterwards. Sometimes this is quite the reverse. Let me, sir, cite one instance of the latter case. It is only one of many.

MARRIED A BARMAID.

"Years ago I knew a fine, handsome young ensign in a regiment of foot. He married a London barmaid, and his father, who was a proud old man, gave him his choice to pension the lady or let her cut off with the proverbial shilling. He elected to be cut off, and he worked as a clerk in London for some years. Twelve years afterwards I accidentally ran across him in Australia. He had just been released from goal, where he had served a term at the instance of his wife for non-attendance. A very little while later I gave evidence of identification at the inquest. He had taken something—I really forget what—in a lonely lodging in Woolloomooloo. This, such as it is, is a perfectly true story, the details are sad. On behalf of the barmaid it might be said that her other occupation at present open to women offers such opportunities of advancement, not even typewriting, telegraphy, canvassing, needlework, or any of these familiar occupations." All I say upon these young ladies for my kind, but I do not look for any relief. The trade is dependent upon her; 'Johnny' will not do without her, and she herself will never resign of her own accord.

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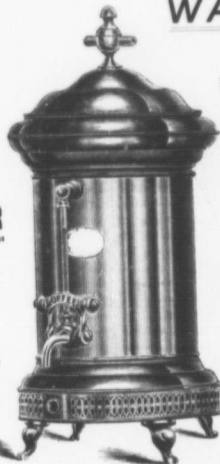
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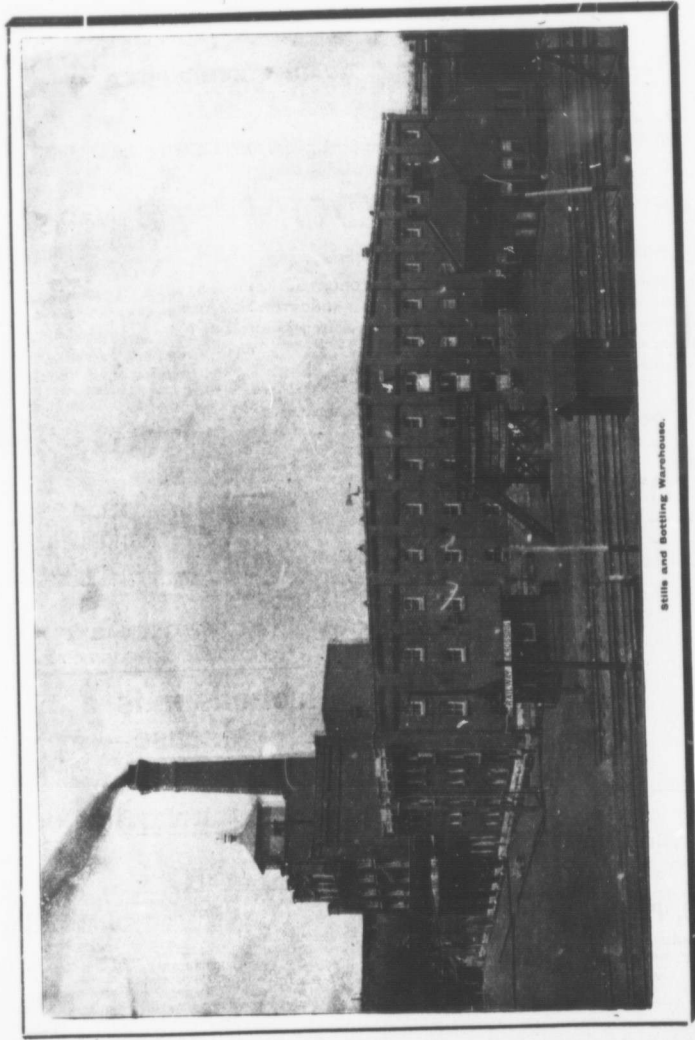
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THE VISIT

OF THE NEW YORK HOTEL-KEEPERS

To the City of Toronto—A Hearty Reception and a Pleasant Time Spent.

The visit of the New York State Hotel Keepers Association to Toronto on Friday last was an occasion of deep interest to the trade in Ontario. It showed to the people of Toronto an assemblage of 400 persons, who in appearance, in conduct and in appreciation of the city and the welcome of the citizens would compare favorably with any assemblage that has visited our city on any occasion. Toronto is known as the Convention city. We have had with us gatherings of all classes, and for all purposes, but a finer lot has never entered the town than these New York hotel keepers. The Deep Waterways Convention had just closed, but the great engineers and merchants of the western cities would not have been asked among the hotel people. They came, saw the city, were hospitably entertained and went away expressing delight at their reception, and leaving behind a most pleasant impression upon the Torontonians. They can always be sure of a hearty welcome whenever they may return.

The Invitation.

The invitation certainly was an experiment, albeit a most successful one. The Toronto L. H. P. A. is only a year old, and when it was proposed to invite over the New York State Association there were many who feared that the contract was a large one. But the same energy and organized Toronto, which followed that up by organizing the whole province was back of this movement. President Powers, Vice-President Wilson and the Executive Committee, backed by the indefatigable workers, Secretary, ladies, spared neither time nor labor and when such workers success was soon assured. The New York State Association in attendance at Niagara Falls, N. Y., were not only invited; they were pressed home. A special train was arranged for the Express of India chartered, and ordered by Mr. L. Felcher and Mr. D. Sullivan crossed the lake as a special committee to superintend the trip. They signalled back that 350 visitors would come, and this number was exceeded by just 42.

The Arrival.

On Friday about the unusual sight was seen of about all the cabs in the city lining their way to the Yonge street. They took up position in the vacant space on the left side. Presently the Grandstand march to the wharf and arranged their music stands. In the meantime Toronto hotel keepers were arriving in groups and before the boat was down a hundred were on the dock, forming a large committee of welcome. A large number of invited citizens not connected with the trade were also present. In the meantime the expected delegates had Niagara Falls by special train on the Great Trunk, and had had a quick run to Fort Dolson. There they went aboard the Express of India and had an enjoyable trip across the lake. The day was bright and warm, and the Niagara Falls band, which accompanied them, did much to the pleasure of the occasion. Many of the delegates were accompanied by their ladies. The Express was half an hour late as she touched the wharf. As she pulled along side the Grandstand band struck up "Yankee Doodle" and the

crowd on the wharf cheered. This was the first indication to the visitors of the welcome they were to receive. Soon they were being shaken by the hand by the Toronto brethren.

Through the Streets.

It took but a very few minutes to seat the visitors in the cabs. A Torontonian was allotted to each cab to explain the sights and see that the visitors wanted for nothing. The Grandstand band marched to the corner of King and Yonge and played the procession part. Next came the visiting band in a drag. First came Mr. Robert Bond's four-in-hand followed by Mr. Charles Brown's four-in-hand, both driven by the groom. These contained the officers of the New York State and Toronto Associations. Following came one hundred and thirty cabs with the visiting delegates, their ladies and the Toronto friends. The visitors numbered by actual count 392. The Toronto party were about 150, though many more were at the Exhibition grounds. The Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes were displayed from the first vehicle.

There was a great throng lining the streets to see the procession, which was the largest turn-out of cabs ever seen in Toronto. The route of the drive was shortened owing to the late arrival of the steamer, but still the route given was a fair idea of the city. The party came up Yonge and along King to Church and up Church to Queen. This gave a view of a part of the business done on King street and of St. James Cathedral. Turning along Queen to Bond and up that thoroughfare the Metropolitan and St. Michael's Cathedral were viewed. A turn around St. James Square showed the Educational Department and the Normal School grounds. The ornamental gardens were next visited, and coming back, the route was taken up Jarvis, along Bloor and down St. George. This residential section was particularly attractive to the visitors. McMaster Hall, Wesley College, Victoria College, were all seen in the drive through the Queen's Park which followed, and then the Parliament Buildings were passed, the route being through the University grounds, down to Bond and up Bond to Queen's Avenue to Queen and to Bay. This took in the Armory, Osgegoe Hall and the new city buildings. The party reached King by Bay, and went along King to the Exhibition Grounds via Dufferin. Exhibition Park was greatly admired, and indeed looked in excellent shape considering that the Fair had just closed. Altogether the visitors expressed themselves as delighted with their short excursion through the city and were loud in their praises of the beauty and cleanliness of the streets.

The Luncheon.

At the luncheon rooms under the grand stand a short reception took place where acquaintances were formed. The Toronto party who were present included Ald. Hewitt, Ald. Sheppard, Ald. McMurrich, Ald. Hubbard, Ald. Murray, ex-Ald. Lindsey, ex-Ald. Steiner, Dr. Lynd, L. Cosgrove, W. G. Murdoch, Fred Kennedy, C. T. Mead, J. Millett, L. W. Clarke, John Irvine, President Dufferin L. H. P. A.; Chas. Saunders, John Tweed, President Trades and Labor Council and many others. In addition nearly every hotelkeeper and many of the shop license holders of the city were present. The officers of the New York Association, all of whom were present, were Dan. Holland, New York, President; J. A. O'Hara, Binghamton, First Vice-President; F. J. Lally, Yonkers, Second Vice-President; J. Murray, Syracuse, Recording Secretary; J. Gottschalk, Brooklyn, Financial Secretary; A. Baetzhold, Buffalo, Treasurer; M. W. Gordon, Rondout, Sergeant-at-Arms; P. Mallon, New York, and P. H. Nolan, Fort

Jarvis, State Organizers. Executive Committee—A. A. Noonan, L. Striever, C. Roche, F. G. Rinn, C. Boylan, New York; J. McGrath, Albany; G. Meade, Troy; J. Glasser, Buffalo; J. A. Beaver, Niagara Falls; L. Murray, Elmira; J. F. Milloy, Utica; W. C. Webbe, Rochester; P. H. Butler, C. G. Haeslop, Brooklyn. After a few minutes of conversation the tables were crowded. Sevens had been laid for 600 but even then some had to wait their turn. Caterer Hughes had done his duty well and a very tasteful and appetizing meal was the result and, needless to say, it was thoroughly enjoyed. The band of the Grandstand and the visiting band played alternately while the meal was in progress.

The Speeches.

After luncheon an adjournment was made to the grand stand. A rostrum was improvised by means of a table and President Powers, of Toronto, took the chair.

The first speaker was Mr. James Haveron, solicitor of the Ontario L. H. P. A., who delivered an address of welcome. He told the New Yorkers how heartily welcome they were to the city and to the homes of the trade in this city. He hoped this would be but the commencement of many similar invasions from the other side of the water.

