

THE DRINK TRAFFIC IN CALEDONIA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(From "The Caledonian.")

The drink question is at present occupying the minds of many statesmen, so it may not be out of place to enlighten the rising generation of teetotalers, local optionists, prohibitionists, Good Templars, blue ribboners, and other fraternities, of the position the traffic occupied in Auld Scotia fifty years ago and upwards. At that period, any respectable individual, whether a grocer, draper, tailor, mason, sign, shoemaker, or other tradesman, if he could have obtained a license for alcoholic liquors. Suitableness of premises was never taken into consideration, and there were no restrictions whatever as to hours of opening or shutting. The traffic was allowed to go on without hindrance, morn, noon, and night. The only supervision was against smuggling; but, with every precaution, many a smuggled tanker found its way to the public. There were many excitements of Burns' mind and method. In his "Cry and Prayer to the Scotch Representatives in the House of Commons," he says:—

"Tell them who have the chief direction,
Scotland an' me in great affliction,
E'er sin they laid that curse restriction
On a'na wite;

As' rouse them thro' to strong conviction,
An' tell your hell your pity, i'

Stand forth, an' tell your Premier youth
The honest, open, naked truth;

Till him o' mine an' Scotland's drought,
His servant bound;

The muckle deevil baw ye booth
If ye dissemble!

Paint Scotland groggin' ower her thrieste—
Her muckle drinkin' as toon's a wile;

An'—at excitements, in a busie,
Sedition a' dale;

Triumphant crackin' like a mussel
Or limpet shell.

Then on the tither hand, present her,
A blackguard smugger right behind her.

An' cheek-for-cheek a' chuffie victim,
Collapsing join,

Pickin' her pouch as bare as winter
Or a' kind coin.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
But feels his heart's bliss rising hot

To see his poor sold miller's pot
Thus dugh in staves,

An' plunder'd o' her hindmost grog
By gillies knaves?"

In our towns, cities, and villages, licensed and unlicensed property, fifty years ago, was of equal value. What, then, has enhanced the value of licensed premises? Why, monopoly, and monopoly alone. The Tories and Unionists talk of giving the publicans compensation. Give every individual who is able, willing, and has a good character, a license, and the traffic will soon compensate itself. Property will again stand on its own merits.

A leading Scotch newspaper had a leader the other day on the drink traffic, in which it was said:—"We suppose

there has always been some sort of supervision or other over the liquor traffic." It is truly amazing, considering how much has been said and written regarding the drink question, that few or any take the time or trouble to trace out or inquire into its history or origin. It is less than 250 years since the first duty of 3d. per gallon was imposed on alcohol by Charles I., and a tax of 4s. per acre taken off the land to please the King's nobles. There was no duty previous to this, consequently no need for either license or supervision. The present state of affairs in the drink traffic has been solely built up a hedged round by teetotal faddists and fanatics, who have no art nor part in its use, but to denounce its abuse. They hold up the moderate consumers of alcoholic liquors as some that drunkards! Temperance with them is another word for teetotalism. Neither the moderate nor immoderate users of alcohol are taken into consultation. The faddists go in for heavy duties, restrictions, and all the frauds of city licensing and mischievous monopolies. With them there is no sin in robbing through the drink traffic.

It is strange, yet true, that the very men and women who, to a certain extent, were fed, clad, and bred by the liquor traffic in our beloved land fifty years ago, are now among its greatest opponents. True, the trade is more potent now, by its reason of its monopoly. It is doubtful that monopoly? In how few instances, was a livelihood obtained by the traffic alone at that period. It was generally sold as an auxiliary to those days by the tradesmen already referred to, just as ginger beer and lemonade are now a-days by the small dealers.

The teetotalers—they cannot be termed the temperate party—are in great straits for scriptural authority for prohibition. What would they not give for a proof of the non-intoxicating character of the wine our Saviour made at the marriage feast? How they would glory in a Bible beautiful like this:—"Blessed are the teetotalers, for they are the salt of the earth! Teetotalers have organized a new species of hypocrisy, stamping the very Bible as imperfect. They hold up the words of Auld Caledonia to scorn—the four B's—Burns, Burns, Tannahill, Nicholl. Take away alcohol from our land and our literature, is their cry. They forget that

"Freedom and whisky gang together."

This line is over 100 years old, but it is over 500 years since Wallace and Bruce won both of these for us. England, as we have said, enslaved alcohol again for us, putting it into bonds. Caledonia has been robbed of millions yearly, and had fusel oil, "kill-the-carrier," and innumerable blends and bombastic brands palmed off as the pure mountain dew; the price of such poisons spreading poverty and misery, death and destruction all around.

Burns was right, freedom and whisky must go together, in spite of fads, cracks,

and inns. Bigots would separate the sheep from the goats, and divide the tares from the wheat here on earth. We look to a higher power, far away above and beyond either a bacchanalian, vegetarian, or a teetotal standard. If an apple caused the fall of our first parents, teetotalers are certain the drink traffic is the cause of keeping their children from getting back to Paradise.

It was a spouter, holding forth in one of our provincial villages on the abuse of alcoholic liquors, less than sixty years ago, that gave rise to the name and term teetotaler. He was impressing his audience on the merits of tea, and advising them to stick to that beverage. One of his hearers cried out:—"Would you drink tea totally?" "Yes," he replied; "teetotaler." And from that time abstainers glory in a name which covers many a sin as heinous in God's sight as drunkenness.

It is a good Tory maxim:—"Have reverence for the past and caution for the future." Teetotalers care neither for the one nor the other, despising the liberty of the individual, and burining the moderate and temperate with a double portion of the State's revenue. They consider it just and proper to plunder and rob all who choose to use alcoholic liquors! How very different was it in Caledonia fifty years ago. The inhabitants lived in harmony with one another. They were honest, frugal, clean, tidy, and courteous, with a local option of that period of license and liberty in full swing. The teetotal efforts in reducing licenses, and raising the duty on alcoholic liquors, goes for nothing so far as sobriety is concerned. High prices, inferior drink, and debasing shebeens, have been the fruits of fanatical opposition to Caledonia's native cup. The Premier, in a letter the other day, denounced restriction as a fraud; and who sane person think Auld Scotia will ever submit to prohibition? The only just, true, and perfect plan would be to go back to "Freedom and whisky." Let the government leave the drink traffic to the people, and let them make, sell, and drink, as they did before the days of Charles I. The drink traffic occupies a place and position never intended by the Creator of all. It could not have been raised to its present throne unless by the aid of the Devil and all his angels. Pride, place, and power are in its grasp, and nothing short of freedom can work a cure.

Nicholl, the good, the pure, and true poet, in his courting expedition to Kate Carnegie, sings out:—
"Gudwife, bring a bicker! I'll slooken my drouth
That she wassa spoll't the brewin'!"
And then winds up with
"Jist a'ither stour; what the de'il mak' me sed!
(Gae, lairdie, an' maddle my naigie;
Gin any are mither wha' I'm tae the laird—
I'm awa' to court Katie Carnegie!"

Is there any sin in the song?—

"I ance was a waster, as happy's a bee;
I meddled wi' name, and name meddled wi' me;
I whiles had a crack o'er a cog o' guld yill—

Whiles a bicker o' swats—whites a heet—
blinking gill
And I aye had a groat if I hadna a pound;
On the earth there were name muckle heppier found."

There is not a truer life among all the teetotal roll of celebrities than that of Robert Nicholl, poet and editor. Tannahill sings of the "coggie":—

"In days o' yore our sturdie sirs,
Up on their hills sae ardent,
Glow'd wi' the true Freedom's warmest fires
An' focht to save their coggie;
Chorus—Then oh! reverse the coggie, sirs!
Our brave forefathers' coggie;
It wou'd them up to douchie deads,
O'en while we'll lang be vogie."

Then, here's—May Scotland never fa' doun,
A cringin', coward doggie,
But boudly stan' an' boug the lion
Wha'd reave her o'er her coggie!
Then, oh! reverse the coggie, sirs!
Our guld auld mither's coggie!
Nae let her haggie o'er be drain'd
By any foreign boggie!"

and in many other pieces he upholds the "coggie."

Robert Fergusson, in his "Drink Eclogue—Brandy v' Whiskey," winds up with the landlady's verdict:—

"In days o' yore I could my living prize,
Nae better than toom the biggest bicker,
But noo-a-days we're blyth to hear the thriff,
Our heads, bonn' license and excise to lift.
Inlands or brandy we can soon supply,
By whisky unctur'd wi' the saffron sirs!"

—Even in his day, there is a cure for a "drinking pest" too much in "Caller Oysters."
He finishes with:—

"A' ye wha' canna stan' see sicker,
When taein' ye're toom the biggest bicker,
If muckle oysters w' your liquor—
An' I'm your debitor,
In any crisis or drouthie year
Will thole it better."

The privilege of distilling whisky free of duty was accorded by the Crown to Forbes of Culloden, upon his bounty of Forintosh in Cromarty, in consideration of certain good services done by him at the time of the Revolution. Such rivers of whisky streamed from that distillery, many a name for us to remember. The "Scotch Distillers Act of 1785" abolished this monopoly. Mr. Forbes shortly afterwards, under the decision of a jury, receiving, by way of compensation, the sum of £21,580. Hence the name of Forintosh in Burns' "Scotch Drink":—

"The Forintosh! oh, sadly lost!
Scotland lamnae frae crack to coast!
Nae colic gripes, an' barkin' hoast,
For loyal Forintosh chartered hoast
It is!"

"This curd, hooch-leeches o' th' Excise,
Wha' mak' the whisky stills their prize!
Haud up thy han', D'el! ance, twice, thrice!
Then send the blunkers!
An' bake them up in bristone pies
For poor o'—d' drinkers."

Fortune! if thou'll but giv' me still
Hale cracks, & roons, an' whisky gill!
An' outh' e're rive to rive at will—
Tae the dees, an'—

An' den't about as thy blind skill
Directs thee best."

Dr. Farquharson said the other day that he could not go on writing volumes with verses in praise of strong drink—and that

this says a great deal in its favor cannot be gainsaid, for it is a fact that the poets are the acknowledged legislators of the world.

"We may be certain that Coleridge and Lamb did not tell my Humpstead Hill to drink water at the Salutation and Ca; and the merry coffee-house of the Club was mellowed by potations which stimulated the talk of Burke and Goldsmith. Coming down to latter days, "Scott's Whisk and Foster," "A. B. Stoddard and Macise, at their early dinner before the play, and after their supper after the curtain fell. There was just enough liquor going to warm but not heat, and to set their tongues going with free but decorous banquets were full of mirth and good-feeling; it was not soda-water that brought out the best points of his guests, and fused them into a harmonious brotherhood."

If we read and ponder on the history of our masters in verse and prose, we will find that our best literature has been inspired by the use of the "Barley-Bree." Shakespeare was no ascetic; and it is not probable that in his own kitchen he had a human nature could have been acquired if he had not mixed freely with the men of the coffee houses and the tavern. Had Burns confined his potatoes to ginger-ale, he would have wrote "Scott's Whisk" Byron did not write "Don Juan" in his vinegar days. In fact, if you cast your eyes along the whole range of literary history, it is doubtful if any genius can be found who stormed Parnassus with a blue ribbon in his button-hole.

In conclusion, let us see what the father of our political economy, Adam Smith, has to say on the Trade itself, and the motives which lead to drunkenness. "It is a losing trade," it is said, "which a workman carries on with the ale-house, and a trade which the manufacturing nation would naturally carry on with a wine country may be considered as a trade of the same nature, we answer that the trade with the ale-house is not necessarily a losing trade. In its own nature it affords advantages as any other, though, perhaps, somewhat more liable to be abused. The employment of a brewer, and even that of a retailer of fermented liquors, are as necessary divisions of labour as any other. It is generally the more advantageous for the workman to buy of the brewer the quantity he has occasion for, than to brew it himself. And if he be a poor workman, it was generally the more advantageous for him to buy little by little from the retailer, than a large quantity from the brewer. He may no doubt buy too much of either, as he may of any other dealers in his neighborhood; of the butcher, if he be a glutton, or of the draper, if he be fond to be seen among his companions. It is advantageous to the great body of workmen, notwithstanding that all their trades should be free, though this freedom may be abused in all of them, and is more likely to be abused, in some than in others. Though in dividuums, may, sometimes, ruin their fortunes by an excessive consumption of fermented liquors, there seems to be no risk that a nation should do so. Though in every country there are many people who spend more than they can afford, there are always many more who spend less. It deserves to be remarked, too, that if we consult experience, the cheapness of wine seems to be a cause, not of drunkenness, but of sobriety. The inhabitants of the wine countries are in general the most sober people in Europe. Witness the Spaniards, the Italians, and the inhabitants of the southern provinces of France. People are so far, Nobody gains a character for liberality and good fellowship by being profuse of a liquor which is as cheap as simple beer. On the contrary, in the countries which,

either from excessive heat or cold, produce no grapes, and where wine consequently is dear and a rarity, drunkenness is a common vice—as among the northern nations. When a French regiment comes from some of the northern provinces of France, where wine is somewhat dear, to be quartered in the southern, where it is cheap, the soldiers, I have heard it observed, are at first debauched by the cheapness and novelty of good wine; but after a few months' residence, the greater part of them become as sober as the rest of the inhabitants. Were the duties upon foreign wine, and the excise duty upon malt beer, all to be taken away at once, it would be, in the same manner, occasion in Great Britain a pretty general and temporary drunkenness among the middle and inferior ranks of the people, which would soon be followed by a permanent and universal sobriety."

THE SNOW-SHOERS.

Over the fields, and far away,
The earth grows glittering as the dawning day,
The earth lies bright, calm and white
In the molten arms of a messenger night;
Lo! breathless and pale and still,
While the snow-mountain is dressing his bill,
Up from the dreaming hill, to lay
The leader foot of each fallid ray.
Over the fields, and far away,
Our shadows shall faint at our tireless tread.
Till the moon at her zenith rises overhead!
The pathless arms of a messenger stride
Shall carry us over the voiceless-ide,
While the white mountain is dressing his bill,
Heaped regret when dawns the day
Over the fields, and far away!

Over the fields from far away
There is time for the fugitive light to say
The love that grew as our pulses glowed,
When over the tropic, bright of June moon
Seen warm as the tropic breath of jewel
The white mountain is dressing his bill,
Heaped regret when dawns the day
Over the fields from far away!

Chas. Gordon Rogers, Owing for February.

TORONTO'S ASSOCIATION.

Annual Meeting of the Local L. H. P. A.—Officers Elected.

The annual general meeting of the Toronto Licensed Holders' Protective Association was held in the rooms of the society on Thursday last. Somewhat over 100 members were in attendance. The annual report showed the finances to be in a healthy condition, and President Joseph Powers was properly congratulated upon the success of his year's work.

In the election of officers four names had been put in nomination for president, Messrs. John R. Wilson, John Wright, S. Richardson and J. Holderness. The three latter retired in favor of Mr. Wilson who was elected by acclamation. The new president is of the firm of Purse & Wilson, proprietors of the famous "Headquarters" on King street. He is an old hotel man, having been in the business for many years, took a prominent part in the formation of the society, was vice-president last year, and is well qualified in every way for the duties of his new office. The other officers are: First Vice-President, H. Barron. Second Vice-President, J. R. Marshall. Treasurer, John Stormont. Auditors, S. Richardson and T. H. George.

Executive Committee, Joseph Powers, William Armstrong, Lem Felcher, E. Sullivan, McCarroll, T. M. Gibson, D. A. Small, P. Clancy, T. Cunerty, W. J. Reddan, John Stormont, John Beer, J. A. Devaney, A. W. Burgess, James Good, V.

T. Bero, John Holderness, George Clarke and James Melrick.

A resolution was moved to change the association's name to that of the Trade Protection Society, and to admit to membership, on the payment of a nominal fee, butchers, bakers, dairymen, and other tradespeople who deal directly with the hotelkeepers. The extension of membership is proposed at the request of a number of tradesmen having dealings with hotels, and it is thought that by complying with the request the power and influence of the association can be greatly extended. The resolution will be dealt with at a meeting of the Executive on Wednesday next.

A discussion took place in regard to the question of establishing club rooms, which would form at the same time a headquarters for those engaged in the liquor business in the city and a rendezvous for members of the Provincial Association when visiting Toronto. This question will also be dealt with by the Executive.

Congratulation was expressed at the results of the recent municipal elections and the return of a number of aldermen pledged to oppose the curtailment of the hours of sale. Complaint was made, however, regarding the existence of dives in the city, where liquor is illegally sold, and a determination was reached to assist the authorities in putting a stop to this, as far as possible. Respecting the agitation for the early closing of bar-rooms, there was a unanimous expression of opinion that such a policy, if adopted, would only lead to an increase in the consumption of liquor at unlicensed resorts.

Many other matters of business were discussed, and the meeting was in every way most successful.

A CREDIT TO THE QUEEN'S.

ANY one who thinks that Bracebridge hotels are not right up to date should have attended the Masonic banquet in the Queen's Hotel in that town last week. Muskoos Lodge, and the Royal Arctic Chapter were in the banquet, and Mr. John Ross Robertson, the Grand Z. of the Grand Chapter of Ontario, was present. Mr. Higgins got out a beautiful menu card artistic in design, and as for the contents they speak for themselves:

Hyer's Half-shell Oysters,
Hyer's Ballou's Select Huitre a la Creme,
New York Cream—Fried,
Brown Bread and Butter.

Roast Prime Filets of Beef, Brown Gravy,
Roast Leg of Lamb, Mint Sauce,
Roast Stuffed Turkey, Cranberry Sauce,
Roast Spring Duck, Sage Dressing.

Sugar Cured Ham,
Pickled Beef Root, Cabbage Salad.

Chow Chow, Mixed Pickles, White Onions,
Patterson & Son's Worcestershire Sauce,
Hot Mashed Potatoes, Green Peas.

Saratoga Chops,
Chocolate Creams, Italian Creams,
Plum Pudding, and the Royal Arctic,
Blaise Hays W. Jolly, Sherry Wine Jolly,
Vanilla Ice Cream.

Apple Pie, Lemon Pie, Mince Pie,
Assorted Cakes, Fruit Cakes, Lemon Sponge,
Oranges, Apples, Nuts, Layer Raisins,
Crackers and Cheese, Tea and Coffee.

The dining hall was handsomely decorated, as were the tables. The toast list was short and confined to matters purely national. Mr. Robertson replied in an interesting speech to "The Companions and Grand Z." proposed by Dr. Bridgland in a few appropriate remarks. "Our visiting Brothers," proposed by Mr. H. Mills, was responded to by Messrs. Burt and Eccleston, while "The Entered Apprentice and Fellowcraft Members," proposed by Mr. Huber, was responded to by Messrs. A. A. Mahaffy and J. W. Noy. Altogether it was one of the most successful affairs ever held in the northern country.

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FRENCH ON THE BILL OF FARE

SOMEWHERE in the fifties a gay coterie of regular boarders were enjoying a five-day dinner at that famous locality, the Eatway House, Baltimore. Pleasant associations were mingled with the luxuries from the waters of the Chesapeake and its tributaries, accompanied with some good old port and madeira which had laid in the cellar since "Auld lang syne." In those days bills of fare were only partly printed, the additions being written in for each meal. One of the guests noticed a line written wholly in French, and which ran thus:—

"Canaris sauvages, brains au Navet." He asked his companion the meaning and was referred to Frank C., the dry joker of the hotel. He scanned the bill of fare for a moment, and without making a muscle of his face, replied, "O yes, I know what that means. It means ducks, and I'll tell you about it. Many years ago an old fellow named Slater used to keep a ducking shore at Carroll's Island, where our former landlord (H.—) once went to shoot ducks. Being unsuccessful, it occurred to him to bring home a lot of decoys which he saw. So he bought six, and the next day put them on the bill of fare in French. As no one knew what it was in the cellar since, H.— continued to serve the dish (ostensibly during the remainder of his term at the house. When our new landlord came from New York he bought these very decoys from H.—, and will have them served regularly during his lease."

The uproarious laughter which greeted this story brought in mine host to learn the occasion for so much hilarity. He was invited to take a glass of wine and remain while one of the party related to him the whole story. It nearly caused him to collapse, while the company roared again and again with laughter at his expense.

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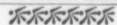
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Trade AND OTHER Notes.

The Wisconsin Legislature will be asked to pass a law compelling saloons to be closed on Memorial Day.

According to a recent decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana, saloons may do business on Decoration Day without violating the law.

Mr. A. Williams, late chef for Harry Webb, has opened dining and lunch rooms at the St. Charles Restaurant, 70 Yonge street, Toronto.

Mr. Robert Reid is doing a fine business in his new hotel, corner York and Wellington, Toronto. "Bob" has issued a new card that is worth seeing.

In the town of Roubaix, in France, no fewer than twenty-three out of the twenty-eight municipal councillors keep either public houses or beer saloons.

Portland, Maine, is a prohibitory town, but it costs \$75,000 a year to pay for the liquor used for "culinary, medicinal, mechanical and sacramental purposes."

Mr. Alex. Laplante, bartender at the Clifton House, Cornwall, has leased the bar of the Gladstone House from the proprietor, Mr. John Lonsdale. Mr. Laplante takes possession on March 1st.

There are 9,028 licensed liquor saloons in New York City, where ten years ago the number was in excess of 10,000. The revenue from saloon licenses, which was \$500,000 ten years ago, is now \$1,700,000.

The Georgia State Legislature adjourned in December last without taking final action on the proposed dispensary bill. Georgia seems to be near enough to South Carolina to smell burning fingers in the latter state.

Dr. A. Conan Doyle, the novelist, doesn't like the American saloons. "You stand up at a bar, drink, pay and get out; and that's all there is to it," he says. "Not always, or usually—if the drinker has any more money."

It is said that a Local Option law will be submitted shortly in Nelson, Halton County. There is only one hotel in the township and that is the most orderly in the county. The Local Optionists must be hard up for something to do.

Colonel Blood (of Louisville)—"A man in a mining town of Pennsylvania shot at a woman, who would have been killed had not a flask of whiskey in her corage stopped the bullet." Colonel Bloodgras (with a sigh)—"I suppose the liquor was just."

The license commissioners met in Inspector Pascaud's office Saturday and elected Jos. Degurse chairman. They decided not to interfere with the hours for drinking, claiming that the law now in force was not being abused.—*Windsor Review.*

At the Old Soldiers' Home at Dayton, Ohio, the inmates consume twenty-three barrels of beer daily, the receipts for which amount to \$350 daily, the profits of which go into the fund for the payment of the band, dramatic entertainments and other amusements.

The new Batt House at Port Stanley is being rapidly pushed forward. The outside walls are almost completed, and it promises to be a handsome structure and a credit to the village. Mr. Matthew Loney, formerly of London and St. Thomas, is circulating a petition for a liquor license.

Mr. Frank J. Crone, late of the Clyde Hotel, Toronto, who has taken possession of the Norway Hotel, changing the name to the Crone House, is making very extensive improvements in that well known

hostelry. The house has been entirely renovated and refitted and new stables and with ample box stall accommodation have been erected.

The rise and fall in the value of the shares of some brewing companies is seen by the fluctuations in Allsopp's stock. Two years ago, the price of stock was a fraction over £1; now—having yesterday risen 2½—it is about £132. The very great variation in dividend-prospects at the two periods may in some degree account for the change.

W. Gilbert, ex-proprietor of the American Hotel at Berlin, for the last six months, was arrested by Detective Davis, on Friday last, and was taken back there on a charge of larceny. He has sold out his business there to a Mr. Fricker a week ago and it is alleged he took twice than rightly belonged to him. Gilbert had \$510 in his possession when arrested. He has been committed for trial by Mr. Mackie, J.P., and is out on bail.

One of the neatest and handiest articles in the way of calendar advertising that we have seen, is the calendar desk pad issued by the Booth Copper Co. and the Steel Cold Bath Co. of this city. Each leaf of this pad is divided into four spaces, each space containing, besides the neat and attractive advertising matter, day of the week and month, and a memo space. This pad will be found to be a very useful article for the office desk.

The Liquor Dealers' Association of Michigan have prepared a bill which they will place at the hands of the Legislature. The new bill is precisely the same as the present law, with the exception that a uniform tax of \$300 will be asked, and that saloons may be kept open on civic holidays. They do not ask for Sundays, but just for holidays. The liquor dealers contend that they are unjustly discriminated against in regard to their holiday business.

The California State Protective Association has so far completed its organization that it can be regarded as an assured success. Members are coming into the organization all over the State, and by March 1, it will be completely organized. The annual meeting of the wholesale merchants and brewers of San Francisco, \$25 for wholesalers and brewers of the interior, and \$6 for retailers all over the State.

The Teumseh House, London, was on Thursday night the scene of a large and brilliant assembly, gathered at the invitation of Mrs. W. J. Reid. There were three hundred guests, including numbers from the cities of Detroit, Hamilton, and Toronto. The spacious dining-room of the hotel, with its elegant decorations for the occasion, presented a beautiful spectacle during the evening, and a recherche supper was served in the upper parlors. Those present speak of the affair in terms of high laudation.

The London *Wine Trade Review* brings up an interesting matter in a recent issue. It has always been the custom to store wine in dark cellars, but it has been largely regarded simply as a custom without scientific reason. The experiments and investigations, however, of W. Seekamp show that there is a scientific reason for so doing. Exposure to the light of any liquid containing tartaric or citric acids induces a chemical change evolving gas. Whether or not the founder of the custom of dark storage for wines knew anything of science, he at least accomplished as much as our most recent scientific knowledge can teach us.

The License Commissioners have been investigating certain matters connected with the unfortunate death of James Cranee, near Hespeler. They report that

they did not find sufficient evidence to warrant the prosecuting either of the hotel keepers of Hespeler. That the place where the accident occurred they "most certainly say is in a very unsafe condition and would recommend the authorities, who have duty it is, to put the railing of the bridge across the race in a more safe position." That "the hotel keepers of Hespeler keep as strictly to the laws as any hotels in the county, being very clean and everything in good order."—*Gladby Mercury.*

"The Bible, if I remember right," said Mr. Hungry Higgins, "says that six days a man shall labor and do all his work."

"Guess you are right," assented Mr. Wemyr Watkins, wondering what was coming next.

"Well, I allow that I have done as much as six days work in my life, and if I don't read the text wrong, that is all the work a man is permitted to do. It says 'do all thy work,' don't it?"