Secretary Dickie then mounted the platform and announced that he had several letters of regret from those who had been invited. Before reading, however, he had to deliver a personal message of regret from Mr. Harry Massey, of Hamilton, President of the Ontario Association, who was unavoidably absent on a business trip. He then read the following:—

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, TORONTO,

"September 21, 1894.

"E. DICKIE, Esq.,

"Secretary Toronto Hotelkeepers' Protective Association.

"DEAR SIR,—The very kind invitation from the officers and members of the Toronto Hotelkeepers' Protective Association to His Worship, the Mayor, to attend the reception and luncheon to be tendered to the New York State Hotelkeepers' Association, at the Exhibition Park this afternoon at 2 o'clock, has been received at the Mayor's Office.

"His Worship has been absent from the city since Monday evening last and has not yet returned, consequently he will be unable to avail himself of your kind invitation. Respectfully yours,

"S. BARRIE."

Ald. Burns, acting Chairman of the Executive Committee, wrote as follows:—

"Toronto, September 21st, 1894.

"DEAR SIR,—I regret exceedingly that I will not be able to attend the luncheon at the Exhibition grounds this afternoon at 2 p. m. in honor of the Hotelkeepers visit. It was my intention to be present, but there is a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Council this afternoon, of which I am the acting Chairman, and from which I cannot possibly be absent, as there are matters of great importance coming up. I trust the visitors will enjoy themselves and have a pleasant time whilst in our city. I extend on behalf of the city a cordial invitation to the officers of the New York Hotelkeepers' Association, to a carriage drive tomorrow afternoon, at 2 o'clock and trust they will be able to accept the same. I beg to remain, yours truly,

"WM. BURNS."

This letter when read was received with loud cheers:

"THE GRANGE, TORONTO.

"The Secretary of the Toronto Hotelkeepers' Protective Association:

"DEAR SIR,—I regret that a call of official duty elsewhere will prevent my

attendance at your reception and luncheon on Friday next. Pray present to the officers and members of the Association my best thanks for the honor done me by their invitation.

"You have had, and will always have, my best assistance and cordial sympathy as a friend of liberty in resisting arbitrary legislation; and, as a friend of justice, in resisting the infliction of injustice, however plausible may be the motive, on any calling or interest whatever.

"Yours faithfully,

"GOLDWIN SMITH."

Ald. John Shaw, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the City Council, had just reached home at noon from his trip to England. However, he wrote:

"Sept. 21, 1894. 1.30 p.m.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have just received your kind invitation to a luncheon to the New York State Hotelkeepers' Association, and will endeavor to avail myself of it. I trust you will have a most enjoyable time, and as an honor to welcome the visitors this afternoon I will have an opportunity before they leave Toronto of saying to them in person they are most welcome to the Queen City of the West. I trust their visit will be a pleasant one, and the interests they represent will be considered from the broadest standpoint. I have just got home from a long trip and an tired out, and this must be my excuse if I am not present at the banquet this afternoon. "Yours sincerely,

"JOHN SHAW."

Toronto Hotelkeepers' Protective Association.

O. A. Howland, M.P.P., had this to say in his letter of regret:

"103 BAY STREET,

"Sept. 21, 1894.

"DEAR SIR,—I regret very much that the kind invitation of the officers and members of the Toronto Hotelkeepers' Protective Association has lain unanswered. It is owing to the fact that I have been so closely preoccupied with the meetings of the Deep Waterways Convention and the subsequent executive meetings which have continued until this moment, that I have been a stranger to my office and correspondence. As it is at this hour, 2.15 p. m., quite impossible for me to join you at Exhibition Park within any reasonable latitude of time, I deeply regret I cannot have the pleasure of being present at your pleasant and hospitable entertainment, which I should otherwise have had much pleasure in doing. I ought to have a fellow feeling, being also interested in an important public house in which many patrons are expected to be entertained.

"Yours truly,

"O. A. HOWLAND."

E. Dickie, Esq.,

Other letters of regret were received from His Honor Lieut.-Governor Kirkpatrick, Charles Moss, Q. C.; James McParland, Pres. Kingston L. H. P. A.; H. Corby, M.P.; Belleville; John Labatt, London; Lt.-Col. Grasset, Toronto; T. B. Taylor, J. S. Hamilton, Pres. Brampton L. H. P. A.; W. R. Callaway, J. B. Bureau, Sec. Montreal Hotelkeepers' Association; G. R. R. Cockburn, M.P.; Hiram Walker, Walkerville; C. Eaton, Pres. North Grey L. H. P. A.; George Goodrich, Toronto; Thos. Dillon, License Commissioner; Fred C. Denison, M.P.; Emerson Cotoworth, M.P.; Robert Davies, Toronto; F. X. St. Jacques, 1st Vice-Pres. Ontario L. H. P. A.; David Scott, 2nd Vice-Pres. Ontario L. H. P. A.; D. Dewar, Vice-Pres. London L. H. P. A.; Thos. Stevens, Pres. Huron L. H. P. A.; J. P. Wisser, Prescott; Eugene O'Keefe, Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P., and many others.

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HONORABLE MENTION
PARIS, 1878.

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ANTWERP, 1885.

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POLIT

has been the Conservator of Ontario is in power for the Conservative Government constant fear experienced by that when resolutions are introduced who suffers. No apprehension the charge, no licence commission the recommendation of the district. They will favour their guests. It is a duty they should not shirk. The Conservator But there is numbering one way and in doubt. A William Croft, been an hotelkeeper. He has stand, though a pressed his presence a large the capable of accommodating forty guests, with and situated in the centre of the town. You no charge against Mr. Croft. This spring the by-law to reduce homes by six. of the six and three. He claims that of his Conservator's acts would seem to be. Otherwise one of the largest and one of the city should be made.

Now it certain the Government's payment, when kinds of Commodities in the man

The Advocate.

LOUIS P. KRIBS

Editor and Proprietor

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Toronto and Montreal, Thursday, Sept. 27, 1924.

POLITICS, ET CETERA!

has been charged and reiterated in the Conservative press that the license law of Ontario is manipulated by the party in power for political purposes; that the Conservative license holder lives in the constant fear of the sword to a degree not experienced by his Reform brothers; and that when reductions in the number of licenses are made, it is the Conservative who suffers. The Reform press here denied all this with vigor and persistence.

We apprehend there is something in the charge, nor do we very well see how it is to be altogether avoided. The license commissioners are appointed on the recommendation of the Reform leader of the district. He, of course, selects his friend. They are party men and they will favor their friends within their party gates. It is all well enough to say that they should not, but they will. So would the Conservatives if they were in power.

But there is a difference between remembering one's friends in a reasonable way and in doing a rank injustice to an opponent. A case in point is that of Mr. William Croft, of Peterboro. Mr. Croft has been an hotelkeeper in that city for thirty years. He has always occupied the same stand, though as business grew he has increased his premises until now they comprise a large three-storey brick building, capable of accommodating from thirty to forty guests, with stabling for fifty horses, and situated most conveniently in the centre of the town. In all those thirty years no charge has ever been preferred against Mr. Croft, a record certainly not equalled by all in the district.

This spring the city Council passed a by-law to reduce the number of tavern licenses by six. The Commissioners out of the six and Mr. Croft was one of the six. He claims that it was simply because of his Conservative predilections and the facts would seem to bear out his contention. Otherwise, why one of the oldest, one of the largest, one of the most central and one of the best run houses in the city should be made the victim is a mystery.

Now it certainly never was intended by the Government, or by the License Department, when power was placed in the hands of Commissioners that it should be used in the manner indicated in this case.

Some means must be devised to check the zeal of undue partisanship, otherwise the working of the law will be destroyed. It is a fact that the city council of St. Catharines a few months ago refused to pass a by-law reducing the number of licenses simply because they would not place in the hands of three men a power which they, themselves, whether rightly or wrongly, would be unfairly used. The Government would do well to examine this Peterboro case as a starter.

There is, however, another phase of the question not to be lost sight of. Is it fair that municipal councils should have the power to ruin men in their business just when the white men seize them.

Councillors bow to a passing wave of sentiment in order to save their votes, just as they did here in Toronto, when seventy-four men were bogged. Yes, in many cases absolutely beggared and turned upon the streets, because of a fact that was founded upon neither reason nor justice, that worked harm instead of good, and that was the most senseless exercise of tyranny that ever disgraced a free people. The power of municipal councils to reduce the number of licenses at will should be abrogated—business should be placed above the whims of the short-haired women who wear men's clothes, and the men who think that the possession of an Old Testament heard belongs within them the privilege of reforming their neighbors.

PURCHASED EVIDENCE.

In Canada magistrates convict on the evidence of hirelings. In England they take the fact that the man is hired to do certain things as proof positive that he did them and refuse to convict on his unsupported evidence accordingly. A case in point is furnished by the evidence given in an investigation held by the Portsmouth magistrate. Here is an extract:

Counsel—Who asked you to go to the house?—Witness (hesitating): The Social Fidelity party.—(Laughter). You went there for the purpose of spying?—Yes.—Were you paid to go?—Yes.—How much were you paid to act as a detective?—That is best known to myself.—Yes, but I want to know. A magistrate: That is a very simple question.—Witness (hesitating): About a sh. a night.—Counsel: I suppose you also charged for what you drank?—Yes.—Three nights were you there?—I was there five nights.—What have you got in your hand?—A book.—Let me see it, will you?—No, it's private. At the desire of the Bench Counsel did not press the request. Counsel: I should like to know the name of the gentleman who hired you. Who was it?—The Rev. R. R. Dolling.

The magistrate refused without hesitation to accept the testimony. In Toronto not only would it have been eagerly accepted, but the party of the other part would have been punished to the full extent of the law. In Britain the truth of the statement is recognized that there is no creature under God's earth so contemptible as the spy and informer, but here the fact that a man is paid to try and prove certain things, and obtains the evidence he secures by downright

fraud, is reckoned as nothing. In the language of Toronto's acting magistrate Kingsford, his word is "as good as any other man's."

THAT CUNERTY CASE.

TRULY the uncertainty of the law is exceeding great and what to the lay mind is a plain and simple statement, to the legal mind contains much that is mysterious and hard to be understood. In our issue of the 6th inst., we published a full report of the judgment of the Police Magistrate of Toronto in the now famous case of the Queen vs. Cunerty, in which the magistrate decided the sale of a quart bottle of ale and a half pint flask of brandy to be illegal on the ground that the act required the sale of liquor by a shop-keeper in bottles containing not less than three half pints and that no matter what quantity of liquor was sold each bottle must contain not less than that quantity. By a reference to that judgment it will be found that the magistrate over-ruled the contention put forward by counsel that the shop-keeper must sell not less than three half pints of each kind of liquor. But on Monday last, Mr. Justice Rose held that while the magistrate was wrong in requiring each bottle to contain not less than three half pints, the conviction was good on the ground which the magistrate had over-ruled that there must be not less than three half pints of any one liquor sold and that three half pints of different liquors could not be sold in different bottles.