Horace Greeley, the great prohibition leader of fifty years ago, said that he believed that the people of New England would sooner defy the ten commandments than their prohibition laws. But since then, as *The South West* points out, every one of these states has repealed prohibition, except in New England. Kansas and Iowa, which have been the prohibition strongholds during the last decade, are apparently lost to the cause. *The Voice* is exhorting its followers elsewhere to help the faithful in those states, and it is evidently afraid that prohibition will be defeated in Kansas if the question is resubmitted to the people; hence it pleads frantically with the prohibitionists to prevent the Legislature from passing the re-submission bill.

While liquor men who violate the law under which they ask for and receive licenses, cannot demand public sympathy which they are entitled to, it is to be hoped that there is no foundation for the rumor that one of the city ministers is the instigator of the prosecutions that have lately been undertaken against several of the city hotel men. It is not expected of a minister of the gospel that he will become a mere informer. The Government has officers of its own to see that the license law is properly observed, and if they fail in their duty they should be complained of. When a minister goes into that kind of thing he loses his influence, the respect of the people and to a large extent his usefulness. For the sake of religion let us trust that public rumor does injustice to a city minister.—*Windsor Review.*

When Barkeeper Barney Furststein, of Cinnamon's saloon in Newark, N.J., was ordered to hold up his hands by two robbers who had covered him with two revolvers he didn't do it, neither did he spring for a gun or yell around for a hung starter. He simply yelled and ran. His two assailants followed his example. This is an example all householders should remember. If you awake at night and find a burglar in the room, don't try to get your revolver. The fellow would probably take it from you if you do. It is bad enough to be pointed with the butt end of somebody's pistol, but it is worse to be whacked with your own. Just yell as if you were an infant whose nurse had put a pin in the wrong place. Nine hundred and ninety-nine chances to one the fellow will fall out of the window in an effort to get away. We have never known of a case where it failed. Try it.

Bagley—"Is this cigar foreign or domestic?" "Brace"—"Give it up. It was given to me by a foreigner who comes to see our domestic."—*N.Y. World.*

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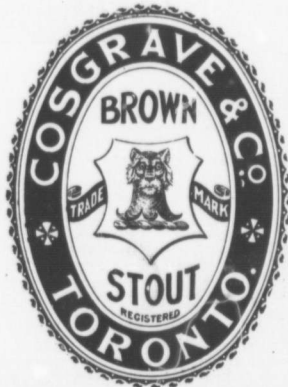
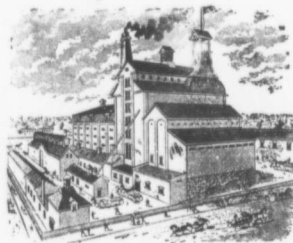
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Toronto, Thursday, January 31, 1895.

AN "ENABLING ACT" NOT POSSIBLE.

It has been argued in certain quarters that assuming the Provinces have no legal right to enact prohibitory liquor legislation it is still competent for the Federal Parliament to pass what is called an Enabling Act permitting the Provincial Legislatures to exercise the prohibitory power. We have referred this matter to one of the most eminent legal authorities in Ontario with the following result. He says: "I submit, with a good deal of confidence, that this proposition cannot be supported. It must not be supposed that because the Dominion Parliament can pass a general Act authorizing any municipal council to do certain things, it can also delegate powers to a provincial legislature.

"The notion that the Federal Parliament occupies the same relations toward the local legislatures as it does to municipal councils, may at once be abandoned as a serious error. The provincial legislatures, equally with the Dominion Parliament itself, are the creations of the Imperial Parliament, both are *Sovereign* within their respective spheres, and one has no power to delegate to the other. No one would contend that Parliament could authorize provincial legislature to deal with criminal matters which are specially assigned by the B.N.A. Act to the Dominion, and the same doctrine must apply to Prohibition.

"With regard to certain subjects it is admitted that the provinces may legislate, in the absence of Dominion legislation, of which a good example is the Insolvency Legislation of the Provinces, which is held good conditionally, although insolvency as a subject of legislation is specially assigned to the Dominion.

"In the same way, no doubt, the 'Local Option' law of Ontario would have been upheld as a matter of municipal regulation had not the Federal Parliament already dealt expressly with the same subject matter; but according to the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council when a subject which properly belongs to the Federal Jurisdiction (such as Local Optional Prohibition provided for by the 26th Act) has been dealt with by the Dominion Parliament,

the local legislatures are precluded from interfering. It is hardly necessary to say, that this right of the Legislature to deal with certain subjects, in the absence of Dominion Legislation, is a very different thing from the proposition we are considering, viz., that one legislature can delegate to another. When the subject is carefully examined there does not appear anything to support this contention. When the B.N.A. Act was first passed much discussion took place as to the position the provinces occupied in Confederation. This question has now been finally settled by authoritative decisions of the Privy Council, securing to the provinces the fullest autonomy and independence.

The only way, therefore, to add to or take from the powers of the provinces is to obtain legislation from the Imperial Parliament amending the B.N.A. Act, which will be searched to vain for any authority to support the doctrine of the 'powers of delegation.'

THE COMMISSIONERS RULE.

In an article contained in the *Templar's* issue of the 25th January there appears the following: "We are receiving enquiries whether the by-law of the council fixing the hour of closing at seven p.m. would compel the commissioners to so require. The law would seem to be clear upon the subject. In Re Arkel vs. the Town of St. Thomas, 38 U.C.R., 594, it was decided that a municipal law prohibiting the sale of liquor between seven p.m. and a.m. was valid." In a former issue of the same paper a similar statement was made. The *Templar* is either woefully ignorant of, or willfully misrepresenting, the law in this particular for its own purposes, as reference to the case as reported will show that the decision of the Court was exactly the opposite of that stated in the *Templar*. Section 3 of the by-law in question was: "That in all taverns or inns where intoxicating liquors are or may be sold, no sale or other disposal of the said liquors shall take place therein or on the premises thereof from after the hour of ten of the clock p.m. till seven a.m. thereafter, V.C. The judgment of the Court with reference to this section of the by-law will be found on page 197. "Section 3; Mr. Oser admits this section cannot be supported against the recent decision of Harrison C. J. in Brodie and the Municipality of Bowmanville, 38 U.C.R., 580. So long as this decision stand it is conceded we should follow it. Section 3 must, therefore, be quashed."

We cannot understand why the *Templar* should make statements of such a character; they cannot serve the cause it seeks to advance, and such methods are not used by respectable and enlightened journals. For a statement of the law in reference to early closing we would refer our readers to our issue of 18th October last in which it is fully set forth, and the conclusion reached that the commissioners and not the municipal council control

the hours of closing hotels. And this conclusion is practically admitted by Ald. Lamb and his advisers, who, in his historic resolution, submitted for the consideration of the Toronto Council admits the conclusion contended for by this journal.

MINNEAPOLIS EXAMPLE.

The *Western Brewer* truly remarks that the triumph of common sense over fanaticism and unnatural party interference with human nature is abundantly illustrated in the civic administration of Mayor Eastis, of Minneapolis, who on December 31st closed his administration with assurance that, despite the abuse of the proachers, the dressmakers and the incompetents, his saloon policy has reduced the number of arrests for drunkenness in 1884 exactly thirty-three and one-third per cent, as compared with the last year of the preceding administration, and each month for fifteen months has shown the same ratio of decrease as compared with the corresponding month of the preceding year.

His policy was to treat the saloon keepers as business men who had some rights. He allowed them to keep open on Sunday and reasonably late at night and did not disturb any places regarding which no complaints were made. But he kept a record showing where every drunken man arrested secured his liquor, and one warning was generally enough to cause the saloon keeper to let no one get drunk here again. Besides this, upon a report that a man had lost money in gaming in any place or that any poor man had spent more money than he ought in any saloon, the mayor called the proprietor of the offending saloon before him and made him refund the money, warning him that a second complaint would lose him his license. Thus he succeeded in making all of the reputable saloon men his allies; and for the year 1894 the total arrests for drunkenness were 1,614, as against 2,356 for the year before Mayor Eastis took hold of the reins.

It is a pity we have not an Eastis in some of our Canadian cities.

THE PUZZLE UNSOLVED.

The *Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle* has raised the question: How, if the number of teetotallers has increased more rapidly than the population and the Drink Bill has concurrently gone up, can the decrease in the convictions for drunkenness be accounted for; seeing that if so much alcohol resulted in so many convictions when consumed by so many people, so much more alcohol ought to result in so many more convictions when consumed by so many fewer people. Undoubtedly the Drink Bill is ascending. In 1870, the first year of the two decades dealt with by Mr. Haylor, it was £118,736,279; in 1879 it was £128,143,865; in 1889 it was £132,213,276. There have, of course, been fluctuations; but the growth has, nevertheless, taken place. And it continues. In 1892 the amount expended on

alcoholic beverages exceeded £140,000,000. What it was last year we do not know. But this we do know: that it will exhibit a further increase, because, despite additional taxation, the Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate for the entire year has been realized practically in nine months, and will be considerably exceeded when the remaining three months shall have lapsed. Perhaps if we guess the Bill at £143,000,000 we shall not be far wide of the mark. Thus, the nation has drunk £24,000,000 more than it drank in 1879; and this has occurred in face of what we are told is an enormous increase in the proportion between the abstaining and the non-abstaining sections of the population. By whom, then, has the extra quantity been consumed, and how, if the drinking section has in reality shrunk, are we to explain the decrease in the number of convictions?

"'Tis but the fool that loves excess:
Hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy base is in thy shallow skull.
Not in thy silver bowl!"

The Toronto L.H.P.A. have elected a strong list of officers for this year. Now let them put in a strong year's work.

It is but true that a decapitated snail, if kept in a moist place will grow a new head, a big hint is conveyed to some of our Prohibition friends.

The last issue of the *Western Brewer* contains a very readable illustrated account of the business of the Cosgrave Brewing Company of Toronto.

DUNQUE, Ia., is going to build a \$500,000 brewery. This is one of the results of the doing away with the prohibitory law. Formerly the beer was imported from the adjoining states.

The Brantford *Expositor* says that the news that the Prohibition issue must be dealt with by the Dominion Parliament will be "gratifying information" to Sir Oliver Mowat, and reading this the *Farmers' Sun* opines that another big cat has jumped out of its bag.

THERE was a Yorkshire Bishop once
With an Irish name, McGece;
But Irish or Scotch he always lived,
A credit to his See.

This was the burden of his song,
Wherever he might be;
Give me instead of sober slaves,
A country drunk but free.

In England the Trade, thoroughly organized, is taking a hand in every parliamentary election that is being held. The latest contest was in Evesham, when Col. Lang, Conservative, was opposed by F. Impey, Gladstonian. Mr. Impey declared in favor of the Liberal "veto" policy in the liquor traffic and Col. Lang against it. The Trade supported the latter, sent speakers into the constituency, carried on a vigorous canvass, and increased the Conservative majority by 565 votes.

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KATE FIELD.

Tells the Truth about Prohibition and Its Workings.

(From the Western Brewer.)

KATE FIELD, who in times past has done good service for the cause of liberty of conscience and person, and of common sense, has again called down on her devoted head the wrath of the cranks by a recent address to the members of the Third Ward Democratic Club of Chicago on "The Intemperance of Prohibition."

Miss Field took the stand that Prohibition, in the sense of the word now prevailing, had been a curse rather than a benefit ever since the days of the garden of Eden. She attempted to show the fallacies of the reasoning and authority of the third party Prohibitionists, and cited many passages of the Bible which she thought had been misinterpreted. She is a firm believer in temperance, and believes in the use of wines and lighter liquors to the exclusion of whisky and the stronger potions. She said in part:

I have never cared to discuss Prohibition publicly, because so doing I knew I should antagonize many good men and women. This address, therefore, is a surprise to myself, and may be accounted a result of my buying some brains in Iowa some time ago. When I was there I became interested in the all-absorbing topic of Prohibition and sought light on the subject from all quarters. The mayor, and, indeed, almost all of the prominent citizens of the town where I was, assured me that Iowa Prohibition laws were desecrate without being efficacious. It was then I found out that whisky and other liquors could be bought with as great facility in Iowa as in any other state. Thereafter, in my travels through other so-called Prohibition states, I found that this was true, and that cases of drunkenness were as common as in states which did not try to prevent it.

The Prohibitionists are great people to use the Bible to prove their theory; but I think I can show where in almost every instance they use only a part of the quotation or pervert the meaning. I will appeal to any one here if the general tone of the Holy Word does not urge temperance without saying anything about Prohibition. There is no Commandment, direct or otherwise, which says: "Thou shalt not drink."

They also use the names of great men famous to further their cause. What greater man than Abraham Lincoln can be found? And yet he, with all his goodness, was not a Prohibitionist. He once said to his personal friend and biographer, Lewis Lamson: "I by no means opposed the use of wine. I only regret that it is not in more universal use. I firmly believe if our people were to habitually drink wine there would be little drunkenness in the country. I am an apostle of temperance only to the extent of coercing moderate indulgences and prohibiting excess by all the moral influences I can bring to bear. I hope the day may not be far distant when wine instead of whisky will become the national drink."

For holding the opinion of Abraham Lincoln I am reviled and falsely interpreted by men and women who show their cowardice in attacking a woman and denying the truth about a great apostle of personal liberty.

GOING IN KANSAS.