For the benefit of our readers we give the section of the act which so far has been rendered differently by the two judges that have dealt with it and submit it for the consideration of the lay mind. The section reads as follows:

"Shop license" "shall mean a license for selling liquors in quantities not less than three half pints at any one time to any one person and at the time of sale to be wholly removed and taken away in quantities not less than three half pints at a time."

The case will be carried to the Queen's Bench Division for their decision, and the law will then be finally settled for all time to come. In our humble judgment, not being desirous of being wise above what is written, we would imagine the last rendering of the act imparts words into the section which are not there. We will await with interest the final decision of the question.

MURDER NO BAR.

TALK about detectives conspiring to cause license holders to break the law, but out West they plan railroad robberies to prove their usefulness to the companies. They don't stop at planning either. When the robbers appear they shoot them down in their tracks, because to arrest them would be to risk a revelation. One such case occurred a year ago near St. Joseph, Mo., when three men were killed outright, and another occurred at Gorin on the Santa Fe road as recently as last Tuesday

week, two men being shot. One, who was a farm hand, was taken to a hospital where he confessed that he had been led into the scheme by one McDaniel, a detective and a journalist. McDaniel, after the job had been arranged, informed the officials of the Company and then sat on a fence and waited for the attack on the train to be made. We commend the idea here involved to ambitious whisky spies. The method employed is hardly more despisable than theirs, although the result is certainly a little more tragic.

UNITED STATES law is not the most consistent thing that is. A judge of the South Carolina Supreme Court declared Governor Tillman's Dispensary law invalid. The judge vanished from the scene and another took his place. This other was a creature of the Governor, who anticipated his reversal of his predecessor's decision by putting the law into force again. The reversal came in due time and South Carolina is not only once more cursed with the Dispensary law, but enjoys the strange anomaly of having decided to bow to two exactly opposite decisions given by the same court.

BECAUSE the Prohibitionist candidate for the governorship of Maine only received 2,700 votes, the *Mail* argues that the people have not lost faith in prohibition, but only in the party. If a party is bad the cause usually suffers. There were 100,000 votes polled in Maine, and for Prohibition's straight out representative only about one thirty-seventh were cast. Still Prohibition is all right and is the will of the people; then the party is a damned bad judge of a fitting candidate.

METHODIST CONFERENCE ECHOES.

THE Methodist Conference in session at London, Ont., last week, adopted a resolution urging that alcoholic wine be not used in the administration of the Lord's Supper. Why not use water, or better still, the milk for babes, at once?

The Methodist Conference say the liquor traffic cannot be licensed without sin. If that be the case, there must be many good and pious sinners, some of whom stand very well up in the Methodist Church.

The Methodist Conference says: "It is the duty of the Civil Government to prohibit the trade in intoxicating liquors." We were not aware that we had a civil or a spiritual government.

The Conference resolved that the principles taught by Our Lord should have precedence of all others. Undoubtedly they should, even when it comes to the drinking of wine.

Conference resolved "not to consent to and to repudiate all compact and compromises with the licensed liquor traffic as being unholy." The Conference surely does not mean to imply that it prefers the unlicensed traffic. The trade is not seeking to make any compact or compromise that we know of and, therefore, there is nothing for the Conference to refuse.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN AYRE.

THERE is not a reader of THE ADVOCATE, nor a man or woman who ever knew him, who will not be grieved to the utmost to hear that Mr. John Ayre, the popular and universally esteemed proprietor of the Lakeside House, at the corner of Parliament and Winchester streets, Toronto, passed to his long home at 11 o'clock on Tuesday night, the 25th inst. On the afternoon of that day the doctors as a last resource resolved to see what a letting of blood would do. For a time the operation appeared fairly successful, Mr. Ayre resting quietly after its performance but as the evening progressed he sank lower and lower, and at 11 o'clock, surrounded by his family, he passed peacefully away. Mr. Ayre, notwithstanding that he had been ill for some time past, and that on Friday he was an extremely sick man, made it his business to rally with his fellow-members of the trade, both at the dock and at the Exhibition Grounds, to help in giving the New York State Delegates a welcome. On reaching his home in the evening he took to his bed, from which he was disengaged never again to rise. Diphtheria, caused by Bright's disease, was the cause of death. Mr. Ayre was born in the west of England in 1845, and came to Canada in 1870. For twenty years he was proprietor of the Lakeside House, and was a most prosperous business. It was his proud boast that no guest ever found shelter under his roof who was not well satisfied and who did not return again if circumstances warranted it. Mr. Ayre was not only a landlord in the very best degree, but he was most companionable, while his temperament was exceedingly equable. He was a leading member of the following societies: The Masons of the Sons of England, the Orangemen, the Canadian Order of Foresters, the Oddfellows and the Knights of the Maccabees. He was also an active member of the Toronto Gun Club. He has one wife and five children to mourn his loss. Four of the children, John, Charles, Alfred and Carrie, are at home, and the fifth is the wife of Mr. James Lambers, wholesale grocer, of Toronto.

MR. JOSEPH BLACK, of Black Bros., the great Nuremberg hat dealers, was in Toronto last week on a business trip through Canada and the United States. It is three years since he was last here.

THE many friends of Mr. Eugene O'Keefe, the well-known President of the O'Keefe Brewery Co., of Toronto, will rejoice to learn that he has almost entirely recovered from his recent illness.

MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON, of the Richardson House, Toronto, returned on Saturday last from a trip across the Atlantic. He visited England, Ireland and Scotland, enjoyed himself thoroughly and is in the best of health.

ADVICE TO HORSE OWNERS.

NEVER tie a horse with the halter shank in his mouth; if you do the animal is almost sure to pull back until he breaks his jaw or the halter or cuts his tongue off.

NEVER increase the feed of a horse, mule or ox for an extra hour's work or a long drive. It is a common mistake, and kills many an animal.

NEVER allow your horse's lamps to be burned. If treatment is necessary for congested germs, smear them.

NEVER believe the man who says he can remove a spavin or ringbone and leave no blemish. Even if he calls himself a professor, do not question his title—that is what he is and all he is.—Edw. Moore, V.S., in Albany Cultivator.

The Markets.

Barley.

The market is quiet. A few cars have been sold to United States parties on private terms, but there is little demand from any where. At Oswego the market is reported steady for Canada, barley at 63 to 65c.

The stocks in store are 45,387 bush, against 22,973 bush, at the corresponding date last year, and 29,622 bush, in 1892.

The visible supply in the United States and Canada is 1,746,000 bush, against 529,000 bush, in 1893 and 460,000 in 1892.

MARKET PRICES.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Toronto, Montreal, New York State, and Western prices for various goods.

Hops.

Locally the market is stagnant. A few inquiries here have been made but no business of importance has been done.

Albany Cultivator.—Picking will be generally finished this week. Nearly all growers report an increased yield over last year. In Schoharie county one grower has an average of 2,700 lb. per acre, another has 300 bush on 30 acres, with an average of 1,200 lb. Last year these yards, owing to mold and low prices, will not be picked. The unpicked hops are not keeping well, owing to warm, muggy weather. Prices tend downward. Only the choicest seedlings and Humphreys bring 10 cents; the general crop is taken at 7 and 8 cents. On the Pacific coast the crop is offered at 6 1/2 to 7 cents, with few buyers. Prices for picking vary in Washington and Oregon from 20 cents to \$1 per box. Reduced rates have been obtained to New York and London. Lice and mold have done much damage in the Willamette section.

UNITED STATES MARKET.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various crops like N.Y. State, Pacific Coast, and Bavarian wheat prices.

CANADIAN MARKET.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists Canadian crop prices for N.Y. choice, Washington choice, Oregon, Bavarian, Bohemian, and Canadian wheat.

Prices Current.

TORONTO MARKETS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various commodities like Onions, Clover, Straw, Beef, Mutton, Spring Lamb, Hog, Turkey, Geese, Chickens, and Ducks.

PRODUCE.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various produce items like Butter, Creamery, Flour, and Store Cakes.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various types of Beans and Potatoes.

PROVISIONS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various meats and oils like Bacon, Pork, Ham, Breakfast Bacon, Lard, Compound Lard, and Tallow.

LIQUORS DOMESTIC.

All quotations are duty paid.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various domestic liquors like Pure Spirit, Family Proof Whisky, Old Blend, Old Rye, Old Malt, Rye Whisky, Quarts, and Manufacture of 1884.

ALES.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various ales like India Pale, Amber Ale, and India Pale pints.

LAGERS.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various lagers like Lager per barrel and Hock per barrel.

LIQUORS FOREIGN.

All quotations are duty paid.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various foreign liquors like Brandy, Hennessy, and V.O.

MARTELL.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various Martell brandy items.

SARRELL.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various Sarrell brandy items.

JULES ROBIN.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various Jules Robin brandy items.

PINK CASTILLON.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various Pink Castillon brandy items.

P. VALLARY.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various P. Vallary brandy items.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various wine and liquor items like LA GRANGE, Quarts, Pints, Gr. Casks, and Old Grape.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various wine and liquor items like RUM, C. W. Harris, 1 doz. quarts, 22 O.P., and 1 doz. quarts.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various wine and liquor items like J. Dekuyper & Son, Red Cases, Green Cases, Rhds, Gr. Casks, and 1 doz. quarts.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various wine and liquor items like ALES, Red Cases, Green Cases, Rhds, Gr. Casks, and 1 doz. quarts.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various wine and liquor items like LAGERS, Red Cases, Green Cases, Booth's, Board's, Quarts, Gr. Casks, and Oets.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various wine and liquor items like COGNAC, Brandy, Coates & Co., and SCOTCH WHISKY.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various wine and liquor items like SCOTCH WHISKY, Quarts, Pints, Gr. Casks, and 1 doz. quarts.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various wine and liquor items like Lach Katrina Distillery, Quarts, Pints, Gr. Casks, and GREENOCK DISTILLERY CO.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Lists various wine and liquor items like ROBERT BROWN, Quarts, and 1 doz. quarts.

J. E. SEAGRAM

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"WHITE WHEAT"

Conceded by Connoisseurs
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ALCOHOL TRADE MARK WHISKIES

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TURNING THE (TEA) TABLES.