The telegraph announces that for the past two months an agitation has been going on to form a resubmission league in

Kansas, headquarters having been established in Topeka, with vice presidents in various parts of the State, who have been selected from all political parties. The election of the Republican state ticket last November of over 31,000 plurality, in face of the fact that this was the first year since the prohibitory law was adopted that the Republican platform did not contain a Prohibition plank, has given the friends of personal liberty reason to expect something at the hands of the legislators which has just come together. The Republicans control the lower house, and the senate, which was elected two years ago has a Popular majority of twenty-five, although the Republicans have a majority over all on joint ballot.

DOOLEY AT A RAFFLE.

A Mayo Man Shook Fifty-Four and Swallowed the Dice and the Diamond Melted.

"They tell me the wagon had eight calls to Donovan's last night," said Mr. McKenna to Mr. Dooley, who was wearing a piece of plaster over his eye.

"'Yis, an' twist eight, bad cess to thim Mayo main. 'Tis a wonder I got out alive. Harrity, that was Donovan's bartender, des be down sick with moomony in the lungs an' they got up a raffle fr a dimon pin. I niver see him wear no dimon pin whin he was fillin' out pints fr Donovan; but they've had it in the ciga-car case fr two weeks, as big as an egg an' shinin' like th' light iv Kinsale. They come ar-round to me an' I bought a ticket an' wint over fr to see that no wan give me the dimon. I met a man who buys a ticket to a raffle and don't attend 'd better have a guarjeen appointed."

"Near ivry wan along th' r-road was at Donovan's, fr Harrity was a poplar man who give good measure. Th' aldherman who wears his 'an' coat indooors, but no wan ever see him with ayetha, though th' big wint sh'd blow again, whin on his way to a fire."

"There was gr-reat arguin' iv politics before th' raffle. Th' aldherman an' th' sinitor come together, and th' lost sinitor was th' sinitor an' th' lost fr in th' station, an' th' captain of the fire department—a corajous man, that. He niver wint to a fire yet that he didn't strip to his red helmet shirp. He wears his hat an' coat indooors, but no wan ever see him with ayetha, though th' big wint sh'd blow again, whin on his way to a fire."

"What doin'," says Hogan, turning pale. "He's been appointed co-ardinal, says Clancy. 'Th' all he has,' says Hogan, strikin' th' bar. 'Thin, by dad, I'll niver vote fr Casey again, fr says. 'He promised that to me.' Th' ignorance iv him."

"Donovan waited till business slacked up an' thin he says: 'Gintlemen, he says. 'Attention,' he says. 'If ye'll proceed in an orderly manner into th' next r-room,' he says, 'we'll have th' raffle fr this here dimon, valued by me frind Mastler trolldren here at five hundred dollars.' At that Hogan said a pather-an-ay an' we wint back. Did ye iver attend a raffle, Jawn? Ah, tell th' truth! Well, ye take three dice, an' ye take a funnel an' ye take a punch bowl. Thin ye drop th' three dice three times through th' funnel, an' th' man that has

th' most iv th' spots he wins. Hogan was th' first man. He shook twenty-nine. As he wint out he hu a brick through th' window. Malach Dempsey made thirty-five an' waited till Dorgan shook forty. An' th' sinitor it is th' ally. Th' next an' wint around with his thumbs fr five, wint till a black Mayo man be th' name iv O'Malley, a man fr th' fifth, shook fifty-four. Now, fifty-four is all ye can shake. 'Give me th' dimon,' I'll give ye naw-thin,' says Donovan: 'There's twenty more to shake.' 'I've shook fifty-four an' 'scuse man can tie ye,' says O'Malley. 'No wan here can tie me,' says Donovan. 'No wan here can tie me,' says O'Malley, fr th' fifth ward an' Mayo, an' he ups an' swallows th' dice. Well, sir, they was ructions. Whin I wint out with that there little scuse iv a Maloney, that I've lint many's th' dollar to, buttin' me in th' stomach, Donovan was on top iv th' ice chest, th' aldherman was rollin' bar's on th' sinitor an' that divile of an' O'Malley was doin' th' joynt swing fr in the shandy-lens, an' durin' ivry wan that come within tin feet iv him. I met th' hurry-along wagon on me way home, loaded with polimint."

"And what became of the diamond?" asked Mr. McKenna.

"'Twas dam p-eculiar. Some way it got near th' stove they cook th' horse-meat sausages on it melted an' r-ran all over th' flure. Ye don't believe me? Ah, Donovan. An', Jawn, I go to no more r-affles."

IOWA'S LIBERAL LEAGUE.

A NEW organization has been completed at Des Moines, Iowa, known as "The Liberal League of Iowa," of which J. L. Siegfried is president, Peter E. Rosdewig, secretary, both of Des Moines, and Congressman Hayes, of Clinton, attorney. The object of the League is stated as follows:

"The co-operation of all persons interested or engaged in the manufacture and sale of spirituous, malt or vinous liquors to gain information in regard to said business, and to ascertain the effect of prohibitory and license liquor laws in the several states of the Union; to secure a better system of regulating said business, and to use all reasonable effort to have all obnoxious laws regulating and controlling liquor business repealed and a reasonable law enacted in lieu thereof, which will authorize the manufacture, use and sale of spirituous, malt and vinous liquors in Iowa, and to secure reasonable regulations of said business in the several states of the Union; and to render to all members in good standing requiring the same, aid and assistance in defending their rights of person and property against injustice in every form."

The circular, which was issued November 24th, recites the material damage that Prohibition has done in the past ten years to the people of Iowa, who have been forced to buy liquor of other states which have likewise been debarred from making liquor and selling it to other states, while the loss on saloon and distillery and brewery property rendered contraband by the operation of the law is estimated at a large sum. It is the intention of the organization to carry the league into all parts of the state as quickly as possible.

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THE HOODOO.

Owens a pair of skates—no—traded
For an—strapped em on and waded
Up and down the creek, a swim
Til she'd froze 'em off for skatin'.

Mildest winter I remember—
She'd like spring than winter weather!
Didn't frost till 'bout December—
Gut up narty ketch a feather.

Oh, maybe, cross the winter—
Sunder—swings it like a cinder!

Well, I wanted, and kept waitin'—
Loudin' see my money's worth in
Them old skates— and was no skatin',
Nor no hint of ice nor nothin'!

So, one day along in airy
Spring, I swapped 'em off, and barely
Closed the dealer, turn the weather
Naturally, jes' slipped the racket.

And crick, tall face, all together,
From so tight, cat couldn't scratch it!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

NOTES.

It appears to us that all the "chim music" that is going on about the respective merits of the Hackney and the trotting horse is absurd. It would be as sensible to compare a dog-cart with a sulky, or a thoroughbred with a trotter and sneer at the latter because it could not gallop so fast as the former. The Hackney is a distinctly different type of horse to the trotter, just as the Cleveland bay is different to the Hackney. All are used for the same purpose, namely, to draw pleasure conveyances, and it is a mere question of taste as to which species is used. People to whom speed is the desideratum prefer the trotter. People who wish to ride in dog-carts and couples prefer the Hackney. People, again, who like coaches and heavy bronzes would prefer the Cleveland bay. Trotters, Hackneys and Clevelands are each modelled on different lines, but they are equally useful in their vocations. Suffolks, Percherons, Clydes and Shires are all draught horses, and no wise man despises one because he prefers another. So with the Hackney and the trotter.

The Hackney people seem to us the most to blame in the controversy that is going forward in the horse papers. Not content with their own particular clientele, with whom the trotter is out of favor, they insist upon entering in the trotter classes side by side with the roadster, on the ground that the Hackney is the true roadster. So he is a roadster and a true one. So is the Czech horse a roadster and a true one. So is the trotter a roadster and a true one. But it would be absurd to show the three of them in the same class. They are different in make, shape and purpose. The Jersey, the Durham and the shaggy Highland cattle all give milk and are all kind, but nobody on earth would think of judging them together. In the same way it is absurd to talk of the Hackney and the trotter as rivals, except in the gratification of the pleasures of mankind, each in his different way.

Alix, the queen of her kind, could, perhaps, trot five miles in close to eleven minutes, ten in 24, and 20 in 53 minutes

No Hackney under heaven could do the same, drawing any kind of conveyance. And Alix is as sweet to look upon and as full of courage as any Hackney as was ever bred; but yet it would be the height of absurdity to compare her with the best Norfolk Hackney, because she is of a different order. The enthusiastic admirer of the latter would say, "Yes, admitted, but the Hackney would draw a heavy load a greater distance within an hour." Possibly, but the argument would still be ridiculous, first, because no such test is ever likely to be made, and, secondly, because she is not built that way. Put a good, substantial well-bred trotter to a dog-cart and we have little doubt but that he would go as far and as long as a Hackney of the same kind. But suppose the particular animal tested did not accomplish his task, what should be proved? Merely that in a single instance one Hackney was superior to one trotter. Only that and nothing more. It would not be proved that all Hackneys were better than all trotters as road horses; nor would it establish any superiority in breed. A Clydesdale may be able to accomplish more than a shire, or vice versa, and yet each has its uses, its purposes, and its advocates. So with the trotter and the Hackney. Arguments as to the respective merits of the two are simply a waste of time and of intelligence. Every man to his fancy, say we.

A MAN has been found to give Robert Kneels, the biggest fraud the trotting track has ever known, which is saying a tremendous deal, a character. It is a writer in the *Trotter and Pacer*, who says:—

"Yes, Bob is tough. He is as hard as they make 'em; he will rob you in a race, run over you if necessary, or drive you over the grand stand and take as many chances as any man that ever rode a sulky, but if you are a friend of his, or even on bad terms, he will go down into his jeans and pay your hotel bill (if you are broke); will pay freight on your outfit to the next meeting; pay your entrance to the race and then if you are in a race with him he will try as hard as any man living to beat you to a standstill. He can undoubtedly carry around more mixed sleds without stopping it over than any one. Can stay up and carouse as many nights; can unlimber his lather of Billingsgate and fire as many charges at an enemy as the next man; can mount a sulky and make a whole field of ordinary self-confident jockeys ride his dust, and is, without doubt, at times a shade crooked, but I want to say right here that I know menner men that would feel insulted if you were to ask them if they knew him. And in spite of the fact he's old black velvet cap and jacket and grizzly old countenance up behind some trotter that is finishing not very far from the front."

Truly it is hard to find a man without friends at all. A fellow was recently landed in England who made as many women as he could his victims, and then, finding his resources had run short, murdered one of them, who believed her self his wife, with a child in the most cold-blooded way. That man found a defender in Robert Buchanan, the poet.

"LEE," a well posted writer on the *American Horse Breeder*, who has the

advantage of being a Canadian, advocates the branding of horses under the mane to prevent ringing. He would have them branded as soon as they get a record. A better way, it seems to us, would be for associations to decline to receive the entries of horses that were not registered with the secretary of the big trotting associations and not branded with the brand of the breeder. It might be argued against this, that single breeders could not be expected to have a distinctive brand. No, but in such cases the name of the breeder could be registered and the brand of the National or American Trotting Association put upon the animal. How about horses that originally there was no intention to race and were suddenly discovered to have a turn of speed. They might then be registered with description and name of owner. To prevent ringing it would not be actually necessary that the horses should be registered when first foaled, but simply before they commenced their racing career, and in order that they might be the easier traced if any question as to their identity arose. Perhaps such a system of registration as this would be sufficient in itself without any branding at all. It would certainly facilitate discovery in the case of fraud if every horse was required to carry a license to race issued by one of the great trotting associations.

A CABLEGRAM announces that the Great Jubilee Stakes, to be run for on May 11, have been given out. Stonellen, a five-year-old chestnut horse owned by Mr. Richard Croker, is entered and is set to carry 125 lbs.; Throate, four years, last year's St. Leger winner, is at 122 lbs.; El Diablo, six years, at 110 lbs., and Priestholme, four years, at 105 lbs. The best three were evidently quoted in the cablegram in an endeavor to prove that Stonellen, one of the speediest horses in America over a mile, the distance of the Great Jubilee, has been severely treated. Throate, a most erratic creature, is entitled to three lbs. from Stonellen for her year and five lbs. for her sex, eight lbs. in all. She is, therefore, if it will be seen, asked to carry her full weight without any allowance for sex. El Diablo and Priestholme are exceedingly moderate performers for whom nobody claims front rank. The weights for the Chester Cup, to be run over two and a quarter miles on May 8, are also given. There are six entries, of which Mr. Richard Croker's Dobbins, four years, not three, as given in the cablegram is called upon to take up 122 lbs., the same as the Duke of Beaufort's five-year-old Son of a Gun, an animal that as a three-year-old ran fourteen races and only won three against horses that America would consider it an insult to name in the same breath as the Croker crack. Don Alonzo, five years, another American, is in the same race with 118 lbs. Ravensbury, a five-year-old, owned by Mr. Rose (son of Sir John R-se), that as a three-year-old ran second to Insglass for the Two Thousand

Guinea, Derby and St. Leger, is in the

Cup at topweight, namely, 136 lbs. On the whole the Americans have been most leniently instead of severely treated, so the American correspondents try to make out.

A BRIEF review of the trotting stock with which Messrs. Giddings and Mosher started for Austria last week is herewith given.

The bay horse Excellence, 2,194, ten years old, by Manbrino King (considered one of the handsomest representatives of his race), out of Windseper, by Almont, Jr., is a horse that will hold his own in any company. He is splendidly bred on both sides of the line, of goodly proportion, fast and game, and at just the right age for a stock horse. Bred on precisely the same lines is the five-year-old chestnut mare Esther, by Manbrino King, out of Almont, Jr. Here is a mare that will nick well with any of the stallions which this party brought at the New York sale. Another splendid young stallion is Prometheus, six years old, by Almont, Jr., out of the great son of Chimes is the greatest son of Elector, and is the sire of Fantasy, 2,066, the four-year-old champion queen, and in all probability the prospective trotting champion next year, and somewhat is certainly well bred and should make a good record in Europe.

A splendidly put up stallion also is Almont Dictator, by Almont, Jr., dam Mermad, by Dictator. Here is the blood on one side that produced Belle Hamlin (2,124) and on the other side that which produced Directum (2,064), Direct (2,051), and the two-year-old Directy (2,072), could be found! These gentlemen made a short excursion into New Jersey and bought from Charles Caffery, of Camden, the bay stallion Brother G., by Senator Wilkes, dam Sister G., by Manbrino King, Sentinel Wilkes, by Senator Wilkes, and George Wilkes, out of a thoroughbred mare, while Manbrino Boy is one of the most successful brood-mare sires of the day, so that Brother G. has certainly the bluest of blue blood in his veins. They bought "The Wamer," by General Washington—Kate Taylor, by Aberdeen 11.—Eminence, one of the greatest brood mares of the decade. This nine-year-old stallion Callisto, 2,293, is another very fashionably bred sire. He is by Alcantara, who has seventy eight in the (2,300 class, and who, though nineteen years old, sold the other day for \$10,000, while his dam is Annie Page, by Dan Lambert, and his second dam Fanny Jackson, by Stone-wall Jackson. Here are the highest speed lines on both sides of the line.

Oratava, by King Wilkes, dam by Harold, sire of Alton, by Oratava, by Fanny Sammers, by Young Jim Lucetta, but that famous young sire Sable Wilkes, out of Ety, by Tilton Almont; Rosita, bay filly, by Re-election, dam Miss Albert, and Triton, by famous Elector, which will do full credit in Austria to their breeding and to the race to which they belong. Another very fine purchase was that of Celeste, a chestnut mare, seven years old, by Aleyone, dam by Neil Robinson, thoroughbred. This mare cost some time ago \$5,000, and our Austrian friends got her at auction for \$1,500. She is in foal to Arion, 2,073, whose stud she is to be for \$2,500. It is quite evident that this mare is a bargain.

Two other stallions which they have purchased are well worthy of record. One is the bay stallion Deputy (2,194), by Edwin Manly Rose, by famous second dam Cecilia Clark, by Clark Chief. He is a handsome bay, stands sixteen hands high, is well proportioned, excellently put up,

and has trotted quarters in 0.33 and a half in 1.10. He is a model roadster, and has just the size and quality about him which will fill the German eye.

The other in the bay stallion Hornell Wilkes, 2.57, foaled in 1886, by Edcl Wilkes, dam Laura, by Captain Sykes, second dam Manbrina, by Manbrino Chief II. As Red Wilkes is the greatest son of George Wilkes, has over 100 in the 2.30 stall, and is the sire of Ralph Wilkes, 2.04, the fastest member of the Wilkes family, it can be seen at a glance that Hornell Wilkes should be a valuable horse. These stallions will be placed in the various royal studs of the empire with a view to improving the native breeds, while the mares will also be bred to them, so as to continue the pure breed itself.

Should this experiment of the Austrian Government prove successful, and there is no reason why it should not, it undoubtedly means a large and interesting trade with Europe, of which Canadians might, with decent enterprise and intelligence, get a share.

Our old and esteemed friend Bill Nye is responsible for the following philosophic remarks regarding the docking of horses' tails: "The tenderest portion of a horse's body is that quarter easily defended by a long tail, but entirely out of reach of a docked horse. I cannot bear to look at a crazed animal besting the air wildly with his pathetic stump, while the flies are stinging him. I cannot be patient with those who follow this wicked custom in order that they may be considered fashionable. The man who does this, knowing the facts regarding it, is the man who pulled flies to pieces when a boy, and if his wife really endorses it her family ought to have the coffee analyzed every morning. And how can a docked horse be regarded as beautiful? How would George Washington look in marble riding a mutilated horse? Does any great sculptor ever put a hero on a bolt-tailed steed?"

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS, the prizefighter, was arraigned before the judge of the district court of Syracuse, N.Y., on Monday, charged with manslaughter in the first degree for causing the death of "Con" Riordan, his sparring partner, in a "go" at Jacobs' Opera House on November 16th last. Fitzsimmons pleaded not guilty and was held for trial in \$10,000 bail, which he had the greatest trouble in getting.

MR. J. E. STAGGINS, of Waterloo, has entered Morpheus, Saragossa and Victorious for several stakes to be decided at Hawthorn Park, Chicago, this year. He has also nominated Musselman for the Chicago Derby of 1896, to be decided over the same track, and Cleopatra, a two-year-old English filly, for the Lassie Stakes.

COLLIE COCKBURN, of Toronto, who defeated Captain J. L. Brewer in a fifty-hundred match at the Hamilton tournament recently, has issued a challenge to Brewer, Elliot, Fulton, or any other man in America, to shoot him a match at fifty or 100 birds for \$500 a side, under Dominion Gun Club rules, an ounce and a quarter

of shot, any time within the next month at Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines or Niagara Falls.

It has been definitely decided that there shall be no racing at Washington Park, Chicago, this or any other year. All the stakes to have been decided during the coming summer, including the great American Derby, have been declared off and the entry money has been refunded. An anti-betting Act is before the Illinois Legislature and is likely to be carried.

MONTEAL'S tenth annual winter races will be held on the Jacques Cartier ice track on February 5th, 6th, 7th and 8th. Purse, to the value of \$4,000, will be hung up.

ARCHIE WHYTE, the trainer, returned last week from Kentucky with a number of brood mares, two yearlings and the stallion Semper Rex, by Lelaps—La Sylphide, belonging to Mr. William Hendrie. One of the yearlings is by Imp. Deceiver, sire of John Cooper and Discount; dam Omco, full sister to Helen Nichols. The other yearling is by Belvidere. The mares are in foal to celebrated sires. Semper Rex has a good turf record, and should be a success in the stud.

CHARLES SHAUER, the jockey who for several years rode for Mr. William Hendrie, died of hasty consumption in a Brooklyn hospital last Sunday. Shauer made a great deal of money in his time, but he was imprudent and died penniless. He was very successful as a jockey in the first years of the Brighton Beach race track, and his ability in the saddle secured him a position with Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who paid him a handsome salary for several years.

The Hamilton Jockey Club will give purses aggregating \$83,100 for a trotting meeting to be held at their mile track on February 13th, 14th, 15th and 16th. The following program has been arranged:

- February 13th—2.29 race, \$250; 2-mile race, best two in three, \$250; local race, \$100.
- February 14th—2.16 race, \$300; 2.50 race, \$250.
- February 15th—2.25 race, \$250; 5-mile race, \$400; 2.35 race, \$250.
- February 16th—2.20 race, \$250; free-for-all, \$400.

The Club also proposes to give \$400 for a special record race.

OUR old friend, the billiard champion, George Sutton, is maintaining his record. At Detroit last week he had some fun with the champion billiardist of that city, one John Sweeney to wit, from whom he walked away to the tune of 400 to 152 in an eight-in-balk line game. If George keeps up the pace he will be taking on Ives or Schaefer, and then he will be taken off.

THE Dwyer-Croker horses have arrived in good trim at Newmarket, England, all except Natty Bumpo, a promis-

ing two-year-old brown colt by Tremont Tassel, that died of pneumonia on the voyage over.

CHARLES MITCHELL, prizefighter, wants another licking. He has challenged Peter Jackson, the West Indian aborigine, to fight him and Jackson has consented to meet him for £1,000 a side and whatever purse may be offered before the National Club in London. Mitchell has not accepted. He thinks the stake too high. It is sincerely to be hoped that they will meet and that Jackson will teach the luxury-loving Englishman that his day really is past.

The professional amateur skaters will renew their fights at Montreal next Saturday, when the annual races of the Amateur Skating Association of Canada will be held. J. S. Johnson has been the apt for some days and Olaf Rudd, who set 29.5 seconds off Joe Donoghue's two-mile record the other day at Red Bank, N.J., reducing the time from 6.03 1-5 to 5.42 3-5, arrived yesterday (Wednesday). It is stated that Rudd, Davidson and Johnson will sail shortly for Hamar, Norway, to take part in a series of races for the championships of the world.

Winter Trotting Meetings.

THE GREAT CARNIVAL GATHERING AT OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, Jan. 22nd.—Five hundred people attended the opening races to-day of the Ottawa Driving Club's carnival race track, and there were two events, one for the 2.22 class and a 2.34 trot. The latter event was unfinished. The fourth heat of this race was captivating. At the first turn Phelps, an American horse, threw a shoe, and bothered Jubilee Queen, between whom and Sadona, the race was then fought out, for, despite his undoubted speed, Charles S., with two shoes gone, was out of it at the three-quarters. The mares whirled down the stretch on even terms, and thus reached the wire. Sadona was awarded the heat. Time—2.38. Darkness prevented another heat being started. Charles S. trotted under protest as a ringer.

The 2.22 event was a gift for Jimmie Mack, a horse of undoubted prowess on the ice. He has negotiated Lansdowne track in 2.22. Yesterday he was not asked to go faster than 31. His chief opponent was the game mare No Trouble, the first entry Ben Hur, lame stiff and sore, the result probably of his long rail-road journey. S. F. Smith, a professional, officiated as starter.

- 2.22 class—Purse \$250.
- Jimmie Mack, b.g. J. Kelly, Almonte. 1 1 1
- No Trouble, b.m. S. Burke, Ottawa. 2 2 4
- Ben Hur, b.g. L.L. Seers, Malone, New York. 3 3 3

Second Day.
OTTAWA, Jan. 23rd.—The second day of the carnival trotting meeting opened under excellent auspices as to weather and fair condition of the track, but in point of attendance the outlook was far from successful. Not more than 800 people patronized the afternoon's sport, and capital sport it was, too. Although the 2.17 class for trotters was limited to two starters, whose miles were done in procession order, and in comparatively

slow time, but the close finishes in the undecided 2.40 class, and the unexpected development of the opening heat of the 2.34 trot, left over from the day before, gave a zest to the proceedings that spectators could not fail to appreciate.

- Summaries:
- 2.34 class—Purse \$250, unfinished from previous day.
- Charles S., ch.g. M. Flynn, Prescott. 3 1 1 2 1
- Wick, br., Mountainview Farm. 2 4 1 2 3
- Jubilee Queen, br. m. Chevier. 2 4 1 2 2
- Janie, br. m. P. Pender. 2 4 1 2 1
- Hawley, b. f. 2 4 1 2 1
- Phelps, b.g. E. Lake, Fulton, N.Y. 5 0 3 6 3
- Time—2.40, 2.36 1-2, 2.30 1-4, 2.28, 2.34, 2.35.
- 2.17 class—trotters, purse \$250, unfinished.
- Mary Maid, b.m. J. Burke, Ottawa. 1 1 1
- Clara K., b.m. H. A. Moore, Ottawa. 2 2 2
- Time—2.35, 2.34.

OTTAWA, Jan. 24th.—There was another grand day's sport at Lansdowne park this afternoon. The scheduled events were a 2.27 class and a five-mile dash which, with the concluding heats of the 2.17 and 2.40 trots unfinished yesterday evening, constituted a very strong programme.

To see these four races decided, some 1,500 people crowded into the grand stand. It was a bright sunny afternoon, crisp and clear; a typical day for ice racing in the summary of the days racing is as follows:

- 2.17 class, trotters, purse \$300.
- Mary Maid, b.m. J. Burke, Ottawa. 1 1 1
- Clara K., b.m. H. A. Moore, Ottawa. 2 2 2

2.40 class—Purse \$250, unfinished from previous day.

- Joe K., blk. h. H. Richardson, Brunswick. 9 8 1 1 1
- Elwood Wilson, gr. m. D. O'Donnell, Montreal. 1 2 2 7 7
- Milne, b.g. P. Morris, Ottawa. 1 1 3 7 8
- Bay, br. m. J. Ramough, Ottawa. 1 1 3 7 8
- Phelps, b.g. E. Lake, Fulton, N.Y. 6 7 8 8 2
- H.B., ch.g. A. Lasselle, Ottawa. 7 3 8 4 4
- Individer, b.g. D. Forth, Glen Fuel. 7 3 8 4 4
- Interloper, blk. m. Hitchell, Carleton Place. 6 6 6 3 3
- Maud M., b.m. D. Mitchell, Malone. 8 9 8 9 4
- Time—2.42, 2.43, 2.41, 2.37, 2.39 1-4.

- 2.27 class—Purse \$250.
- A.H., b.m. J. Selman, Malone, N.Y. 1 1 1
- Don, b.g. Joseph Martin, Montreal. 4 4 2 2
- Ben Hur, b.g. L.L. Seers, Malone, N.Y. 3 3 3
- Gregory K., b.m. T. Smith, Hamilton. 2 3 3
- Mollie Sheridan, W. Cunningham, Ottawa. 5 5 5
- Time—2.36 3-4, 2.33 1-2, 2.36 1-2.