SIR WILFRID, Sir Wilfrid, I am anxious to know how you purport to meet this terrible blow? ... For you say you've been telling us "you and your friends" ...

And how all his pile have got? ... Perhaps you know the story ... As ancient as the hills ... How A stands out, and B retreats, ...

And there amidst the litter, He sits and stares at fate ... The wine-damaged table, scattered cards ... And empty "kitty" plate ...

And how will you mend, and by means of what? ... I'll reach that has thus in the teapot been made! ...

BOTTLED BEER.

To one who enjoys the fermented juice of the malt & hopped beer is both a pleasure and a novelty. When it is so excellent as to surpass many beers drawn from the wood, it becomes a cheerful duty to publish the fact to the world ...

special brewing or by letting the beer remain on store (or in lager, as the Germans say) a year or so. The slow aging thus gained ripens the beverage and develops the higher ethers which are the basis of flavor and perfume ...

ADULTERATION OF WINE IN FRANCE.

As we advise the lover of generous wine, so contrasted with the small and spurious trash now coming into consumption, says a contemporary, to read Mr. Szeuere's pamphlet attentively, and perhaps they will thus become acquainted with the mysteries of the fraudulent part of the wine-trade, which will not a little astonish them ...

It is practised in both places on the most colossal scale. Certainly half of the Parisian population drink, under the name of wine, a mixture in which there is not a drop of grape-juice. The police are unable to prevent this adulteration, every week do the newspapers publish judgments against wine merchants and grocers, in execution of which their wines, 20, 30, 80 hogsheads at once, are poured into gutters ...

Sporting.

"HE SAT IN A GAME."

HOY, a commercial traveler who shot him self last week in Colons, did very good after. He had lost heavily at poker just before his suicide ...

Perhaps you know the story ... As ancient as the hills ... How A stands out, and B retreats, ...

And there amidst the litter, He sits and stares at fate ... The wine-damaged table, scattered cards ...

And how will you mend, and by means of what? ... I'll reach that has thus in the teapot been made!

And how will you mend, and by means of what? ... I'll reach that has thus in the teapot been made!

NOTES.

FLEET little, sweet little Alix is now delightfully queen of the trotting turf and Nancy Hanks is relegated to the larder. The handsome daughter of Patronage began the season with a mark of 2.07, and she has been clipping off fractions at intervals, so easily that attention was diverted from Haulin's great mare Fantasy ...

in 2.03, many watches catching the time at 2.03. She has always been driven by Andrew McDowell, and he it was who piloted Alix to fame on this occasion ...

Twenty-one matches have now been played between the United States and Canada, 14 of which have been won by the United States, 5 by Canada and two drawn ...

Year, Place, Winner, Margin. 1853 Harlem, U. S., 21 runs. 1854 Toronto, Canada, 10 runs. 1856 Hoboken, U. S., 9 wickets. 1857 Toronto, Canada, 4 wickets. 1858 Hoboken, U. S., 1 wicket. 1859 Toronto, U. S., 1 wicket. 1860 Hoboken, U. S., 3 wickets. 1861 Ottawa, U. S., 3 wickets. 1862 Philadelphia, U. S., 10 wickets. 1863 Philadelphia, U. S., 8 wickets. 1863 Toronto, U. S., 1 running out.

1864 Philadelphia, Canada, 10 runs. 1863 Toronto, Canada, 10 runs. 1868 Seadrigh, U. S., 10 runs. 1869 Philadelphia, U. S., 1 wicket. 1869 Toronto, U. S., 20 runs. 1862 Philadelphia, U. S., 1 running out. 1863 Toronto, U. S., 5 wickets. 1861 Philadelphia, U. S., 1 running out.

Money will tell, and, according to reports from Hamilton, money has second control of the Ontario Jockey Club. It can be taken for granted, however, that the other side have neither used up the resources, nor burnt the bridge behind them ...

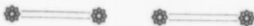
Both Victorious and Sarogova was Gravesend last Saturday, but the latter horse was disqualified for fouling. Victorious's race was 14 miles and was covered in 1.55. Sarogova won by lengths from Boquet, who was coming him 20 pounds ...

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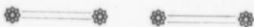
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HORSE-RACING AT THE FAIRS.

We regret that our reports of racing at the Fall Fairs are not as complete as they might be, but secretaries and managers appear to look upon that important branch of their institutions as of secondary consideration, hence they are not over careful in keeping the records. Such reports as have come to hand we present :

AT THE FOREST CITY.

LONDON, ONT., Sept. 17th. 2.45 pacing stake, purse \$200. Dixie Van, b.s., B.S. Van Tuel, Petro... 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

2.45-wallop, trotting, purse \$100.— Allan Wilks, h.h., J. Wells, Harriott... 1 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

LONDON, ONT., Sept. 18th. 2.30 trotting stake, purse \$200.

Baroness, b.s., J. H. DeLuque, Wing... 1 1 2 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2 1 2

2.40 trotting stake, purse \$200. Senator, b.g., C. Weaver, Hamilton. 3 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2

LONDON, ONT., Sept. 18th.

2.50 trotting stake, purse \$200. Senator, b.g., C. Weaver, Hamilton. 3 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2

2.45 trotting stake, purse \$200. Allan Wilks, h.h., J. Wells, Harriott. 3 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2

Farmers' running race, 1 mile heats.

Glenaw, E. Pearson, Nilstown. 1 Little Chief, ch.g., John Henne, Kerwood. 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20

Walter Medium, b.g., Nims Bros., St. Thomas. 2.30 trotting and pacing, mile heats.

2.50 trotting and pacing, mile heats.— Hazard Wilkes, b.m., E. H. Weaving, Bradford. Texas Hildago, m.k., J. & W. O'Callaghan, Ingersoll.

LONDON, ONT., Sept. 21st.

Three-minute trotting stake, mile heats. Senator, b.g., Charles Weaver, Hamilton. 1

Both Dr. M. and Elsie Goff broke the pacing record of the track, which was 2:23 1-2.

AT THE ROYAL CITY.

GREEN TROT OR PACE: Annie G. W. Williams, Galt. 2 1

2.45 trot or pace, open to all one mile, best three in five.

Green trot or pace, open to all one mile, best three in five. Annie G. W. Williams, Galt. 2 1

2.45 trot or pace, open to all one mile, best three in five. Annie G. W. Williams, Galt. 2 1

AT WHITEHY.

Green trot or pace, open to all one mile, best three in five. Annie G. W. Williams, Galt. 2 1

Trotting of the Week.

HAMILTON FALL MEETING.

HAMILTON, SEPT. 18th.—The Hamilton Trotting and Pacing Association's fall meeting opened in Hamilton, Ont. this afternoon. The attendance was not large. All the races were won by favorites, and in straight heats. Summary:

First race, 2.25 class, trot or pace, purse \$300. Alex. Milroy's Cap Hatter, Brantford. 1

heats being closely contested. Following is a summary of events:

2.25 class; purse \$100.— Dick Folsom. 2111. Lottie Bruce. 4321. Mackie by quarters. 4321. Henry K. Time—2:34, 2:36, 2:36, 2:34.

ALIX GOES IN 2:03 3/4.

Nancy Hanks at Last Definitely Defeated. GALESBURG, ILL., SEPT. 19th.—For nearly two years the world's trotting record has stood at 2:04. To-day these magical figures that have represented for so long a time the extreme limits of speed in the trotter have been wiped out, and the record now reads 2:03 3/4. Alix was at her best to-day, and in no way the individual specimen of the race. The fact that Alix was to make an attempt to reduce the record drew an attendance rarely so mounted at from 15,000 to 20,000 people. A few minutes after 5 o'clock Mr. Williams mounted the track machine, and with Morris J. Jones made a circuit of the track, leaving it as smooth as a meadow for the little mare to make a supreme effort. Then McDowell brought Alix down the stretch and she was greeted right royally. Before she could start, however, Company C, of the State militia, had to be called out to clear the track of the surging crowd of speculators who filled the stretch from the distance post to the first eighth. At this juncture McDowell nodded for the start with his mare well in hand. It was a start to the fastest mile ever trodden on earth. At the first quarter the watches under the crowd snapped under the strain of their breath "She will do it. The flying little beauty's nose touched the half a 1:01 1/4, and the three-quarters in 1:32 1/4. From there she flashed like a rocket and reached the full mile in 1:57 1/2. Three cheers went the evening air for Alix. Yes, ten thousand times three cheers as they trod out on record was completed. Three cheers went up for Morris Jones, the owner of the great mare; then came Andy McDowell's turn and Salisbury's, and last, but not least, C. W. Williams' new track, which at its opening holds the world's record and is pronounced by horsemen as the fastest on earth. The timers were Fred Scott, John Haver, C. M. McDowell, and M. E. McLeary. Following is the official time:

Following to beat 2:04.

Alix, b. m., Patrouge, dam Atlanta, by Mr. McDowell. First. 2:03 3/4. Second. 1:57 1/2. Third. 1:50 1/2. Fourth. 1:43 1/2.

OTHER RECORD-BREAKING ATTEMPTS.

GALESBURG, ILL., SEPT. 19th.—At 1 o'clock the track machine was brought out and the track prepared for the morning's work. The first attempt was to appear for a tussle with the new witch the king of pacers, Robert J. C. J., but he was not to appear here to see the effort. Geers loomed the great horse to the wire twice, nodding to the word. At the second time up he got into the word. At the thirty seconds later he was in the word, and the word went out, "Go." He was victorious. He was by the mile in 1:40 1/4, it looked like he would win but when the watch marked 1:31 at the three-quarter it looked impossible to accomplish the great feat, and so it proved to be, as he finished under the whip in 1:02 1/2. Following is the official time of the mile.

Second race, 2.25 class, purse \$300. T. Collins Dolly C., Collingwood. 1

Second Day.

HAMILTON, SEPT. 19th.—The Hamilton Trotting and Pacing Association's races at James' track were continued to-day. The race track was in good condition, but the rain that fell late in the afternoon prevented the running races taking place. In the 2:40 class, Henry C. J., owned by C. E. Stone, of Toronto was favorite, and though he failed to win the first heat, he held his place, selling at \$6 to \$8 against the field. He justified the expectations of backers by winning the last three heats handily. The summary:

First race, 2:40 class, trot or pace; purse \$200; divided, 50, 25, 10 and 10 per cent. C. E. Stone, Henry C. J., Toronto. 1

Second race, 2:40 class, trot or pace; purse \$200; divided, 50, 25, 10 and 10 per cent. C. E. Stone, Henry C. J., Toronto. 1

In the 2:27 class, Mr. Chas. Brown's Maud J. was a hot favorite, selling at 1 to 4 against the field. She won in straight heats, though in the first heat S. Smith's Grimsby Girl made her travel her fastest, and Reciprocity gave her a good race in the second heat. Summary:

Second race, 2:27 class, trot or pace; purse \$200; divided, 50, 25, 10 and 10 per cent. Chas. Brown's Maud J., Toronto. 1

Owing to the rain and the horses having other engagements, the third day's racing was cancelled.