- Five-mile dash—Purse \$250.
- Charlie C., g.g. C. Demaris, Baltimore, Md. 1
- Johnny Goldent, b.g. Ramough, Hamilton. 2 2 2
- Sheriff George, ch.g. J. Kennedy, Ottawa. 2 2 2
- Folly, blk. m. Joseph Martin, Montreal. 4 4 4
- Sadona, ch.g. H. A. Moore, Ottawa. 3 3 3
- Harry F., b.g. E. Wright, Ottawa. 4 4 4
- Time—13.7.

Crowded Work Charged.

OTTAWA, Jan. 25th.—If the hitherto fair reputation of the Ottawa Driving Club survives the incidents of this afternoon's proceedings at Lansdowne Park there is more in a name than the poets wot of. It is not by the continuance, at least by the misguided lenience of the judges, the backers of the Ottawa mare Sadona were permitted to work the pool box on the race and the book on the first heat of the 2.50 trot. Another instance which disagrees with the public taste is the announcement made late to-night that two of the judges declined to concur in the decision of the concluding heat of the free-for-all, which heat and the race were fairly won by No Trouble, who beat the favorite, Sheriff, a Baltimore horse, with a record of 2.15 1-4, the latter having been driven to lay up heats until it was too late to win.

It was the 2.50 class that developed the strangest "combination" of a week's racing that had up to this, so far as could be judged on the outside, been strictly fair and above board. The first went to Joe R. in 2.38 1-4, Sadona second. When the horses came for the second, the report preceded them that Sadona was being played as favorite in the pools at \$10 to \$4 for a field, which included Joe

A NEW WRINKLE.

A Plan which May be Called the Waltham System.

(From the Boston Herald.)

WALTHAM has a new wrinkle in the temperance line. It hasn't developed far enough yet to cause any disturbance of the body politic, but if the plans of the promoters are ever carried out—and it is more than possible they may be—it is quite likely to cause a stir, not only in the City of Waltham, but outside as well.

The cloud no bigger than a man's hand is just in sight, very low down in the horizon, and it depends on circumstances whether the little fellow does some thunder work later on or drops out of sight and out of mind without a peep.

A plan is under consideration having in view the better regulation and better conduct of the liquor business of the city. If the experiment is tried it will be watched with interest; if successful, it is safe to say it will be copied.

The promoters admit, tacitly, at least, as almost every well informed person does, that Prohibition does not prohibit any more in Massachusetts than *The Herald* found it did in Maine, and even high license has its disadvantages. Casting aside the theory of Prohibition they start out with the idea of regulating the traffic, so far as may be, in a business-like kind of way.

They have in mind an adaptation of the Gøttenberg system, which is some considerable and some don't, modified to fit American, American habits and American laws, to be adopted in Waltham.

Briefly, some of the best citizens of the city, after next May, may be engaged in the rum business, not because of its prospective profits, but from principle.

The whole thing is too young yet to give its full details, but those behind it are men of wealth and active in business and professional life. Naturally, their plan is free from the charge of being the vapery evolution of sentimental theorists, but it is a scheme originating with men who can juggle dollars as a result of their business sagacity and attention. One has

only to know the people who are interested in the movement to judge of its character, if, indeed, not of its success. Nothing as any one will admit when later it is proper to make their names public.

There are Prohibitionists in the movement, and men who are not teetotalers, form a license under new conditions with the sole object in view of benefitting the city in which they reside, and removing, as far as may be, the temptations in the pathway of the young especially. There are few places where the field is broader than in the Watch city, Waltham is peculiar in one respect. It has a large proportion of the young in its population, youths who have come from country homes to work in the watch factories, cotton factories, dial factories and machine shops. There is no city in the commonwealth where such an experiment could be tried and where the results could be more clearly analyzed.

It would, indeed, be hard to find the day when the plan had its birth; it simply came about naturally.

Primarily it originated in politics. The influence of the liquor interest is felt in Waltham elections just as everywhere else, and in the same manner, but, perhaps, to a greater extent than in some places where the margin between the "yes" and "no" vote is more pronounced.

For two years in succession the city has voted for license. There were several elements which led to this result, which it is not necessary to state.

It would be unfair to say that outside influence and outside money had something to do with the verdict. However that may be, out of that election, in a measure, grew the present plan.

It originated in a desire for purer elections, for the removal of the liquor influence in city affairs, so far as may be, and for the general good of all. Someone suggested an idea which was supplemented by another. The subject was discussed informally, and the present scheme is the result. It has not been brought to public attention yet, but it will be very soon, and one of the leading organizations of business men will have the matter before it very soon for full discussion.

The Waltham system—and it seems proper to call it such, for it certainly has some claims to originality—contemplates in full the placing of the entire liquor business of the city in the hands of honest, reputable men, who will conduct it on the highest plane, serving to customers at the same time the very best quality of liquors at the lowest profitable price.

Much will depend on the co-operation of the license commissioners, and their action cannot be predicted in advance, but the backers of the Waltham system, if the plan is carried out, will present applicants for licenses beyond reproach, and business places complying with the law in every respect.

Just what method will be adopted in forming an organization cannot now be stated, but one which has been suggested proposes that several wealthy men shall form a corporation, not to enter the rum business directly—for a corporation could secure but a single license—but a corporation which will provide the men; and, what is more essential, sometimes, the money. If the license commissioners can legally grant sixteen or eighteen licenses in a city, the corporation will be ready with that number of applicants for licenses—all honest, reputable citizens. It would sound rather strange if a big Boston merchant, or doctor, or lawyer, or a minister, should be an applicant for a license, but it is not impossible if the Waltham system be adopted.

The applicants for licenses approved by the corporation officers, could be loaned sufficient money, if need be, to open business. The amount, however, would not be necessarily large to any one individual, as it is not proposed to open any gorgeous drinking places with plate glass mirrors and other accessories. Instead, it is proposed to have the bar-rooms only such in name, and, perhaps, the name itself would be eliminated. There would be no bars, and the places would be simply stores, stocked with the best liquors in the market. They would be located as far as possible on public thoroughfares, well-lighted, and open to public view. It isn't in resorts. Perhaps there wouldn't be a chair or a table even. Certainly, none would have billiard, pool or card room attachment.

Possibly there might be a few closets—the best in the market—to take off the smell, you know, but patrons will doubtless miss that cultivator of a terrible thirst—salt codfish, salted, and there won't be any napkins with drinks. But, seriously, it is intended to have them just what they pretend to be, places where one can purchase liquors, in the same way as in the next building, perhaps, one can buy a cabbage or a shirt.

The sensitive glitter of the present bar-rooms will be missing. They will be simply, plain, business stores, nothing more. So much for the bar-room, but there are others.

How about the hotels?

Well, there hotels and hotels—five of them in Waltham, where, barring an occasional theatrical troupe or a peripatetic corn doctor, the stragglers within the gates are few, and all the hotels close their doors and pull in the latch-string by midnight.

The city is too near Boston to make the catering to transient guests an important feature. Still there are a few such places, and they must needs be accommodated with food and drink, as well as a bed. The projectors of the Waltham system realize the fact that a visitor to the city may, when at home, irrigate regularly with "fiz," take a bottle of claret with his dinner, or "something stronger" as a night-cap. If such be the case, he may want any or all of these things before he crawls between the sheets in a Waltham hotel, and he is likely to get them after the first of next May as he does now, whether he gets them under the Waltham system or any other system.

In other words, while the hotel problem is a rather difficult one to solve, it is expected that no injustice will be done.

But the fate of licensed inholders, whose only food for the hungry is wooden doughnuts, a property ham, or a sandwich which goes with every drink, and is returned as regularly as the drinker departs, would not be problematical. They simply wouldn't be in it.

But the druggists!

There's another perplexing question. If all druggists confined their sales of intoxicating liquors strictly to "Mechanical,

BLAKE'S BARREL FOR LIQUIDS

Canadian Patent No.
55,450.
Dated March 9, 1894.

OF SPECIAL IMPORTANCE TO THE BREWING INTEREST.

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SPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR LAGER, ALE, and PORTER

The Patente is willing to grant licenses or negotiate with parties desirous of undertaking the manufacture of and placing the invention on the market. Apply to



FIG. 1 is an exterior view of Cask.

FIG. 2 is an interior perspective view of one section of the Cask.

FIG. 3 is a transverse horizontal section through middle of Cask.

ADVANTAGES

Greater Strength, the materials being unbreakable. Weight, about half that of an ordinary Cask of equal capacity.

Perfectly impervious to the contents, thus avoiding that constant source of trouble to Brewers—Foul Casks. Is perfectly indorour.

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CREAM ALE

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medicinal and commercial purposes" there wouldn't be any difficulty in settling the question at all, but they don't. There are those whose stock in trade is made up something like this: An ounce of sweet tincture of rhubarb, a box of salolita powders and a barrel of whiskey, and, perhaps, another of rum. In other words, their liquor trade far exceeds their drug trade.

However, the promoters of the Waltham system may be able to do justice to the worthy, as well as the unworthy, pharmacists.

For instance, if a license was granted to a druggist for that part of his store near the door, say twenty feet or less, that might be considered sufficient room for the druggist to dispense all the liquors for "mechanical, medicinal and commercial purposes" he would have any call for. In that case liquors found in any other part of the building might be considered as illegally there.

As suggested before, the success of the whole scheme depends upon two factors.

Are the solid and influential citizens, church members, perhaps, willing to give of their time and money, if necessary, and connect themselves directly or indirectly, with the rum business for the benefit of the community at large and the city and its residents in particular?

Then, supposing that a sufficient number of such people can be found, their labors must be supplemented by the action of the licensing board or else the scheme must fail before it has a trial. It rests with the license commissioners to say who shall and who shall not have licenses, and from their decision there is no appeal, so that the board holds the key to the situation. The members of those boards are now appointed for six years

terms, so they are in a great measure free from political influences.

THE FACTS WELL STATED.

Rev. Geo. C. Cox, Rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Poughkeepsie, N.Y., in a recent sermon on Prohibition made this clear and forcible statement:

"And in whatever way Prohibition may be urged, it is an infringement of the law of liberty, which is the highest heritage of American citizens. It is not a crime to drink liquor; and unless it be crime, it is not competent even for an overwhelming majority to take away from a single man the privileges of freedom of action. Local Option is Prohibition in title, and all that is urged against Prohibition holds with regard to Local Option."

CHINA HALL

ALUMINUM...



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... Full Lines of ... Tumblers, Wines, Cocktails

Shakers, Strainers
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WINTER TROTTING MEETINGS.

(Continued from page 1236.)

R. Everybody suspected that something crooked was being worked, but nobody was quite prepared for the clumsy way in which it was done, namely, by Joe's driver throwing the heat. At the final turn in the horse was completely lifted off his feet and the air until the lead was safe for Sadons, much the slower horse. Thus she won the heat, but amid such a tornado of hoisting, growling and derisive yelling, as was never before known on an Ottawa race course. Evidently, the few who were in the disapproval the many loud tokens of disapproval, were such as the judges could not overlook, and it was announced by Starter Smith that they had decided "no heat." This ruling, while it appeased the throng, who simply looked to the punishment, caused the backers of the favorite in the race (Joe R.) no success of their sorrow, for they foresaw the ruling would not hurt him as it would the race, and so it happened, for when the bell rang for the third heat it was announced that Joe R. had been altogether withdrawn from the race with the judges' consent, his owner and driver refusing to start him on the plea that he had opened an old sore in the last heat and was lame. The next heat was easily taken by Sadons in the slow time of 2:45 1/2; the following went to Elwood in 2:45 3/4.

In the free-for-all, No Trouble had taken two heats, and in the final run-off Sheriff finished a nose in front, but he was off his feet and was put back to second place for punning.

On the stand, the Messrs. J. R. Abbott, Horace Pratt and James Smith.

Summaries follow—

2:30 class—Purse \$200; unfinished.

Sadons, br.m., W. Webster, Ottawa, ..	3:01 2
Elwood, br.g., P. Morris, Ottawa, ..	3:01 2
Interlack, blk.h., H. Biddle, Carleton Place, ..	3:02 3
Jack, br.g., R. Pondor, Ottawa, ..	3:05 3
Joe R. Straker, gr.m., H. Wallace, Iron-bridge, ..	4:03 4
Miss M. Clark, H. Richardson, Brim-ingham, ..	1:04 4

Time—2:38 1/4, 2:41 1/2, 2:45 1/4.

Free-for-all—Purse \$100.

No Trouble, blk.m., J. C. Burke, Ottawa, ..	3:11 1
Budd Biddle, br.g., S. Sparks, Orleansville, ..	3:13 3
Burn K. Van, H. A. Moore, Ottawa, ..	4:22 4
Sherrif, gr.g., C. Smith, New York, ..	3:44 2
Robin, br.g., H. Bennett, Baltimore, ..	4:26 5
Miss M. Clark, J. Kelly, Almonte 2:55 3:57	

Time—2:32 1/4, 2:36, 2:38, 2:38.

AT DUNNVILLE.

DUNNVILLE, Jan. 27th.—One of the races had to be again postponed owing to the weather. There was only one race decided as follows:

Three minute class—

Jo Jo, A. P. Baker, Elliotville, N.Y., ..	3:11 1
Burn K. Van, H. A. Moore, Ottawa, ..	3:43 2
Little Flo, H. Hunter, Oradogau, Ont., ..	2:22 2
Black Joe, Yandou, ..	4:22 2

Second Day.

DUNNVILLE, Jan. 28th.—There was only one race finished to-day on the ice, the 2:50 class, which resulted as follows:

Duke, Mr. Donogh, Danville, Ont., ..	1:11
Duke, Mr. Baker, Elliotville, N.Y., ..	1:12
Frank D. David, Young, Catolonia, Ont., ..	3:53
Maggie Allen, J. H. Schick, Ont., ..	4:14

Third Day.

DUNNVILLE, Jan. 29th.—The ice races were finished to-day. Following is the result of the 2:20 class:

Dales, Joe Bros., Jarvis, Ont., ..	1:11
Duke, Wm. Donogh, Elliotville, ..	1:12
John Wm. Hugh, Scott, Catolonia, ..	4:12
Jo Jo, A. P. Baker, Elliotville, N.Y., ..	3:34

First Day—"I bet Mr. De Broker feels cheap."

Second Day—"Why?"

Third Day—"Last week he paid \$200 for a dog, and to-day a \$2 dog kicked him."

"HEN AND CHICKENS."

Last of one of the Famous Inns of Old England.

This famous "hostelry" closed its doors immediately after Christmas, in order that the ground might be cleared for the erection of King Edward's Hotel for Paris. It is the removal of the "Hen and Chickens" not only was a famous inn closed, but one of the most important landmarks which connected old and modern Birmingham totally disappeared. There was a time when the "Hen and Chickens" was known to every traveller through the Midland Counties. In the days of the old stage-coaches it was one of the principal stopping-places on the road, as well as one of the most extensive coaching establishments in the country. It often afforded accommodation to Royal personages travelling to or from the Metropolis, as well as to representatives of the nobility, and to soldiers and other noble people of all kinds. It was a historic house, and many a column of Old World gossip could be written about the inn and its customers. But, like many other institutions, the march of civilization brought about its death. The supersession of coaches by railways did much to shake the stability of the "Hen and Chickens"; the coaching and posting business gradually dwindled, other hotels and inns established on more modern principles sprang into existence, and so the once famous house languished amidst commercial troubles and trials. Efforts were made more than once to revive the place, but decay had seized upon it too firmly, and for some few years past it has occupied a very humble, and even casual, corner in Birmingham life. It is difficult to gauge the life of the "Hen and Chickens." For, in its existence, it has been an advertisement which appeared in *Arcis's Gazette* on December 14, 1741, informing the general public that the "Hen and Chickens" was to let. It was described at that time as "a well-established inn, where the king, due for respectability," so that it is pretty clear the house had given food and shelter to man and beast for some time previously. In those days the inn was situated in Broad-street, near Scotland-passages, and it was so extensive, that it provided stabling accommodation for seventy horses. The tenancy changed several times, but in 1798 the inn was occupied by Mrs. Lloyd. In that year Mrs. Lloyd, who had bought a piece of land in New-street, near the Grammar School, built a new house, and as soon as it was finished gave up her residence in High-street, and removed to the new "Hen and Chickens." This house—the one which after nearly a century's history is about to be destroyed—was remarkable, inasmuch as its frontage was of stone—a modern feature which created no little astonishment among the inhabitants of Birmingham at that time. It was characterized as "a very elegant building," and Mrs. Lloyd continued the tenancy until 1894, when she was succeeded by Mr. William Waddell. This gentleman was a man of great energy and ability, and the name of Waddell was well known throughout the country. As early as 1819 something like thirty coaches per day left the "Hen and Chickens" yard, and in the following fifteen or twenty years the number was increased. The arrangements for the posting arrangements approached perfection, and the post was of the best. Mr. Waddell—and, indeed, his successors at the hotel—for many years housed the town fire brigade, and there are some old residents who remember the firemen crowding the people around

the gateway on the alarm of fire, to watch the horses gallop from the yard to the scene of conflagration. Mr. Waddell not only became the proprietor of the freehold of the hotel, but he bought the "Swan" as well, and, in conjunction with his son, carried on the coaching business, in addition to contracting for carrying the mails. The hotel had secured such a great reputation for accommodation, that the receipts for beds alone amounted to about £800 per annum, and the buildings were several times enlarged, in compliance with the growing demand on its requirements.

In 1836 the freehold was sold by auction by Mr. Barnabas Cheshire. That of the "Hen and Chickens" realized £14,500, and the "Swan" £8,520, and the liquor stores at the corner of High-street, £7,200. From that date until now the hotel has had many landlords, and has passed through varying vicissitudes of fortune. Since the erection of the hotel what a change has been effected in Birmingham! The whole of the buildings which stood in New-street when the "elegant" inn was erected have disappeared; and the fields which existed in the neighborhood have been replaced by business premises, which in their turn are bearing signs of the march of progress. One of the earliest visitors to note the "Hen and Chickens" was Macreedy, the tragedian, who "went out" there during a visit to Birmingham in 1804. Indeed, on every occasion that he visited Birmingham he made his home at the inn. Another whose name is rendered historic is Daniel O'Connell, and he stayed twice at the "Hen and Chickens"; while among other well-known people who sought the hospitable accommodation of the famous hostelry were John and Charles Keble, Mrs. Siddons, Samuel, Warton, and Tom Moore, the American Knowles, Thackeray, Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, Macaulay, the Keats, the elder and younger Mathews, Miss Melon, Madame Vestris, Paul Bedford, Fred Yates, Keble, and Southern. Buckstone, our friend "Johnny" Toole, Grisi, Mario, Lablache, Clara Novello, Abino, Ibrahim, Henry Russell, and Sims Reeves. During the great struggle which preceded the passing of the Reform bill of 1832, the "Hen and Chickens" was the scene of lively times. Atwood and Schofield, the first Members of Parliament for Birmingham, addressed the electors from the balcony. In 1878 the hotel was acquired by the Birmingham Aquarian Company (Limited). The old building was considerably altered and improved in appearance; but the concert-room, aquarium, and arcade which were projected were never completed, the scheme abruptly abandoned after the foundations had been laid. Since then "The Hen and Chickens" has not been a prominent establishment; but now that it is about to disappear, there is with what regret the site of such an important landmark in Birmingham's history.

CLUBS AND SHEBENS.

Movable distasteful. Mr. Lewis, the staid dignitary at Cardiff, has actually made the discovery that the laws regulating licensed houses may be enforced with extra stringency, without, however, effecting a reduction in drinking and drunkenness. They look after the public houses very closely in Cardiff, and rule them tightly, especially on Sundays. But with what result? Shebenson or illicit drinking places have multiplied; and clubs have also greatly increased in numbers. The sheben-keepers, when caught have, of course, to pay the penalty of their offenses. The case is, however, not so clear against clubs; and Mr. Lewis himself has just been forced to decide in

the matter of a tradesmen's club, that although the club could not be called of a "sham" description, and the prosecution must fail, he was "clearly of opinion that the defendants had succeeded in evading but had not contravened the law." Evading the law, however, in the case of public houses may be watched; public houses may be closed; but the drinking still goes on everywhere by "evasion." *Newcastle Chronicle.*

THEY ARE AFTER HIM.

Mr. J. C. Robinson, proprietor of the Coleman Lawton, Pa., writes to the *McClure Herald* under date of the 14th. Enclosed find item cut from the *Philadelphian Press*. This same man did up a hotel in this town. The clerk refused to cash his paper, when he had one of the friends of the hotel endorse it, and it afterwards came back protested. "The item reads as follows: 'Philadelphia firms are interested in bringing to this city a new hotel system, and they are now working this region. About three weeks ago a well dressed man calling himself C. A. Burns and professing to represent a Philadelphia oil firm, registered at the McClure Herald, and about a week later induced the hotel people to cash a draft for \$50, ostensibly drawn by the Philadelphian house. The draft proved to be bogus. It now turns out that Burns is working the game steadily, and it is believed he has a supply of counterfeit lithographs and drafts of the Philadelphia and perhaps other firms and banks with an accompanying supply of stationery of various firms on which to write bogus letters.' Burns left here for Zanesville, Ohio."

NEW CORKING MACHINE.

A new contrivance for this purpose has been invented by E. P. Edou, bottling clerk at St. Helena, Lancashire, England. A table by which the bottles to be corked are fed is mounted to rotate upon the machine frame about a vertical axis below a cork plunger and compressor of the ordinary form. The table is furnished with a number of holes spaced at fixed distances apart, and each fitted with a sliding bottle carrier that is raised, when brought below the cork plunger, by a centrifugal hand raised by a weight and lever, and is afterward lowered by the action of the cam wheel that at each revolution of the cam wheel the table is caused to rotate another adjustment of the table is effected beneath the cork plunger, at which time a projection on the cork plunger rod releases a catch or stop that engages with one of a number of recesses formed in the table and holds the same in position during the corking of the bottle, after which the table is again released and partly rotated, so as to bring the next bottle in position. The machine may be driven in any suitable manner, and the operator's hands are entirely free, the corks being fed automatically from a receptacle above.

MAINE'S prohibitory law is to have another adjustment of the table. In the session of the State Legislature now in progress already bills have been introduced to provide that liquors shall be assayed at the State Agency, to provide that a certain per cent of the profit of the sale of liquors shall go to the State, to provide for the regulation of the State liquor clerk, and arranging that every drunkard who shall take the Keeley Cure and remain sober for one year shall receive \$50. This last arrangement is the most striking comment upon Maine's outrageous law that could well be conceived.

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DIAMOND ALE.
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AMBER ALE.
EXTRA STOUT.
HALF & HALF

We

guarantee our productions to be brewed from pure malt & hops only.

Our SPECIAL BRAND "DIAMOND ALE" is brewed from the finest imported hops & the choicest malt & will compare favourably with any bottled ale imported or domestic on the market!

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BALMORAL HOTEL, Bowmanville, Ont.
One of the finest equipped hotels in Western Canada. *Fine Single Rooms.*
JOHN DARCH, Proprietor

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Prop. *Best \$1 per day House in the City*

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THE PALACE HOTEL OF CANADA

This magnificent new Hotel, fitted up in the most modern style, contains accommodation for OVER 400 GUESTS, with Passenger and Business Elevators and commands a splendid view of the City Parliamentary grounds, river and canal. Visitors to the Capital having business with the Government, require the most convenient place of abode, where there are also the most modern conveniences for the comfort of the guests. The entire Hotel is supplied with soap, and, in case of fire, there would not be any risk of danger. Every attention paid to guests.

F. X. ST. JACQUES, Proprietor.

Port Hope.

QUEEN'S HOTEL, Port Hope, Ont.
Leading hotel in town. Centrally situated, commodious Sample Rooms on ground floor.
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Our Superior

AND 48th HIGHLAND Cigars.

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Mineral Springs.
ROBERT WALDER - Proprietor
PRESTON, ONT.

Toronto.

BROWN'S HOTEL
Cor. Simcoe and Wellington Sts. Newly furnished throughout. One minute's walk from Union Station.
BROWN BROS., Proprietors

EUROPEAN HOTEL, West, Toronto.
Ed. CLANCEY, Proprietor.

Under the new management this hotel, lately occupied by Mr. M. Knecht, has been entirely renovated and refitted. Every accommodation of hotel life. Restaurant provides every delicacy of the season. Private entrance for ladies. Special prices for parties.

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Special Rates for Families and Boarders. *Rates, \$1.00 Per Day.* Miss S. ROBINSON, Proprietress. R. ROBINSON, Mgr. Telephone 5001

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Wit and Humor.

Swallowing the Pill.



A SOLID MEAL.

The Man of the House—"Here, poor fellow, is a sponge cake."

Hungry Robinson—"Oh, say boss, can't yer give me somet'in' more solid dan cake?"

The Man of the House (surprised)—"Something more solid? Good heavens, man, my baked this cake herself, and it's the first one she ever made!"

A BOW-WOW QUESTION.

"Suppose," said little Mabel, the other day, "that our pug dog should try to follow his nose?—would he run down his throat, or would he just turn a back somersault?"



TALKING OF TOUGH STORIES.

City Man (to hunter)—"Lije, you've heard a great many tough hunting stories. Which do you think is the toughest yarn you ever heard?"

Lije—"I don't remember of hearin' no such tough yarn as you speak of. Tell you what really happened down here, though, bout a year ago. A man shot a bear in the head, and just the minute the bear felt the ball he turned right round. He turned so quick that the ball hit the man and killed him after passing through the bear."



HER FATHER'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Ours here sat in the corner of the railway company departhing his newspapers," read Miss Myrtle Dolan from the latest acquisition to her paper cover library.

"He vor devourin' what?" asked her father, with sudden interest.

"His newspaper, the book says," replied Myrtle.

"Go was sid yez. Oi t'ought 'twor a mon ye vor readin' about, an' now, be the powers, he turns out to be a goat."

A THOUGHTFUL MANAGER.

Angry Guest—"Here, sir! I telegraphed you to save me the warmest room in the house and you haven't done it."

Polite Hotel Manager—"Well, sir, I have given the warmest room in the house to exactly 250 people already, and I thought you might not like to be crowded."



HIS CLAM BROTH WELL.

A MAN entered a barber shop, tilted his head back on the rest of a chair and said he wanted to be shaved. The barber went to work.

"In luck, at last," said the man, whose face had been soaped.

"How's that?" asked the barber.

"Oh, just won \$700 at a poker game," replied the contented man in the chair.

"That's good."

"Think it was; but that's not all," continued the customer. "My partner has just struck a clam broth well out in Montana and she is flowing 150 barrels a day."