TWO DAYS AT ORILLIA.

ORILLIA, SEPT. 21st.—The races here to-day were a perfect success, although the attendance was not large. The track was in good condition. Summaries:

3 minute class; purse \$100.— Black Prince, Hamilton. 1

2.25 class; purse \$100.— Black Prince, Hamilton. 1

Running race; 4 mile heats; purse \$100.— Money Musk. 1

Time—2:34, 2:35, 2:43.

Time—2:35, 2:33 3/4, 2:30.

Time—3:31 secs., 3:41 secs., 3:55 secs.

ORILLIA, SEPT. 22nd.—The races this afternoon were very interesting, all the

ROBERT

Trainer Gerald... 2:04 was beaten by Alix... the world's record... the fastest on earth... the king of pacers... the great horse to the wire twice... the word... the thirty seconds later he was in the word... the word went out... he was victorious... he was by the mile in 1:40 1/4... it looked like he would win but when the watch marked 1:31 at the three-quarter it looked impossible to accomplish the great feat... he finished under the whip in 1:02 1/2... following is the official time of the mile.

Being to beat 2:01.
Robert J. sire by Hartford, dam Geraldine,
by Jay Gould (sires).....lost

Time	Quarter	Half	Quarters	Five
2:11	1:01	1:51	2:01	2:07
2:11	1:01	1:51	2:01	2:07
2:11	1:01	1:51	2:01	2:07

Immediately after Robert finished his successful attempt, the black 2-year-old colt Directly was brought out by McNeill to go against Carbonate's record of 2:00 and he proved equal to the emergency. The first quarter was in 0:32, and the half in 1:04. This was fast enough. At the three-quarters in 1:36, and home like a runaway horse in 2:07. A new record was made, one that it will be hard for Carbonate to beat to-morrow. After the mile was finished McNeill was given an ovation. Mr. Willhams announced to the people that he was the only man on earth to drive two horses to two world's records in two consecutive days, which he did in driving Alis in 2:07 yesterday and Directly in 2:07 today. He was made the lion of the hour, and was cheered lustily. Following is the official time of the mile:

Being to beat 2:06.
Directly, by Direct, dam Mable by
Nancy Old-Dowell.....won

Time	Quarter	Half	Quarters	Five
2:07	1:01	1:51	2:07	2:07
2:07	1:01	1:51	2:07	2:07
2:07	1:01	1:51	2:07	2:07

The next star to appear was Online in an effort to beat his 4-year-old record at 2:07. Chandler drove him a great mile, but the best he did was to equal the record. Mr. Chandler said it was one of the easiest miles he had ever driven him, and that on Saturday he would show the world what Online can do. After Robert J.'s mile Geers was seen, and he said he still believed that Robert J. could clip off a second from his record over the Galesburg track. He could not account for his failure of to-day unless it was the immense crowd that thronged the track. He said the horse went away all night, and before reaching the three-quarter pole Geers said he could see 2:01 staring him in the face, but when the head of the stretch was reached and the legs got a glimpse of the crowd he accounted it to failure and it became necessary to resign him. When within 100 feet of the end the wire was plied pretty strong, but it was too late, the mischief had been done.

ROBERT J.'S ANCESTRY.

To Geraldine, the dam of Robert J., was got by Jay Gould, out of Nancy Claggett, by Senator, the records relate, but nothing more has been generally known of the champion's maternal ancestry. Robert J.'s blood like appearance consists that thoroughbred strains are plentiful in his pedigree, his superlative speed and staying powers further adding the belief that his dam's forebears were very largely of thorough blood. When Geraldine passed to the Village Farm efforts were at once made to trace the pedigree of Nancy Claggett and her sire, but no greater light was shed on the subject at that time. Within the past few weeks, however, Mr. Hamlin has received a letter from a gentleman who claims to have bred Nancy Claggett, and who enclosed a copy of the mare's pedigree as found in his books, to-wit: Sire Mann's blood, of Messinger stock, first dam bred by the Black Knight horse; second dam by the letter in question states she exhibited Robert J.'s great granddam the state fairs, both under saddle and in harness, and finally parting with her in 1867. Names, places and dates

are freely given by Mr. Hamlin's correspondent, who tells his story connectedly, and therefore little difficulty should be experienced in prosecuting the inquiry to a successful issue.—Chicago Horseman.

STABLE GLEANINGS.

Here items for this column will be welcomed from any part of the country.

Harry K, 2:16, is said to have been sired by a Clydesdale.

Col. Pepper, the well-known turfman, has decided to retire from the turf.

A. M. Orpen has sold his English mares, including Ochone and Nightlight, to J. B. Dwyer.

Bouquet conceded Henry of Navarre ten pounds on Saturday at Gravesend and best him in by a nose.

The Terre Haute trotting association came out behind the game nearly 8,000 at their last meeting.

The officials of the Hawthorn track, Chicago, were arrested on Saturday on a charge of keeping a gambling house.

Japonica, by Mikado, bred at Woodstock, won the steeplechase over the field course at Hawthorn Park, Chicago, on Saturday.

The Canadian trotter, Johnnie Gold-dust, won the 2:23 turf, in six heats at Providence last week and lowered his record seven seconds.

Pierre Lorillard will concentrate his attention almost to the English Turf for the next two years. He has entered Non-instant in all the big English races.

On a heavy track, a few days ago at Gravesend, Dutch Skater, a three-year-old, led the provincial-bred gelding Victorious, by three quarters of a length.

Sarcogosa seems to have greatly retrograded in form within the last two weeks, as his recent race where he finished behind Bouquet, Farsday and Hornpipe shows.

The match between the two-year-olds, Harry Reed and Gotham, at Jerome Park on Monday was won by the first named, but the race was awarded to the latter on a claim of foul.

The great son of Hermit, Tristan, died recently in Hungary. He broke his neck by falling through a partition in his stable. At one time he commanded \$60,000, as a selling price. His best son was probably Niechan.

Reagan, the jockey who rode Mr. Seagrave's horse, was severely commented upon by the New York papers, for his poor jockeyship. They alleged that he purposely went wide at every turn, and as lately he has not been free from the taint of suspicion, it looks as if their allegations were true.

Munroe Salisbury, the California horseman who was suspended by the National Trotting Association some time ago, for removing his mare Express from Fleetwood, before a race she was competing in had concluded, has been re-installed by Major P. P. Johnston, President of the Association.

Robert J., 2:01, first made his appearance on a track at Fleetwood two years ago, where before his race with C. J. Hamlin's Glendenning, he was offered for sale for \$1,500, with no taker. After his victory, Hamlin bought him and his dam for \$4,500. He is purely trotting-bred by Hartford, sire of Harold, sire of Mand S., 2:08, dam Geraldine, by Jay Gould.

The peerless trotting mare Alis, clipped

Nancy Hanks' mark of 2:04, made at Terre Haute in 92, of a second, at Galesburg, Ill., last week, without any perceptible effort. The whole attempt was very evenly rated and there is no doubt that Alis can make a material reduction whenever she is called upon to do so. The time in detail, was 30, 1.01 and 1.32.

The two great two-year-old pacers, Carbonate, by Superior, and Directly, by Direct, have been taking alternate whacks at the pacing record for their age all during the season. Direct was the first to show with 2:10, followed a few weeks later by his 2:10 and then Carbonate came to the fore with 2:09, but now Direct wears it laurels, he having paced the mile at Galesburg in 2:07, which is even a better performance than Robert J.'s 2:01. The four-year-old record which is held by Online is only a quarter of a second better. Robert J. was sent against his mark but could not equal it, 2:02 being his achievement. The track was hard and got to his liking.

ALL-ROUND SPORT.

Lord Hawke's team of English cricketers will play a Toronto eleven on Oct. 3 and 4.

Schaefer's backer has deposited \$500 to bind a match with F. R. Ives, the billiard champion.

J. S. Mitchell beat the 56 lb record a quarter of an inch on Saturday at New York, throwing the weight 35 ft, 9 1/2 inches.

The Shamrocks compiled eight games to the Montreals two on Saturday in the last championship lacrosse match of the season.

Lark Hawke's team of cricketers won the match with the Philadelphia eleven by 121 runs. Score: 187 and 235 to 160 and 122.

Harley Davidson, of Toronto, broke the quarter mile class A. bicycle record, unspiced, at Springfield the other day, going the distance in 28 1/5 seconds.

The three days' match shoot at 100 pigeons each day for \$100 a shoot and \$100 additional, side bet, has been won by J. A. R. Elliott from W. F. Carver, he having come out ahead every day.

L. D. Robertson, of Toronto, at Rosedale last week, paced by a tandem, established a new record for the flying half mile, 56 4/5 seconds, which is only 1 1/2 seconds behind the American record held by Bliss.

At the A. A. U. championship games in New York, Stephen Chase, of New York, made a world's record in the 120 yard hurdle race, beating Pupper, last year's champion, in 15 3/5 seconds. The previous record was 16 seconds.

The cricket match between Lord Hawke's eleven and New York, came to an untimely termination last week. The English cricketers made 289 in their first venture, and then the game was postponed till the following day, but the rainfall which seemed general all over the country, necessitated the match being called off.

The international cricket match between the Canadian and the Philadelphia cricket team, played at the latter city, was declared a draw. Canada scored 155 in their first innings and the Quaker City team 177. The match could not be resumed on the second day as rain fell heavily, and the game was accordingly decided as above.

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FALL FAIRS, 1894.