The men in the other chairs looked up. "Yes," continued the customer, "she is flowing 150 barrels a day. I got another telegram to day from the old boy."

"Still flowing?"

"Nicht. That is to say, my partner was so struck on that clam vein that he bored another well in order to fill orders."

"Strike again?"

"Nicht."

"No more broth?"

"Nicht."

"What was the trouble?"

"Well," continued the customer, "you see Sam bored too deep and struck a vinegar lead. This hole slopped all over, ran into the clam broth and poisoned the whole shooting match. Still, Montana is a great State. Go out there some day."

A SAVING INSTANCE.

"Tell me, honestly," said the novel reader to the novel writer, "did you ever see a woman who stood and tapped the floor impatiently with her toe for several moments, as you describe?"

"Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I did once."

"Who was she?"

"She was a dog dancer."

NO FUN IN THE BUSINESS.

"I HAVE thrown up my situation at the telephone central."

"On account of reduced wages?"

"No, I could stand that, but when the company put in a new kind of switch-board which prevents us girls from hearing what is going over the wires, I simply quit."

PRACTICAL.

"THE snow is beautiful now! I slip in the stuff wherever I go; My heels are cold and my toes are wet. And I don't have the beautiful snow, you bet."

NOT WHAT THE SIGN MEANT.

SHE was a guileless innocent thing, and she passed a sign which read "Gloves Cleaned and Repaired," she thought of something all of a sudden, and went into the shop.

"I believe you clean and repair gloves here, don't you?" she said to the clerk.

"Yes, Miss," he replied.

"Well, I have one at home that I'll send down to you. It doesn't need cleaning very much, but I want it repaired. I've lost the mate to it."

Then she retired and the clerk is waiting and wondering how he will get square with that sign.

AT THE OPERA.

Mrs. Backwoods—"The brazen creatures! How dare they show themselves in that disgraceful condition!"

Mr. B.—"Hush, Maria! Don't show your ignorance! Them's the livin' pictures we've heard so much about."

Jelley—"Hello, Jelley! What business are you at now?"

Jelley—"Feathers."

Jelley—"Is your business picking up?"

Jelley—"No, picking down."

Robbins—"I'm troubled with insomnia."

Doctor—"I can cure you of that."

"Yes, I know; but we want you the baby, doctor."

Flora—"I don't always do unto others as I'd have others do unto me."

Clara—"Of course not. It isn't a girl's place to propose to a man."

John's Wife—"John, I wish you'd saw up some wood for the house."

John—"I wish you wouldn't ask me to do such work, Maria. Sawing wood's a thing that even the commonest tramp refuses to stoop to, and you know it."

Quizby—"What do they do on these ocean steamers when they run out of coal?"

Bishop—"Don't know. Maybe they burn the ship's log."

AFTER a man passes fifty his family after their most fun after he is tucked in bed.—*Atholyn Globe.*

Customer—"You are the man I paid \$50 for teaching my wife's parrot how to talk, I believe?"

Bird Dealer—"Yes."

"Well, how many times do you take to teach the blame bird to shut up?"

Doctor—"It is a son."

Isaacstein—"Only one?"

Doctor—"That's all."

Isaacstein—"Just mein luck. Only had of dot payn' me, as ye got for de twin; will be in use, an' de much capital will be lying idle."

Little Regie—"I don't b'lieve the Lord cares a cent for good boys."

Food Miller—"H'wrens! What put that idea into your head?"

Little Regie—"He hardly ever makes good boys strong enough to lick bad boys."

Mrs. Esque—"I can't understand how a man can love a woman who has a physical deformity, can you?"

Esque—"Oh, I don't know. I shouldn't think less of a woman who was tongue-tied."

"Burr's funny," said Uncle Eben, "an' amppin' dat er man how fer he mighty kyafal 'bout. 'Tain' no such in know in 'ow ez it is knowin' when."

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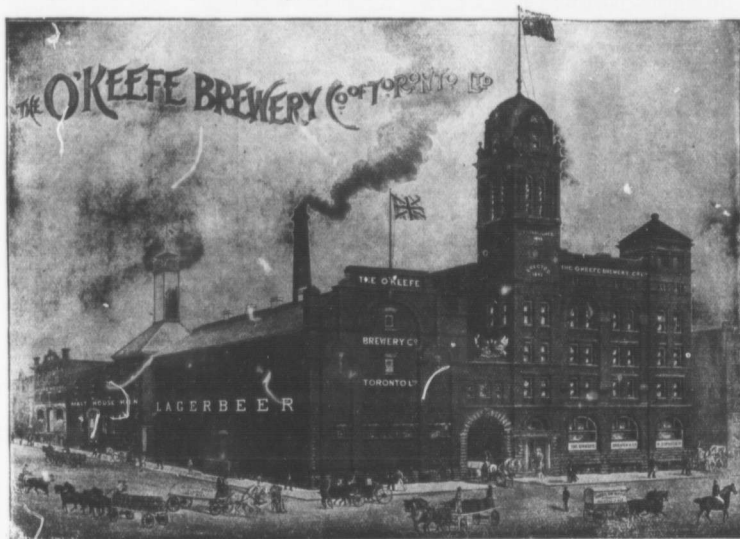


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IN OLD ENGLAND.

Latest Thoughts on Trade Topics
Applicable to this Country.

(From the Licensing World.)

FRIENDS and foes of the Government are alike agreed that a Dissolution is practically certain during the current year. And we know not how soon it may come, whether the Session will be numbered by months or only by weeks or only by days. In the present state of political life anything is possible. One thing only is certain, that the General Election, let it come when it may, will be the most important, the most momentous in its results, that the Trade has ever had to fight in the whole course of its history.

If the Vetoists, or the friends of the Vetoists, come back to power, we shall be like a sick man among powerful foes, who will exact heavy ransom, even if they do exact less than they are entitled to. We need expect, and shall certainly receive, no mercy. If, however, we fight as we can and ought to fight, we have every chance of gaining a victory which will give us peace for years to come, and enable us to say, by comparison, that our ways are ways of pleasantness, and all our paths are peace.

And even beyond this there is yet another fight which means much, especially to our London friends. No littler enemies of the Trade exists than the dominant section of the London County Council. They have abused every opportunity of doing us harm, and there are all sorts of risks that if returned again, their opportunities will be greater than they have been. Within a few weeks they will have to submit themselves to the constituencies, and their claim to a renewal of confidence will not be fought with an expenditure of time and money which the Trade at present seems to have no adequate appreciation.

We have before us, then, a local fight which would be serious enough, even if it stood alone; a Parliamentary fight upon whose issue many millions of pounds depend; and a general electoral struggle which will result either in years of peace or in years of dissatur and bitter humiliation. If ever a call to arms was sounded in a voice loud enough to rouse lethargy into energy and indifference into enthusiasm, it is sounded by these facts. Surely it is not necessary for us to emphasize it further, or to point out the duty which inevitably impresses itself upon every member of the Trade. If they quit themselves like men, and support with adequate generosity their appointed and trusted leaders, all will be well. If they do not, they will learn in all its fullness the bitterness of disaster.

WHY HE NAILS THE VETO TO THE NAST.

WE have been told, but we do not vouch for the accuracy of the story, which we give for what it is worth, that one of the principal reasons for Sir William Harcourt's animosity to the Trade, as evidenced by his persistence in making his colors to the nation of his discredited Veto Bill, and of wrecking and sinking the Government ship, is not his enthusiasm for temperance reform, but revenge for the insult, as he considers it, that was put upon him during the Trade agitation against the Liquor Traffic (Local Council) Bill—a movement so promptly and vigorously commenced by Mr. Charles Walker, the astute Chairman of the Central Board, by the convention of the most important meeting of the month. In the days that followed that great meeting, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, on issuing

from his official residence in Downing-street to walk down to the House as was his invariable custom, found a guard of honor waiting to escort him to St. Stephen's, the said guard being a body of sandwich men, who solemnly kept pace by the side of the right hon. gentleman—be walking on the pavement and they on the kerb or in the road. The Chancellor of the Exchequer never appeared to take the slightest notice of the men or their postures, which informed the world at large and the working men of London in particular, and in letters so bold that he who ran might read, that Sir William Harcourt was the objectionable individual here." But it seems that, although the Chancellor of the Exchequer appeared to treat the matter with disdain and contempt, he was greatly offended thereby. His *amor proprio* was wounded, and he has resented the infliction of this injury to

member for Camborne will ask leave to introduce the Bill referred to at the commencement of the session; but we think that the writer of the paragraph in question is uninformed in stating that Mr. Conybeare has "already intimated to the authorities of the House of Commons" his intention of doing so, seeing that such an intimation would not be worth the paper it was written upon until the Speaker has taken the chair on the first day of the Session, and has read the Queen's speech to the Commons. We should imagine Mr. Conybeare is sufficiently master of Parliamentary practice as to know better than thus to fruitlessly trouble "the authorities of the House" during the recess.

A MAGISTRATE'S VIEW OF THE DRINK QUESTION.

Writing to the Times on the subject of

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A good rubbing with the Oil after a day's outing will both surprise and delight you

of licenses, and, if it be made a condition of giving new licenses that old ones of the same value be bought up and extinguished, we have an automatic, an inexpensive method of steadily reducing the number of public-houses.

THE FIGHT AT EYRESHAM.

LOSING the Irish party to settle their differences as best they may, we would briefly refer to the more interesting subject of the Eyresham election, the result of which has been received, and the 15th, just, fixed for the nomination, and the 22nd for the polling. As announced last week, Colonel Long, the Conservative candidate, has satisfactorily answered all the questions submitted to him by representatives of the Trade in South Worcestershire, while Mr. Inpey has expressed himself in favor of the confiscatory proposals of Sir William Harcourt's Veto Bill, and to its other provisions, subject to the slight modification of submitting to the ratepayers the question of the reduction of licensed houses. By so doing he has doubtless extinguished whatever chance he had of winning the seat, as every licensed trader in the division will not only vote for his opponent, Colonel Long, but will work hard to secure for him a splendid victory at the polls. Although a fall of snow has retarded the country disapprover of counteracting purposes, canvassing has been vigorously proceeded with, and the result has been most satisfactory to the Conservatives, who have become so extremely sanguine that their losses declare the only danger to the party to be over-confidence. But as Mr. Inpey is working hard, and with gradually increasing activity, we think our friends in South Worcestershire will not be caught playing the part of pass in the game of hare and tortoise.

Col. Long's majority was 1,175.

SILLY SUFFOLKERS.

IN a recent issue of the *Sun*, Mr. Will Mackay writes in a kindly vein of so-called "silly Suffolkers." He writes not, however, of their astuteness. Not far from Lowestoft, I am told, he recently met an "affer" to whom he had to refer a good cheer at a wayside inn. Mr. Mackay himself entered the parlour of the little house, the aged Suffolker going into the tap-room, but not for long. Leaving it, he returned with a small host of cronies, and to them expatiated so freely on the generosity of the "gentleman in the parlour" that they with one accord loudly expressed their regret that they had so fondly wished to drink the gentleman's health. At first, Mr. Mackay maintained a wink-like cynicism; but, as the rastics, determined that their virtues should reach him, began to praise grow louder and louder, he was at last— or felt himself—compelled to act on the hint conveyed by the "silly" (i) Suffolkers," wherest they rejoiced mightily, especially as Mr. Mackay, responding to his wish, well while he was about it, ordered "lacy" as well as beer for each of the waxy villagers.

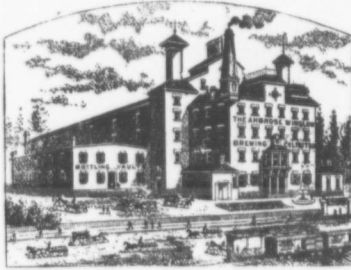
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his pride by pursuing a policy of vindictiveness towards the Trade, who he erroneously regarded as the instigators of the proffered "insult," and which spiteful policy, it is said, accounts for the imposition of extra duties under the Finance Act, and for his affection for the Veto Bill, notwithstanding its tremendous unpopularity and condemnation throughout the country.

THE SALE OF LIQUOR TO CHILDREN.

WE read in our daily contemporary that "Mr. Conybeare, M.P., has already intimated to the authorities of the House of Commons that on the second day of the coming Session he will ask leave to introduce a Bill to Prohibit the Sale of Intoxicating Liquors to Children. It is identical with other measures on the same subject which the hon. member has unsuccessfully tabled in some previous Sessions." We have no doubt the hon.

the drink question, "A Magistrate of 25 years standing" says in regard to the unpresurable character of present-day licensed victuallers and the harassing action and unreasonable proposals of the teetotal party:—"Whenever there is a discussion on drunkenness, the apostles of temperance rush out in their appearance. Probably if Sir Wilfrid Lawson could or would offer his own mind for searching analysis, it would be found that is democratic than because it promissarily distinct diminution of drunkenness. I think publicans have much improved during the last ten years. No more salutory and reasonable check could have been invented than to subject them, in case of misbehaviour, to the risk of losing their valuable licenses. Where the magistrates are somewhat strict this is most deterrent, unless, indeed, the local police happen to be untrustworthy. This power of refusal must in time greatly diminish the number



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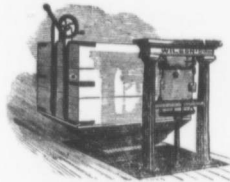
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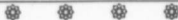
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