Secretaries of Agricultural Societies are requested to forward such information concerning their respective fairs as will aid in making this list complete

Charlotteville	Sept. 25-28
Collingwood, Ont.	Sept. 25-28
Lindsay, Ont.	Sept. 26-28
Brautford, Ont.	Sept. 26-28
Harrow	Sept. 26-28
Stratford, Ont.	Sept. 27-28
Brampton, Ont.	Sept. 27-28
Port Elgin	Sept. 27-28
Flesherton	Sept. 27-28
Seaforth	Sept. 27-28
Dundas	Sept. 27-28
Belgrave	Sept. 27-28
Blenheim	Sept. 27-28
Hespeler	Sept. 27-28
Springfield	Sept. 28-29
Ganmington, Ont.	Sept. 28-29
Norwich	Sept. 28-29
East Kent, Thamesville	Sept. 28-29
Niagara	Sept. 28-29
Horticultural, Springfield	Sept. 29
Ridgeway	Sept. 29
Shannonville	Sept. 29
St. Ann's	Sept. 29
Wainfleet	Sept. 29
Carp, Ont.	Oct. 1-2
Midland	Oct. 1-2
New Central	Oct. 1-3
Day's Mills	Oct. 2
Minden	Oct. 2
Tweed	Oct. 2
Arthur	Oct. 2-3
Clinton	Oct. 2-3
Glencoe	Oct. 2-3
Acton	Oct. 2-3
Ingersoll	Oct. 2-3
Jarvis	Oct. 2-3
Wroxeter	Oct. 2-3
Ailsa Craig	Oct. 2-3
Bechuan	Oct. 2-3
Oakville	Oct. 2-3
Tara	Oct. 2-3
Spencerville	Oct. 2-3
South Wentworth, James Tract	Oct. 2-3
Arauc and Tara	Oct. 2-3
Mitchell	Oct. 2-3
Arthur, Ont.	Oct. 2-3
Paris, Ont.	Oct. 2-3
Cookstown, Ont.	Oct. 2-3
Beausoleil	Oct. 2-3
Sunderland	Oct. 2-3
Oxford	Oct. 2-4
Sault Ste. Marie	Oct. 2-4
Chatham	Oct. 2-4
Stayner, Ont.	Oct. 2-4
Almonte, Ont.	Oct. 2-4
Walkerton, Ont.	Oct. 2-4
Essex	Oct. 2-4
Chatham	Oct. 2-4
Iona	Oct. 3
Humberstone	Oct. 3-4
Pictou, Ont.	Oct. 3-4
Bilton	Oct. 3-4
Thorold	Oct. 3-4

Lucknow	Oct. 3-4
Elmira	Oct. 3-4
Alvinston	Oct. 3-4
Iron Bridge	Oct. 4
Aberley	Oct. 4
Emburo	Oct. 4
Markham, Ont.	Oct. 4-5
Galt	Oct. 4-5
Wallacetown	Oct. 4-5
Millbrook	Oct. 4-5
Elora, Ont.	Oct. 4-5
Beachburg, Ont.	Oct. 4-5
Smithville, Ont.	Oct. 4-5
Burlington	Oct. 4-5
Waterford	Oct. 4-5
Burk's Falls	Oct. 4-5
Kirkton	Oct. 4-5
Kilsyth	Oct. 4-5
Charlton	Oct. 4-5
Alliston	Oct. 4-5
Brussels	Oct. 4-5
Rocklyn	Oct. 5
Kintore	Oct. 5
Brussville	Oct. 5
Nassagaweya	Oct. 5
Oakwood	Oct. 5-6
Whately	Oct. 5-6
Ottawa, Ont.	Oct. 5-6
Galt	Oct. 5-6
Florence	Oct. 5-6
Allanburg	Oct. 6
Fordwich	Oct. 6
Granton	Oct. 8-9
Waldport	Oct. 9
Tilsburg, Ont.	Oct. 8-10
Ridgetown	Oct. 9-10
Blyth	Oct. 9-10
Newmarket	Oct. 9-10
Norwood	Oct. 9-10
Tilsburg, Ont.	Oct. 9-10
Drumh	Oct. 9-10
Shelburne	Oct. 9-10
Rockett	Oct. 9-10
Milton	Oct. 9-10
Elmvale	Oct. 9-11
Lanmington	Oct. 9-11
Harold	Oct. 10
Thorndale	Oct. 10
Gore Bay	Oct. 11-12
Beeton	Oct. 11-12
Clifford	Oct. 11-12
Stouffville	Oct. 10-11
Dresden	Oct. 10-11
Dunnville	Oct. 10-11
Niagara Falls S.	Oct. 10-11
Hilton	Oct. 11
Dorchester Sta.	Oct. 11
Calsonia	Oct. 11-12
Burford, Ont.	Oct. 11-12
Cardwell, at Beeton	Oct. 11-12
Hilton	Oct. 11-12
Dorchester	Oct. 12
Theford	Oct. 12
Delaware	Oct. 12
Palham Centre	Oct. 12-13
Comber	Oct. 12-13
Hightate	Oct. 13
Almonte	Oct. 15-16
Zephyr	Oct. 16
Rodney	Oct. 16
Harrow	Oct. 16-17
Woodbridge, Ont.	Oct. 16-17

FIXED DATES FOR 1894.

If this column will be inserted for racing dates and fall fair dates. Friends are requested to keep fully posted.

CANADA	
Charlottetown, P.E.I.	Sept. 25-28
Montreal (Bel Air J. C.)	Sept. 27-29
Montreal Hunt Club	Oct. 4-6
Toronto Hunt Club	Oct. 6-13
Tilsburg	Oct. 9-10
New Westminster, B.C.	Oct. 10-11

FOR 1895.

Hamilton	June 29, July 13
Windsor	July 13
MASSACHUSETTS	
Breeders' Meeting, Boston	Sept. 25-28
Fall River, Mass.	Oct. 14
MICHIGAN	
Bay City	Sept. 25-28
Grand Rapids	Sept. 30-28
Ionia	Oct. 31

KNOT AND KOT.

"Shall we marry, darling, or shall we knot?" was the short and witty line of ardent lover dispatched to the idol of his heart. But, when the strangeness of the matter comes in, the girl replied: "I shall not. You may do as you please."

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ON THE PLAINS OF ASSINIBOIA.

IN NOVEL.

For nearly a month "Bill" and the Exile had made their headquarters in the pleasant city of Winnipeg. Day after day they had driven far over the prairies after chicken, or to the brush lands of the Red River Valley for ruffs, grouse, or to distant sloughs and mud-bordered water courses after duck and snipe. They had made many friends, had been entertained in true Winnipeg style, and had enjoyed superb shooting; but now the season was approaching when they should more earnestly be in quest of the red object of their northern trip—the beautiful prong horned antelope.

A good friend who they had met shortly after their arrival in the "Peg" had his rough ranch home on the plains of Assiniboia, and they were to journey with him and enjoy his bachelor house-keeping for a season. So one day after a "dewy" night at the snug little "Man-Eat-Club," "Bill" and the Exile boarded the best bound express and bade farewell to the boys of Ass.

"Good-bye, old chaps; let me 'fix' you never see an antelope," said one of your claims."

"Lay you a dinner on your claims," retorted another. "There's a volley of farewells and the train pulled out."

In due time they reached the little prairie station house, from which a ten-mile trail led to M—'s ranch. They dumped their outfits upon the platform and looked about for M—, but saw him not. The courteous station master came to the rescue, and explained that M— had been in with a conveyance to meet them the previous day, and had said that he would come again on Thursday. This was Wednesday. Evening was approaching and the station master advised them to walk to the ranch, leaving everything except the two rifles in his charge.

For a few moments the situation appeared a trifle awkward; then they realized that there was no cause for anxiety. It was but ten miles to the ranch; both were in excellent condition; there is no sudden darkness in that northern region, and the dull grayish brown expanse of prairie the well worn trail was not to be lost. It stretched before them as far as eyes could see, like a great black welt on the face of the land, and the Exile crossed invariably to "fetch" that trail at a pace that would do "Bill's" ungenerate heart good. Neither one of them really cared one straw about the walk, and presently they bade farewell to the station master and abandoned their rifles and departed. His instructions were simple enough: "You just stick to the trail for ten good miles. It rises and falls a bit and winds about, but there's no other trail. Five miles yonder, past those hills, you'll find the ranch; keep right on, and the next ranch you come to is M—'s."

Side by side and step for step they swung along, each with rifle on shoulder and pipe in mouth, and each with a long pipe strong in his hand, corduroy shooting tugs. Naught cared they for time, place or distance, and, as the Exile explained, they couldn't get lost if they tried.

"You see," he remarked, "Saskatchewan's north, and beyond that is York Factory and open water, and beyond that at the Factory. East of us is Manitoba and all the fellows west of us is Alberta and west of that the Rockies—we can't walk over the mountains in the night without noticing them; south of us are the two Dakotas and Montana, and I know some people there; so come on, you lazy, muddle-headed duffer, we can't get lost anyhow."

They knew perfectly well that nothing could go wrong with their trip, but a wide experience was a mere bagatelle to strong men, yet with the innate cus-

edness of man's nature they argued and disputed and cursed each other pleasantly and persistently for two miles, each causing the other of having boughed over the message to M—.

Then the Exile suddenly stuffed his pipe into his pocket and darted a few yards from the trail in wild haste. Halting, he leveled his rifle, fired hurriedly, then rushed forward again, and once more pulled up and fired. The second report was immediately followed by a whoop of triumph and a lusty exclamation, "I got 'um."

"Got what—D. T. 's?"

"No, a wolf; see him kick your?"

"A gaunt, gray coyote had attempted to slink away among some mounds and had paid a terrible penalty for his love movements. The coyote lay prone at his feet and found him grinning horribly with fright and pain—the ball had broken his back."

"My, what teeth the beast's got, to be sure. Blow his brains out, Bill; your rifle's a fine gun, and I'll eat the brush of him for M—, he'd be glad to see it, for these little wolves are a nuisance."

"I wouldn't bother taking the tail; he sniffs you first, and I've heard they are awful generous for carrying vermin."

"Oh, hang the vermin; tails I win, here goes," and off came the tail, and it was stowed in a pocket for future exhibition."

This incident put both in a jolly frame of mind, and in a moment they were again ponding about the trail, with their argument entirely forgotten. Now and then one or other would trim down a corner as they lay upon the ground, and later on Bill made a dead centre on a big badger who had crawled up from the depths of the earth to enjoy the shades of evening.

"There's a vermin on that fellow, if you care to say," remarked the Exile; "he'd better not be handled. See the sand in his whiskers and his paws. They're brutes to dig; that fellow could tunnel from here to whereabouts and not half from here to here on a sand prairie, none, as blamed if he didn't up and go clean head first into the earth before I could run forty yards. They can dig faster than you can pull 'em out. Wait till your horse steps into a bogger work some day when you are chasing antelope, and if you don't talk the first half of badger I'm no prophet, that's all."

Eye long the twilight paled and died, and the beautiful sunlight of the North made the vast expanse of erstwhile snow now a green of varying shades and aspect. It grew positively beautiful. A seemingly limitless waste of softest gray spread far around; here a shadowy bluff, and there long, easy swells of motionless grasses like very billows, and in their forward sweep, and through them the black trail stretched to the sharp belt of light marking the lower horizon, while above all the mysterious, shifting, trembling lights wavered hither and thither in an aspect of airy bands of marvellous, unearthly beauty.

In this light one sees as it were distinctly, yet it is surprisingly deceptive. Out of the earth before them, apparently, rose a couple steps into a bogger work, and a mile distant or more.

"Hallo, Bill, here's the first ranch. We've travelled slow; it looks a mile away yet."

"So it is, a good mile."

"No, 'tain't tenderfoot," said a voice from the building, and so near that it startled them. "Taint sixty yards. Who are you chasing this one day 't?" They moved on a few steps and the buildings appeared to be rushing toward them, so rapidly did they rise to the floor, outside of which a stalwart plainsman was sitting upon a home-made chair.

"Hello, fellows! Are you the boys that M— is waiting for?"

"We fancy we are."

"Good stuff; come in, come right in. Hod supper?"

"Can't say we have."

"All right; sip around a few minutes, and I'll take out a bite for you and one or two of me;—then, we'll all go to M—'s. He's all ready and we can have a decent feed there and make a night of it."

This was agreed to heartily, and in about an hour they reached M—'s without further adventure. A cheery light was streaming from his window and they could see him inside deeply engrossed in a game of solitaire. A ringing gopher call brought him forth on the run, and after a storm of ejaculations and explanations the strangers left at home indeed. A long drawn out game of what put them in excellent condition for sleeping, and a very late breakfast next morning proved that M—'s cuisine was up to standard.

Then M— told them to take a couple of his guns (he had three beauties, brought with him from England) and about a few grouse or do what they pleased, while he went after their outfits with the buck-board. The long, low "shack" stood upon the shore of a small lake which was frequented by many varieties of water fowl, and as he said, "You can get me duck, snipe, plover, geese and antelope without going to any of my land." Bill and the Exile went down to the lake and fished about for several hours, not caring to do any hard work, but knocking down a duck now and then, and later they made a circle about some small bluffs and killed four grouse, and, as they then had enough for all present purposes, returned to the "shack." There they discovered a beautiful light .32-calibre rifle M— had lately purchased, and armed with it started on the warpath for gophers and killed half a dozen before their host appeared.

Returning to the "shack" once more the Exile noticed a stout fishing rod leaning against the wall. To this rod he was attached about ten feet of line, and to one end of the line was affixed a loop of fine wire, such as is used for snaring rabbits. He promptly seized this tackle and went forth for more gophers. One was so located sitting bolt upright at the entrance to his burrow, into which he presently dived. Then the Exile placed the wire noose around the mouth of the burrow and, backing away to the full length of the line and rod, sat upon the prairie and awaited developments. Quoth "Bill,"

"Whatever the deuce are you about now?"

"Fishing."

"Fishing for what?"

"A gopher."

"Bill laughed derisively. "Great Scott! man, you don't expect a gopher will be such a dundring idiot as to get caught in a wire do you? Why, you must think that beast is as big an ass as you are! Fishing for gopher?"

Just at that instant the gopher suddenly popped up; the Exile gave a wild heave on the rod and the unfortunate little beast went whizzing through the air the full length of the line on high, and struck with a sounding "swat" on top of Bill's bare head.

"Yes, I'm fishin' for gophers! Now, Mr. Smooty, you just stand around here and be aisy, and I'll show you how to land on, like you did that time, and we'll have a menagerie around here."

"Gimme the rod!"

"No; you lemme 't. I'm doing this fishing. This beats landing 'em, so you can't get 'em, but I'll see my try, or I'll tote the next gopher and scare him to death."

They finally arranged to take turn

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about, and fishing for gophers among them for the balance of the day.

M— laughed heartily when he saw what they were at, and remarked, "What the tackle is for; we catch lots of the little devils that way, and the more of them you kill the better I'll like it."

That night there was a three-cornered earnest discussion about the game of prairie and the chances for securing more or more specimens of the coveted antelope. M— had been in the country for several years, and as he was a proven sportsman he was thoroughly informed regard to the game. He explained that they were even yet too early for the antelope shooting, but he thought the prospect was highly favorable when the game was so abundant. He mentioned Medicine Hat, a short distance further west, was perhaps better. Of the sport with feathered game the friends were ready knew. The Old Wives claim that most of the lakes, and many others, were mostly alkaline, and favored Red Lake one of the greatest resorts for waterfowl of all kinds in the world, were easily accessible, and the South Saskatchewan River offered miles of good shooting.

In fact the ranch was situated in the midst of the old buffalo ranges and the land in every direction was scored with "wallows" and seamed with buffalo trails, while ghostly white skulls of the dead race showed everywhere and the close sweet buffalo grass. A short distance to the south rose the immense wooded elevations of the Cypress Hills, whose fastnesses a few elk, deer, bear and big gray wolves found comparatively secure haunts. Many grouse, foxes and coyotes also lived among them, and either the antelope drifted in bands autumn, seeking shelter from the bitter winter blasts. This plateau of Assiniboia may be considered as forming a sort of continuation of the "Bad Lands" of the

(Continued on page 816.)

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He can get a city weekly, four times as big as yours for the same price, and "It's got lots of reads in it, too."

He got mad at the editor seven or eight years ago, and wouldn't take the paper if it was the last on earth.

He likes to see a paper that has said enough to be on one side or the other, and not on the fence all the time. "Ef I wuz runnin' a paper, by jingo, I'd

WORTHY OF COLA MBS.

The other day a journal, hitherto without a spot on its character, inquired, with well-feigned innocence: "How could five persons divide five eggs so that each man will receive one and still one remain in the dish?" After several hundred persons went two-thirds distracted in the mazes of this proposition, the journal meekly says: "One takes the dish with the eggs."

THE BOY WAS CROWNED.

Here is a story of a schoolmaster who promised a crown to any boy who should propound a riddle that he could not answer.

One and another tried, and at last a boy asked: "Why am I like the Prince of Wales?"

The master puzzled his wits in vain, and finally was compelled to admit that he did not know.

"Why," said the boy, "it's because I am waiting for the crown."

A SHARP COW.

Fair Maiden (from town): "How savagely that cow looks at me."

Famous Haystack: "It's your red parand, mate."

Fair Maiden: "Dear me! I knew it was a little bit out of fashion, but I didn't suppose a country cow would notice it."



In Kentucky.

"That war-er powerful fetchin' sarrion ther deacon preached at ther camp-meetin' yester-day."

"What did he say?"

"He said ther sinners needn't spect ter find any whiskey in hell; it war all reserved for ther righteous above."

SHE KNEW.

"Do be quiet, Johnny, don't you know that there's a visitor in the next room?"

said Frances to her little brother.

"How do you know? You haven't been in."

"But," said Frances, "I hear mamma saying 'my dear' to papa."

THE HEAD ON IT.

Schoolmaster: "Now, Roberts, can you tell me how many pints there are in a quart?"

Pollidon's *Hopeful*: "Why, yes, sir, one and a half and the froth."

MISSETS.

The Tailor: "If you don't pay me at once I shall commence a suit."

The Spendthrift (impudently): "If it's like all the rest of your suits, nobody'll believe it's meant for me."

ON VASTNESS.

A REMARKABLE argument is said to have been made once by a German adventurer who was lecturing in London, his theme being the great glory of mechanics as a science.

"I tell you, vat," announced this learned gentleman to an interested and amused audience, "de ting dat is made is more superior as de maker. I shall show you how it is mit some tings."

"Substee, now, dat I make de round wheel on de coach. Ver' well; dat wheel roll five hundred mile" an' me "I cannot roll you single leafe mile."

"Substee I am de grooper, an' I make de big barrel for to hold de beer. Dat barrel he hold gallon an' gallon." An me

"I cannot hold more as two, tree quart, mein friends" not more as two, tree quart."

INCOMPREHENSIBLE WOMAN.

He: "Then I understand that you content for an equality of the sexes."

She: "Not at all. I don't expect men ever will be quite equal to women."

ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

Bingo: "No, thank you, dear; I don't believe I care for any nice pie."

Mrs. Bingo: "But, Henry, I have put in a lot of that branly you brought home the other night."

Bingo (aghast): "What! Not that branly that I paid 88 a quart for?"

Mrs. Bingo: "Yes, dear."

Bingo: "Great guns, give me the whole pie."



Lots of Fun.

MAMA: "Gracious, Georgie! what are you doing with those points?"

GEORGIE: "We're playing circus. In the zebra, Minnie's the leopard, and Uncle Henry's the clown!"

A POLITICIAN'S RETORT.

At an excited political meeting lately a Mr. Hay was called upon to move a resolution. This gentleman did not say the tastes of the noisy ones, and they drowned his voice with their tumult. The chairman vainly tried to restore order; at last, getting exasperated, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"I have only one word to say: Will you hear Mr. Hay?"

"No!" yelled the disturber.

"Then all I have to say is, this is the first instance on record of jack-some talking hay!"

A WISE MAN.

A bachelor one day set the table in his lonely abode with plates for himself and an imaginary wife and five children. He then sat down to dine, and as he helped himself to food he put the same quantity on each of the other plates and surveyed the prospect, at the same time comparing the cost. He is still a bachelor.

ALARMED HIM.

Doctor: "I would advise you to take quinine in all the whiskey you drink."

Old Pepper: "But, Great Scott! Doctor, isn't quinine in such quantities injurious?"

Head-Butter: "Why did you walk of last night when that tourist called you a liar?"

Abdoli He: "Didn't have my shakin' jacket on!"

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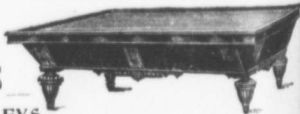
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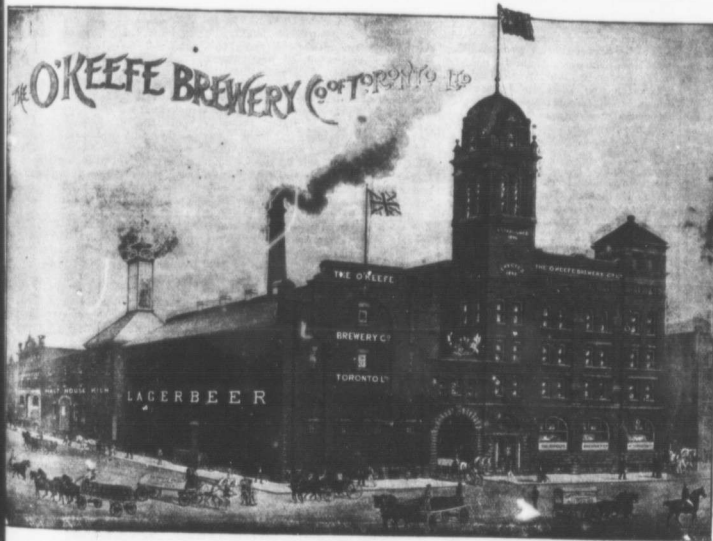


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ON THE PLAINS OF ASSINIBOIA.

(Continued from page 813.)

Western States, though the distinctive features of the American territory are not so clearly defined north of the international boundary. During the short hot summer, the antelope wander far to the north, but during autumn they keep drifting southward along the great sparsely settled plateau as the cold increases, until they reach their final winter quarters in the Cypress Hills country. Great bands of them are seen yet, but these numbers are not nearly as plentiful as they were before a railway penetrated this their last stronghold. The antelope and civilization do not agree.

M— told strange stories of the first year he was in the country; of how whole bands of antelope might be seen every day from the door of his "shack," and how one winter, when the railway was first opened and the snow was drifted deep, a great band of them got on the track and raced ahead of an express through the snow cuts until they were winded and run down.

For weeks after that great slaughter antelope steaks were upon most tables as fragrant as Winnipeg, and antelope heads were dug in the market. But those days, he added, have gone forever, and though there are plenty of antelope left they have learned sense, and "fugging" and other lay methods of shooting them are but seldom attempted, for the pronghorn is now one of the shyest animals imaginable. "Our best plan will be," said he, "to ride for them, covering as much country as possible. We may see a week. Sooner or later we will surely see plenty and should get a few. We will ride each on his own line. The country is open and you cannot possibly get lost for more than a few hours. They are ready and you may ride as far and as frequently as you choose.

Surprise next morning found them fed and ready to mount and ride away in quest of the coveted game. They excellent by arrangement they rode in different directions, M— going north-east, Bill due north, while the Exile turned his face westward, hoping sincerely that he might be the fortunate one. M— bantered him a bit over his choice of route, and suggested that he must have heard of the young lady at the L— ranch, which, by the way, he had not, as the two ranches lay a good twenty miles apart. "Said she's our 'Prairie Belle,'" and she's the finest horsewoman in the world."

The Exile loped leisurely away, the trained cayuse galloping as smoothly as a clock for miles of miles. Now and then he halted upon a rising elevation, while his rider scanned the plain in every direction with keen eyes, but still no trace of the quarry. Only far and near upon every side the gray and brown of sage and grass tinting an endless succession of mounds, hollows and levels. Now and then he caught a glimpse of a fox smoking toward his earth; once he saw a coyote and several times a lynx rode through a covey of grouse, but the antelope failed to transpire. He began to think that there was not a pronghorn in the entire region and was thinking seriously of turning back, when a long depression in the plain opened before him, and his eye marked a straggling row of Indian tepees, comprising in all about twenty lodges. A party of Crees were located temporarily here, and riding nearer, he observed a number of ancient Crees squaw basily occupied in dressing skins. Among these skins were two at least that had recently ornamented antelope. There was game in the district at all events, so

he rode onward and bore more to the south, intending to circle back to the ranch.

An hour dragged slowly away and still no sign of the game. Then he pulled up and fixed his gaze intently upon a distant range of mounds. Some object or object, appeared to move slowly in the direction downward from the heavy yellow dunes, and the sight puzzled him. Were they antelope? Hardly, and yet what else could move with that arrowy speed? He wheeled the cayuse into a depression, dismounted, and, taking his rifle, crawled again to the crest of the mound and lay down to watch the animals sweeping directly toward his ambush. They were not antelope, but he saw a sign that did his sportsman's heart good, and stirred his blood with the wild, fierce excitement of the chase.

In the van was a big, gaunt coyote running for his very life, and some sixty greyhounds rearing with mighty speed, nose and nose and stride for stride, their hot, red throats scarce a foot apart, their long, lithe backs curving and straightening in perfect time as they rose and fell in the tremendous race at a rate at its utmost speed with the quarry full in view.

Behind the dogs, with muzzle and neck and back straightened almost to a line, and holding his own right gallantly, came the sportsman's heart good, and stirred his blood with the wild, fierce excitement of the chase. No coyote about him; instead, a string of the thoroughbred—sailing but hot blood, perfect sinew and bed of bone could carry that pace as he had come or show such machine-like movements. Right in his lead, and sticking to his saddle like wax, was a dainty female figure that appeared almost to be part of the noble brute that bore her on, so beautifully did she ride. And so the chase swept forward—a living picture of wild, fierce strength, a whirlwind of graceful speed.

Nearer and nearer sweep pursued and pursued, and the wolf is toiling now. One bound hurs himself a yard ahead, only to be answered with a commanding fawn from his mate. Again and again he finds a hidden link and forces his tapered jaws to the front, and again and again his stout-hearted comrade responds gamely to his challenge and draws level, while the eager horse thunders on, running as true as steel and steadily closing his gap.

Almost below the Exile's feet the struggle ends. The wolf, with a movement almost despairing, halts and faces about, haring his long white fangs grimaced back at his back, and stands with a menacing half roar, half snarl the bounds throw themselves against him and the three roll over and over in a confused tangle, from which comes click of teeth and half-smothered snarl. Then the wolf tangles and shows one dog fast to the flank and one at the throat, with the wolf stretched full length between.

The Exile whirrs his broad hat high in the air and yells, "Held, by the Lord Harry!"

Then he remembers that it is not football and shouts to the hounds, "Peg him my boys! Stretch him, good dogs!", and ere he can reach them they have killed.

"Please don't let them get out!" He started as if kicked. For the instant he had utterly forgot the bay and its fair rider. Hastily bobbing his bare head, he helped her down, and soon slackened the girths for the panting lady. Brief explanations followed, and they sat and chatted, while horses and hounds recovered their wind. And this was M—"Prairie Belle;" and the Exile reached the ranch horribly late that night.

Good news awaited his arrival. Bill had seen a small band of prong-horns, and M— had spotted a young buck at long range and chased him for miles. At the last moment, when his cayuse was dead beat and the buck still bobbing rapidly away, a sound "blow" from the L— ranch appeared ahead, and their fresh horses soon ran the little buck to a standstill. M— and one of his new aids speedily skinned and divided the antelope, while the second "blow" looked on and enjoyed proceedings with what M— described as "some of the demerol funny remarks he ever heard in his life," adding, "We'll get him over here some night, and have some fun with him; he's the queerest looking cuss and the most original in the province."

This was done later, and on more than one evening the ranch house rang with the wild laughter evoked by "Sawney's" inimitable sayings.

For several days more they rode out each morning for a few hours only to return without venison. Then they would shoot grouse, or go to the lake for enough duck to eat, and fill in the spare moments with the little rifle or "rabbet" tackle, destroying gophers. But their turn was close at hand. The antelope were working toward the Cypress Hills, and one morning a cowboy bound for the railway station halted at the ranch and told them that he had seen several small bands to the north-west that morning. "Bill" and the Exile made hasty preparations and rode away together in pursuit, and before they had travelled five miles they met a passing glimpse of a solitary buck steering south and running as though he had promised to reach the Missouri by noon. Soon afterward several little family parties of antelope were sighted, and twice long, cautious, agonizing stalks were made, but without success, though a few shots were fired at hopelessly long range. The game was so wild that there was no use in trying to get near it—evidently the Crees had been scouting for them. But the sportsman had at last seen game and could well afford to submit to a few disappointments.

Next morning they were off bright and early, M— having some business to attend to that necessitated his going to the station. Again antelope were sighted, but no good chance offered until nearly noon, when they discovered with the glass an old buck lying down on one side of a small, basin-like depression. Riding close to leeward and they lobbed the pines and crept in like: Skulking, crouching and at last crawling under the cover of a slight ridge, they finally got within a hundred yards of their intended victim. Here was at last the golden opportunity, and wishing to make assurance doubly sure they lined out in the shelter of a small mound and then wriggled painfully forward like a couple of clumsy rattlesnakes. Everything was in the nick of time, but just as the mouths and claws were full of sand, and tired, perspiring and nervous, they gained a knoll not fifty yards from the buck. "Bill" cautiously leveled his repeater, took a deliberate aim and fired, and they both sprang erect.

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antelope leaped from the seat corners, three went scurrying in as many directions and disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them. Not so the buck. For one instant he stood in his tracks, a beautiful bundle of quivering nerves, a less image of astonished terror, his black eyes starting from his shaggy face as they marked his deadly foe springing upon him. In that brief instant the rifle flashed to the level and belched a second salute. The churl was slain. With one marvellous bound he was sweeping down into the depression in grand, bird-like flight, more like a slanting rush of a falcon than the gasp of a nudged.

Across the basin and up the far side he flew, his little legs twinkling a haze under him, while the smoker drifted up the knoll in double pulsations and again, as the rapid repeater sent forth their humming messages, to dust rose in sudden explosion, to be left alone and behind him, the valiant little courser sped heavily on, driving up a distant mound once more instant on the crest of a ridge was gone. For three minutes they gazed blankly at the spot where he had disappeared; and then a dark, smouldering white of his hurrying rump showed up. Up and up it went, then a black bunch of plover along the sky and suddenly halted. One, two, three, four—oh, yes! they were all there, at the head of the wolf-dribled into the buck, the lot looking like rabbits the distance.

"You—duffer!"
"You—ch-u-m-p!"
"Bill" walked away, then turned and laughed till he had to lean upon his stick to keep from falling, while the Exile upon the unsympathetic prairie laughed and groaned by turns. They were each rare good shots, and they too well had to bear the blame. Why, at the next week they had to look at each other to raise a stout laughter.

But did they ever kill any antelope? Of course they did. "Bill" did his best, but in its tracks two days and the Exile scored magnificently, running buck, and between them they counted for five bounties that ranked among all the triumphs and disappointments there was nothing as the first certain (?) chance on the plains of Assiniboia.

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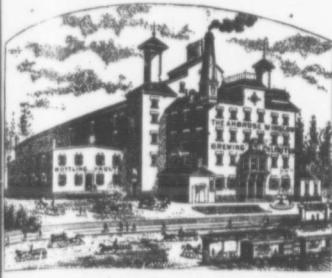
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